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Hymns
unes

L. B. Pearce, ('68) '72, '82

# Psalms and Hymns

FOR

## PUBLIC WORSHIP:

## WITH APPROPRIATE TUNES

REVISED AND EDITED

BY JAMES TURLE,

ORGANIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EIGHTH EDITION.

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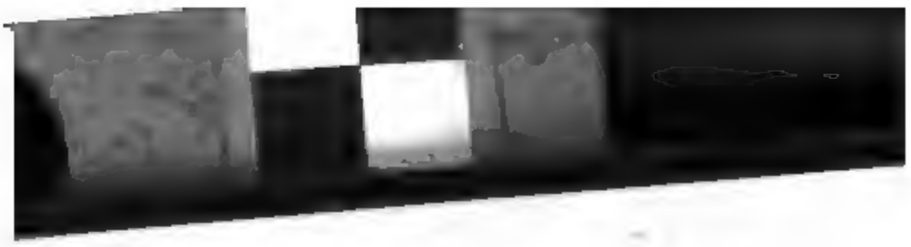
1882.



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# NOTE.

In singing Psalms and Hymns, all slowness approaching to a drawl should be carefully avoided; and the Tunes should be sung, simply and distinctly, as they are written; all extemporaneous flourishes, slides, and grace-notes, as they are called, being not merely in bad taste, but wholly inadmissible in Congregational or Choral Singing.

It will be observed that all the Tunes in this Book are arranged for Treble (*or Soprano*), Counter-Tenor (*or Contralto*), Tenor, and Bass voices; the Treble and Counter-Tenor parts being on the upper Staff, and the Tenor and Bass parts on the lower Staff, of the Score.

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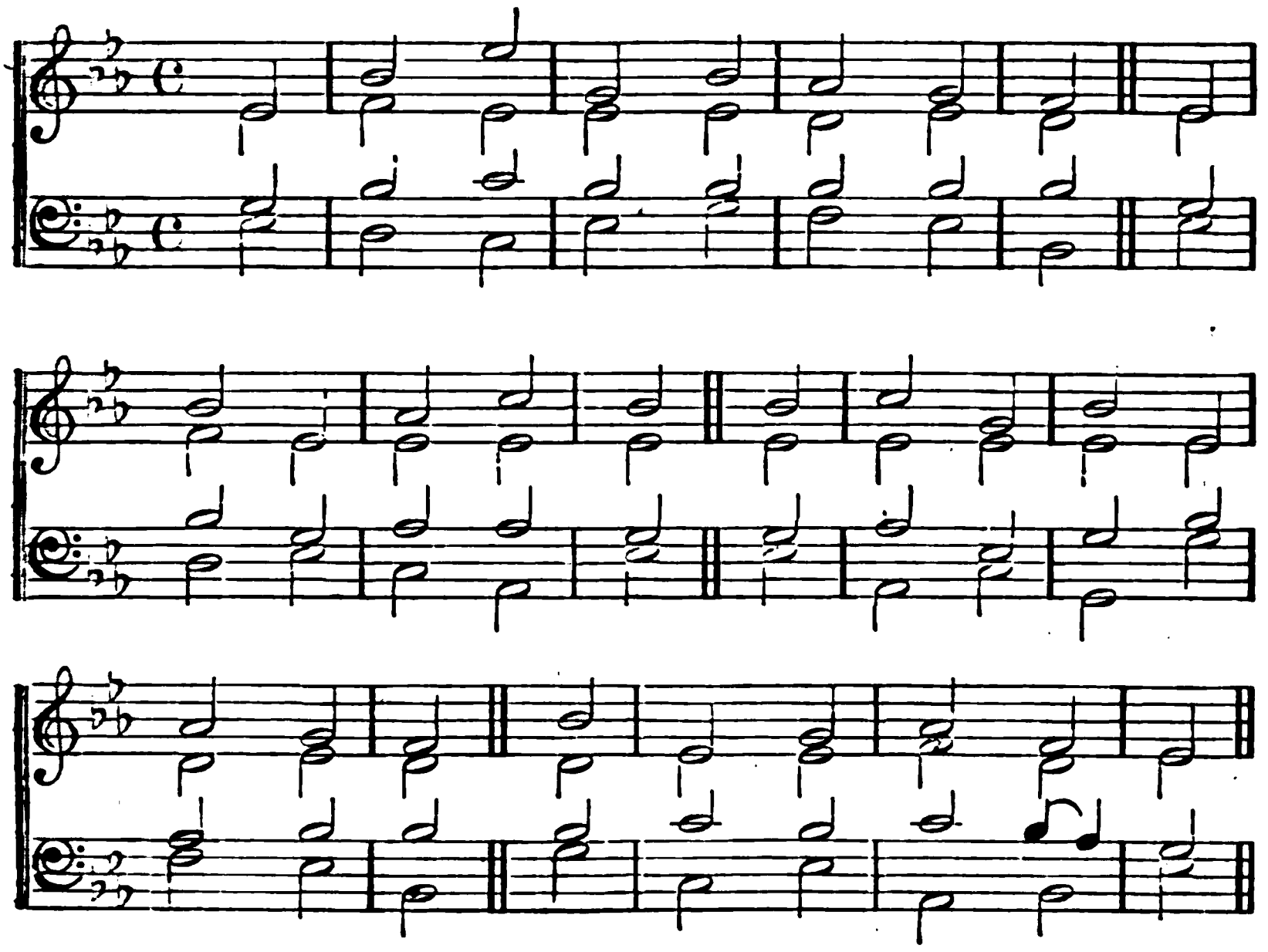
# PSALMS.

**St. David's. C. M.** From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



## I.

(1, 2, 3. 6.) N. V.

HOW bless'd is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

## III.

I.—(3, 4, 5. 8.) N. V.

THOU, gracious Lord, art my defence;
On Thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

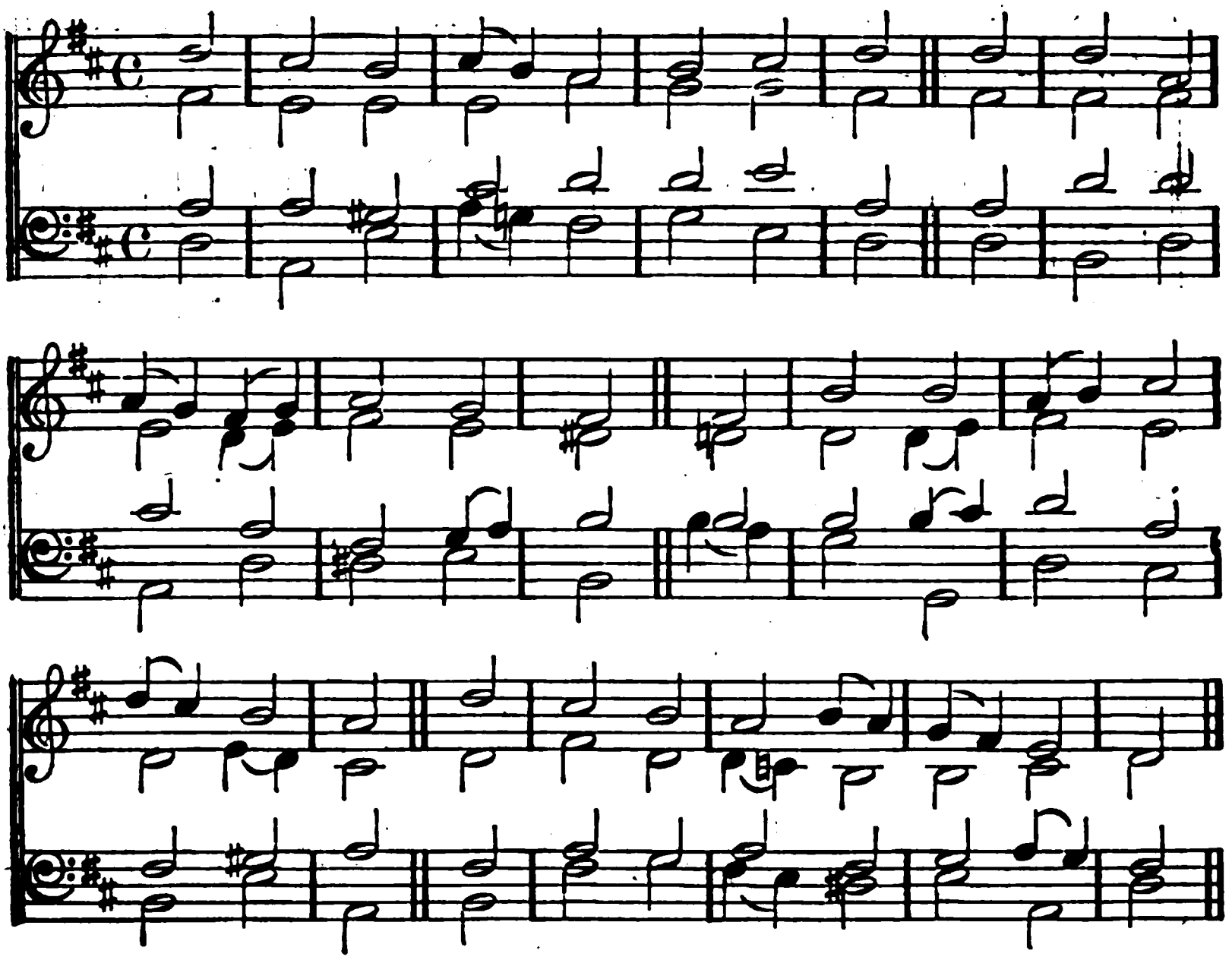
Since whensoe'er in like distress
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from His holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

Guarded by Him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through Him securely sleep,
Through Him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing He extends to all,
That on His power depend.

# PSALMS.

ERFURT. L. M. LUTHER. 1523.



## III.

(II.)

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord! lift Thou up Thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

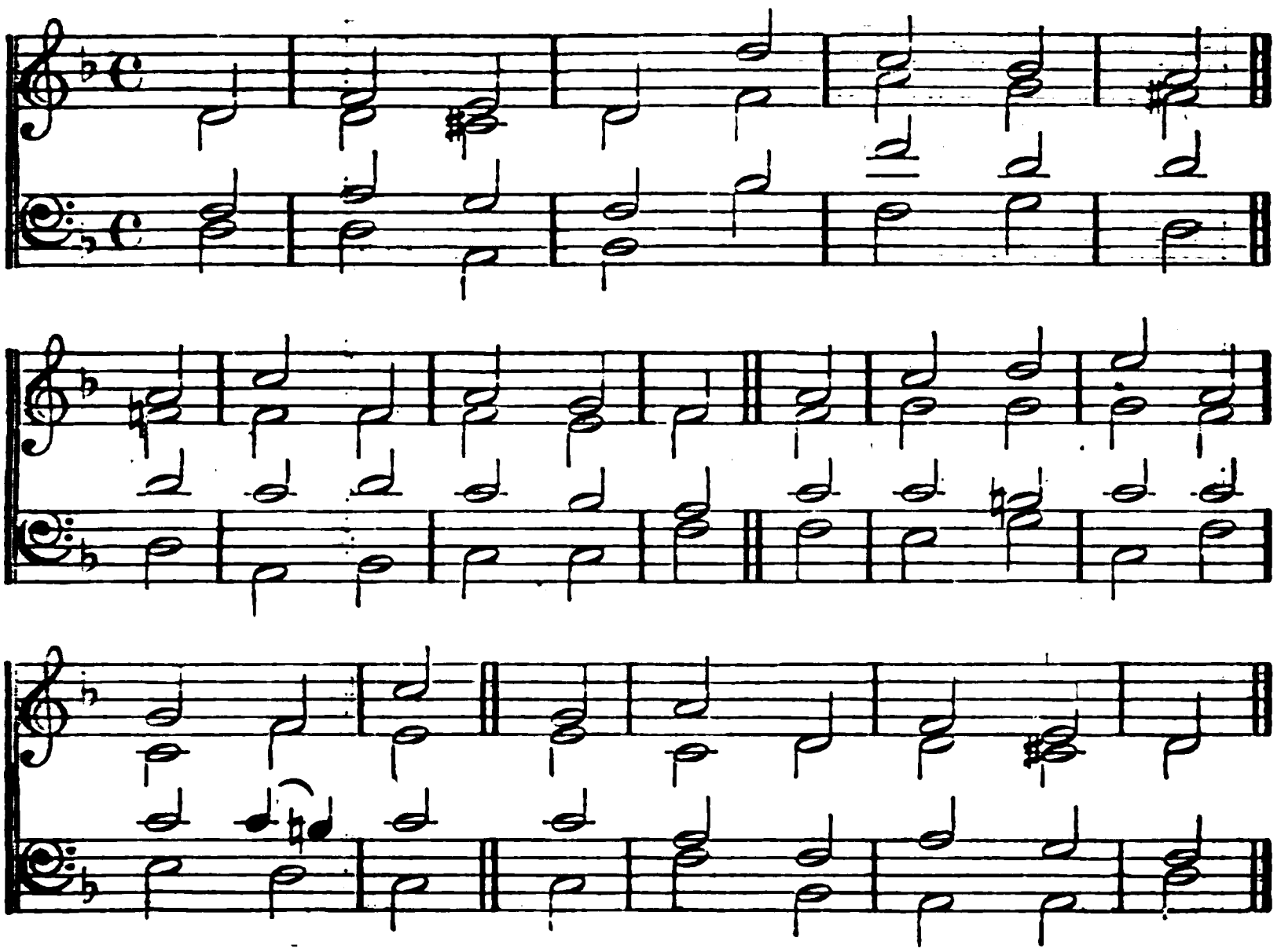
Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from His holy hill;
At His command the waves roll'd by;
He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept;—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath:
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
*His presence* guards His people's path.

# PSALMS.

St. Mary's. C. M. From Playford's Psalter, 1671.



## V.

(1, 2, 3. 8. 12.) N. V.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

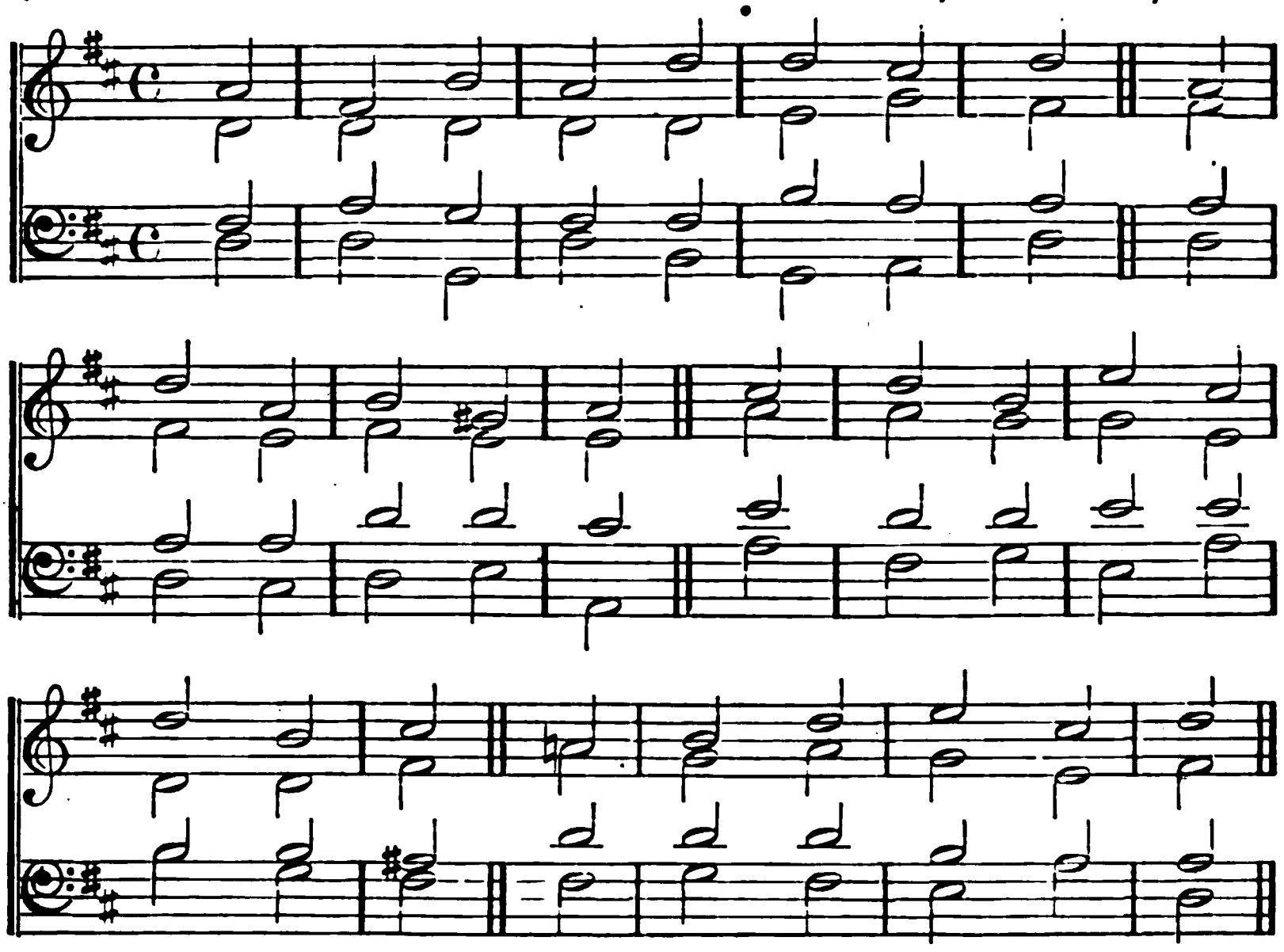
Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

Conduct me by Thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with His favour all His saints,
*As with* a shield, defend.

# PSALMS.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. D. Died, 1727.



## VIII.

(1, 2, 3, 4. 9.) N. V.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy Name!

In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

What's man (say I), that, Lord, Thou lov'st
To keep him in Thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
*Through all the world how* great art Thou!
*How glorious is Thy Name!*

## IX.

(1, 2. 10, 11.) N. V.

TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

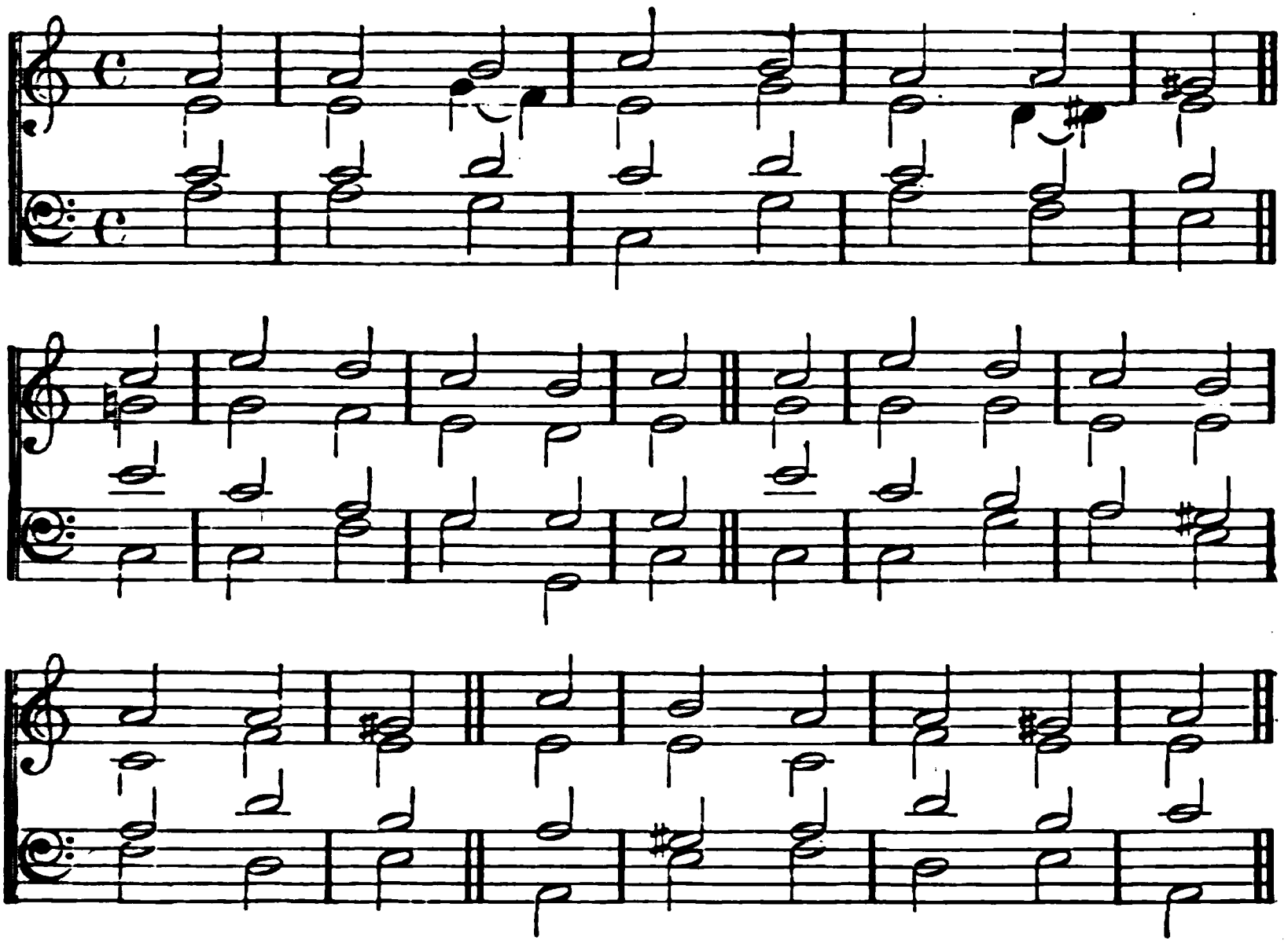
The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have His goodness proved,
Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

# PSALMS.

**Windsor. C. M.** From the Scotch Psalter, 1615.



## XIII.

(1, 2, 3. 6.) N. V.

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

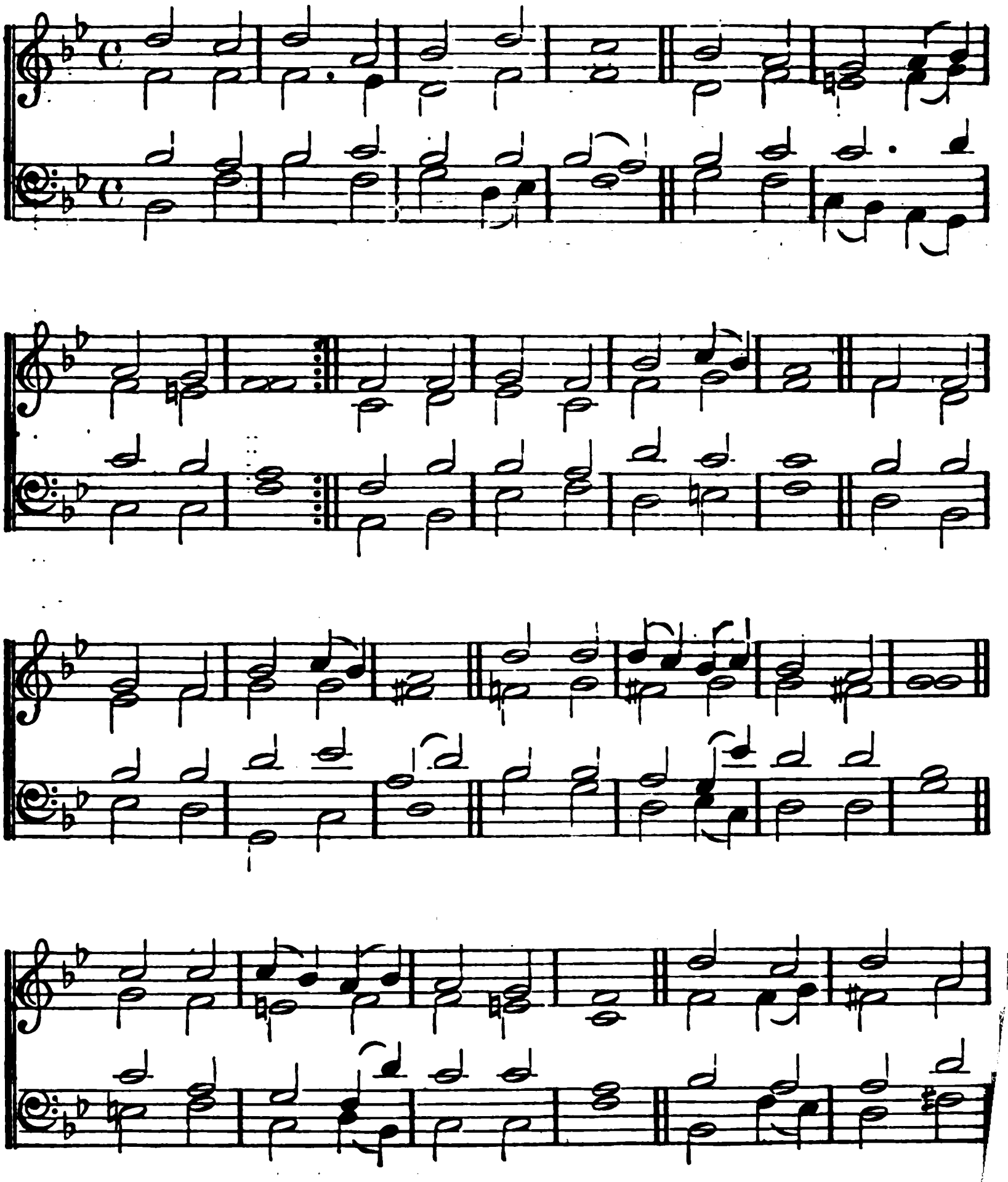
How long shall anxious thoughts my soul
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore Thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

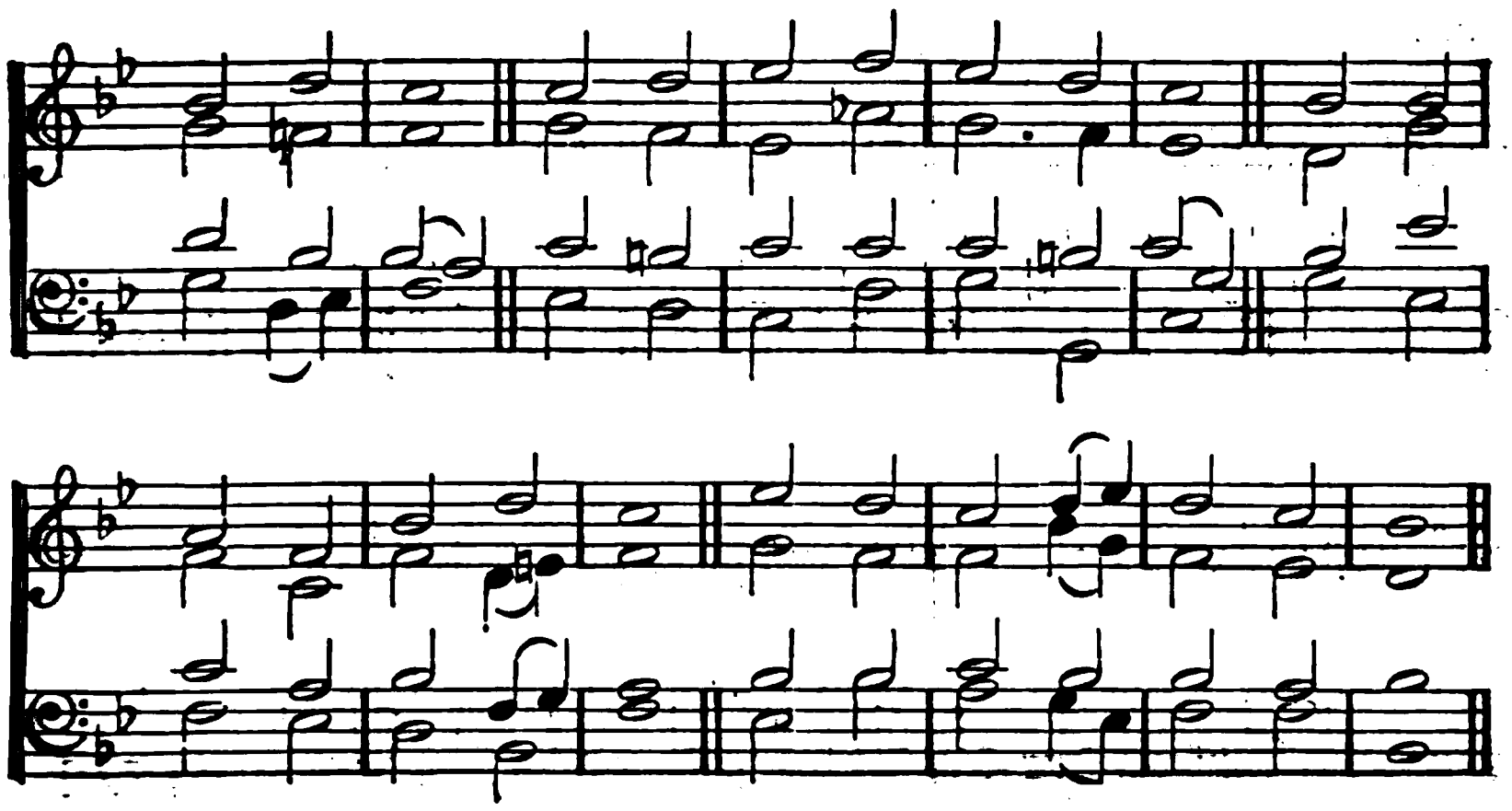
Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To Thee, my God, ascend;
Who to Thy servant in distress
*Such bounty didst* extend.

# PSALMS.

HALLE ORPHAN HOUSE. 7, 7, :‖ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1704.



# PSALMS.

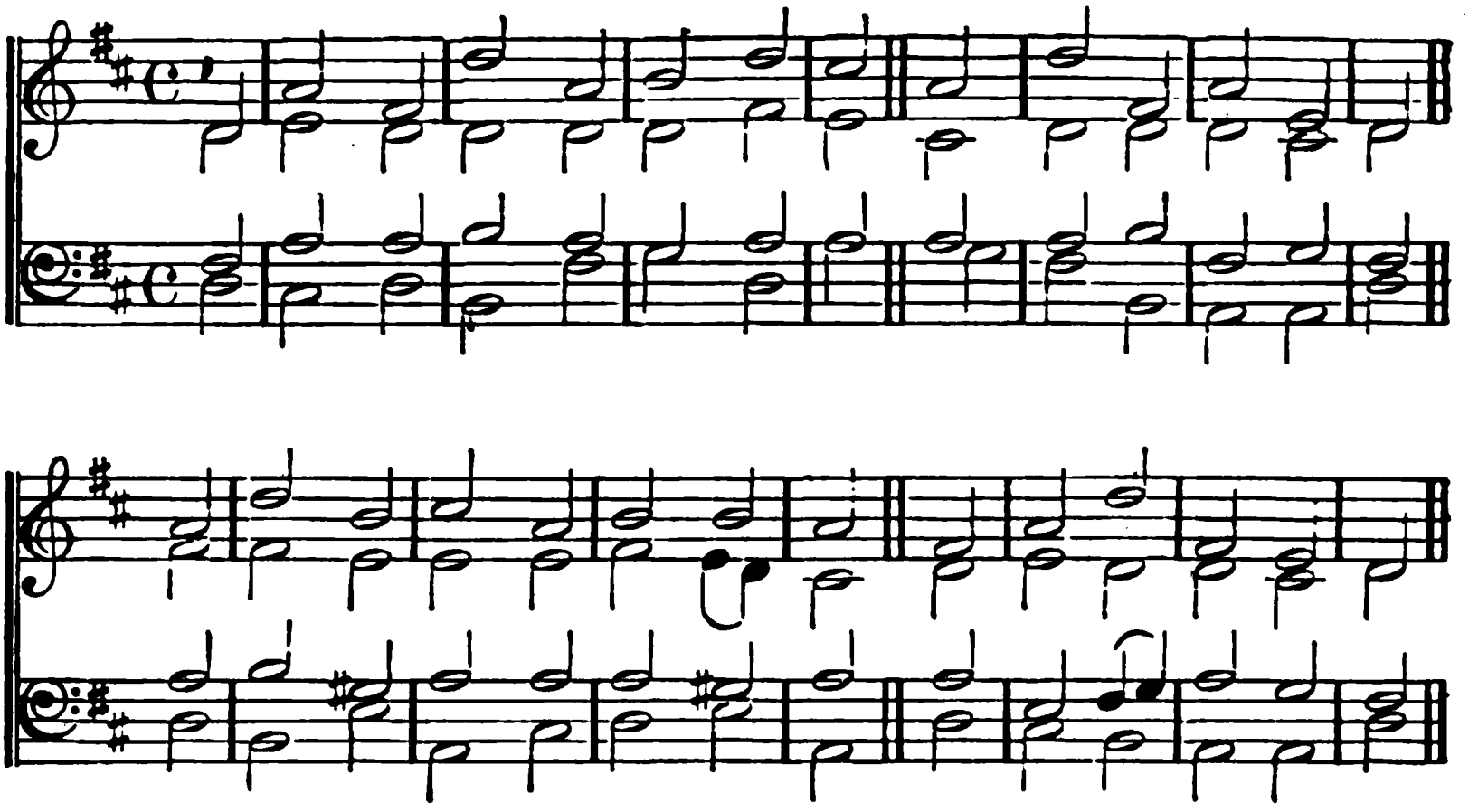


## XV.

WHO shall in Thy tent abide?
On Thy holy hill reside?
He that's just and innocent;
Tells the truth of his intent;
Slanders none with venom'd tongue;
Fears to do his neighbour wrong;
Fosters not base infamies;
Vice beholds with scornful eyes;
Honours those who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loss, his word:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

# PSALMS.

LONDON NEW. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter, 1635.



## XVI. (I.)

(8, 9, 10, 11.) N. V.

I STRIVE each action to approve
To His all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because He still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Waked by His powerful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let Thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to Thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
*And joys that never fade.*

## XVI. (II.)

LORD, keep me, for I trust in Thee;
Be Thou my Guard and Guide:
Securely may I walk or rest,
If Thou art at my side.

Thou art my portion, Lord, from Thee
My cup with joy o'erflows:
The safety of my guarded home
Thy strong defence bestows.

My soul shall ever bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light;
Whose warnings fill my silent thought
In watches of the night.

Before me, wheresoe'er I walk,
I still behold Him near;
While He upholds each step I tread,
No danger will I fear.

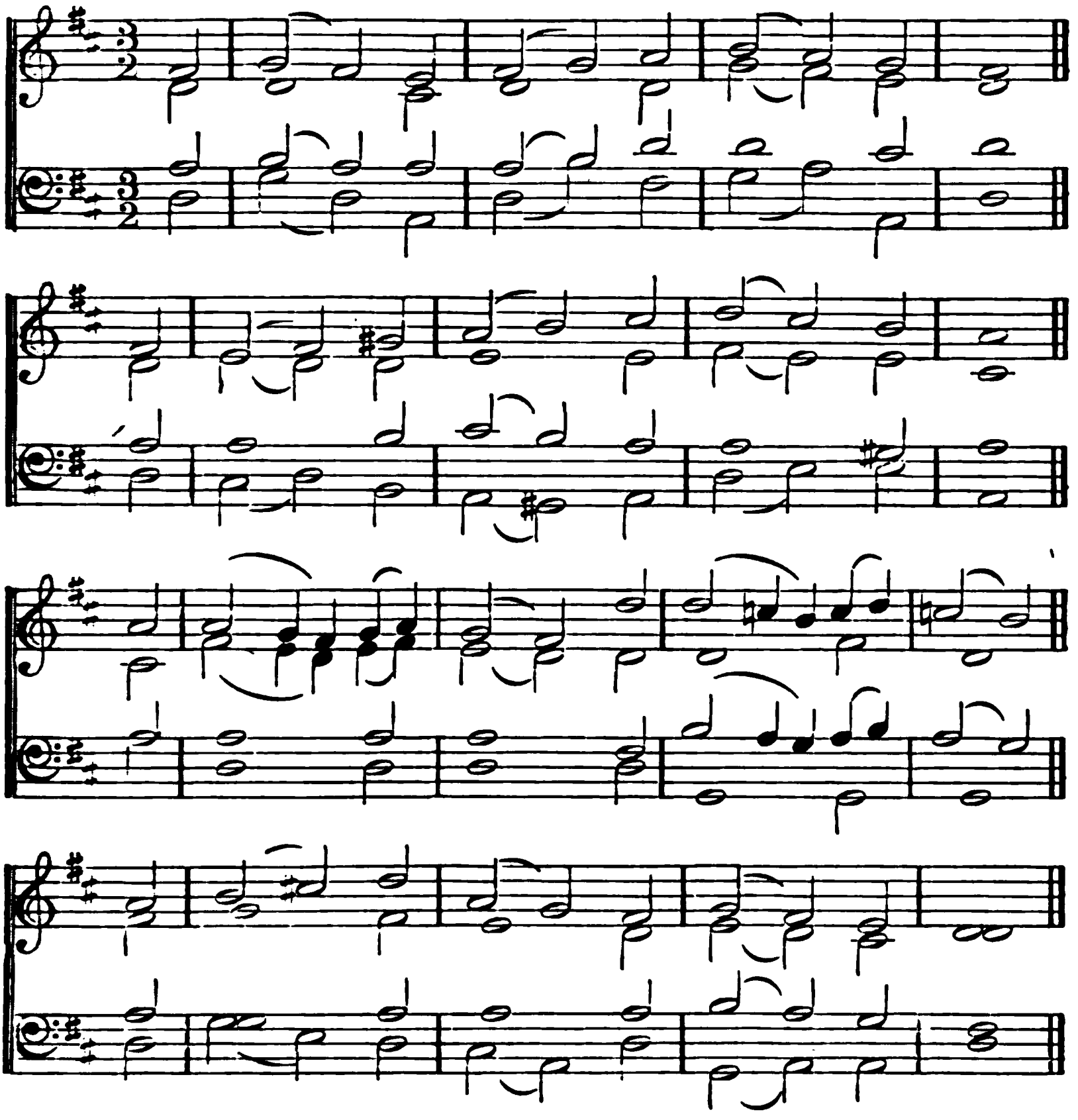
Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,
Where darkness has the power;
Nor doom Thy Holy One to feel
Corruption's mortal hour.

The path of endless life and light
Thy mercy shall make known,
And bid me taste the joy that beams
From Thy eternal throne.

# PSALMS.

DULWICH COLLEGE. L. M.

T. STANLEY. Died, 1786.
Harmonized by R. Janes, Organist of Ely Cathedral, 1856.



## XVIII.

I.—(1, 2, 3. 6.) N. V.

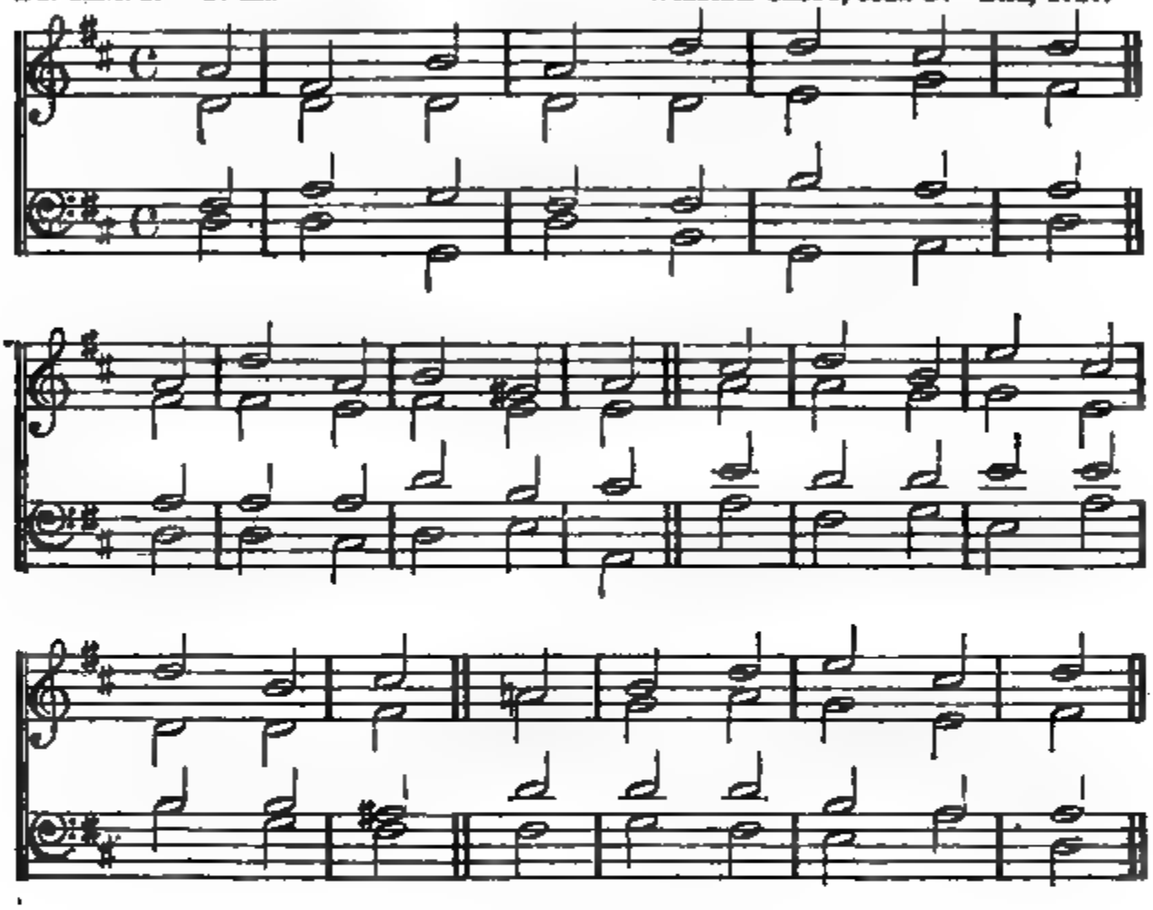
NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee:
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home *my safeguard and my tower.*

To Thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclined His ear,
And heard me from His lofty throne.

St. Ann's. C. M. William Croft, Mus. D. Died, 1727.



## XVIII.

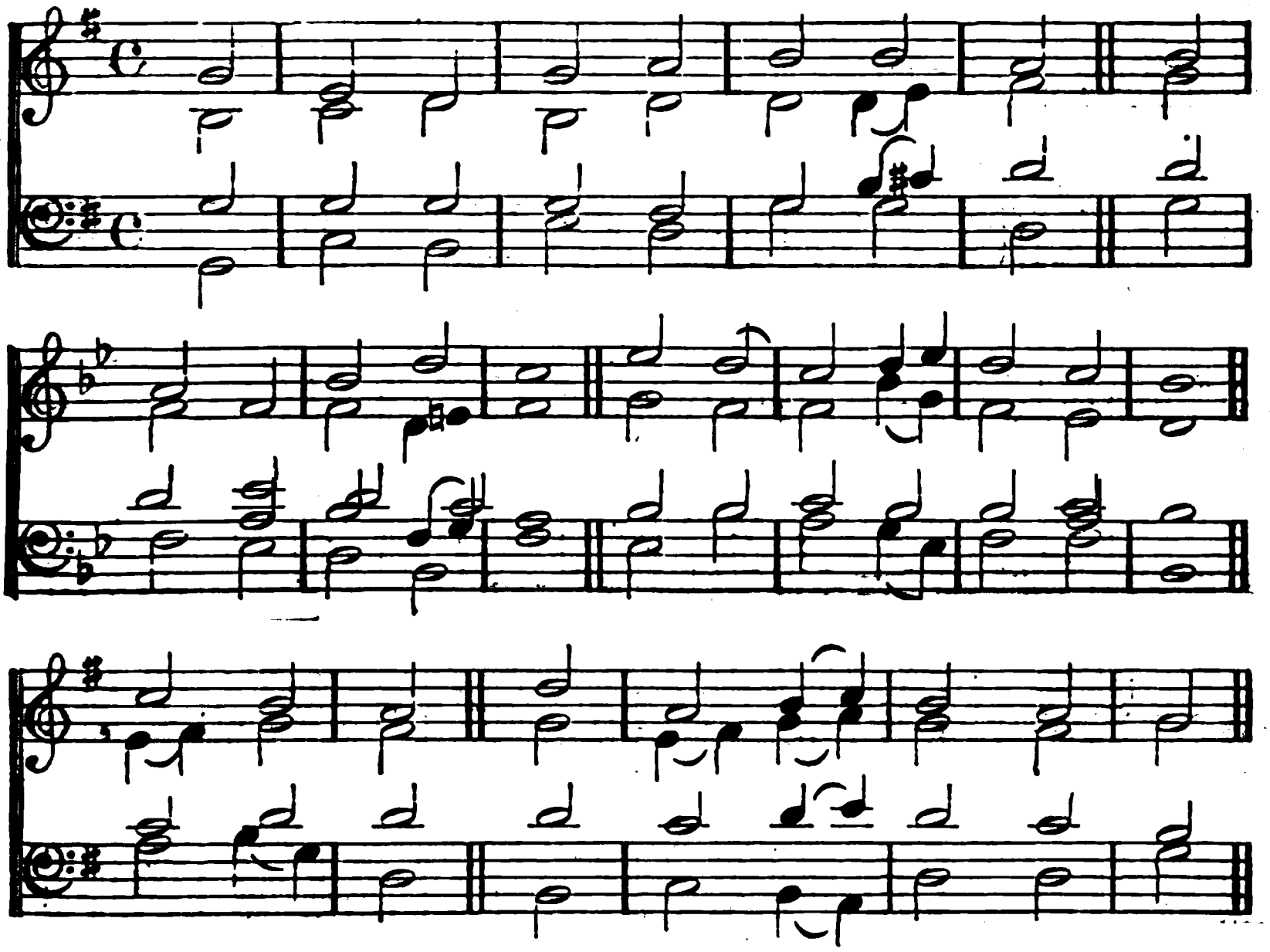
II.—(9, 10. 30.) O. V.

THE Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky:

On Cherubs and on Cherubims
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

For who is God, except the Lord?
For other there is none:
Or else who is omnipotent,
*Saving* our God alone?

THANKSGIVING. C. M. JOH. CRÜGER. 1658.



## XIX.

I.—(1, 2, 3, 4.) N. V.

THE heavens declare Thy Glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

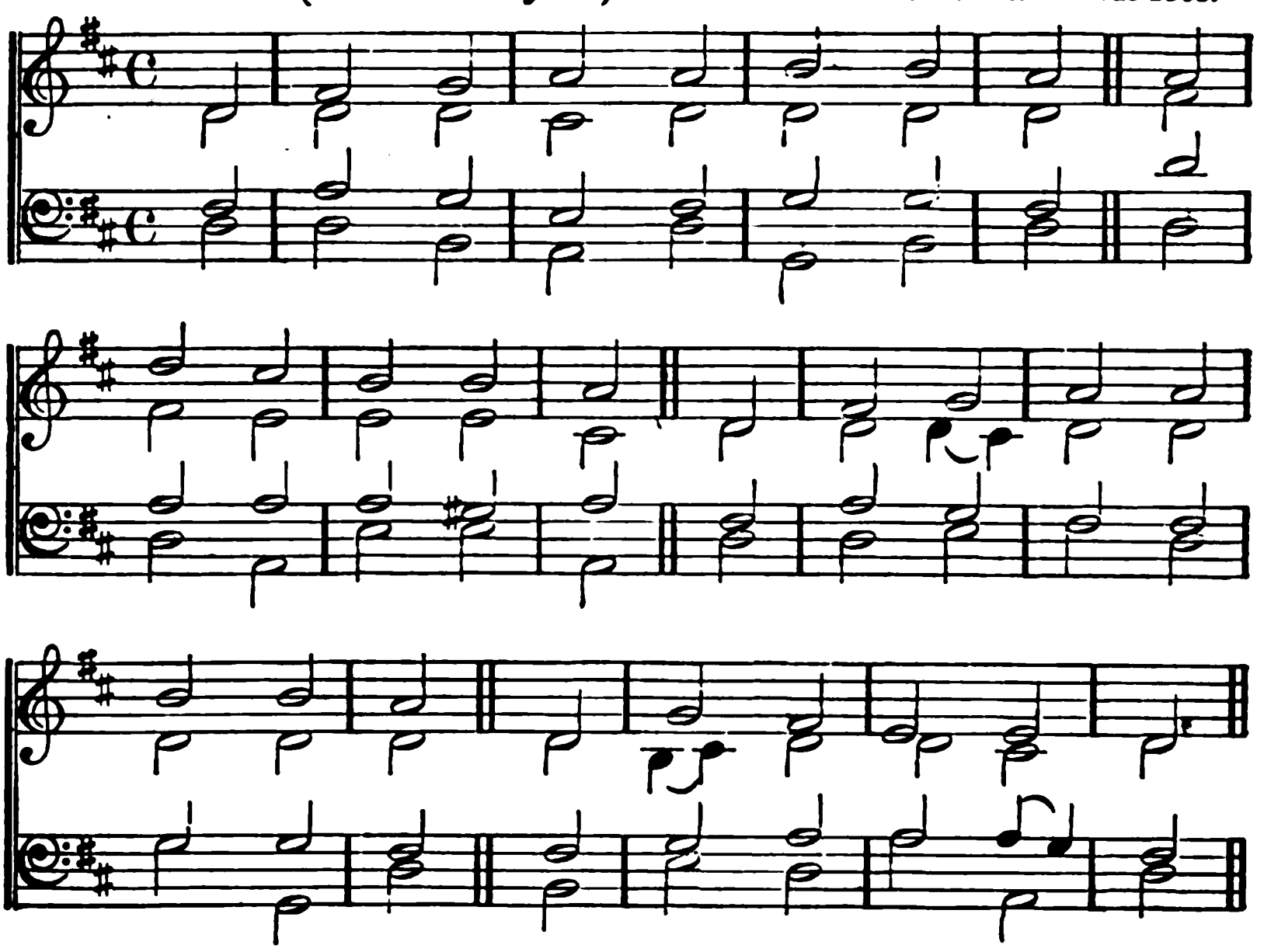
The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
*Does* round the world convey.

# PSALMS.

TALLIS. C. M. (*Ordination Hymn.*) THOS. TALLIS. About 1565.



## XIX.

II.—(7, 8. 13, 14.) N. V.

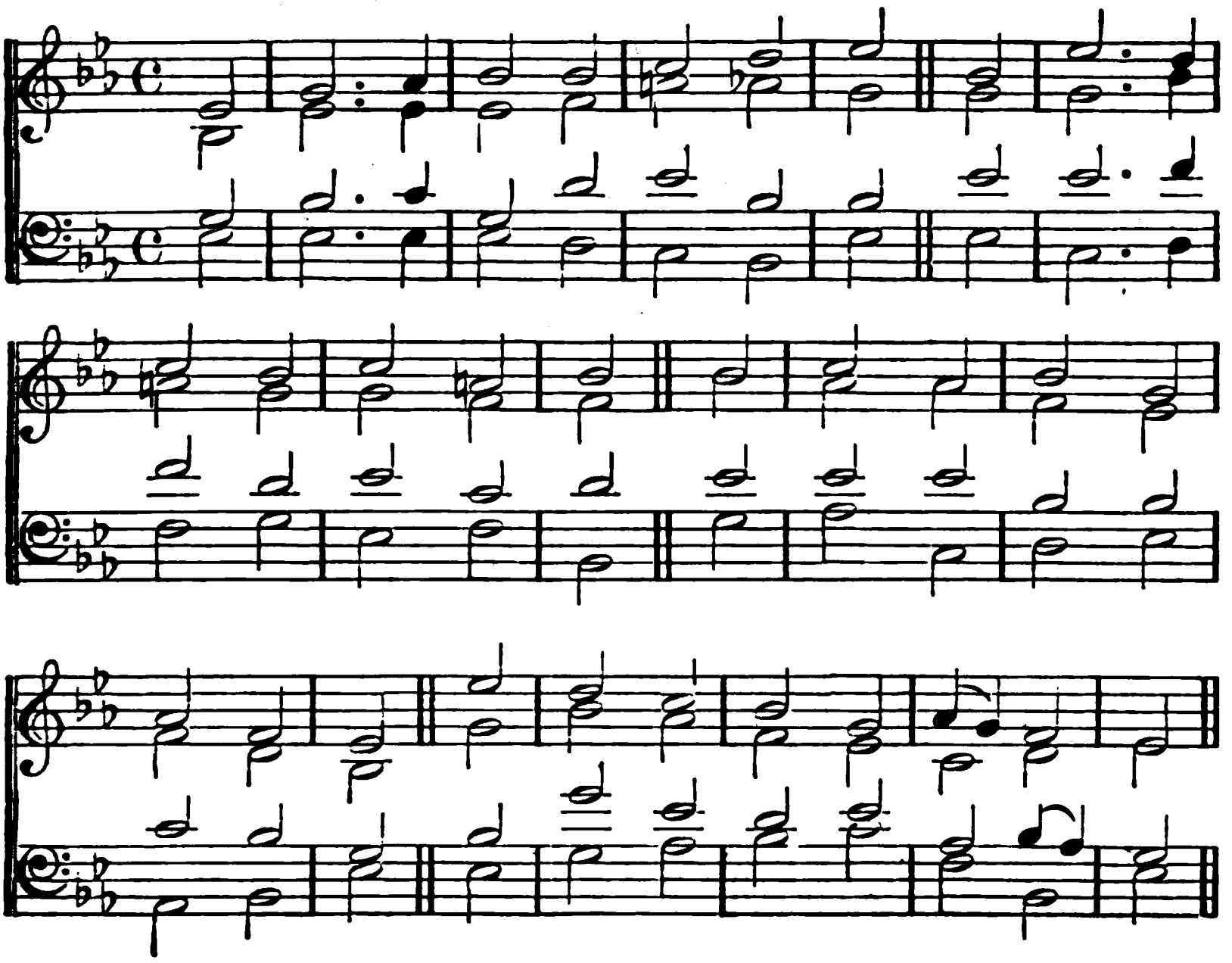
GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom His sure Word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by Thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

So shall my prayer and praises be
With Thy acceptance bless'd;
*And* I, secure on Thy defence,
*My* strength and Saviour, rest.

ANDERNACH. L. M. (*Rex gloriose Martyrum !*)*



## XIX.

(III.)

GOD'S glory the vast heavens proclaim;
The firmament, His mighty frame.
Day unto day, and night to night
The wonders of His works recite.

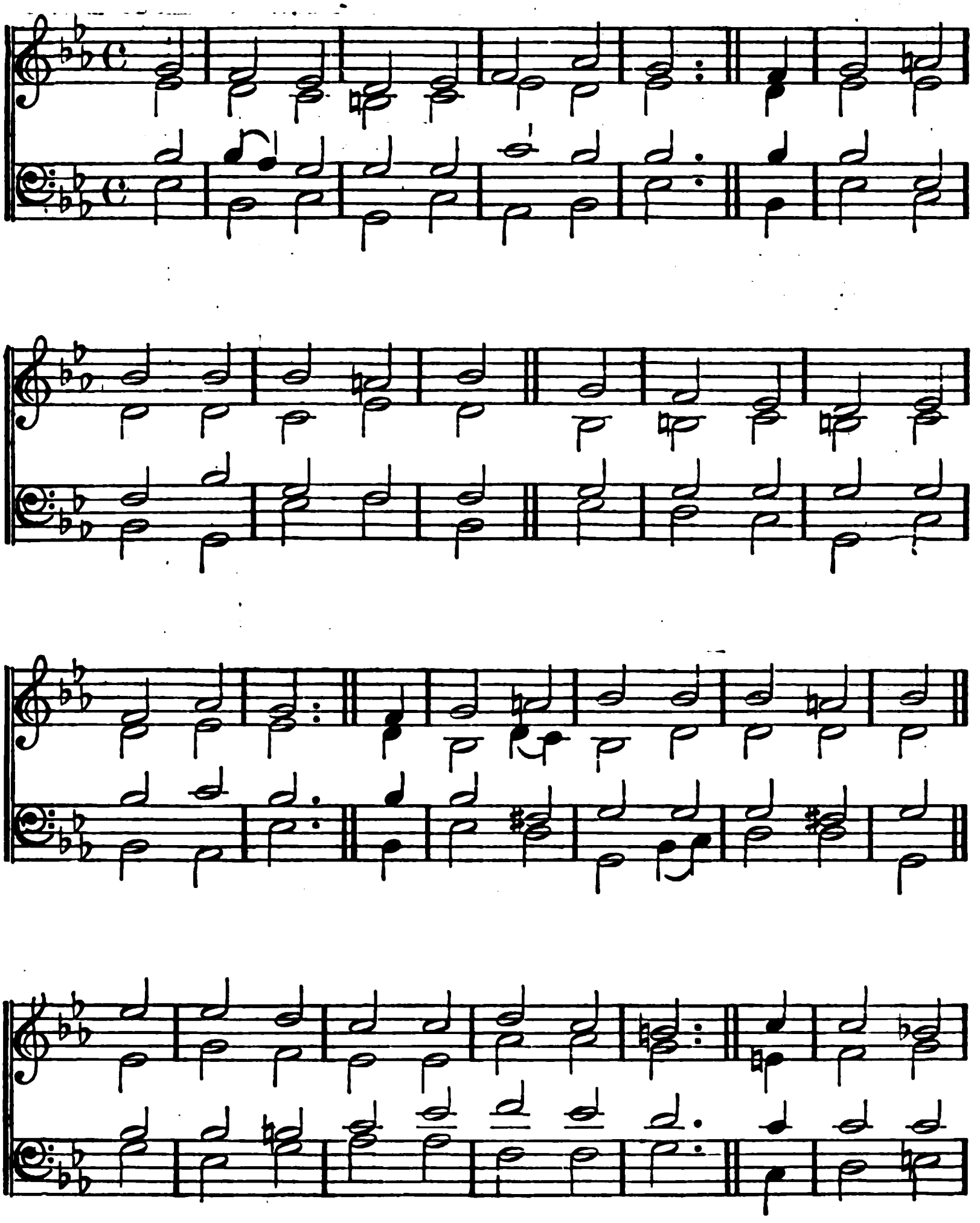
To these nor speech nor words belong,
Yet understood without a tongue.
The globe of earth they compass round;
Through all the world disperse their sound.

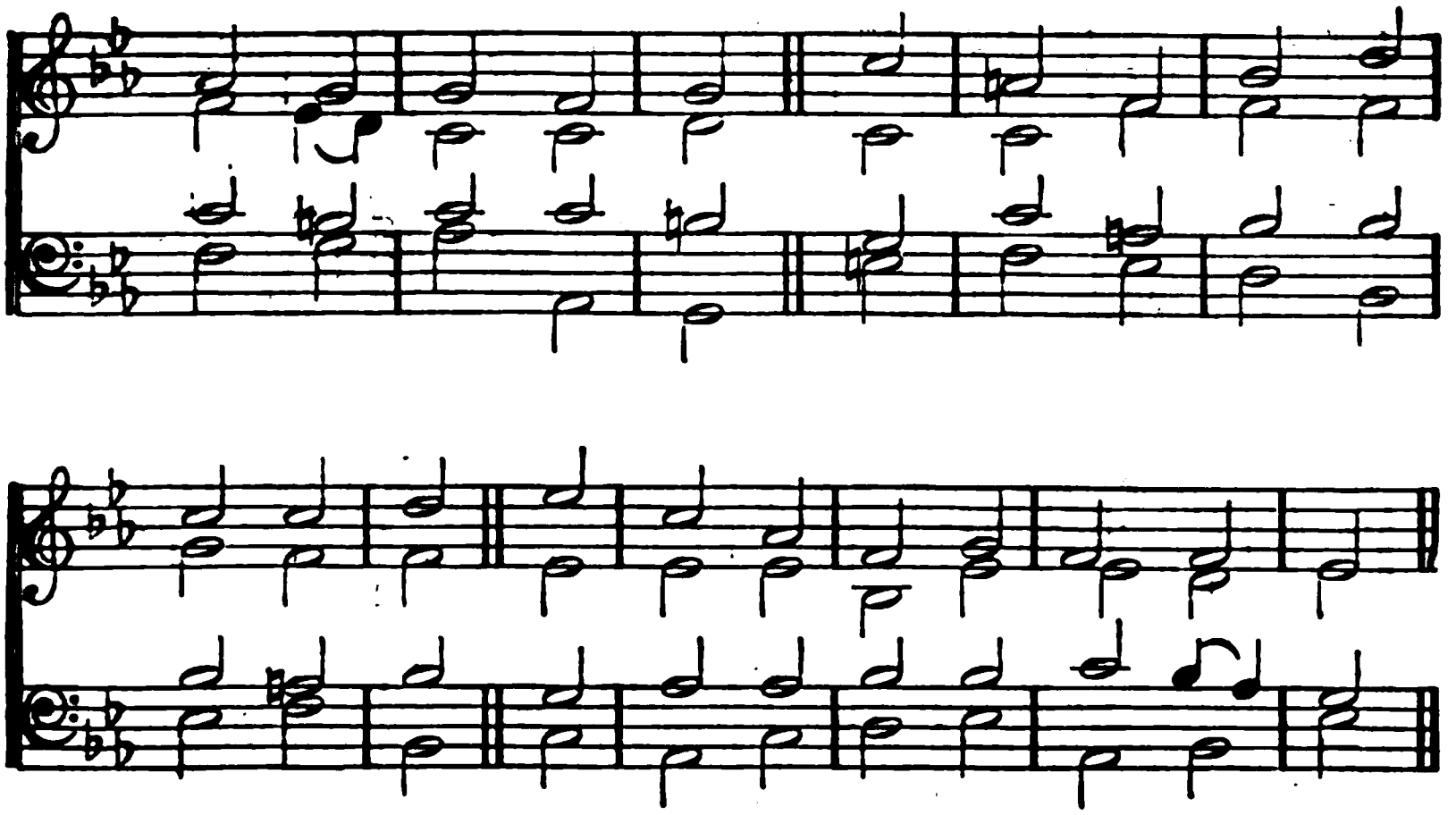
God's laws are perfect, and restore
The soul to life, though dead before.
His testimonies, firmly true,
With wisdom simple men endue.

* *From 'Spiritual Songs* of the Brotherhood of St. Cecilia,' Andernach, 1608.

# PSALMS.

LAMBETH. D. L. M. ROBERT KING, MUS. B. 1695.





## XIX.

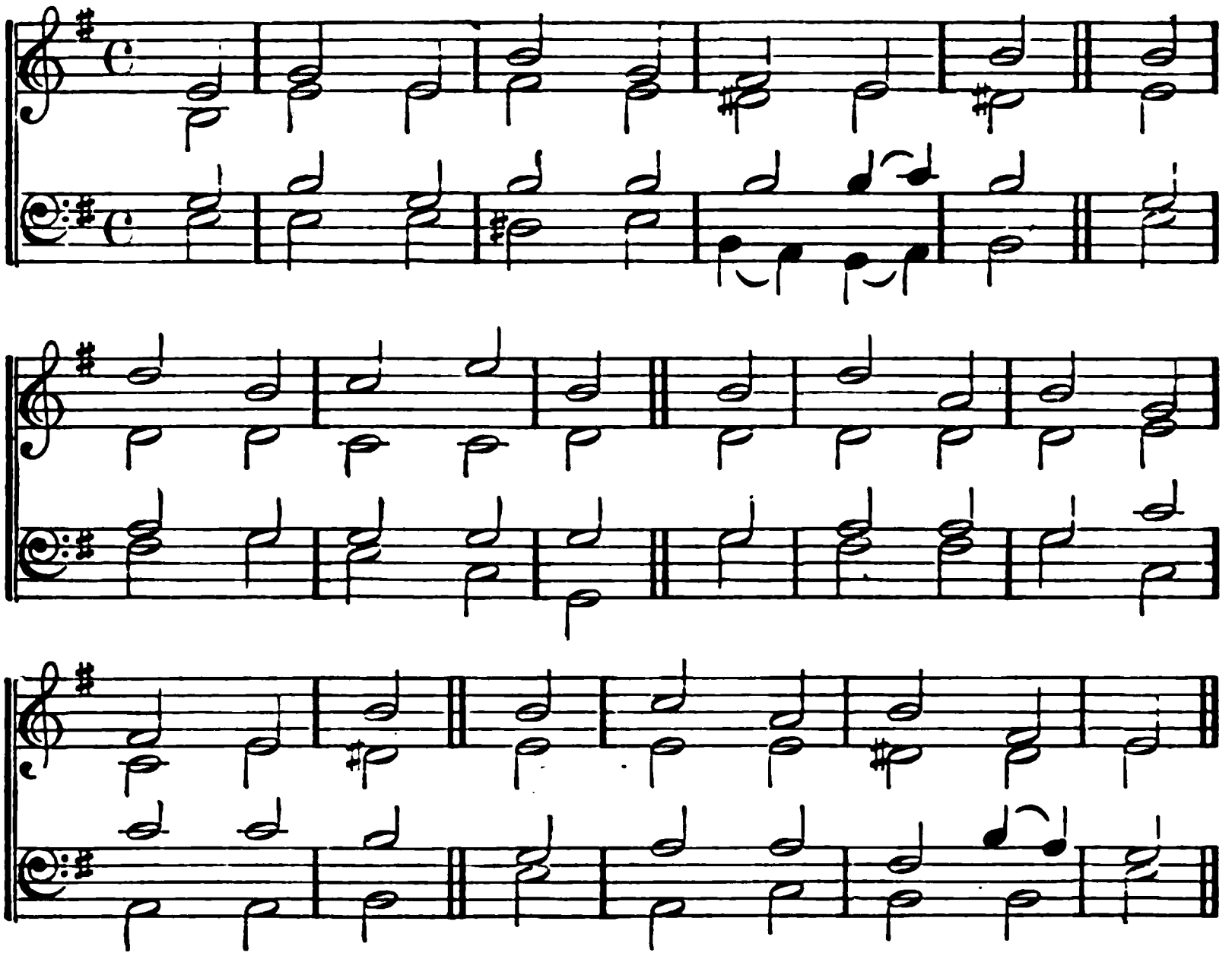
(IV.)

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

# PSALMS.

OLD MARTYRS. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1611.



## XX.

(1. 6, 7. 9.) N. V.

THE Lord to thy request attend,
And hear thee in distress;
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
And grant thy arms success.

Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our sov'reign will defend;
From heaven resistless aid afford,
And to his prayer attend.

Some trust in steeds for war design'd,
On chariots some rely;
Against them all we'll call to mind
The power of God most high.

Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of heaven, in times of need,
*The prayers that* we address.

## XXII.

(1, 2. 10, 11.) N. V.

MY God, my God, why leav'st Thou me
When I with anguish faint?
O why so far from me removed,
And from my loud complaint?

All day, but all the day unheard,
To Thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.

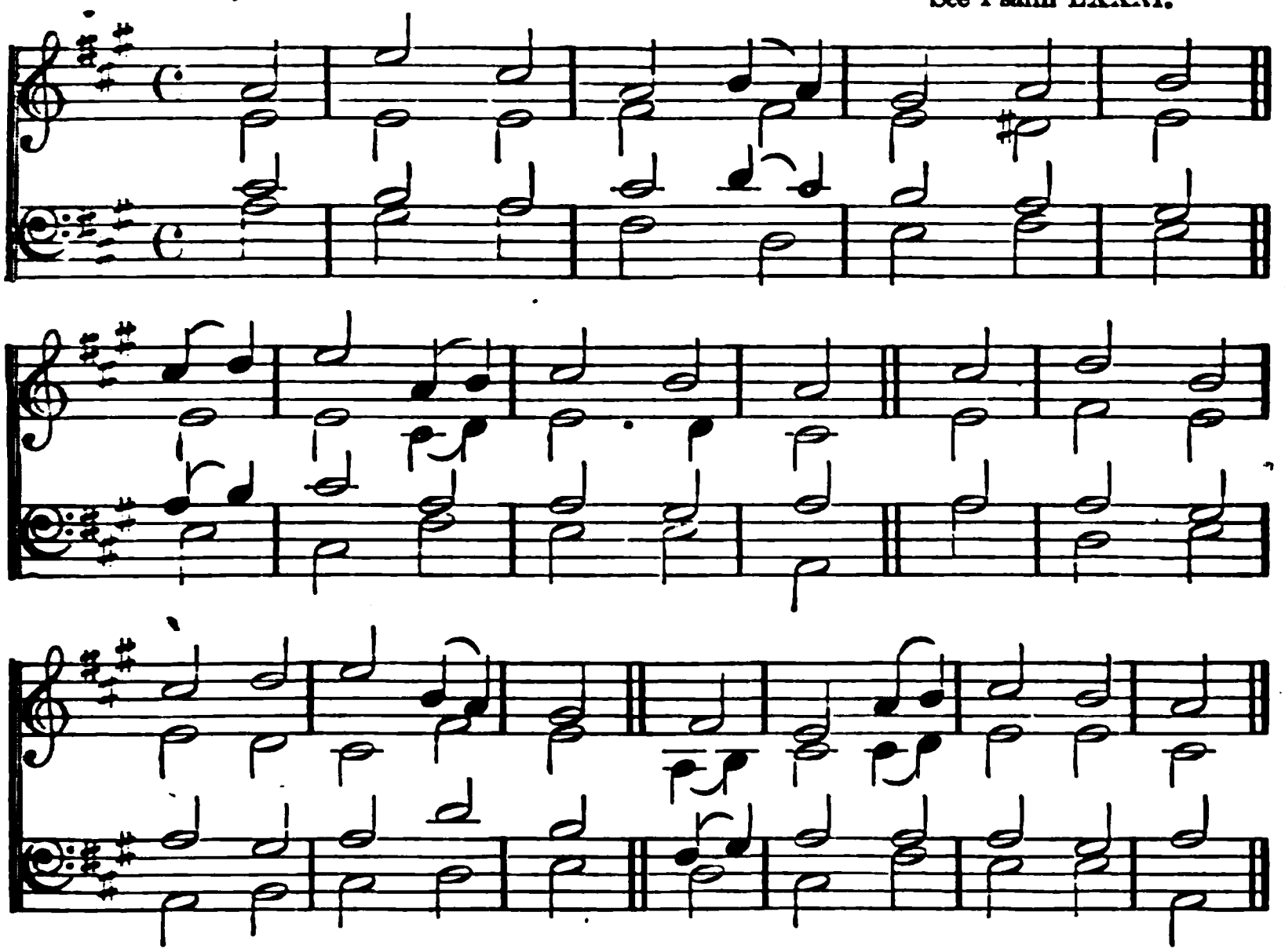
Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from
My helpless infant days; [wrongs
And since hast been my God and guide
Through life's bewilder'd ways.

Withdraw not then so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! Thy help, on which
I only can rely.

# PSALMS.

St. Stephen's, or Nayland. C. M.

Rev. W. Jones. Died, 1799.
See Psalm LXXXI.



## XXIII.

I.—(1, 2, 3. 5) O. V.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need:
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy Name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill:
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly show'd to me,
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

## XXIII.

II.—(1, 2, 3, 4. 6.) N. V.

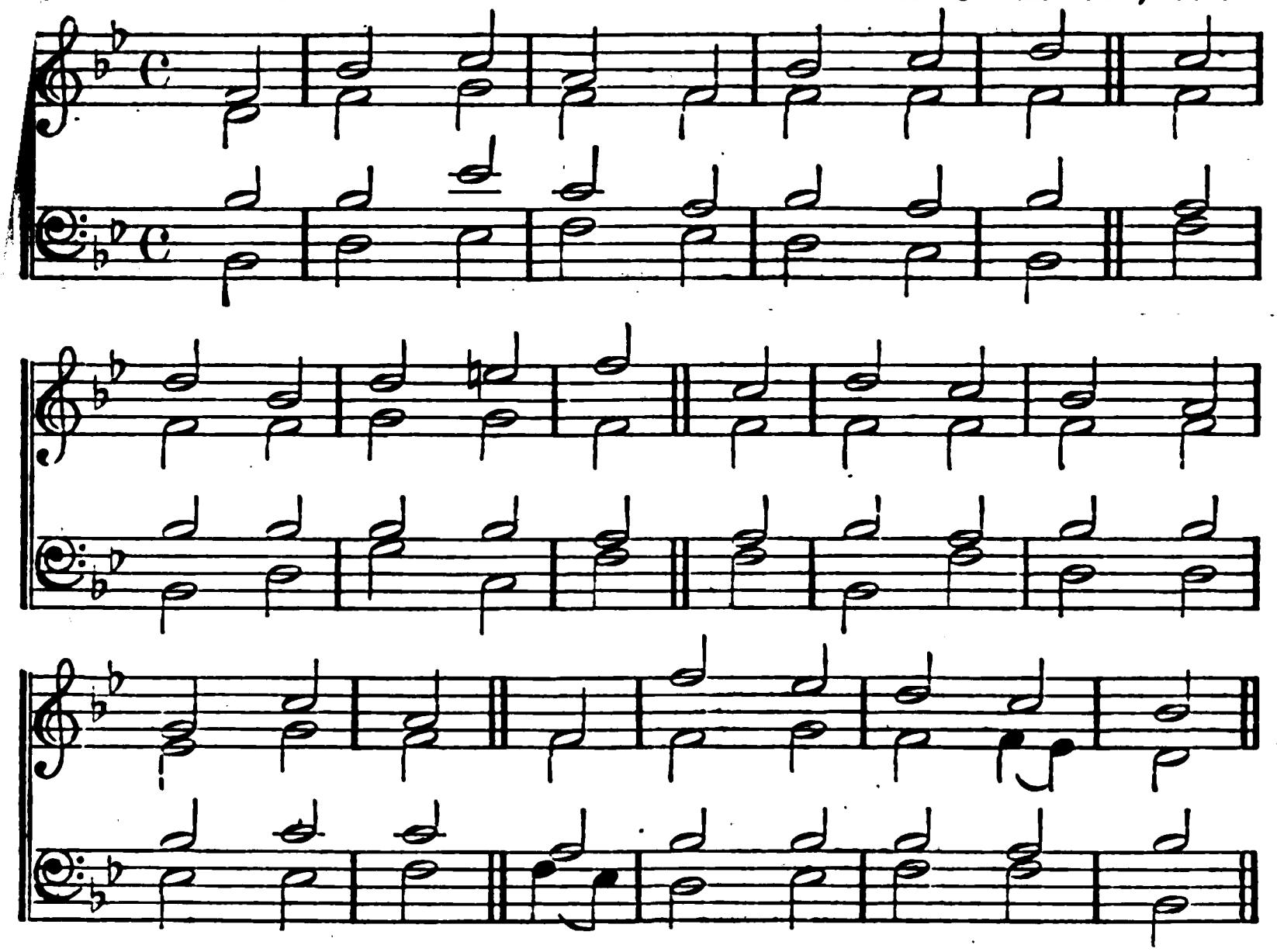
THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus His wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.




## XXIV.

I.—(1, 2, 3, 4, 5.) N. V.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sov'reign right are His.

He framed and fix'd it on the seas,
And His Almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.

But for Himself the Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O who shall to that sacred hill
Desired admittance find?

The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower His blessings down,
*Whom God his Saviour shall* vouchsafe
*With righteousness to* crown.

## XXIV.

II.—(7, 8, 9, 10.) N. V.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes
With His celestial train.

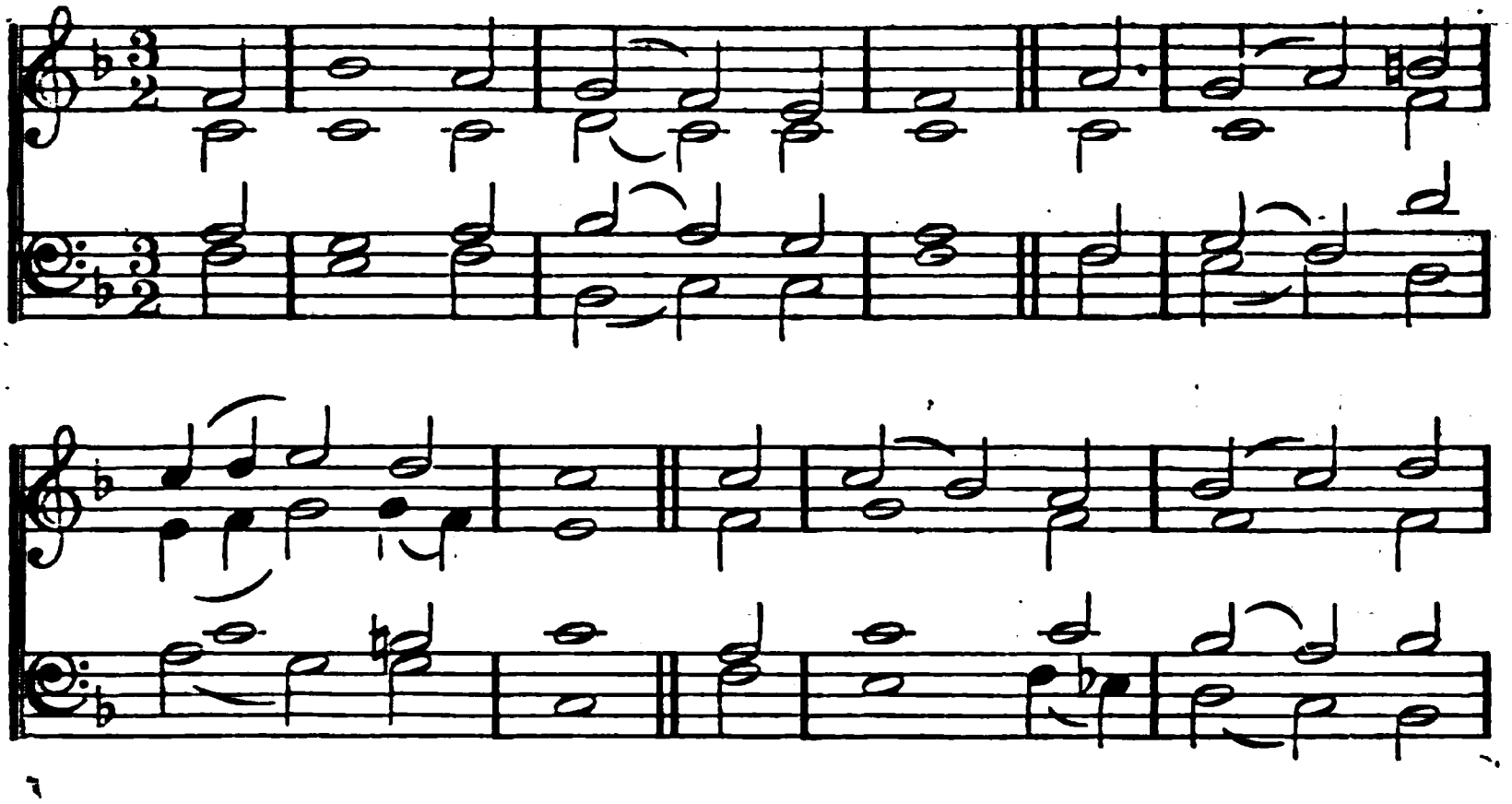
Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

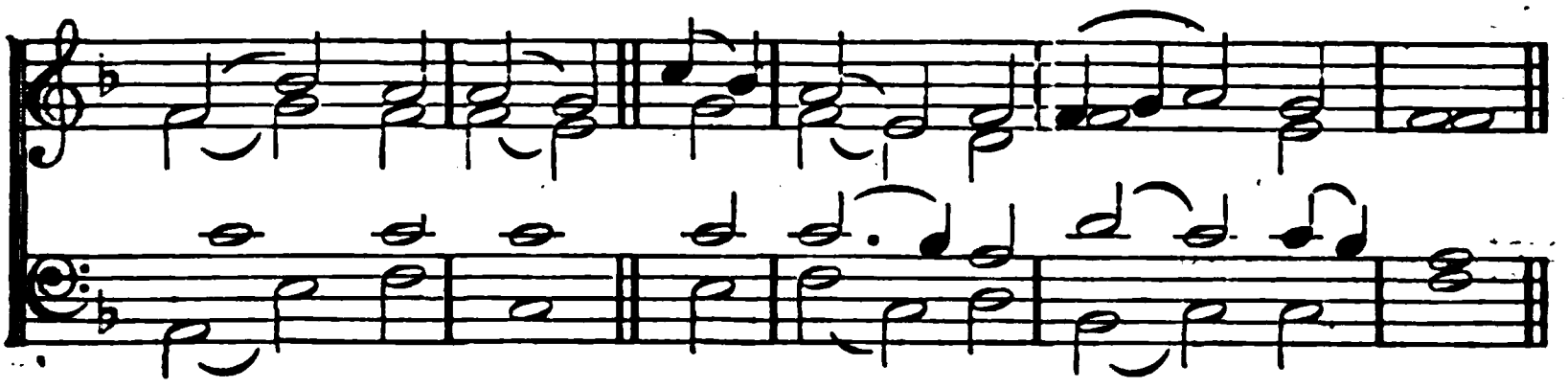
Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes
With all His shining train.

Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

# PSALMS.

GALWAY. S. M. EDWARD MILLER, Mus. D. Died, 1807.





## XXV.

I.—(5, 6, 7̂.) O. V.

THY mercies manifold
Remember, Lord, I pray:
In pity Thou art plentiful,
And so hast been alway.

Remember not the faults
And frailty of my youth;
Call not to mind how ignorant
I have been of Thy truth:

Nor after my deserts
Let me Thy mercy find;
But of Thine own benignity,
Lord, have *me in Thy mind.*

## XXV.

II.—(1. 6. 8.) N. V.

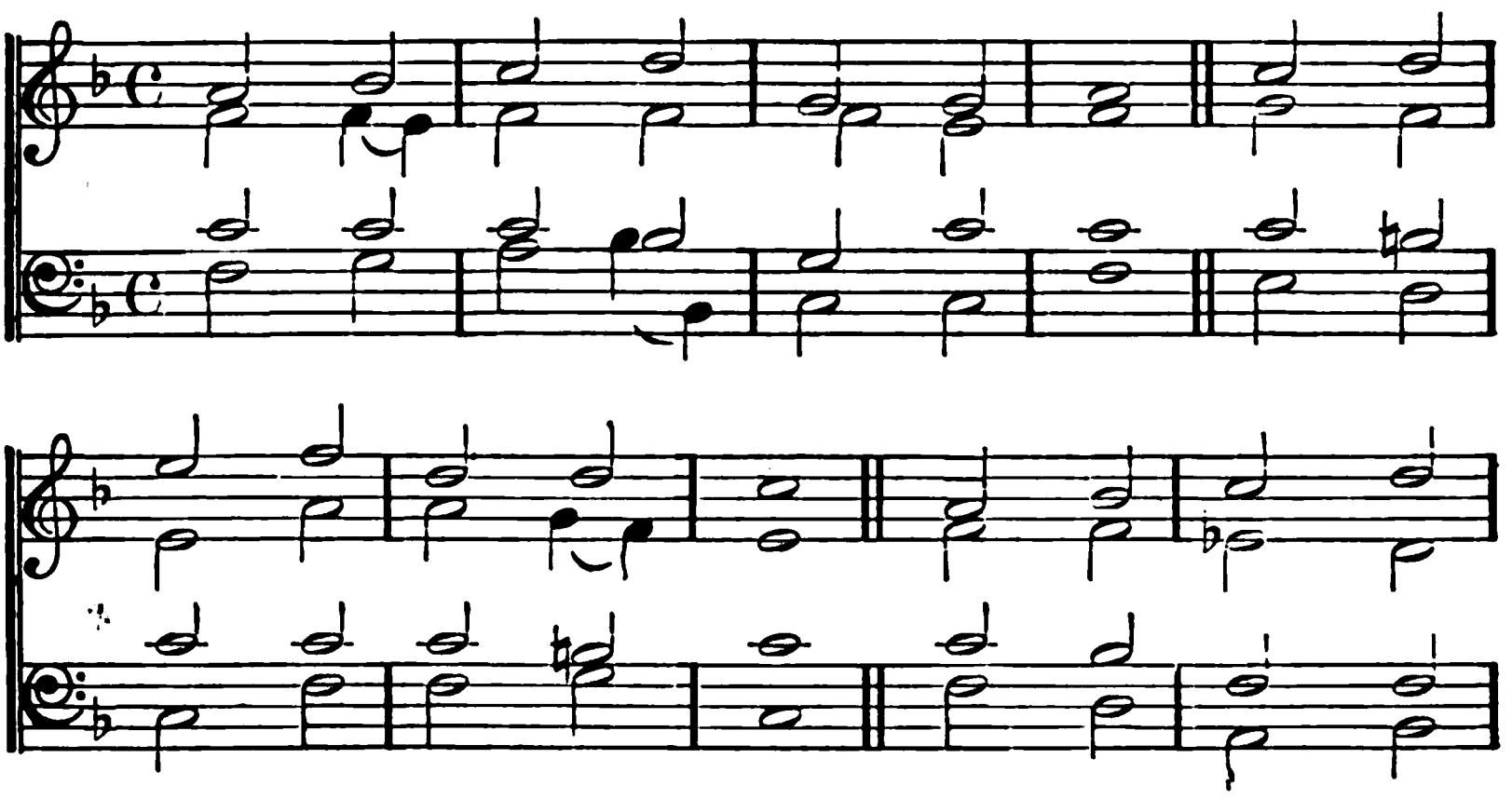
TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

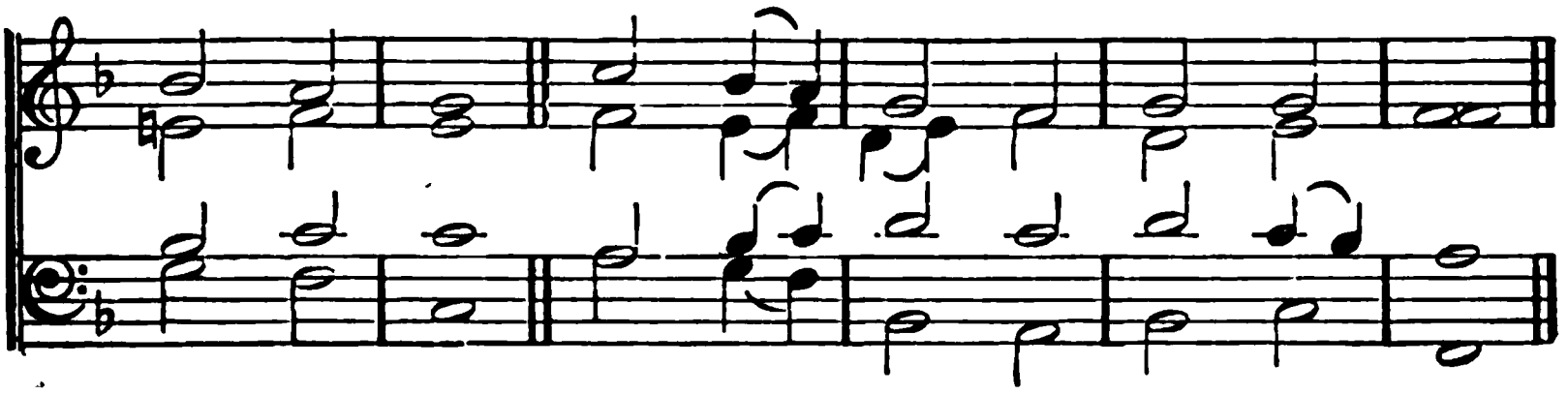
Thy mercies and Thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As Thou wert ever, kind.

His mercy and His truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them His ways.

# PSALMS.

GIBBONS. 7, 7, 7, 7. ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.





## XXIX.

YOU that are of princely birth,
Praise the Lord of heaven and earth;
Glory give, His power proclaim;
Magnify and praise His Name.

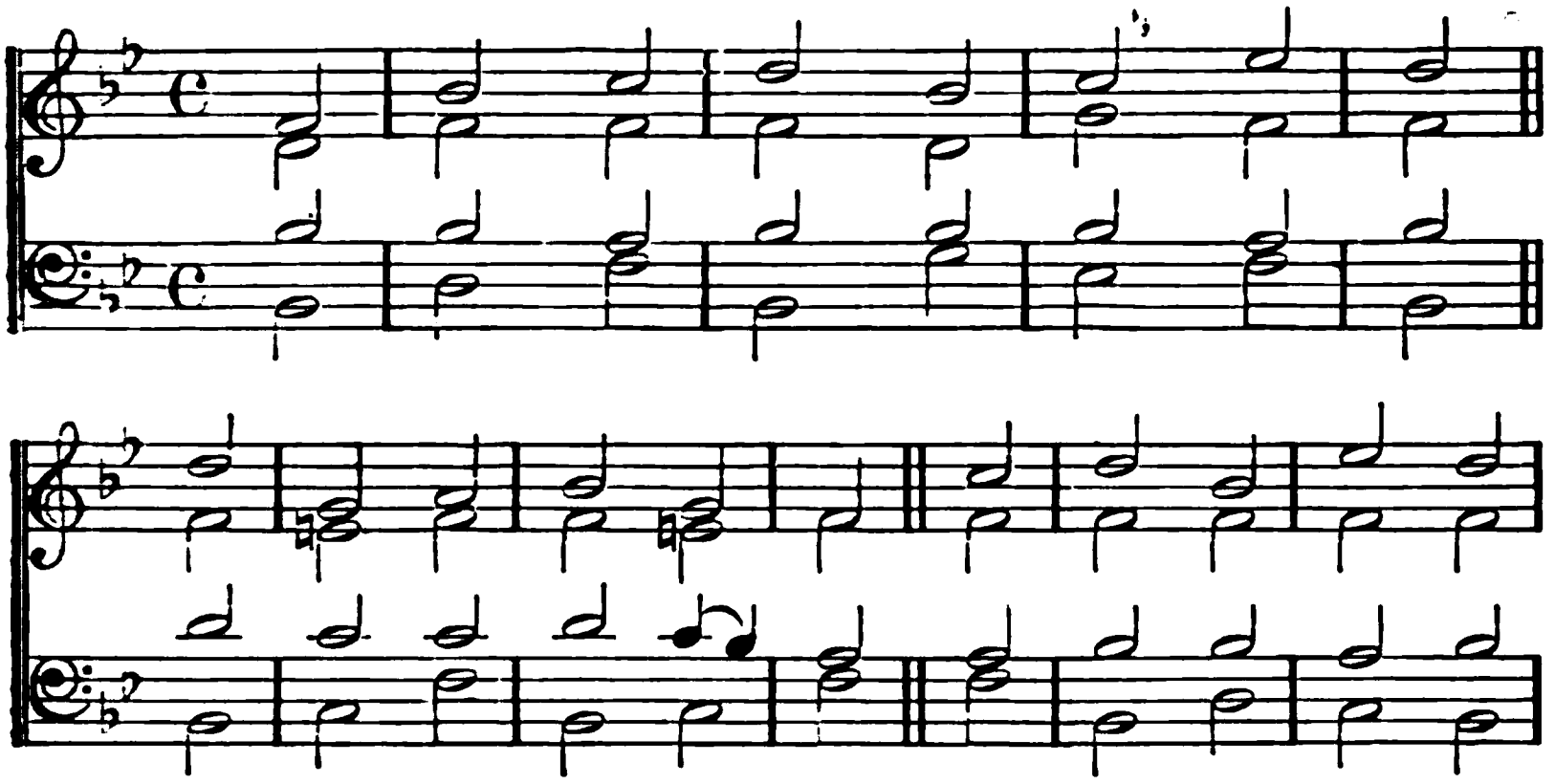
Hark! His voice with terror breaks:
God, our God, in thunder speaks.
Powerful in His voice on high,
Full of might and majesty.

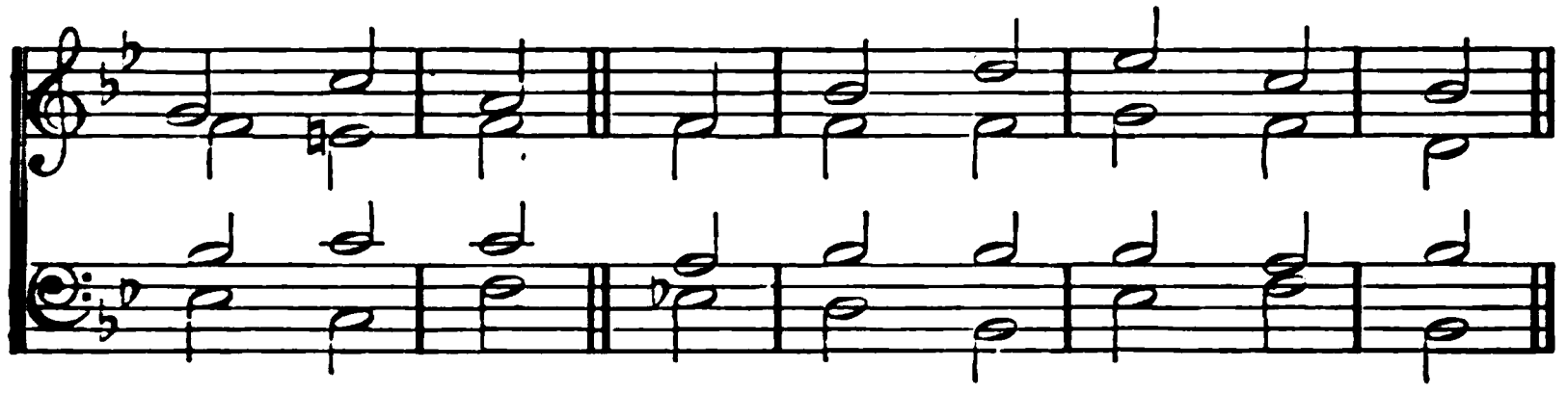
He the raging floods restrains;
He a King for ever reigns.
God His people shall increase,
*Arm with* strength, and bless with peace.

# PSALMS.

**St. James. C. M.**

Raphael Courteville,
Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, about 1680.





## XXX.

(1. 4, 5.) N. V.

I'LL celebrate Thy praises, Lord,
Who didst Thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

Thus to His courts, ye saints of His,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate His truth,
And providential care.

His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay:
Your night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.

## XXXIII.

I.—(1. 6, 7, 8, 9.) N. V.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

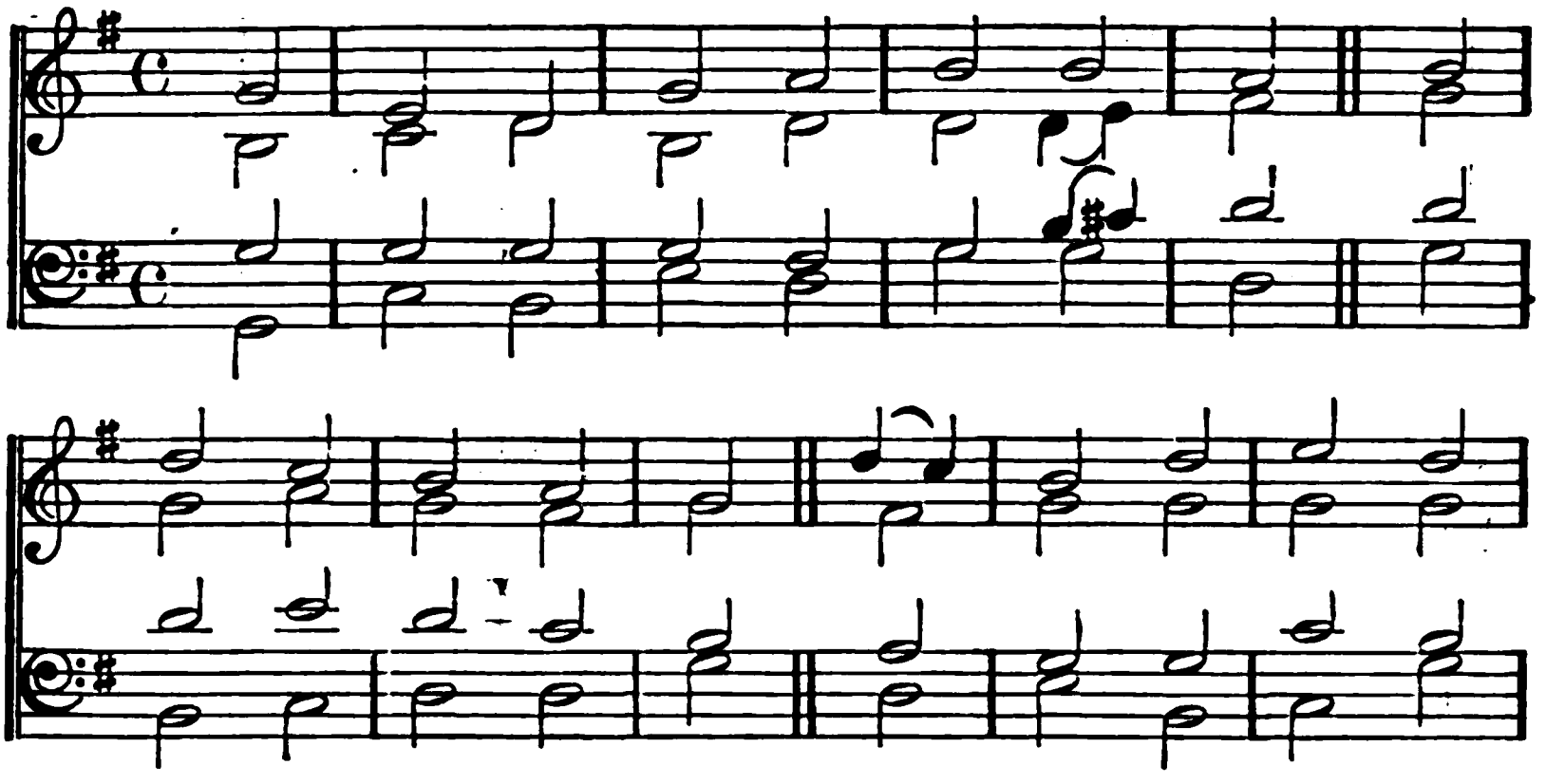
By His Almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appear'd.

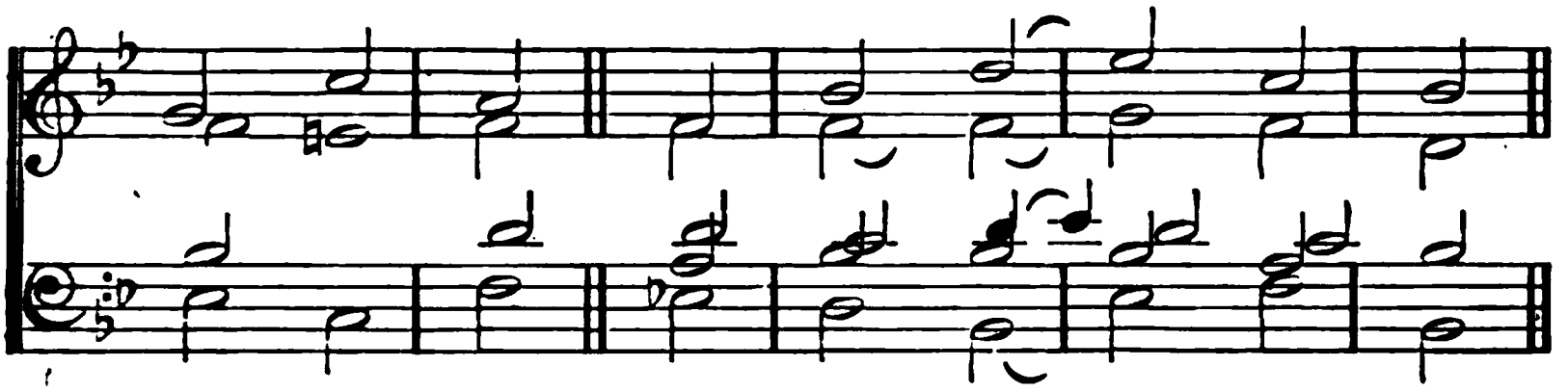
The swelling floods, together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a storehouse, safe,
The wat'ry treasures by.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before Him trembling stand;
For when He spake the word 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at His command.

# PSALMS.

THANKSGIVING. C. M. JOH. CRÜGER. 1658.





## XXXIII.

II.—(12. 20, 21, 22.) N. V.

HOW happy are the folk, to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom He from all the world besides
Has chosen for His own!

Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is He;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
*Since we for all we* want or wish
*On Thee alone depend.*

## XXXIV.

(1, 2, 3. 8.) N. V.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

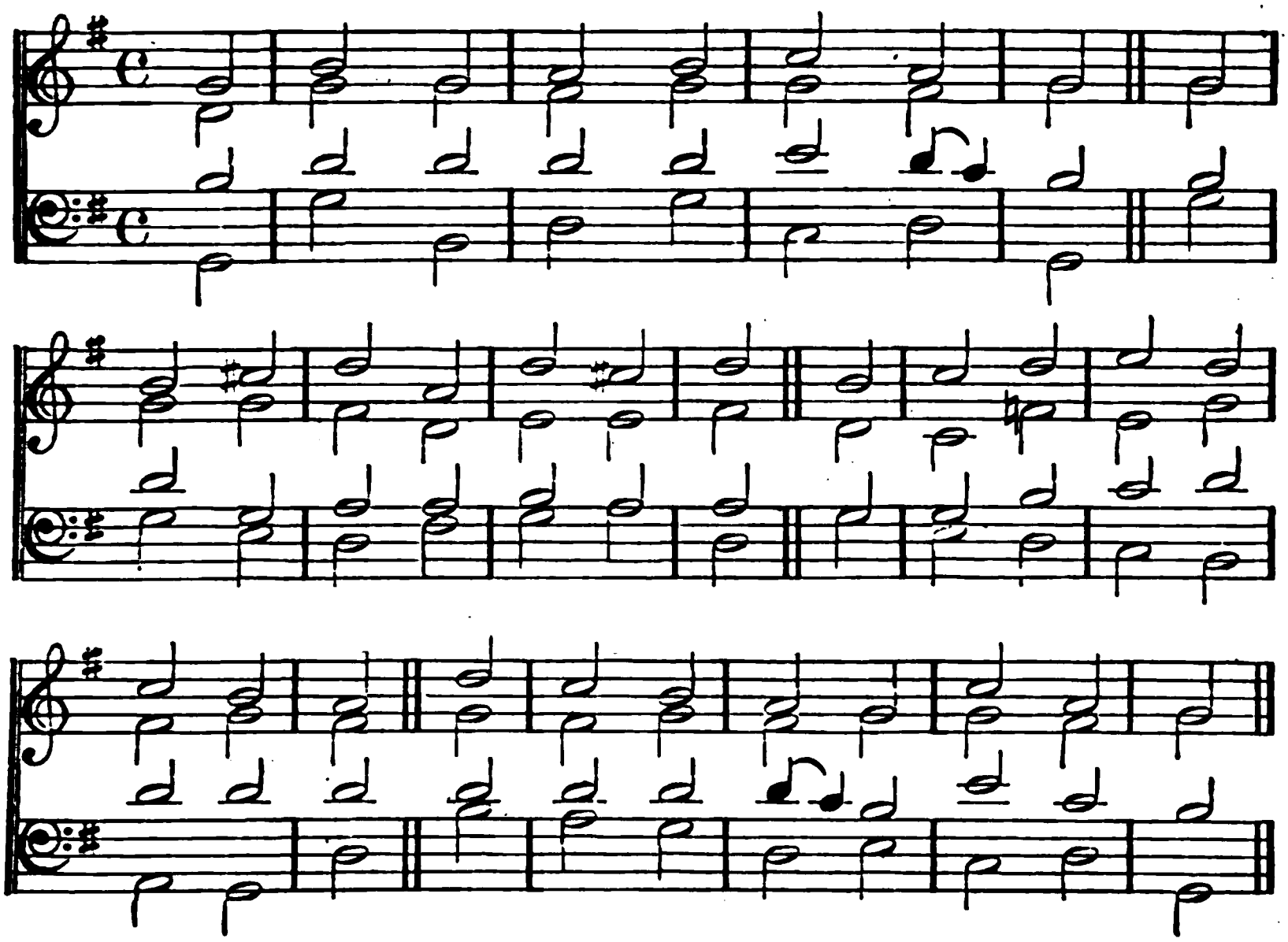
O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name:
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

# PSALMS.

ANGELS'. L. M.

An abridgement of 'Angels' Song.'
(See Psalm CXXXIII., II.)



## XXXVI.

(6, 7, 8, 9, 10.) N. V.

THY justice, like the hills, remains;
Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is Thy care.

Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to Thy protection trust!

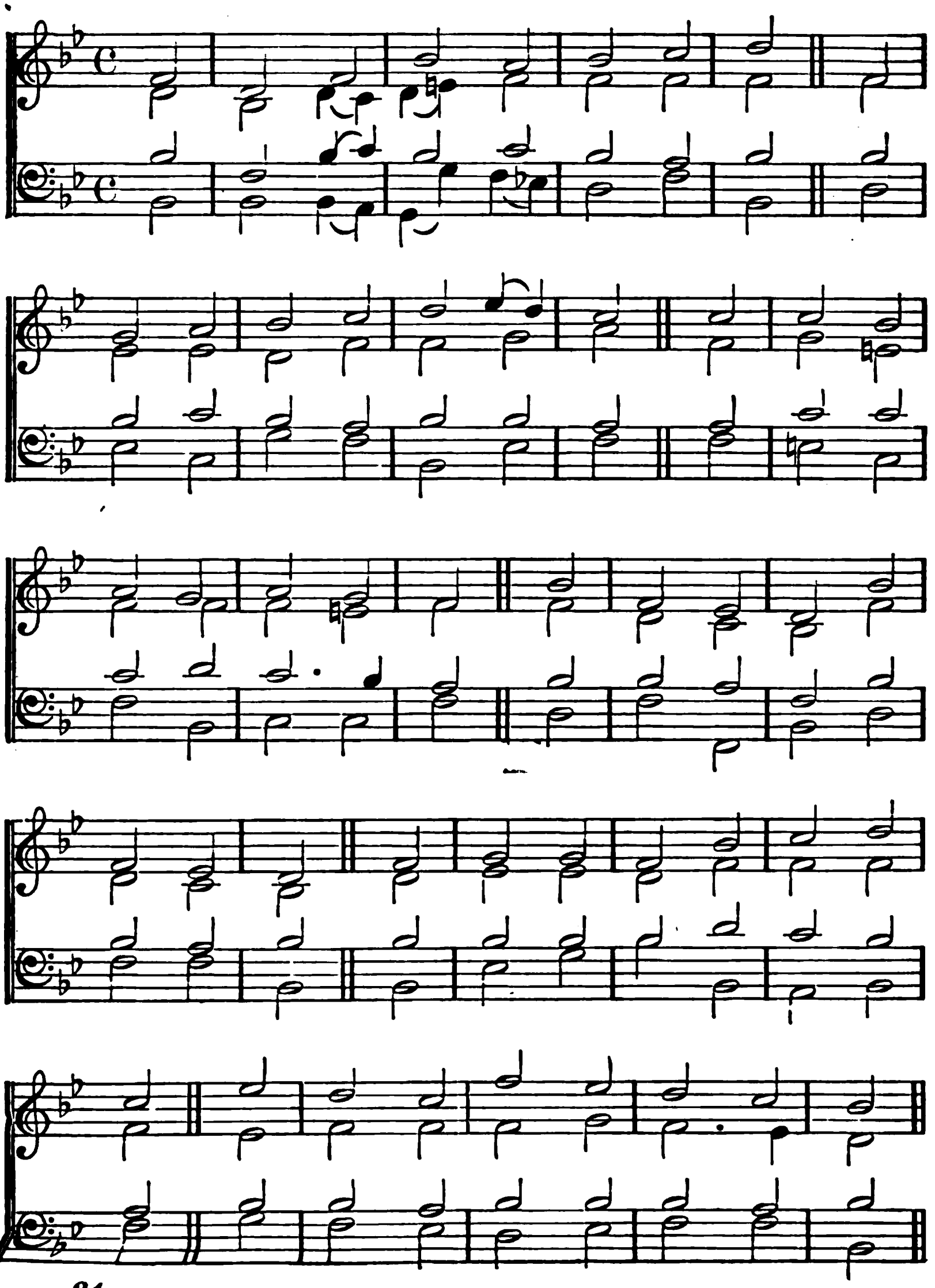
Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

With Thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let Thy saints Thy favour gain;
*To upright* hearts Thy truth display.

# PSALMS.

**Swiss Tune.** 8, 8, 8. 8, 8, 8.

Württemberg Hymn-book.



## XXXVII.

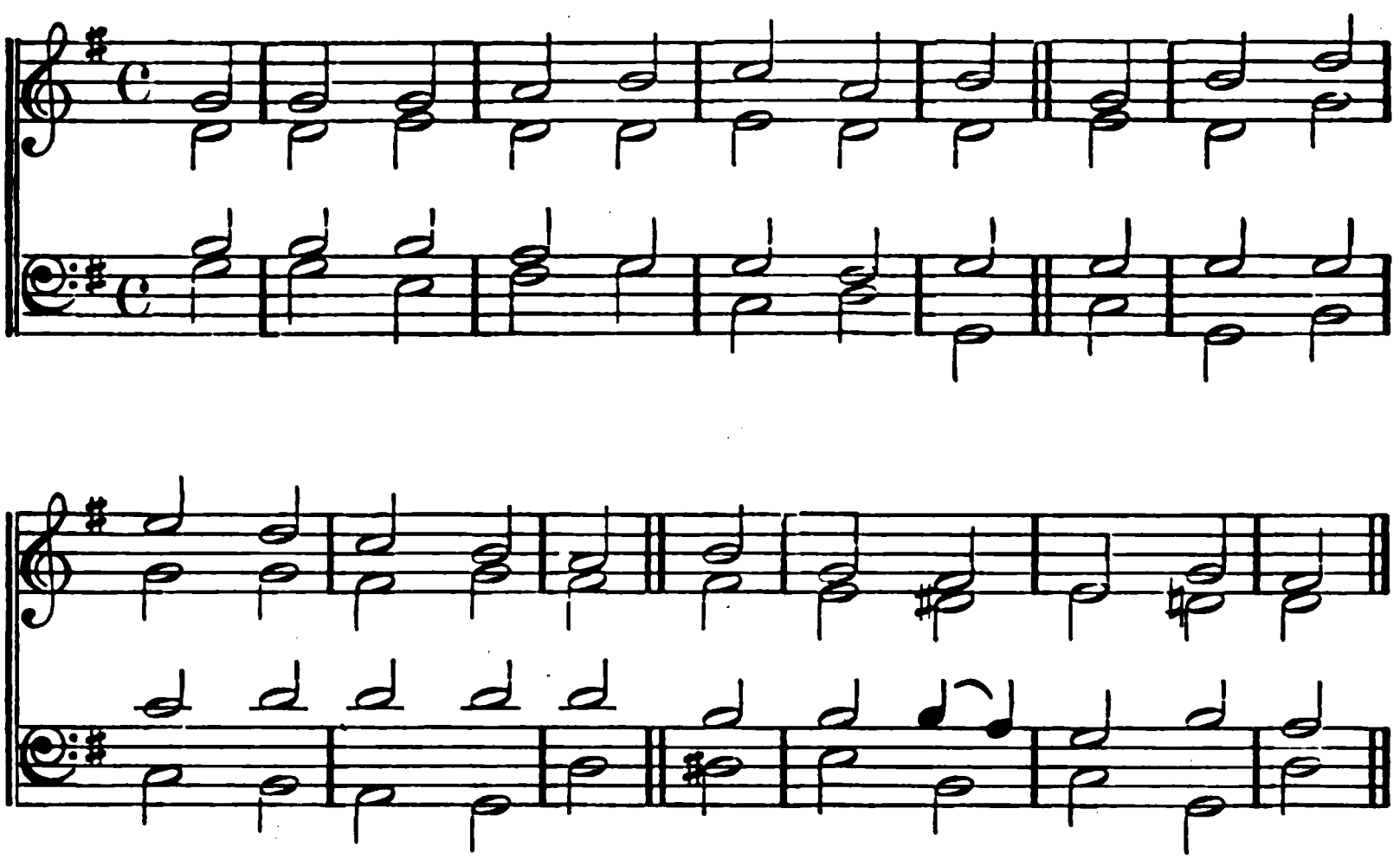
I.—(3, 4, 5, 6.) N. V.

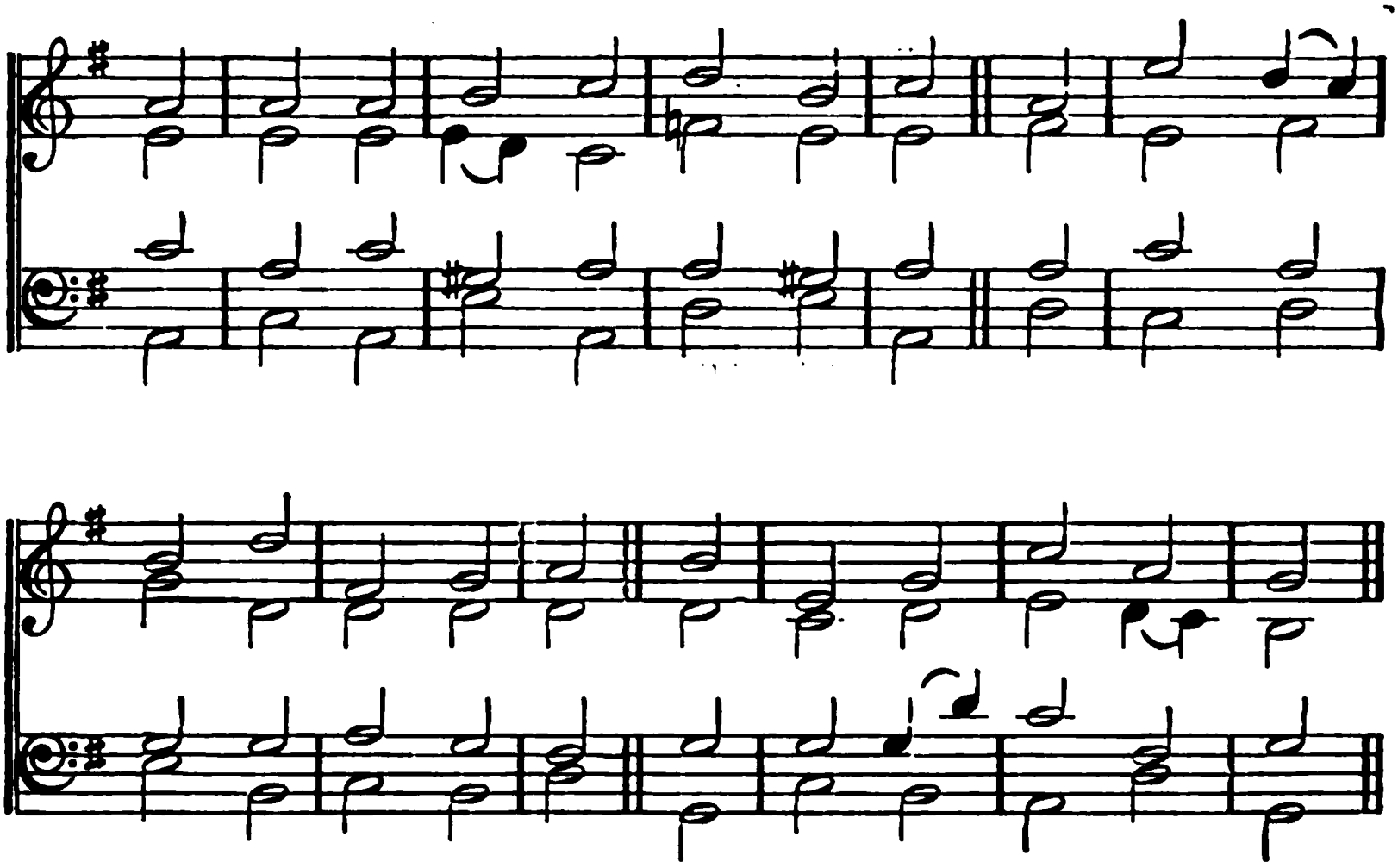
DEPEND on God, and Him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
Make His commands thy chief delight;
And He, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And He will needful help afford
To perfect ev'ry just design:
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as the midday sun to shine.

# PSALMS.

CHAPEL ROYAL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. WILLIAM BOYCE, MUS. D. 1745.





## XXXVII.

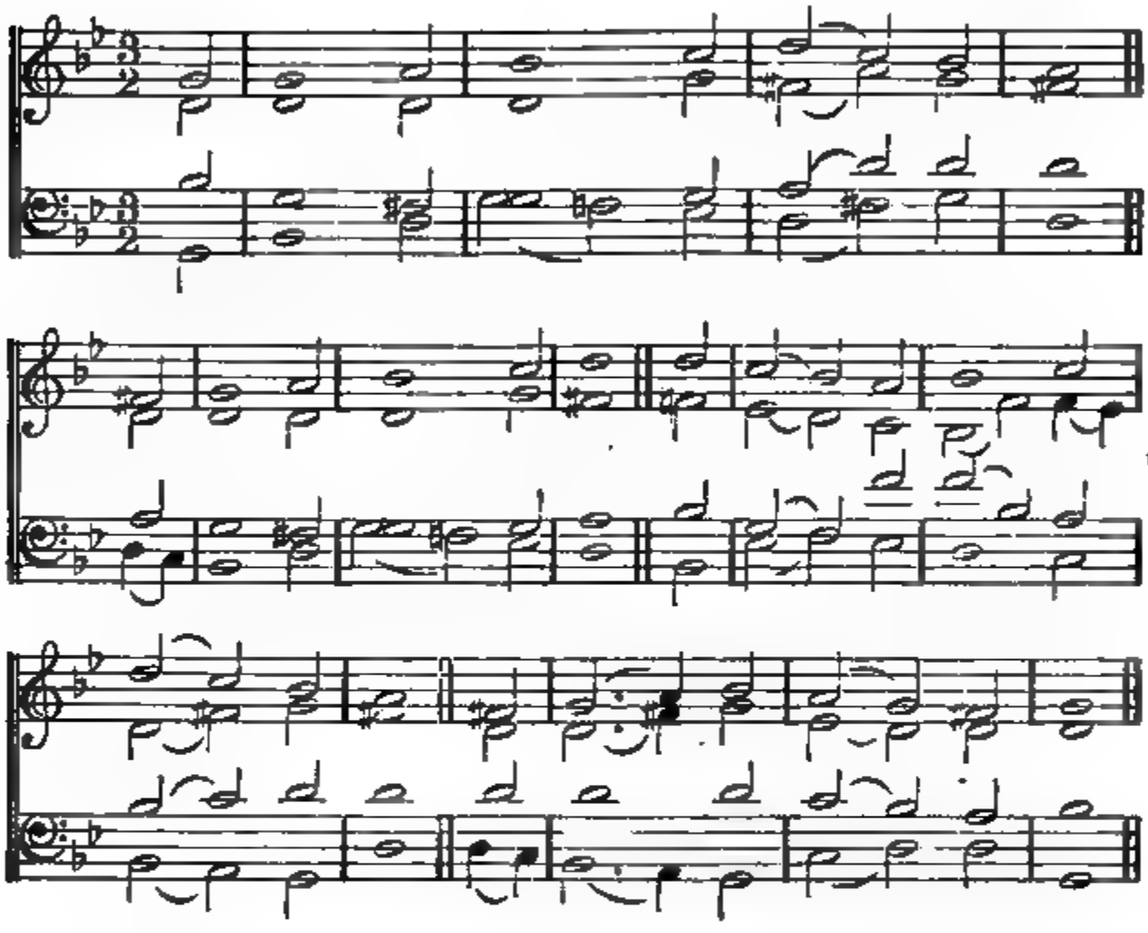
(II.)

VEX not thy soul for men of pride:
Though long their earthly bliss abide,
Let not thine envy rise.
As grass in summer's fresh array,
As flow'rs that fade ere close of day,
Man's glory blooms and dies.

Cast on the Lord thy load of care:
The burden which thou canst not bear,
His succour shall sustain.
Thy righteous Judge shall guard the right,
Make clear thy truth as morning light,
Thy faith as noon-day plain.

The Lord is still the good man's guide;
God's love, still watching at his side,
Gives gladness on his way;
Gives, though he fall, new strength to rise;
His arm, that every need supplies,
Is still the good man's stay.

BURFORD. C. M. HENRY PURCELL. Died, 1695.



## XXXIX.

L—(4. 6, 7. 12, 13.) N. V.

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

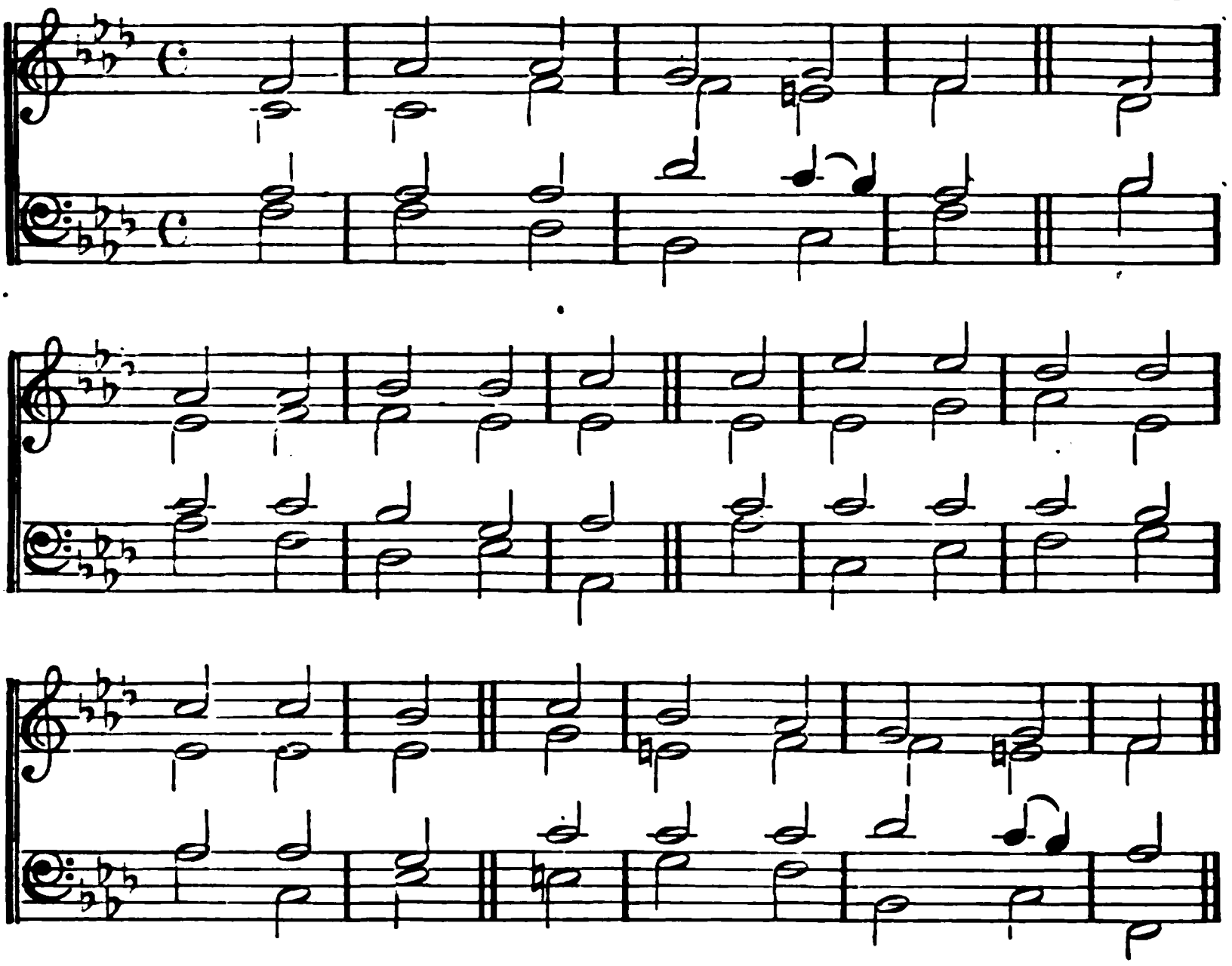
Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

Why then should I on worthless toys,
With anxious care attend?
On Thee alone my stedfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

O spare me yet a little time,
My wasted strength restore;
*Before I* vanish quite from hence,
*And* shall be seen no more.

SOUTHWELL. S. M. From a Psalter printed by H. DENHAM. 1588.



## XXXIX.

(II.)

LORD! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with Thee;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown *heirs divide.*

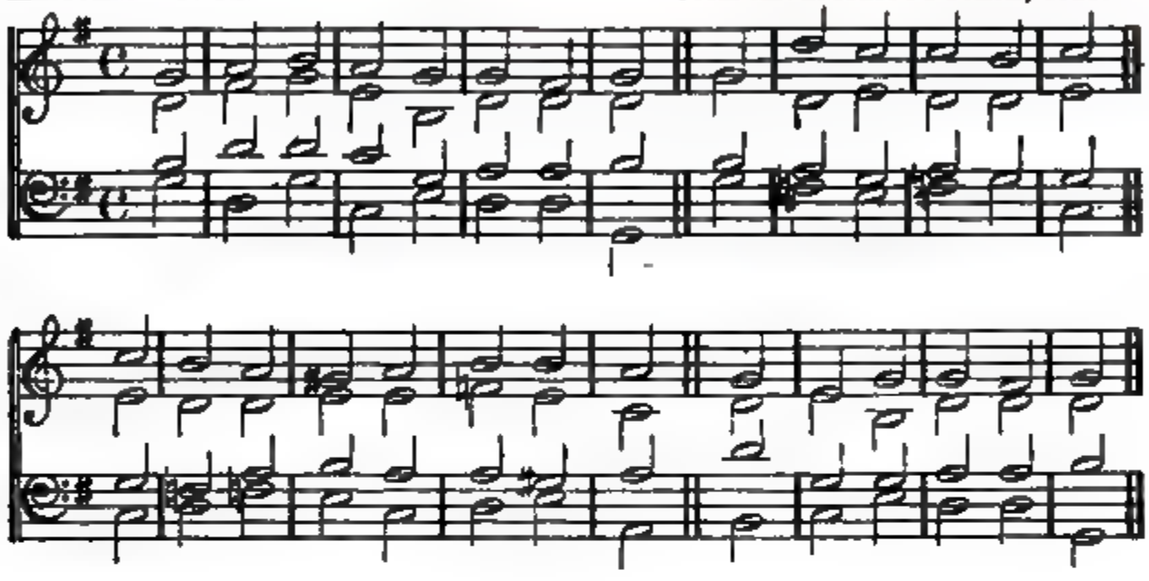
At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

O spare me yet, I pray!
A while my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

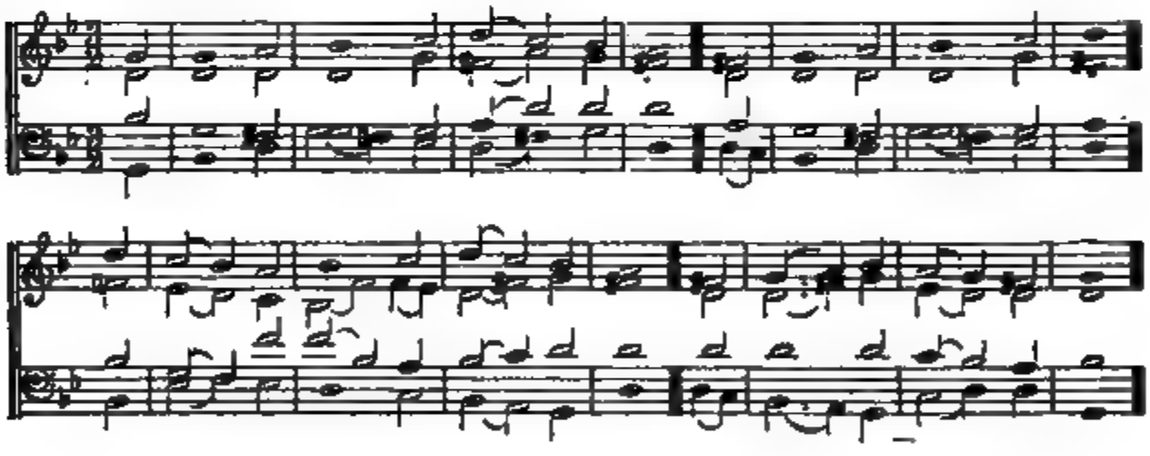
# PSALMS.

**Lincoln. C. M.** From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



*Or,*

**Burford. C. M.** Henry Purcell. Died, 1695.



## XLII.

(1, 2. 11.) N. V.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

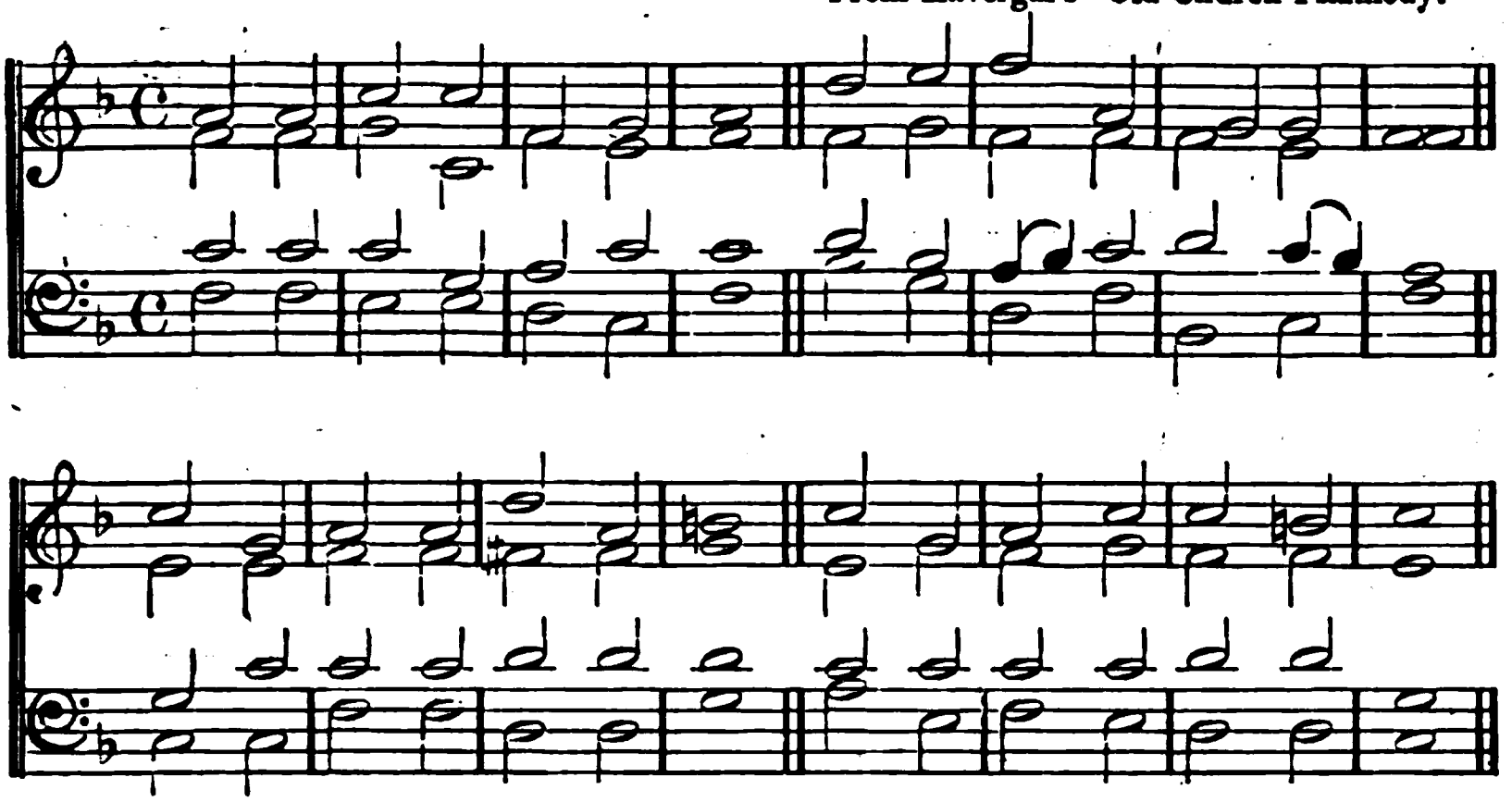
For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

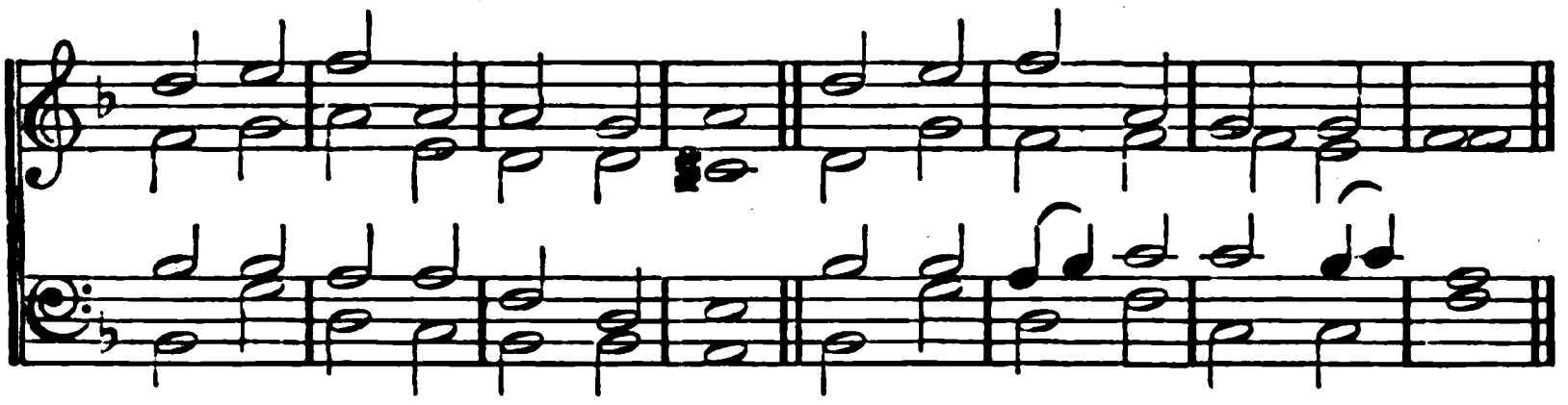
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
*The* praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

# PSALMS.

**Nassau.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Joh. Rosenmüller,
Director of Music at Leipsig. 1655.
From Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.'





## XLIV.

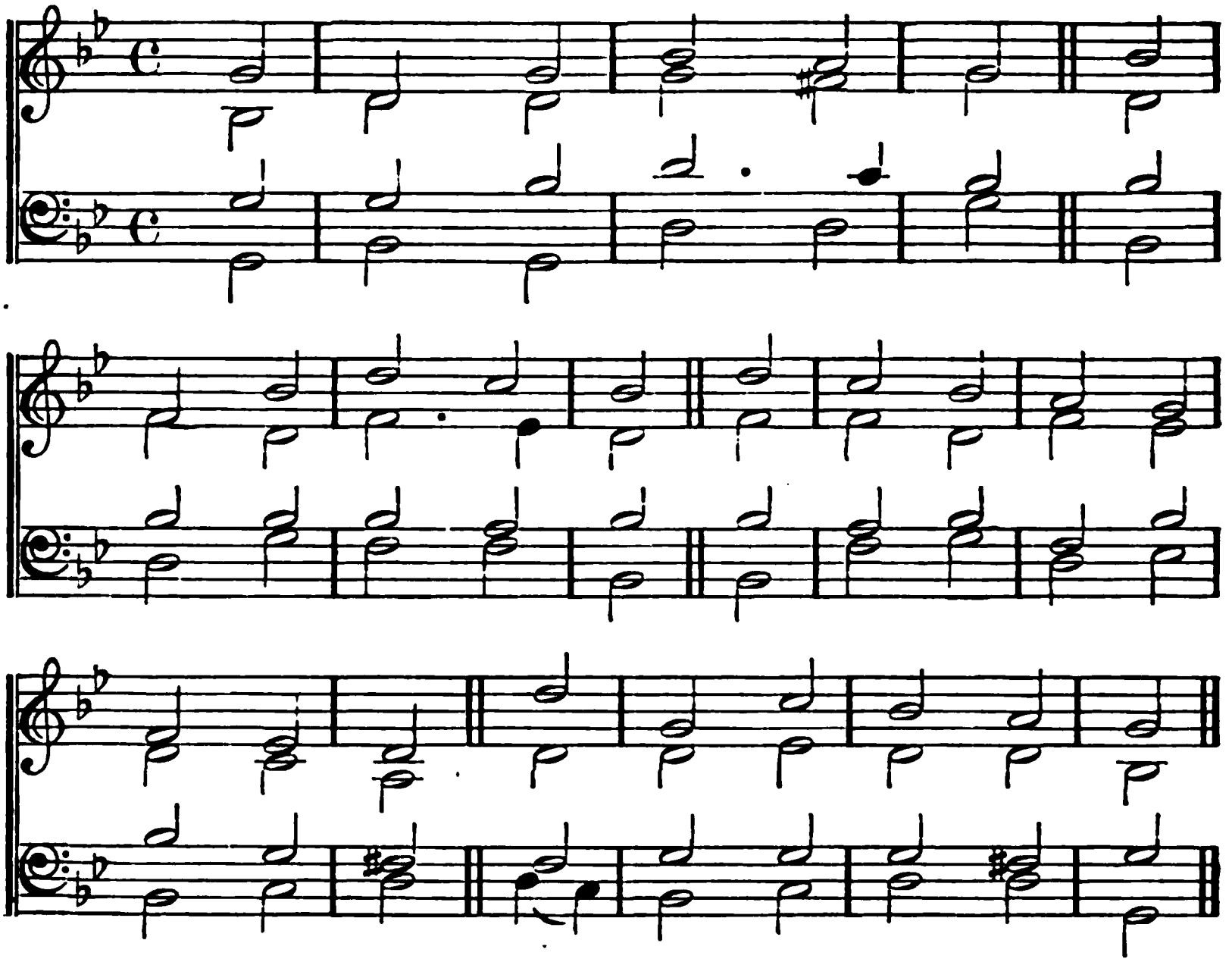
LORD, to us our sires have told
All Thy wondrous deeds of old,
How Thy strong and powerful hand
Drove the heathen from the land,
How with peace Thy people bless'd
Enter'd on their promised rest.

Not by mortal's feeble sword,
Not by arm of flesh, O Lord,
But by Thine, and Thine alone,
Were their num'rous foes o'erthrown.
Thine the voice the world obeys;
Lord, to Thee be all the praise.

Helpless we in danger's hour,
Weak our arms, and vain our power;
Yet, by Thy Almighty aid,
We are more than conqu'rors made.
Thine the voice the world obeys;
Lord, to Thee be all the praise.

ST. BRIDE'S. S. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. D.* Died, 1782.



## LI.

(1, 2, 3. 8. 11. 17.) N. V.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

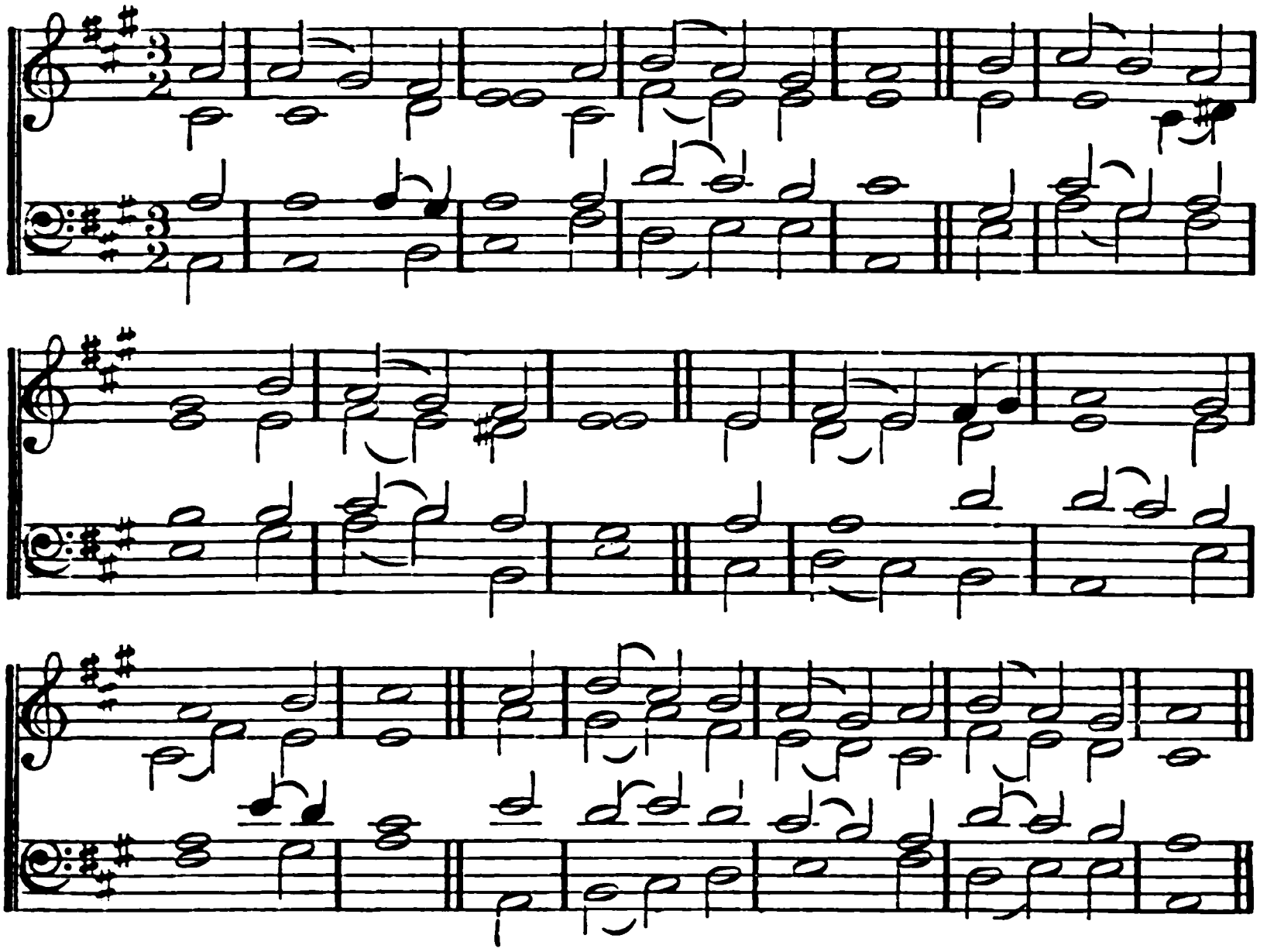
Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which Thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By Him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

* *Educated in the Chapel Royal*, Organist of St. Clement Dane and St. Bride.

WAREHAM. L. M. KNAPP. 1760.



## LVII.

(7, 8, 9, 10, 11.) N. V.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

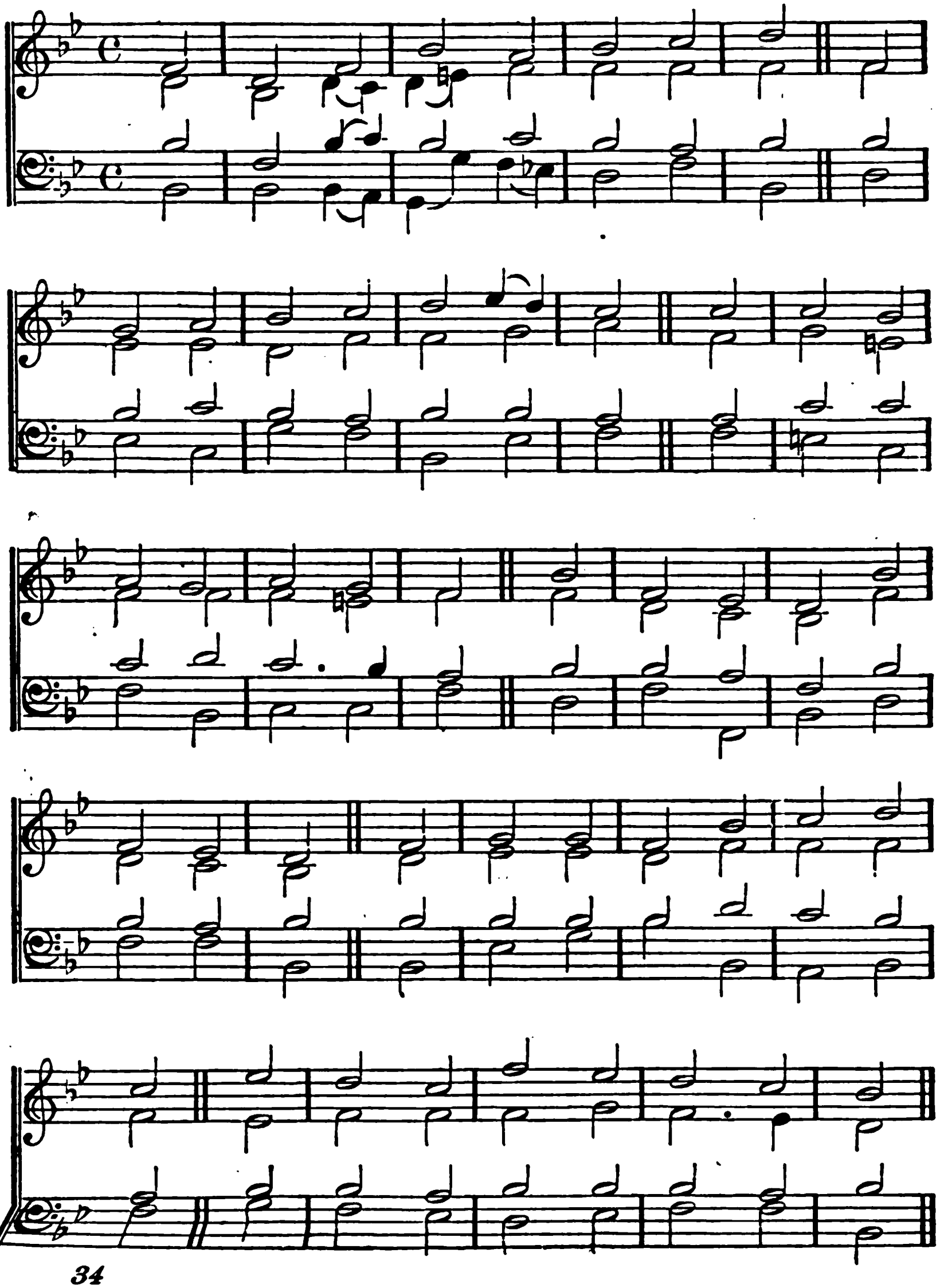
Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

# PSALMS.

SWISS TUNE. 8, 8, 8. 8, 8, 8. Württemberg Hymn-book.



# PSALMS.

## LXIII.

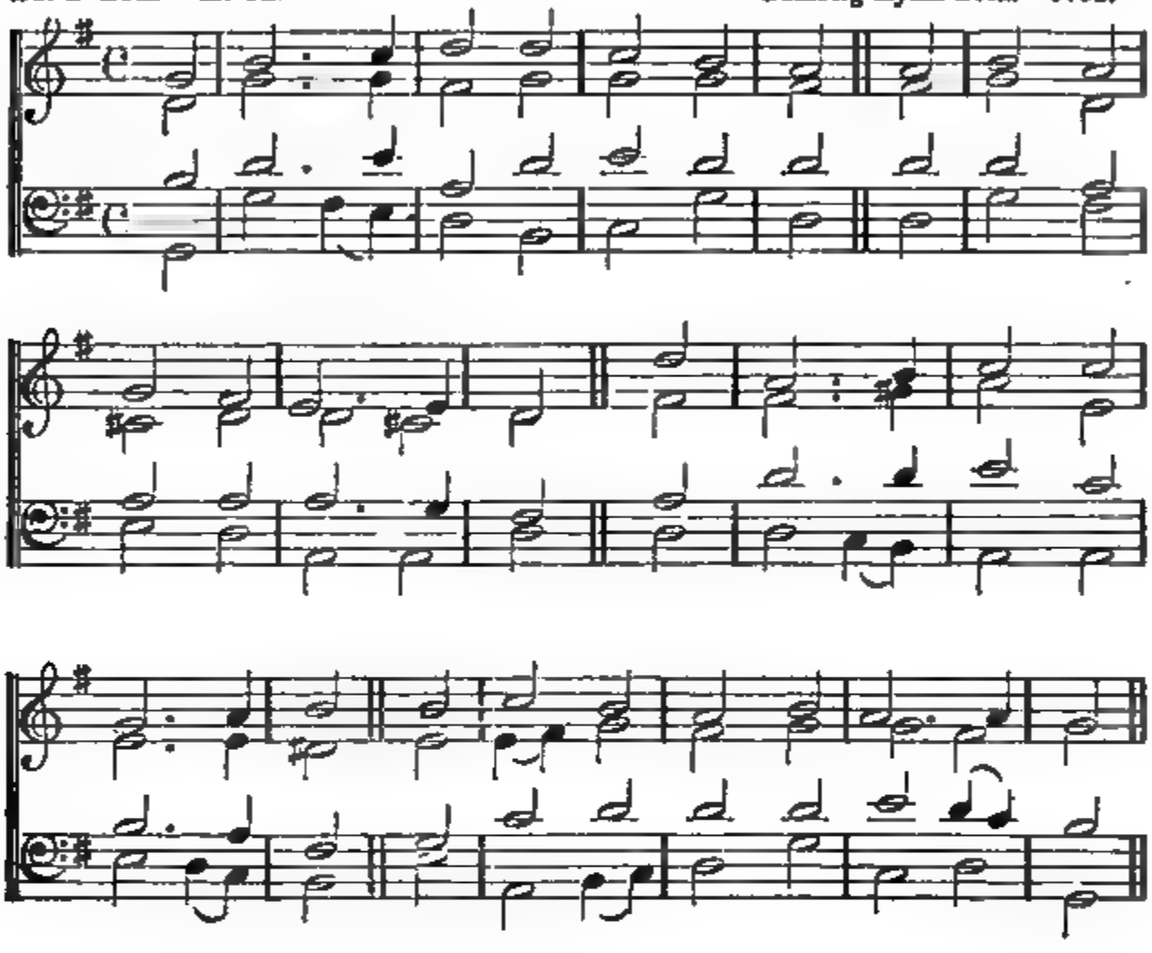
I.—(1. 4, 5.) N. V.

O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be;
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant:
My fainting flesh implores Thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore His Name:
My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy His praise proclaim.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night:
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

St. Faith. L. M. Bamberg Hymn Book. 1732.



## LXIII.

II.

O GOD! Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God!
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

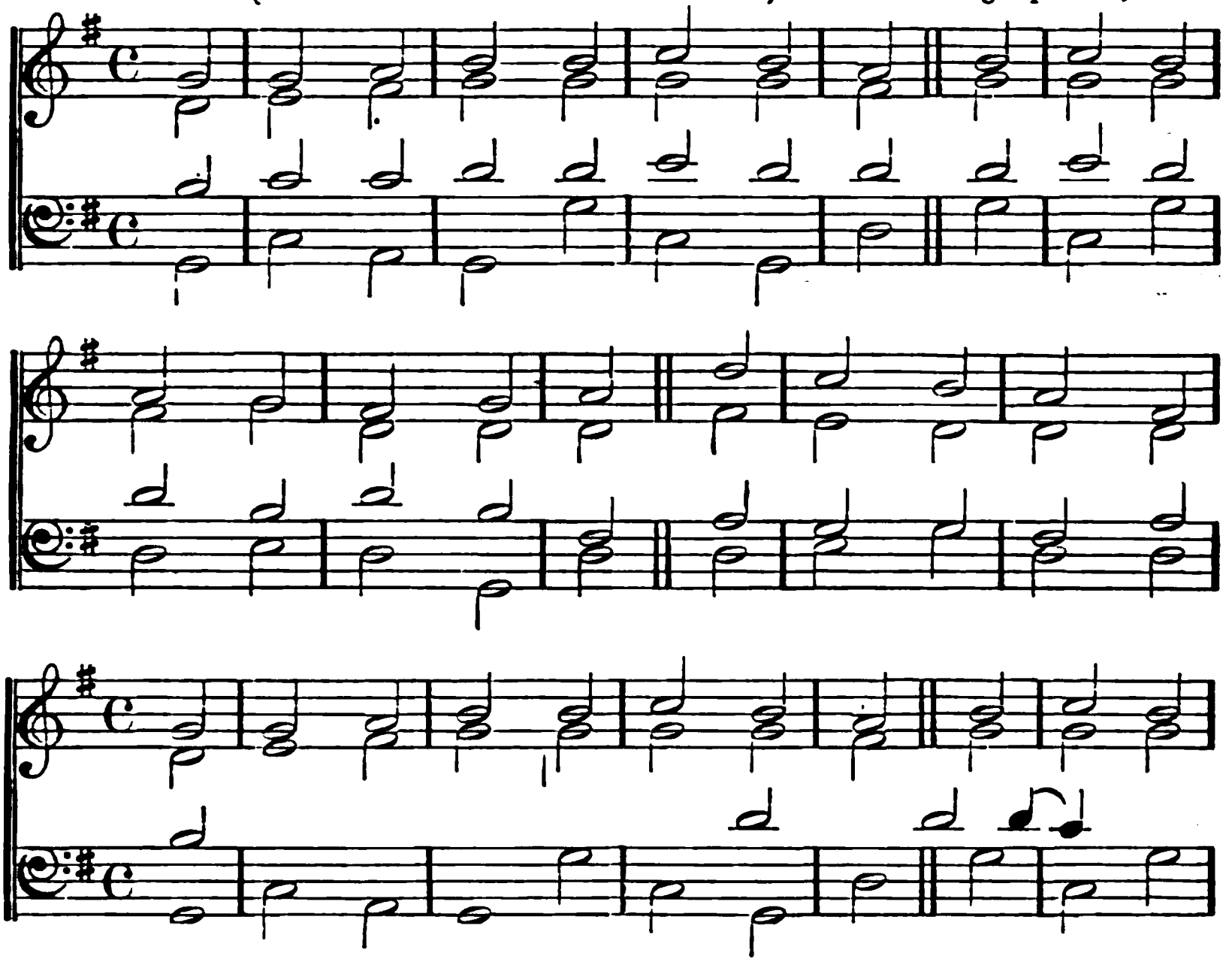
Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
*My* tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

# PSALMS.

AUDI ISRAEL. (*Old "Ten Commandments Tune."*) L. M.

From RAVENSCROFT'S 'Songs Spiritual,' 1621.



## LXV.

I.—(1, 2, 3.) N. V.

FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, Thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

O Thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend Thy list'ning ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain,
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
*And washest out the crimson dye.*

## LXV.

II.—(9, 10, 11. 13.) N. V.

LORD, from Thy unexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

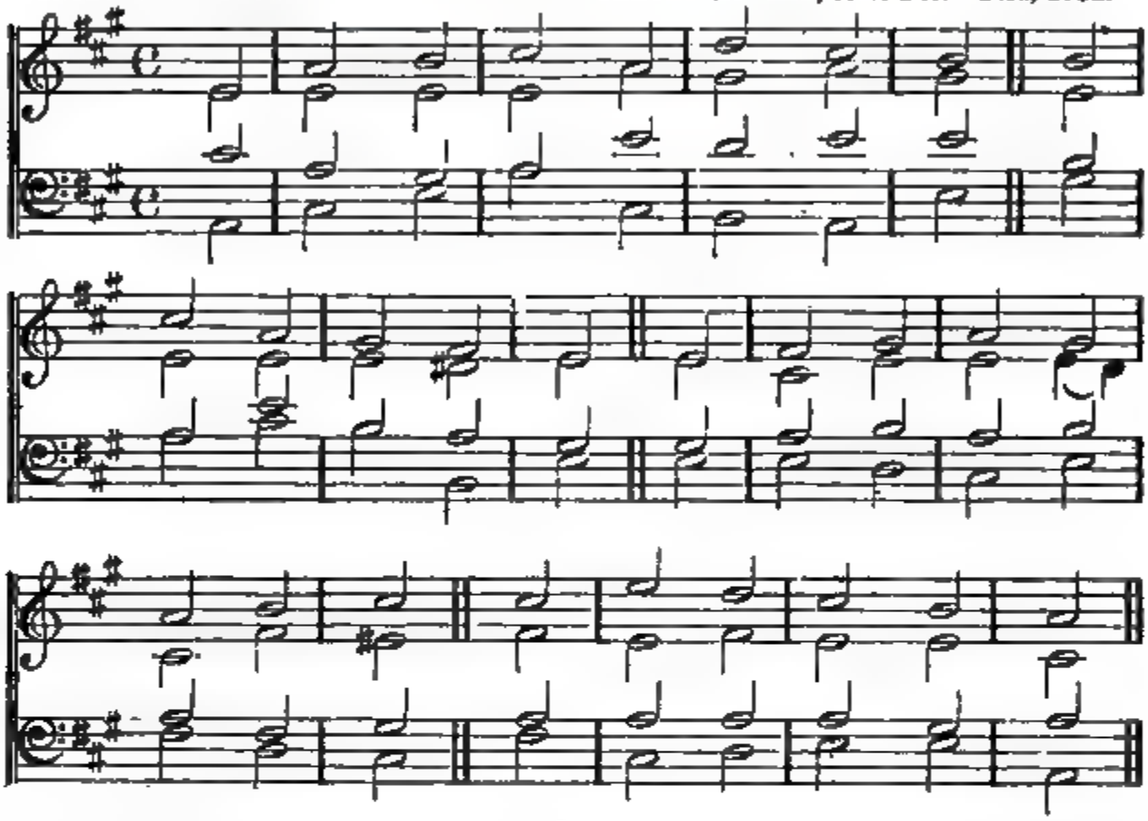
On rising ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a bless'd increase distils.

Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And, where Thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

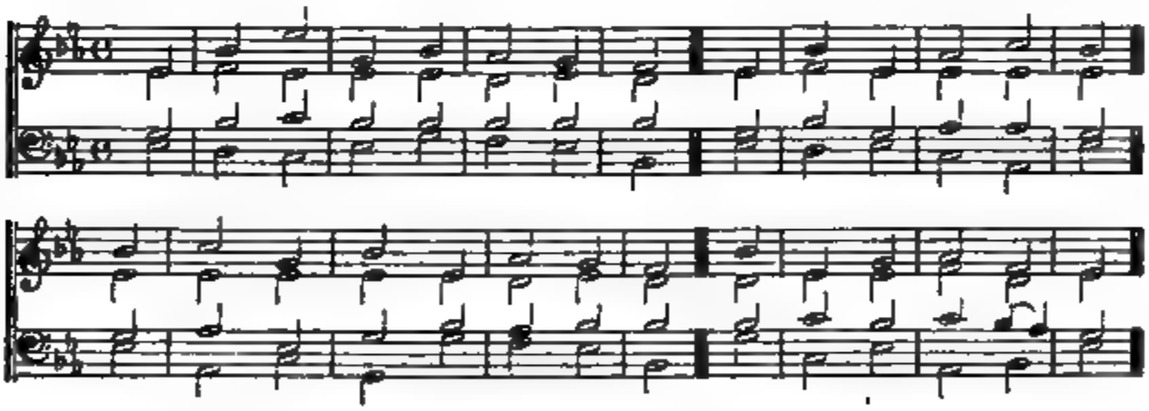
# PSALMS.

**Lancaster. C. M.** Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc. Died, 1782.



*Or,*

**St. David's. C. M.** From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



## LXVI.

(1, 2. 4, 5. 7.) N. V.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of His Name,
And spread His glorious praise.

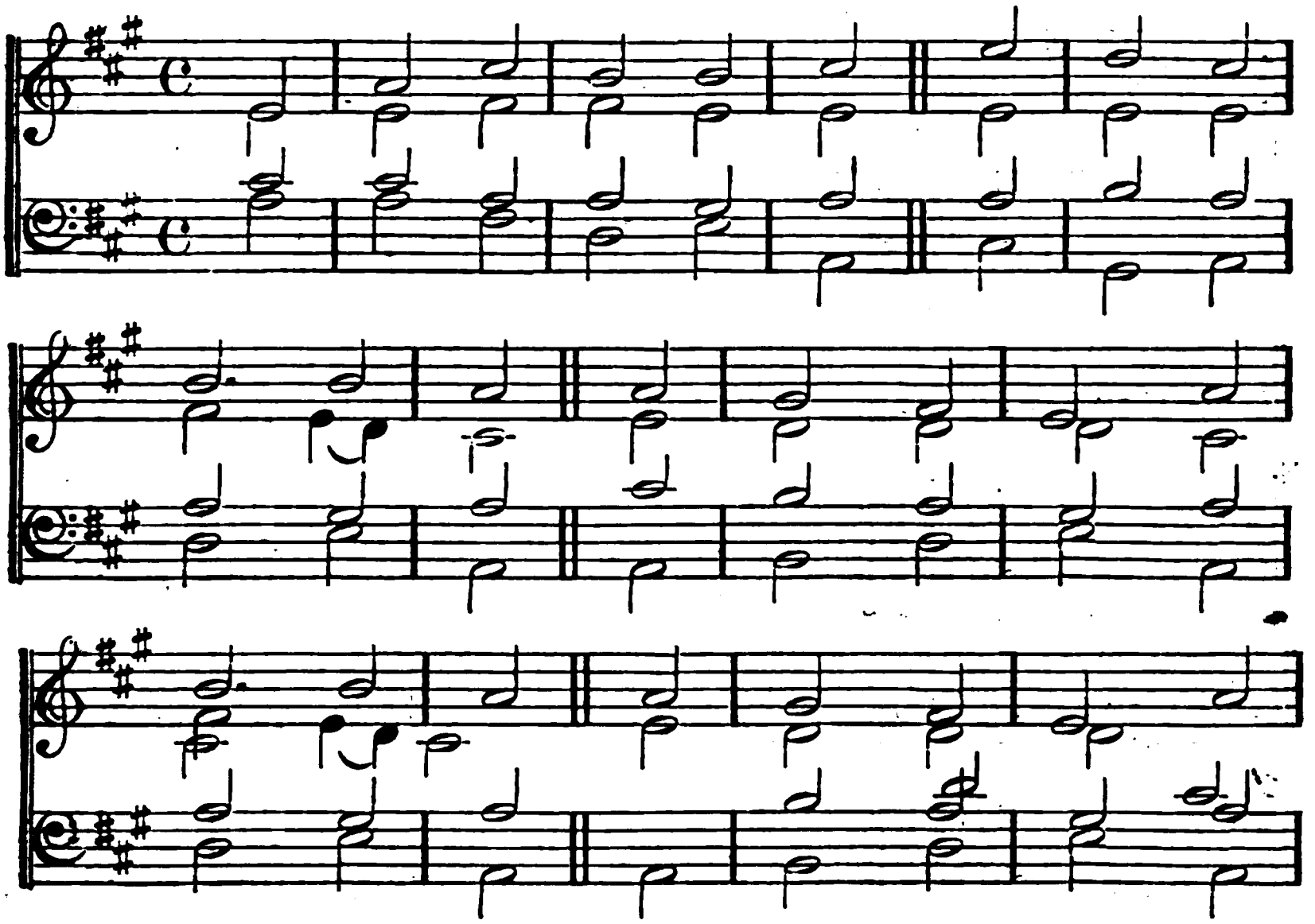
*Through all the earth the nations round*
*Shall Thee their God confess;*
*And with glad hymns their awful dread*
*Of Thy great Name express.*

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That He to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgments shown.

He by His power for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against His sov'reign sway.

ST. MICHAEL'S. S. M.

From a Psalter printed for the Assignees of Richard Day, 1588.



## LXVII.

(1, 2, 3, 4.) N. V.

TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

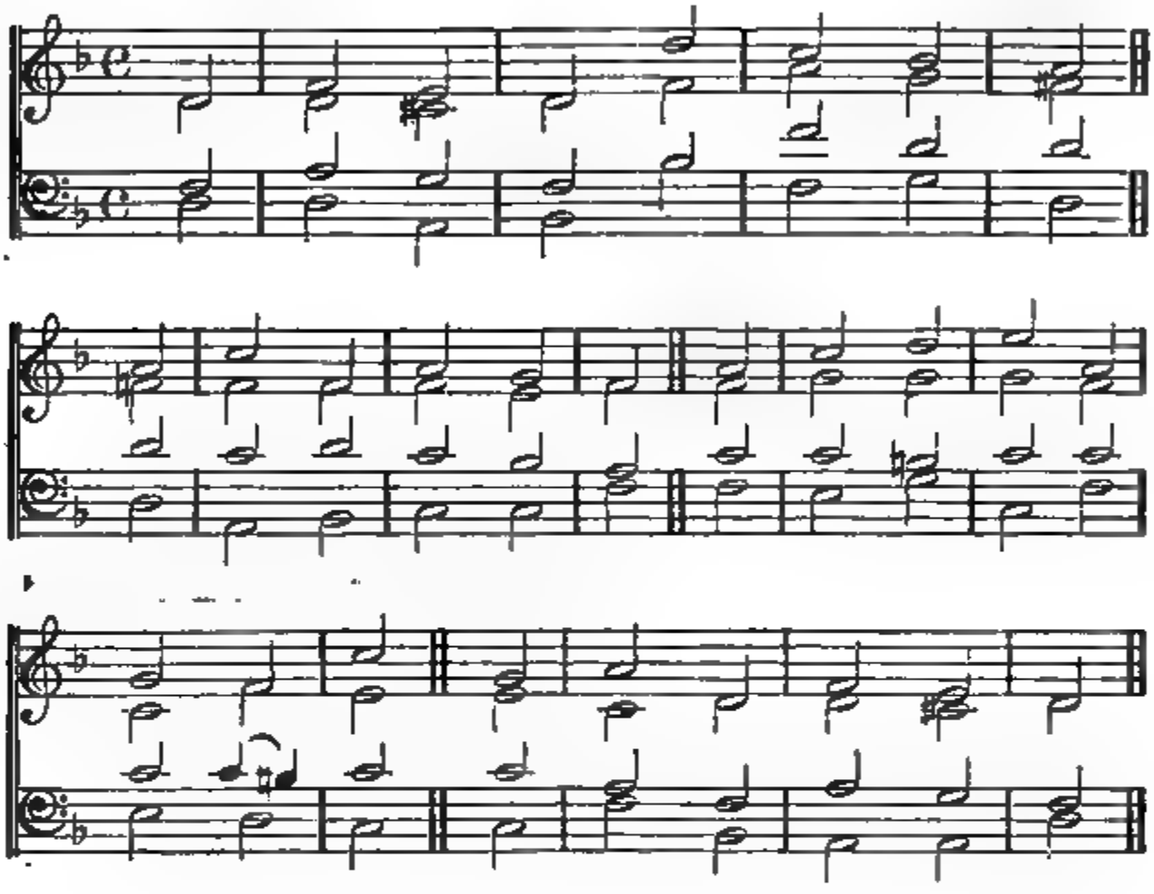
That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
*Shalt* govern all the earth.

# PSALMS.

St. Mary's. C. M. From Playford's Psalter, 1671.



## LXXI.

I.—(1, 2, 3. 6. 9.) N. V.

IN Thee I put my stedfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline Thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is Thy Name.

Be Thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis Thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my rock and fort.

Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing Thy constant praise.

Reject not then Thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay,
*Forsake me not* when, worn with years,
*My vigour fades away.*

## LXXI.

II.—(16. 19, 20. 24.) N. V.

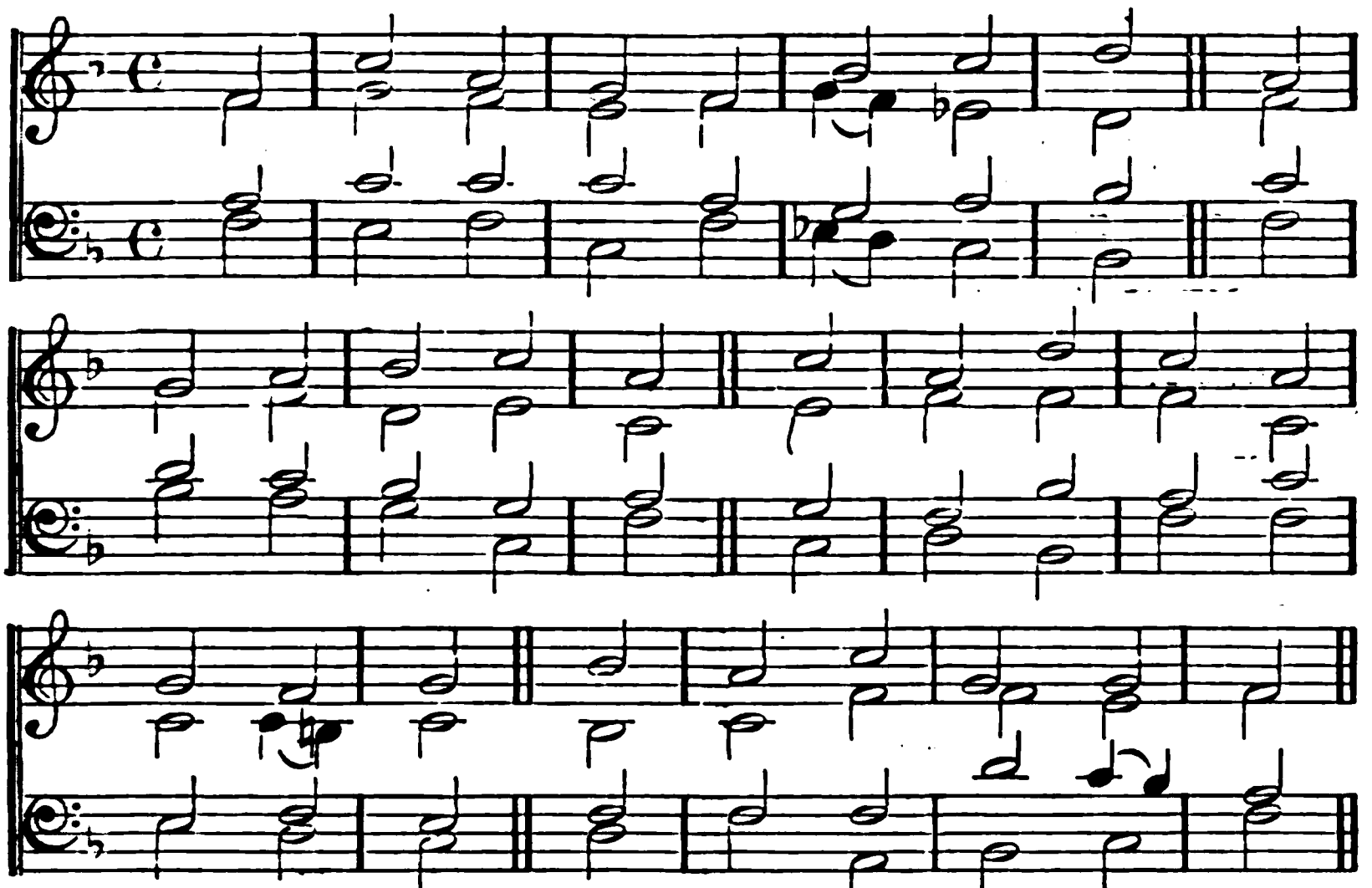
WHILE God vouchsafes me His support,
I'll in His strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention His alone.

How high Thy justice soars, O God!
How great and wondrous are
The mighty works which Thou hast done!
Who may with Thee compare?

Me, whom Thy hand has sorely press'd,
Thy grace shall yet relieve,
And from the lowest depths of woe
With tender care retrieve.

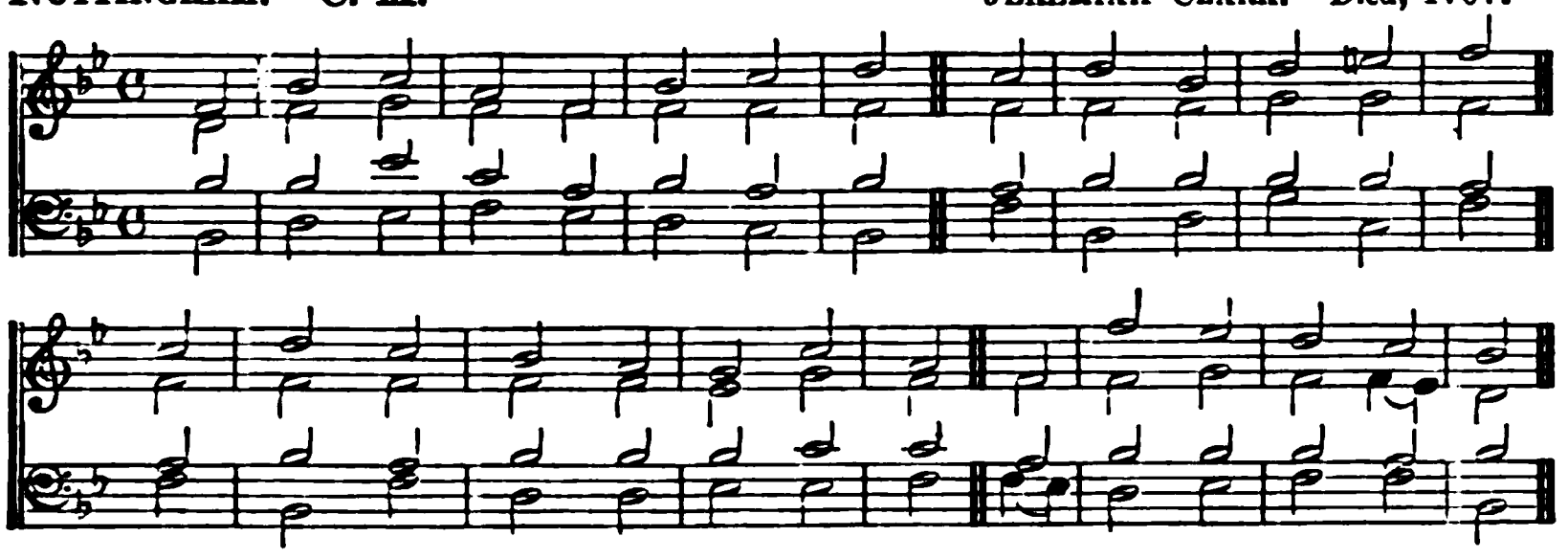
Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by Thee redeem'd,
Shall in Thy strength rejoice.

GLOUCESTER. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT's Psalter. 1621.



*Or,*

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



## LXXII.

(8. 10, 11. 17.) N. V.

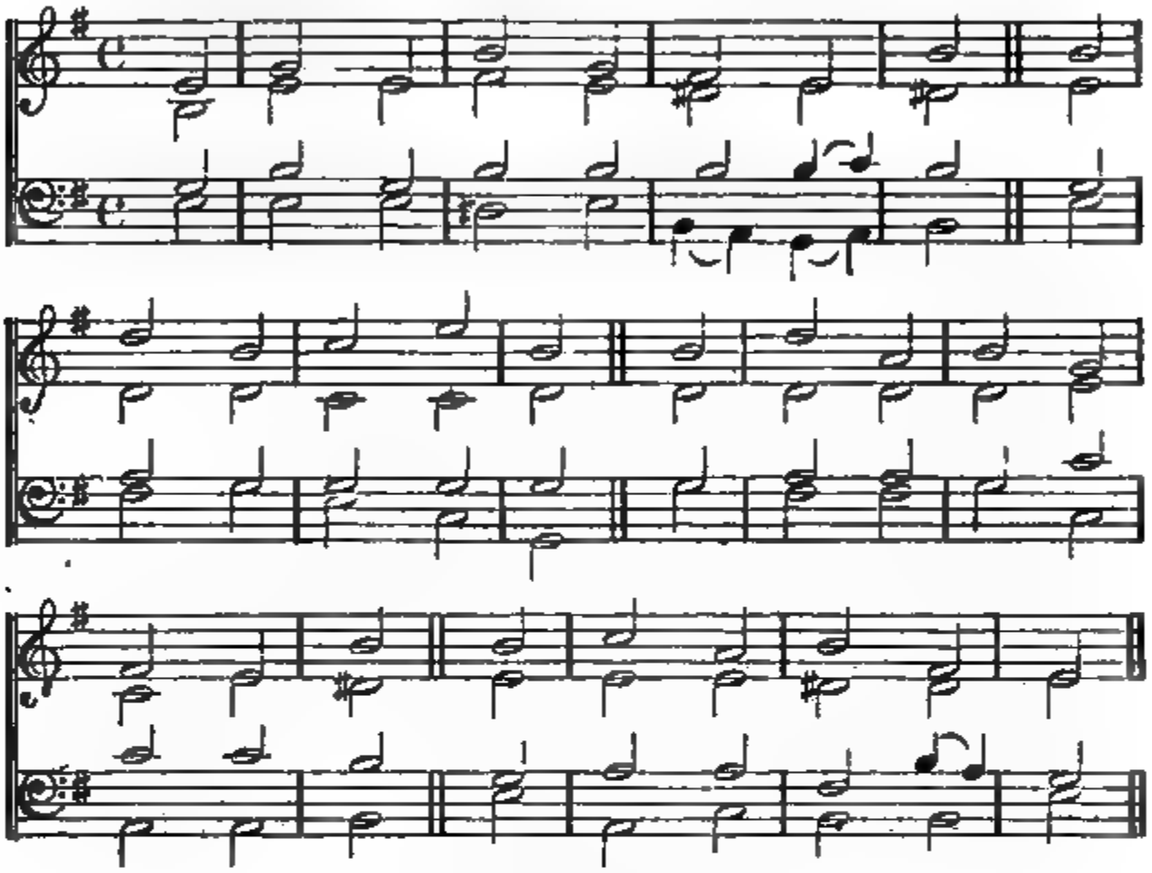
THY uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.

The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy *Seba's king.*

To Thee shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own Thy righteous sway.

The mem'ry of Thy glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
Thy spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

OLD MARTYRS. C. M. Scotch Psalter. 1611.



## LXXX.

I.—(14, 15. 17, 18.) O. V.

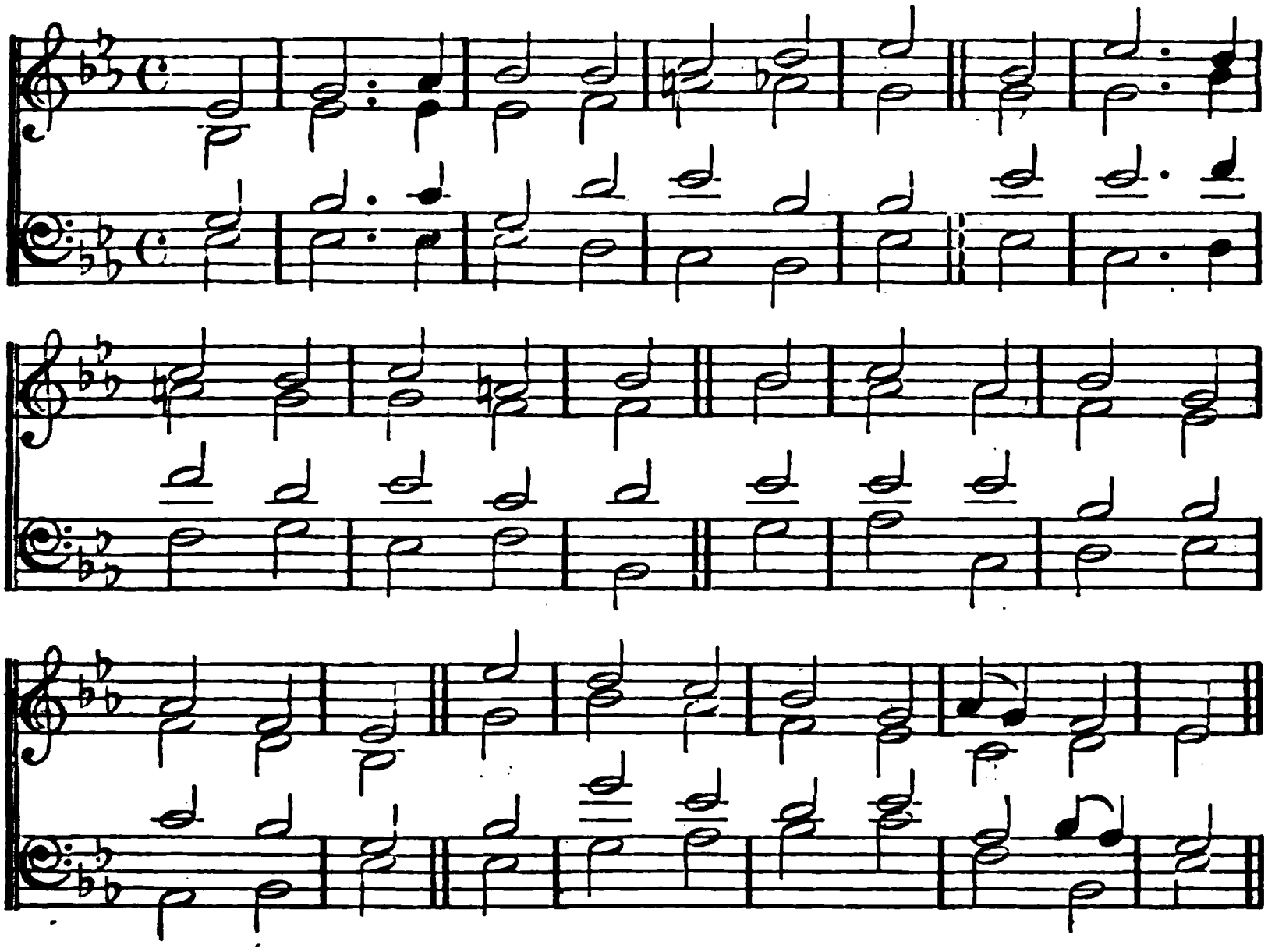
O LORD of hosts, return again,
From heaven do Thou look down;
Behold, and with Thy help sustain
Thy vineyard overthrown.

Thy pleasant vine, Thy Israel,
Which Thy right hand hath set;
The same which Thou didst love so well,
O Lord, do not forget.

Let Thy right hand be with him now,
Whom Thou hast kept so long;
And with the Son of man, whom Thou
To Thee hast made so strong.

And so, when Thou hast set us free,
And saved us from shame;
Then will we never fall from Thee,
*But* call upon Thy Name.

ANDERNACH. L. M. Brotherhood of St. Cecilia. 1608.



## LXXX.

II.—(1. 3, 4. 7.) N. V.

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayers to Thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

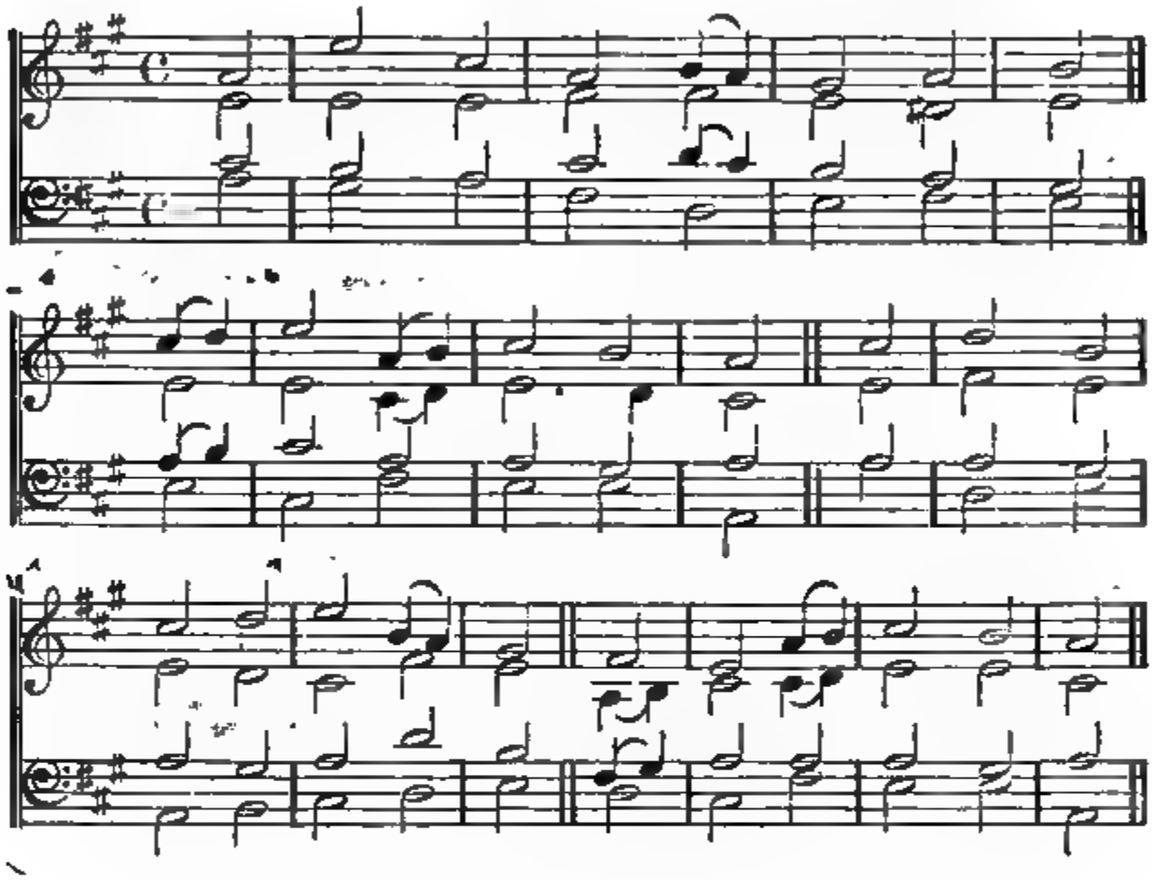
O Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
How long Thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
*Like scatter'd* clouds, shall pass away.

# PSALMS.

"St. Stephen's Tune." C. M.

Rev. W. Jones. Died, 1789.
The original melody and harmony; transposed from the key of B♭.*



## LXXXI.

O GOD, our strength, to Thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
And graciously Thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

And Thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to Thy Word,
We seek to do Thy will.

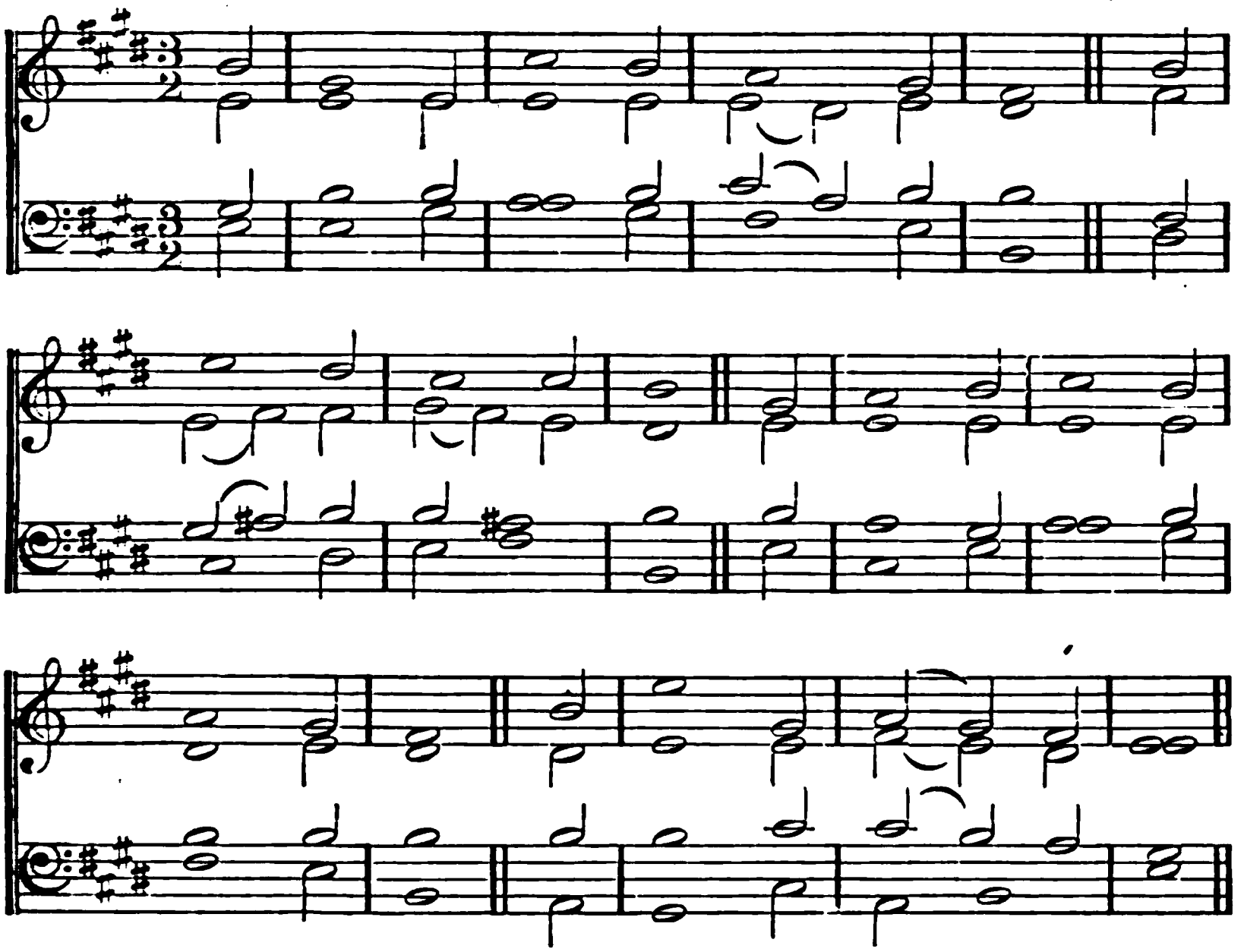
Led by the light Thy grace imparts
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of Thee.

So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless,
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

* *As printed* (for the 23rd Psalm) in "Ten Church Pieces for the Organ, with four Anthems, for the use of *Nayland Church, in Suffolk; and published* for its benefit by William Jones, M.A., F.R.S., author of a Treatise *on the Art of Music, &c., Opera II.*" With a Dedication to Lady Rushout, dated "Nayland, March 25, 1789."

# PSALMS.

**Bedford. C. M.** W. Wheall. Died, 1745.



## LXXXIV.

I.—(1, 2. 4, 5.) N. V.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy bless'd abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made:
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead!

## LXXXIV.

II.—(9, 10, 11, 12.) N. V.

BEHOLD, O God, for Thou alone
Canst timely aid dispense;
On Thy anointed servant look,
Be Thou his strong defence:

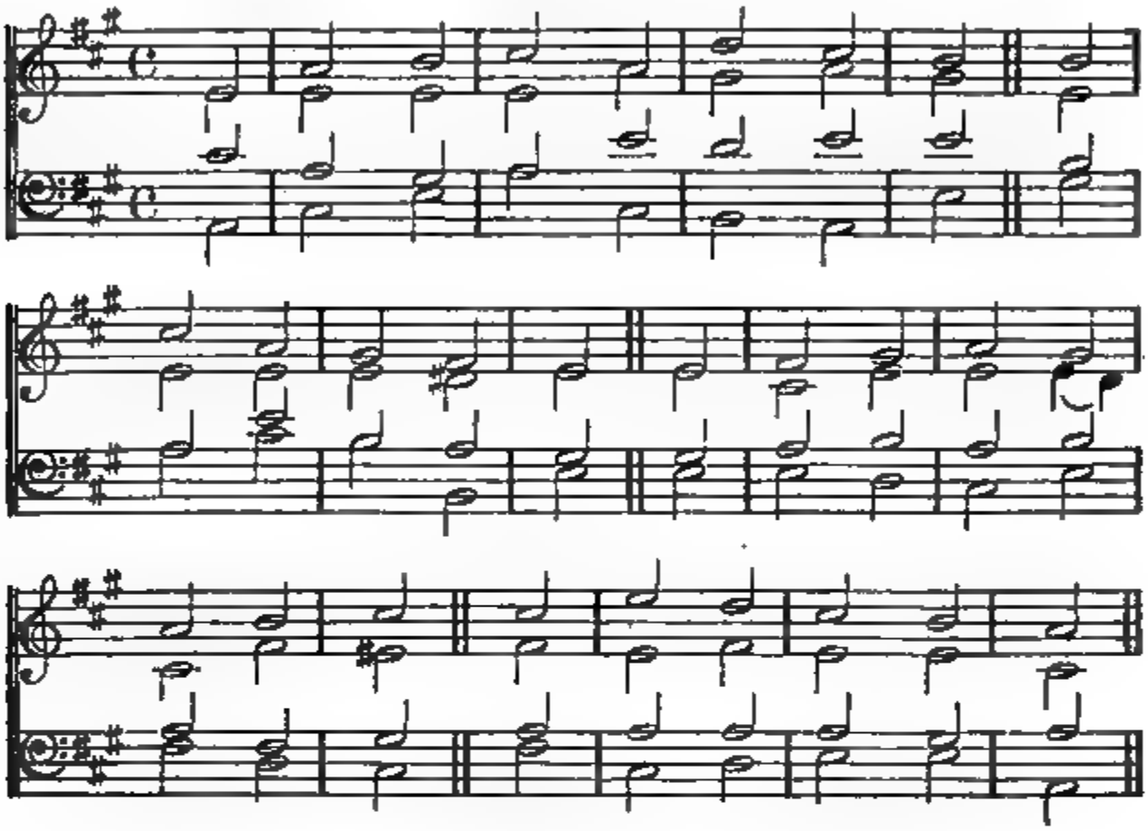
For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on Thee!

# PSALMS.

LANCASTER. C. M. SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc. Died, 1782.



## LXXXVII.

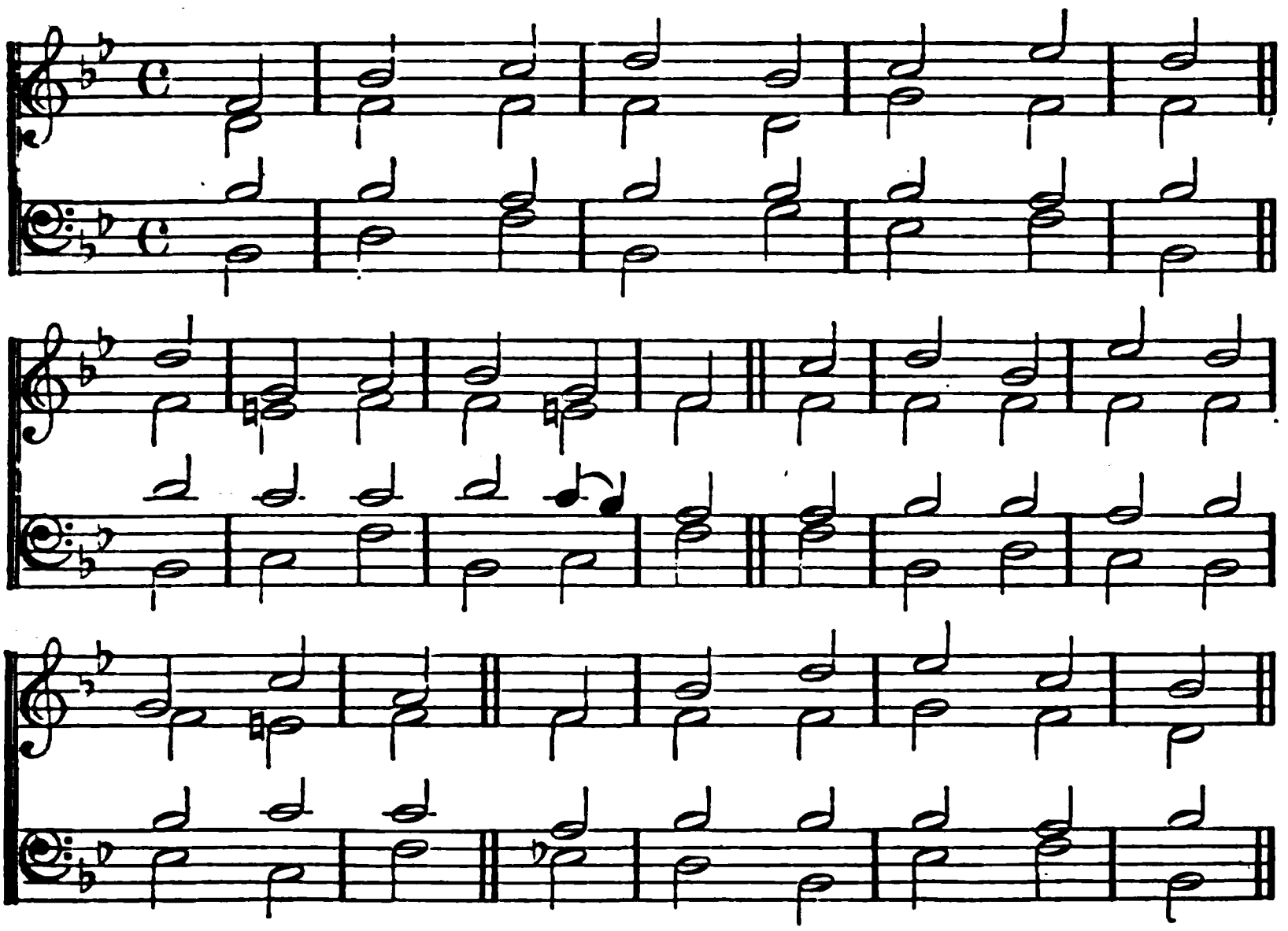
O ZION, glorious things to come
Of thee thy prophets sing,
Thou dwelling-place and earthly rest
Of heaven's eternal King.

Dark Egypt's sons and Babylon
To thee shall soon be known;
The Tyrian and the Philistine
Be number'd with thine own.

Lo! from Arabia's shores afar,
The region of the morn,
New names to Zion's mount are come,
New souls to God are born.

The birthright of thy citizens
Glad strangers now shall share,
All born anew to God, who builds
*Their* home of comfort there.

*Or* ST. JAMES.* C. M. R. COURTEVILLE. 1680.



## XC.

(1. 3, 4. 12.) N. V.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us Thy chosen race,
From age to age Thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word "Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.

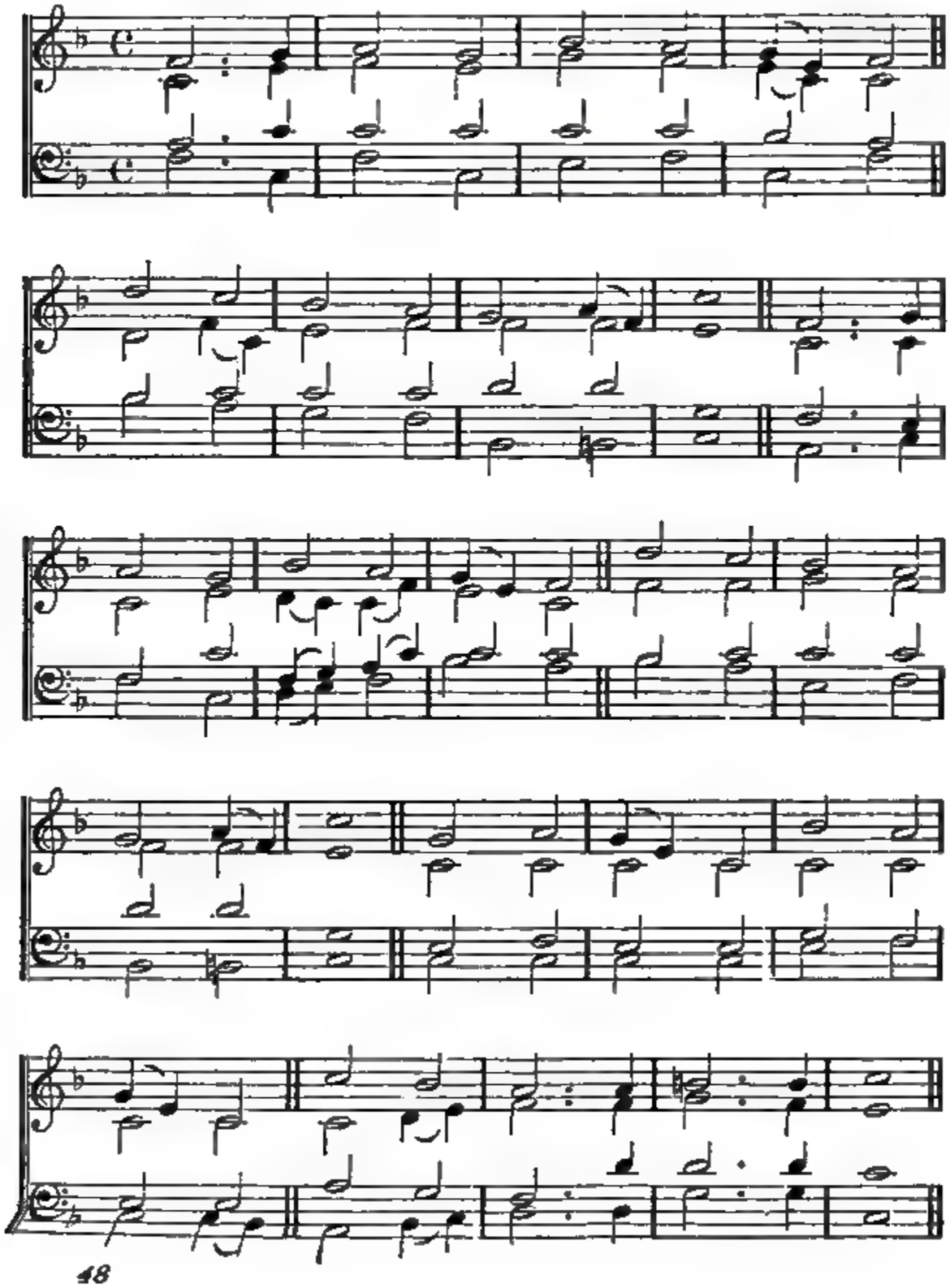
For in Thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

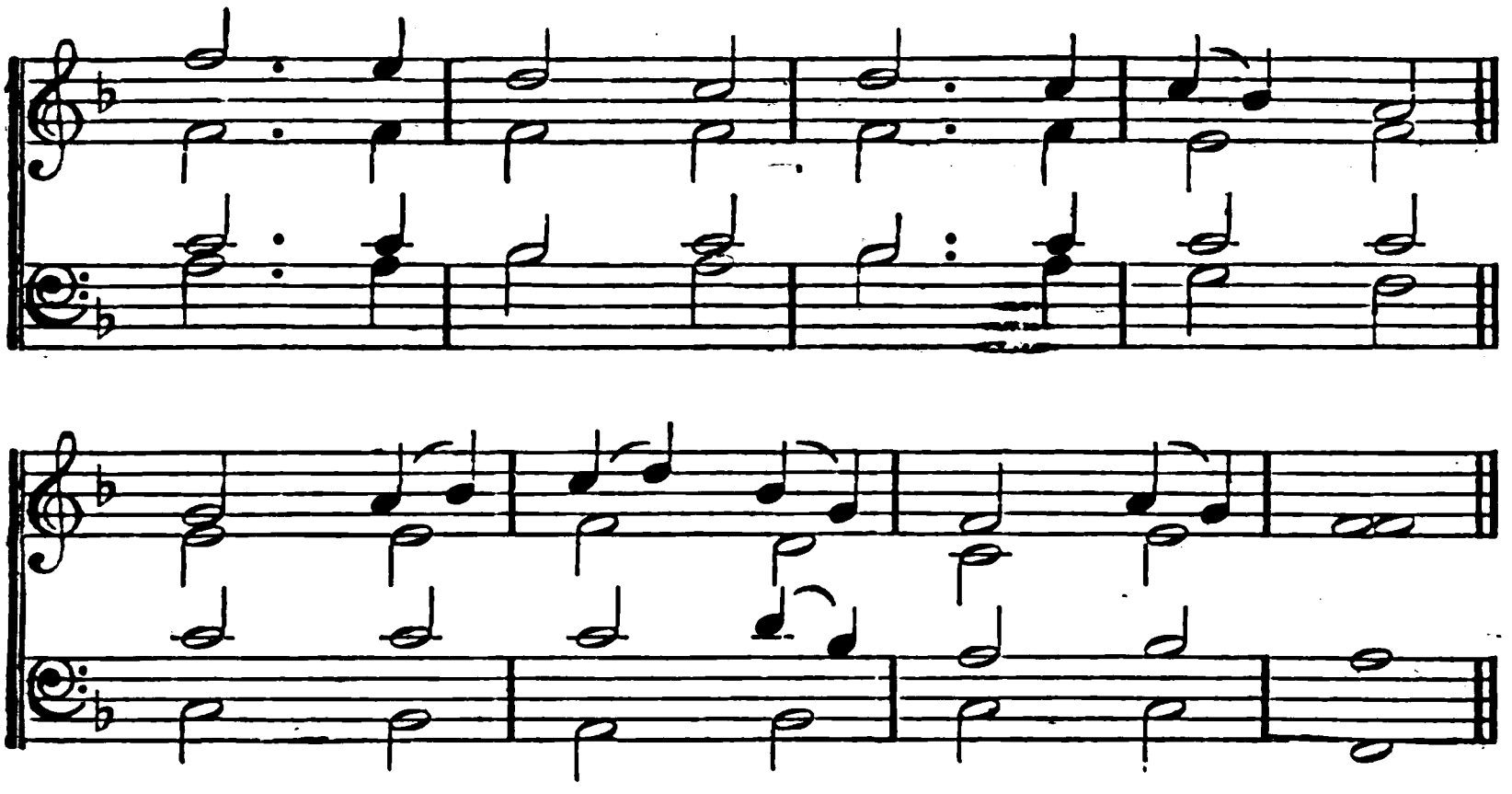
So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

* *Either Psalm* may be sung to either Tune.

# PSALMS.

AUSTRIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. JOSEPH HAYDN. Died, 1809.





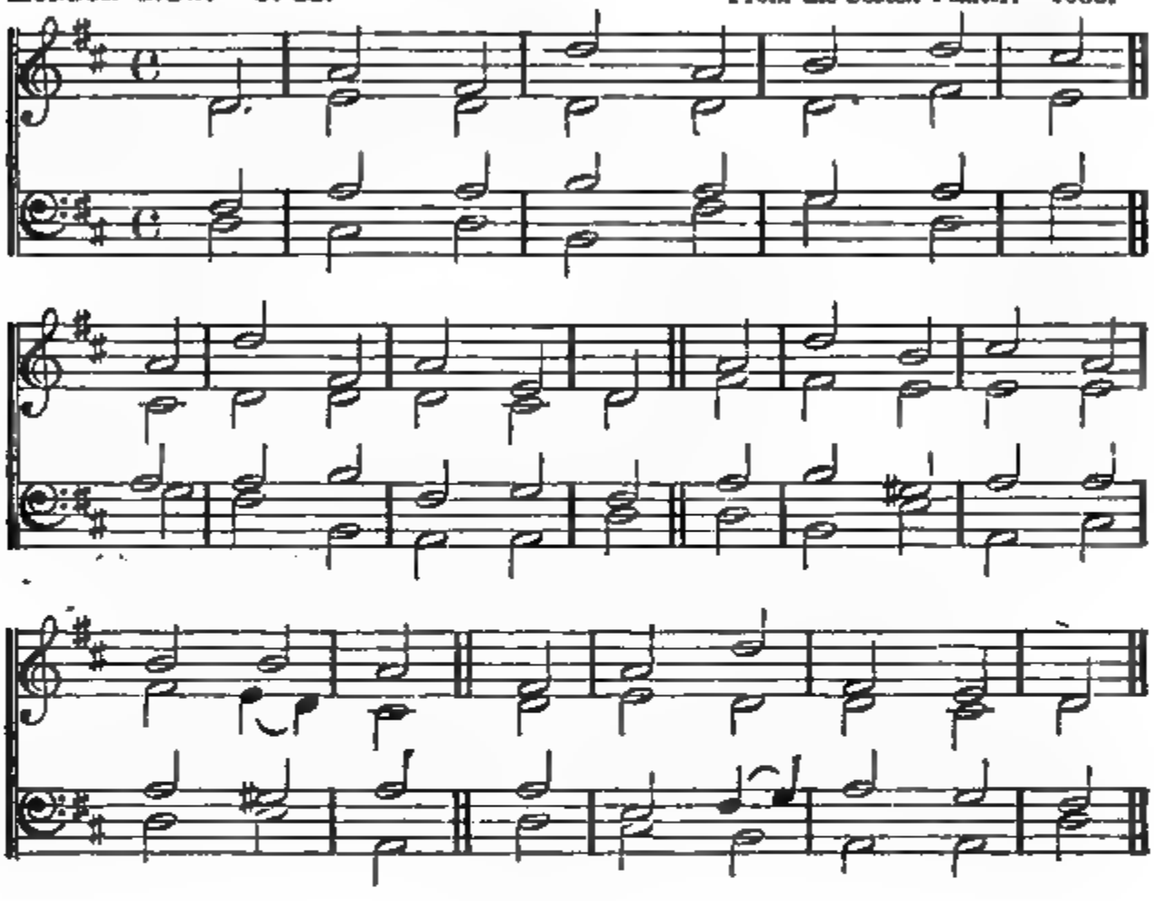
## XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee.
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
*Crown with* life beyond the grave.

LONDON NEW. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1635.



## XCII.

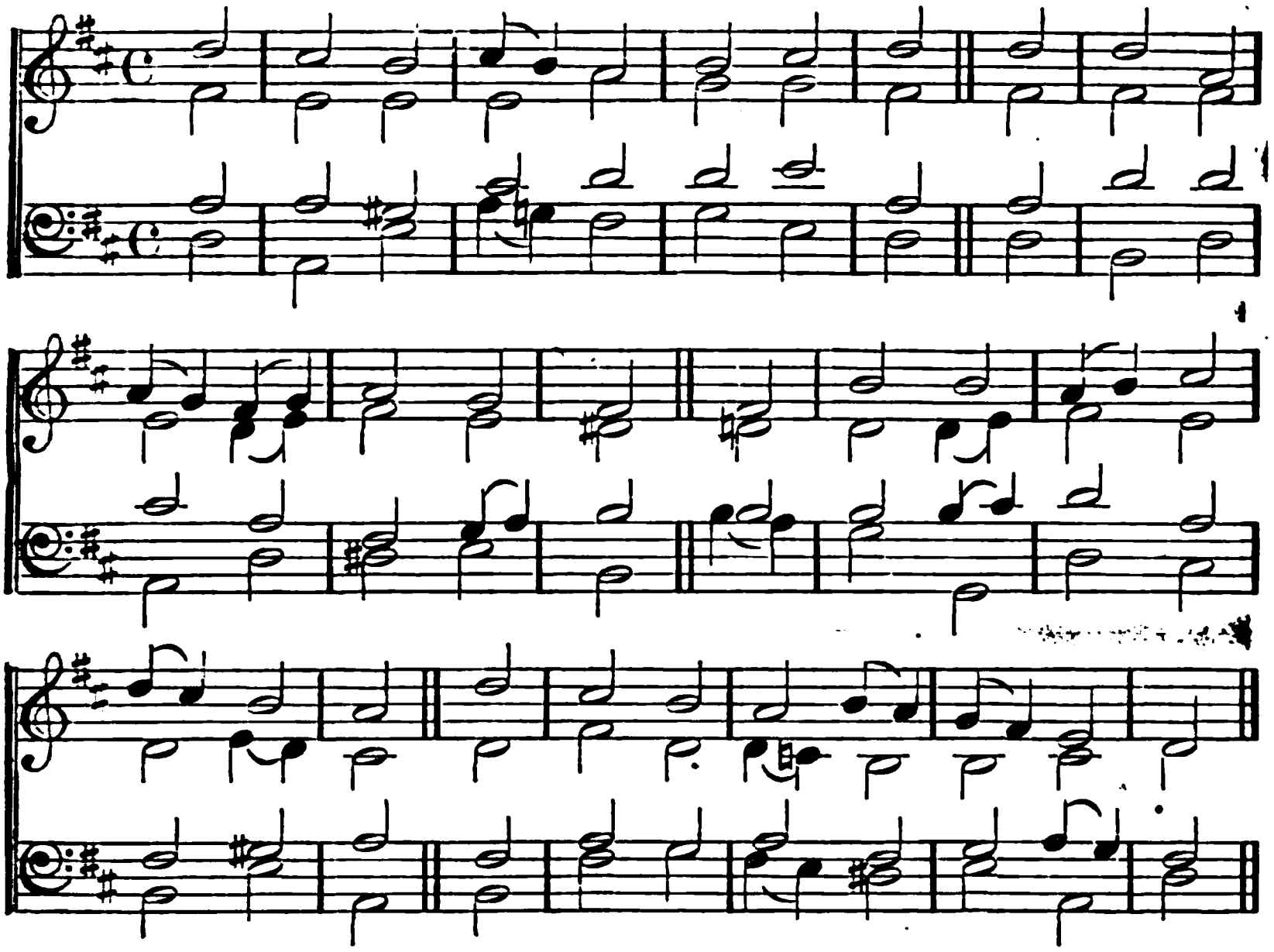
(1, 2. 4.) N. V.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of His constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat!

For through Thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
*The thoughts* of them shall make me glad,
*And sing* with cheerful voice.

ERFURT. L. M. LUTHER. 1523.



## XCIII.

(1, 2, 3, 4, 5.) N. V.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

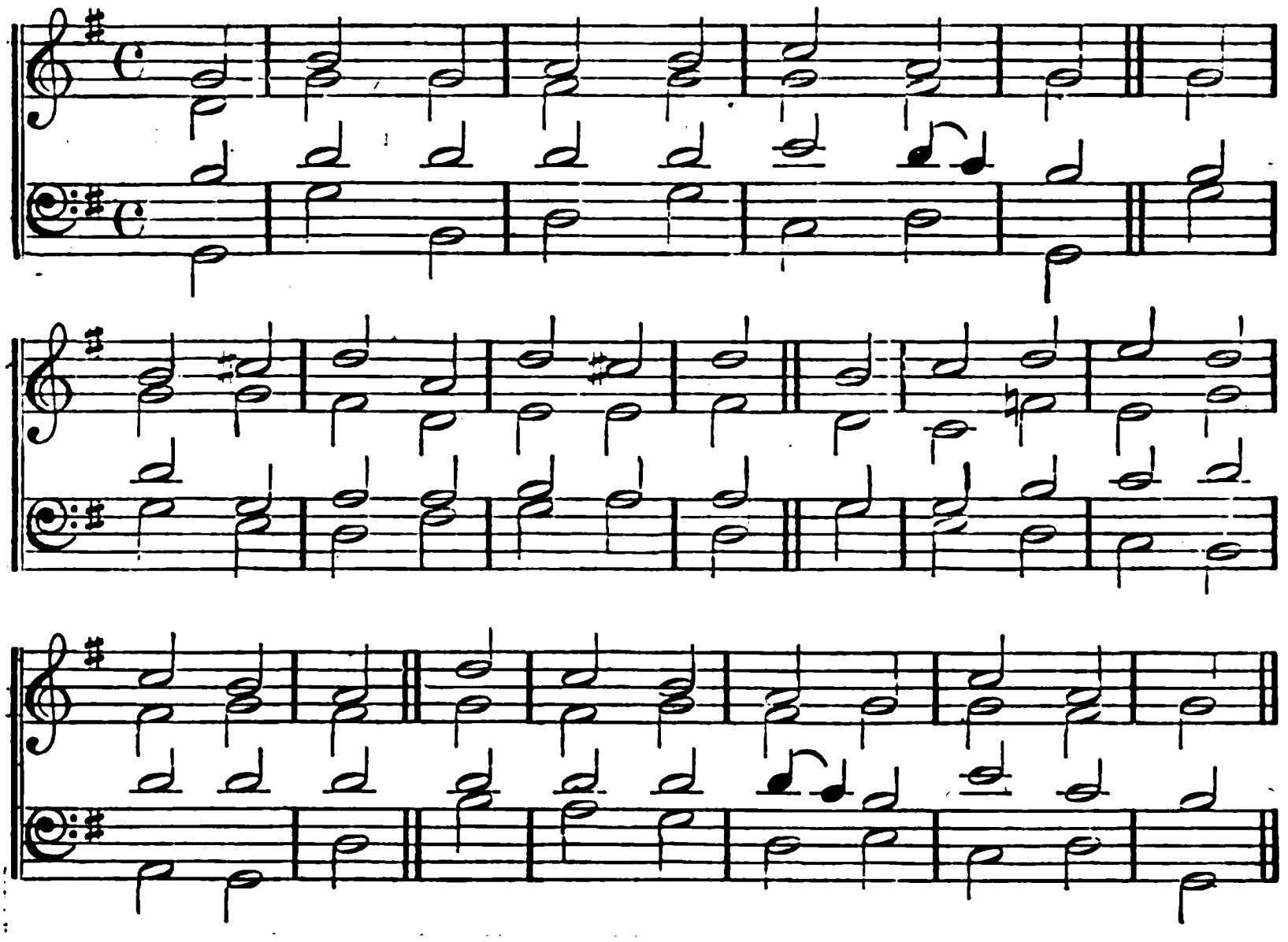
How surely stablish'd is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
*Must still in* holiness excel.

# PSALMS.

ANGELS'. L. M. An abridgment of 'Angels' Song.*



## XCV.

(1, 2. 4, 5, 6.) N. V.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to His empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is His;
'Tis moved by His Almighty hand,
*That form'd and* fix'd the solid land.

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

## XCVII.

(1, 2. 12.) N. V.

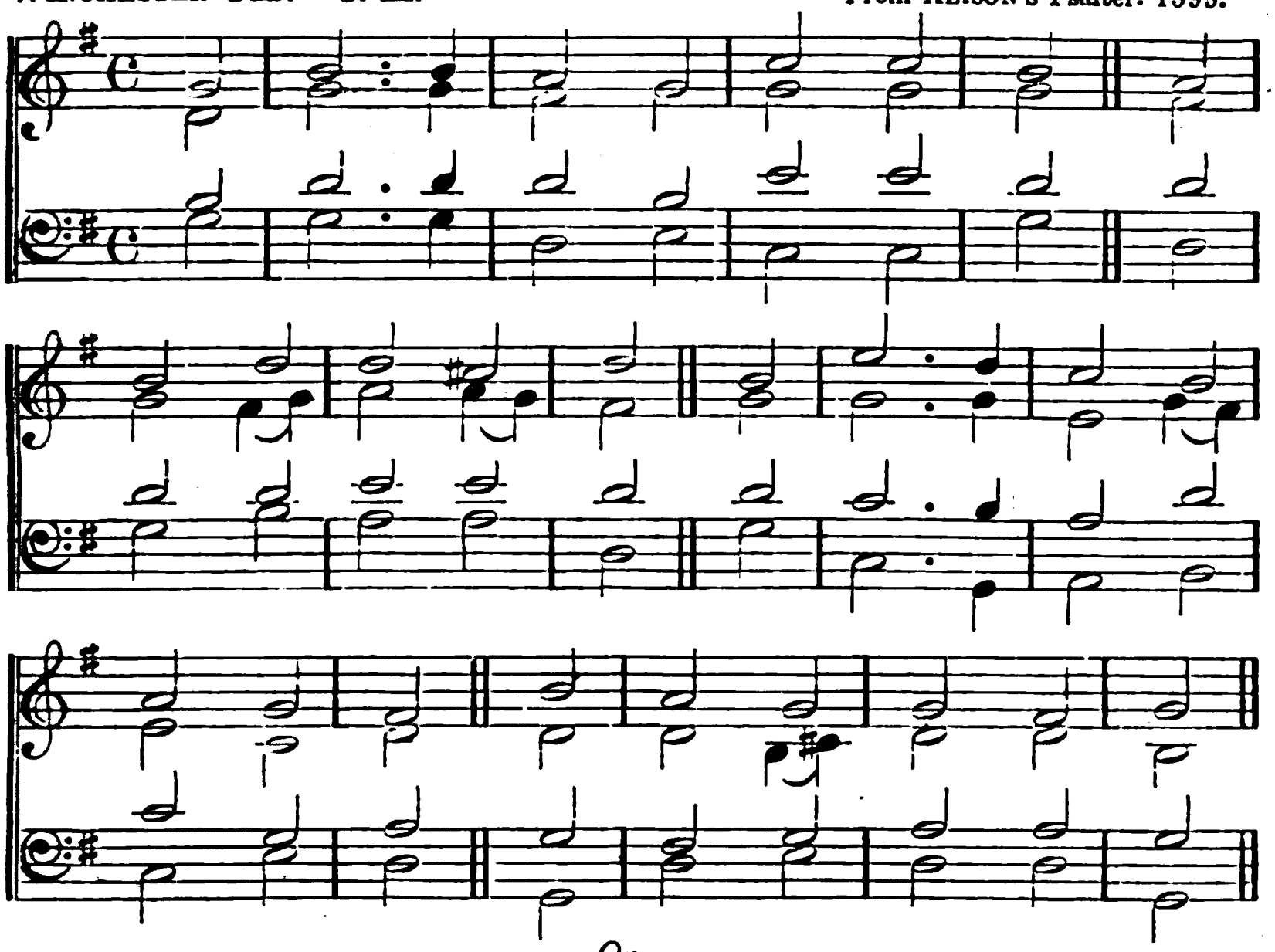
JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In His just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In His applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth His guards are made,
And, fix'd by His pavilion, wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
Memorials of His holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

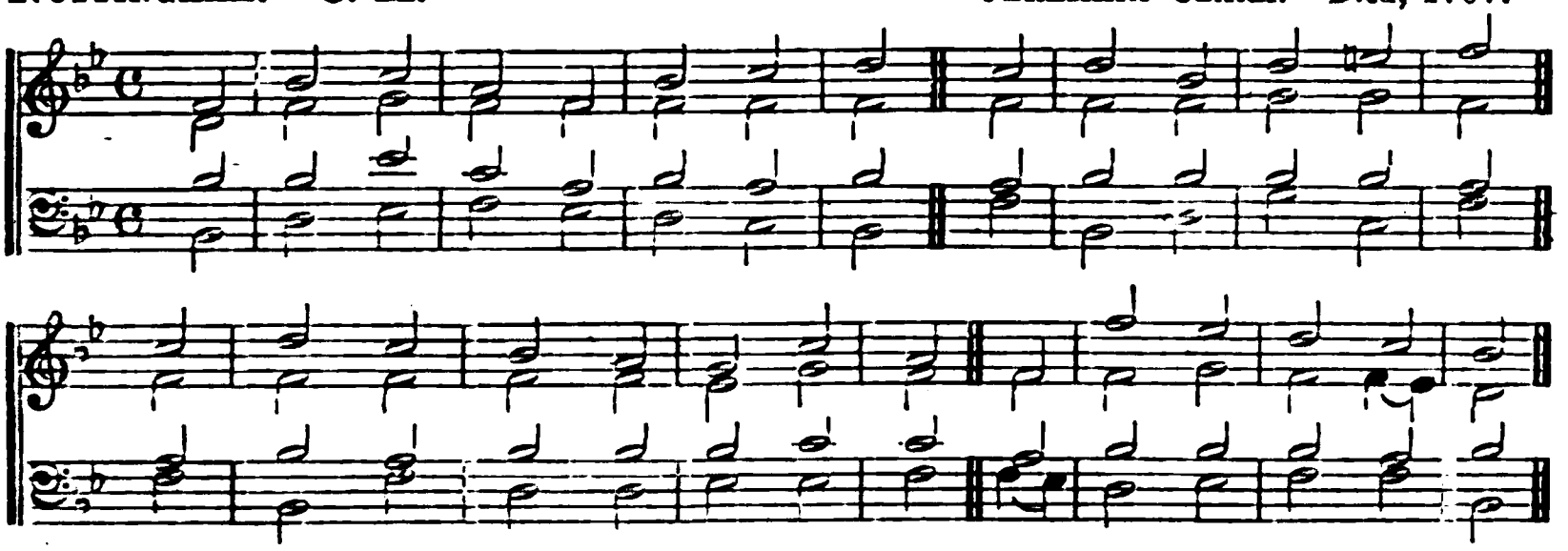
* See Ps. CXXXIII., II.

WINCHESTER OLD. C. M. From ALISON's Psalter. 1599.



*Or,*

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



## XCVIII.

(1, 2, 3, 4.) N. V.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With His right hand and holy arm
The conquest He has won.

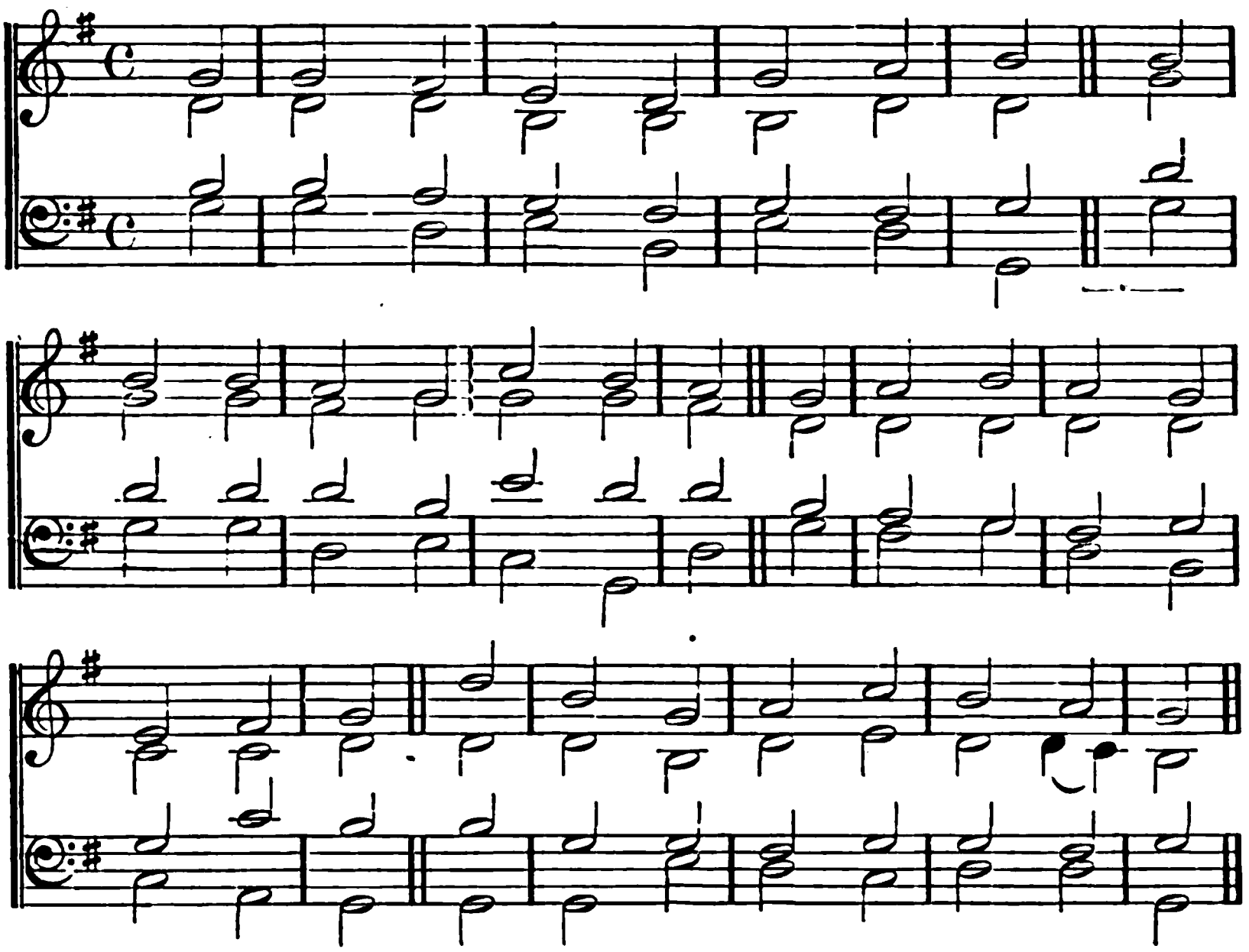
The Lord has through the astonish'd world
Display'd His saving *might,*
*And made His righteous acts appear*
*In all the heathen's sight.*

Of Israel's house His love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

# PSALMS.

**Old 100th Psalm. L. M.** Guillaume Franc. Geneva, about 1543.*



**C.**

**I.—(1, 2, 3, 4.)** O. V.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
*And shall from* age to age endure.

**C.**

**II.—(1, 2, 3, 4, 5.)** N. V.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

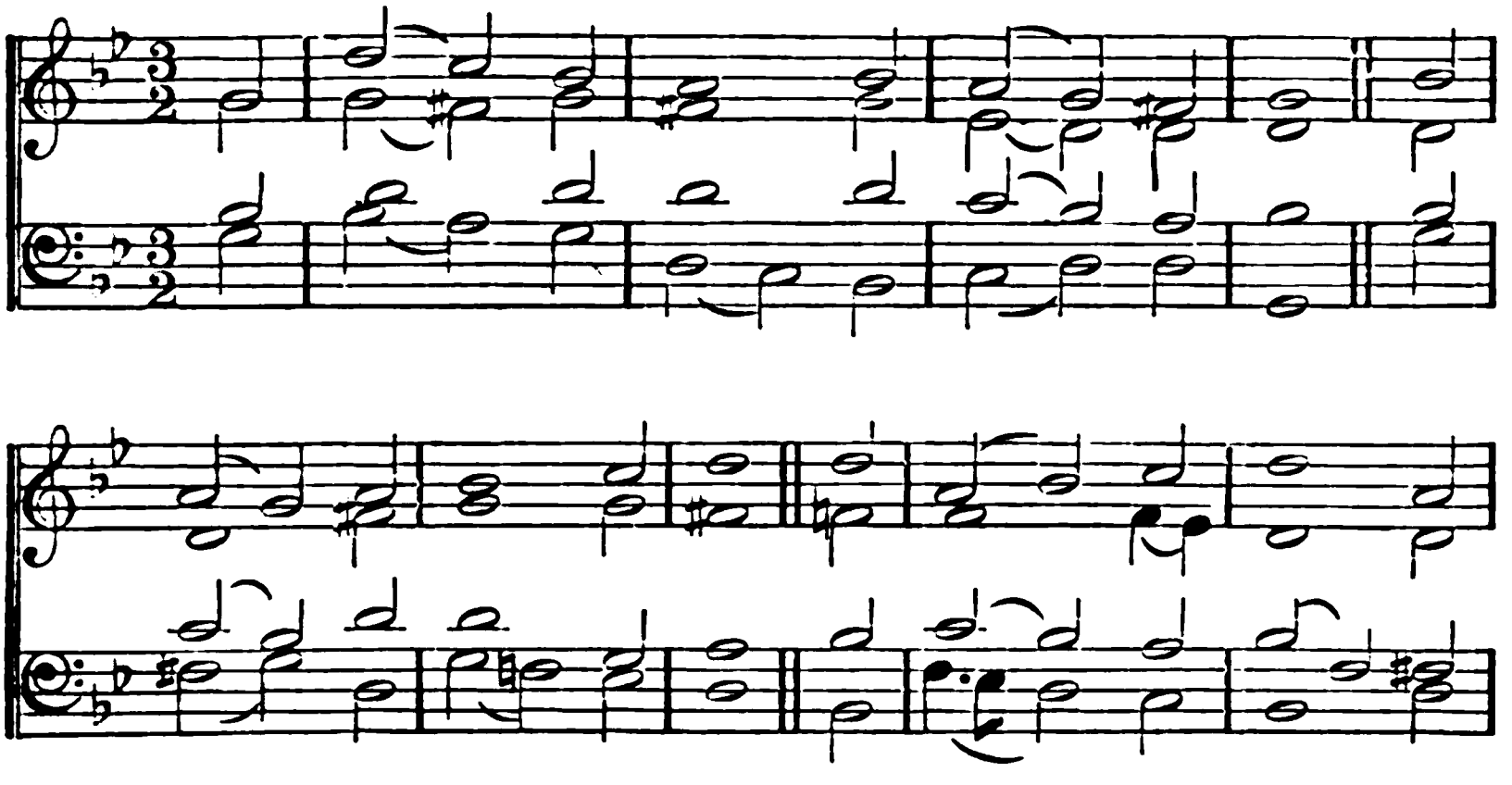
O enter then His temple-gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

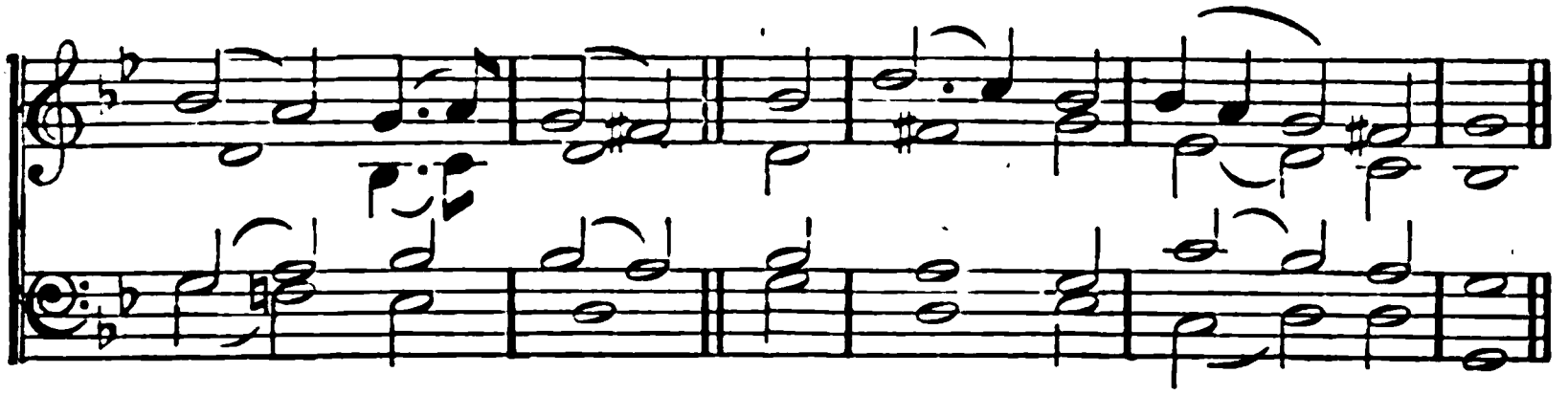
For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

* *Tune of the 134th Psalm, in the Genevan Psalter.*

# PSALMS.

CROWLE. C. M. MAURICE GREENE, Mus. D. Died, 1755.





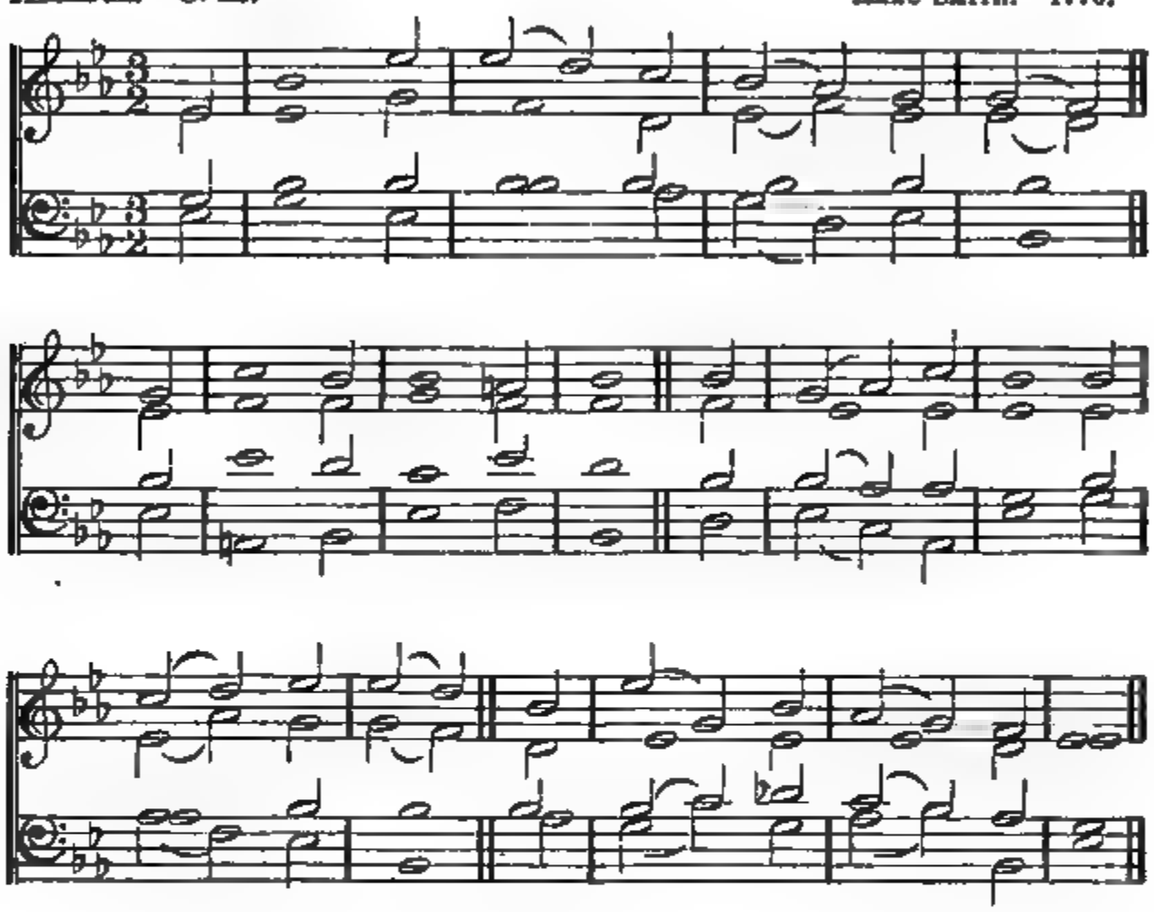
## CII.

I.—(1, 2.) N. V.

WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do Thou, O Lord, attend;
To Thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

O hide not Thou Thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline Thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

ABRIDGE. C. M. ISAAC SMITH. 1770.



## CII.

II.

THY all-commanding word of old,
The earth's foundations laid:
The heavens, with all the glories there,
Thy powerful hands display'd.

Yet they shall be dissolved, but Thou
Dost Thy duration hold:
They all shall like a garment lose
Their beauty, and grow old.

Them like a vesture Thou shalt change,
And they shall changed be:
*But Thou* art still the same Thou wast;
*Thy years no period see.*

## CIII.

I.—(8, 9. 11.) C. V.

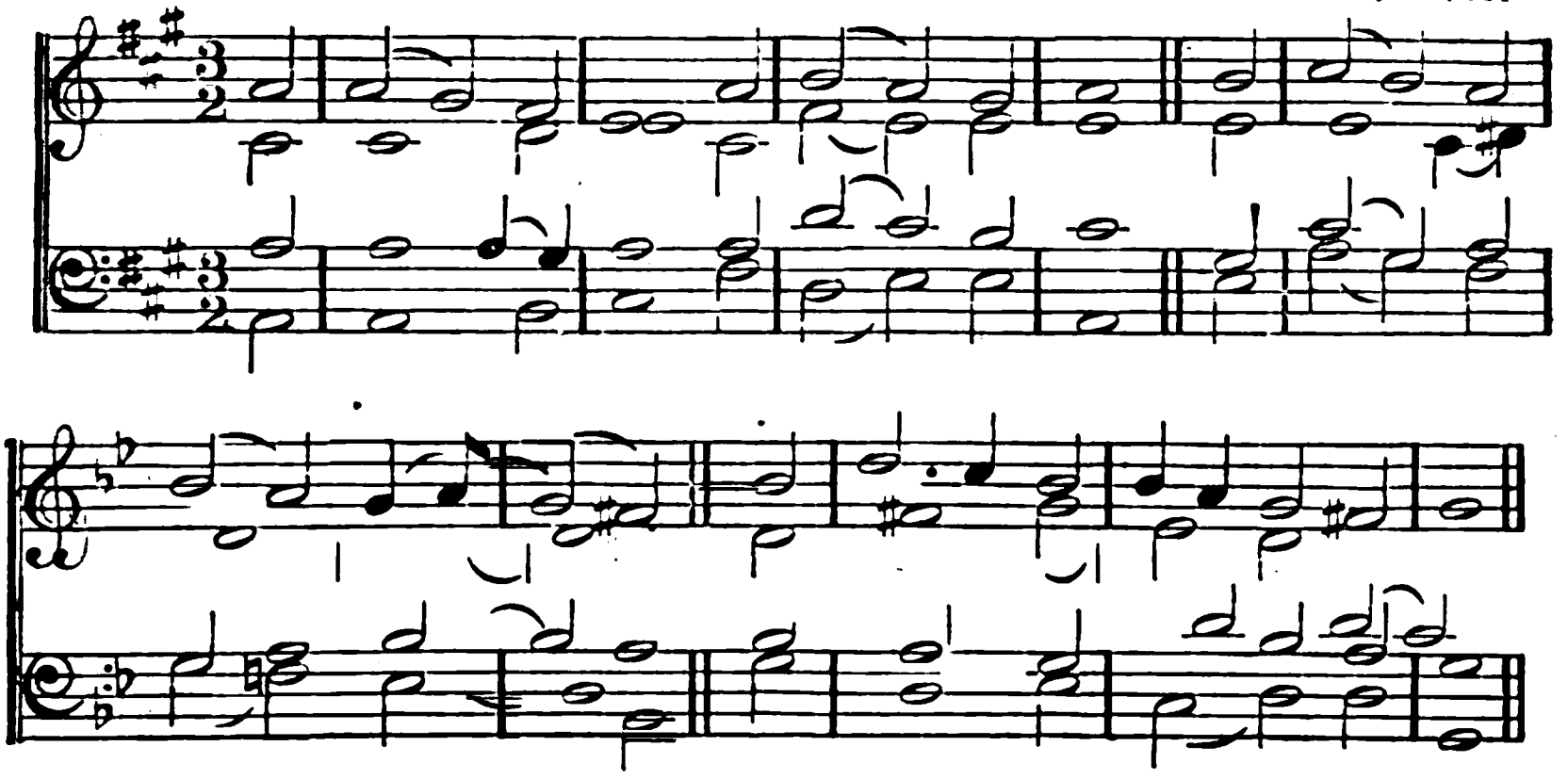
THE Lord is kind and merciful,
When sinners do Him grieve,
The slowest to conceive a wrath,
And readiest to forgive:

He will not always chiding be,
Though we be full of strife;
Nor keep our faults in memory,
For all our sinful life.

But as the space is wondrous great
'Twixt earth and heaven above;
So is His goodness much more large
To them that do Him love.

# PSALMS.

WAREHAM. L. M. KNAPP. 1760.



## CIII.

II.—(1, 2, 3, 4. 8. 12, 13.) N. V.

MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins removed,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as *fear Him always loved.*

## CIII.

III.—(19, 20, 21, 22.) N. V.

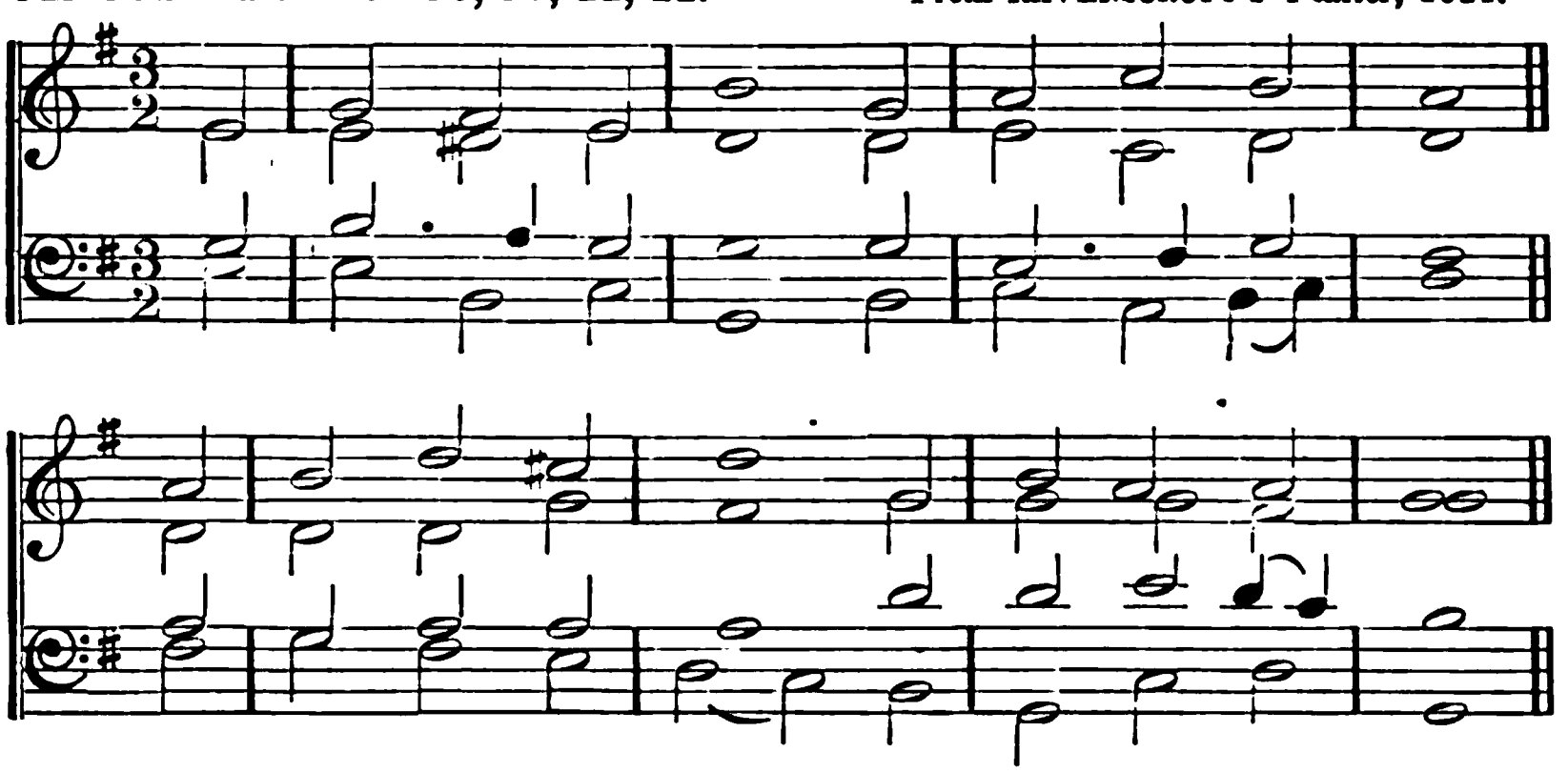
THE Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fix'd His lofty throne;
To Him, ye Angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength His pow'r is shown.

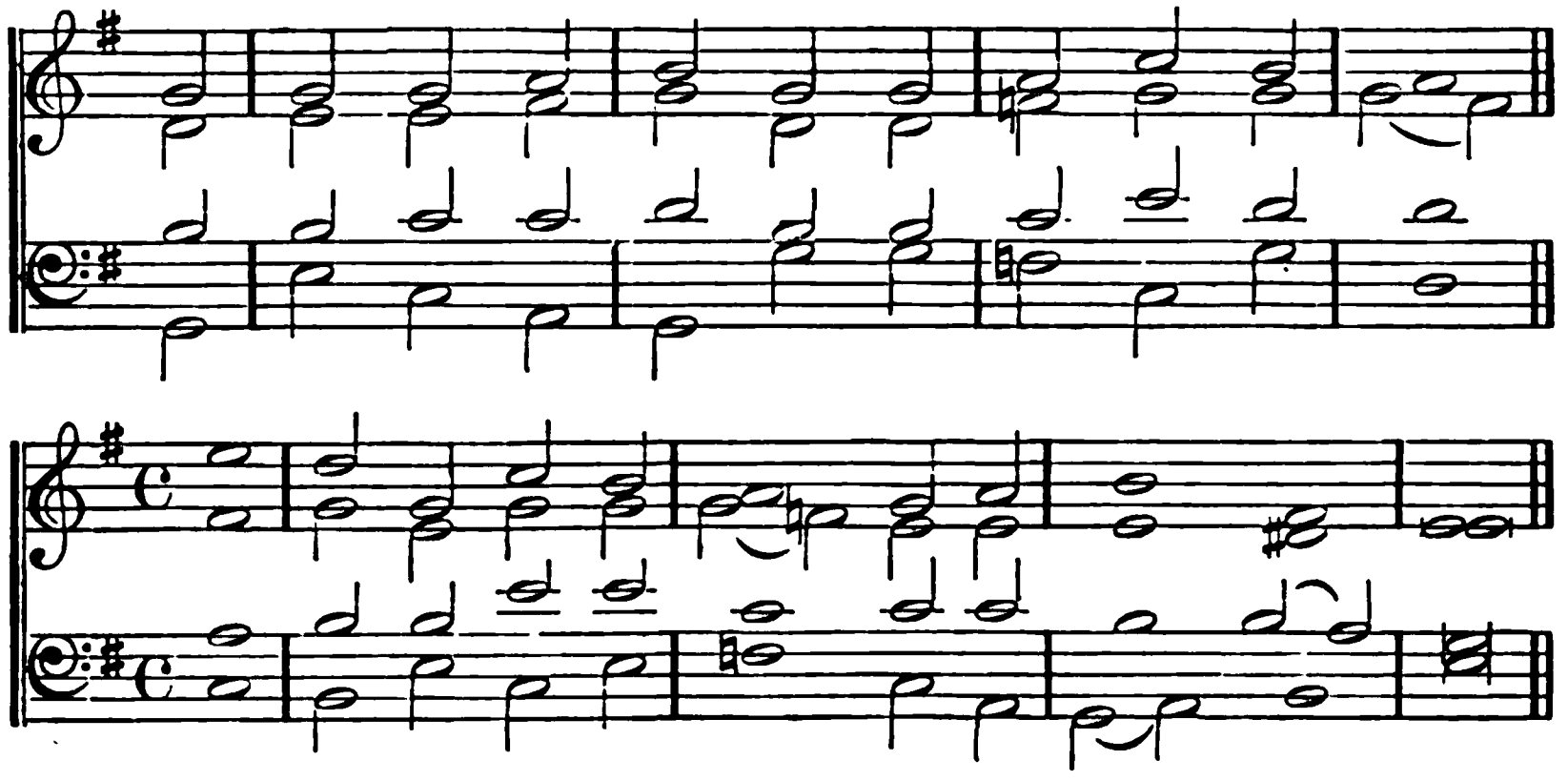
Ye that His just commands obey,
And hear and do His sacred will,
Ye hosts of His, this tribute pay,
Who still what He ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

# PSALMS.

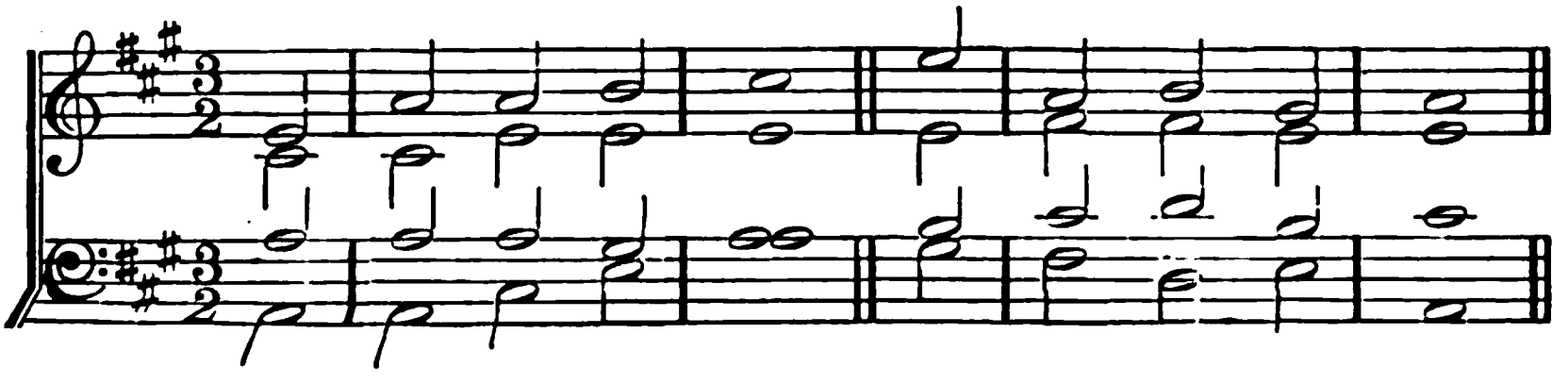
OLD 104TH PSALM. 10, 10, 11, 11. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.

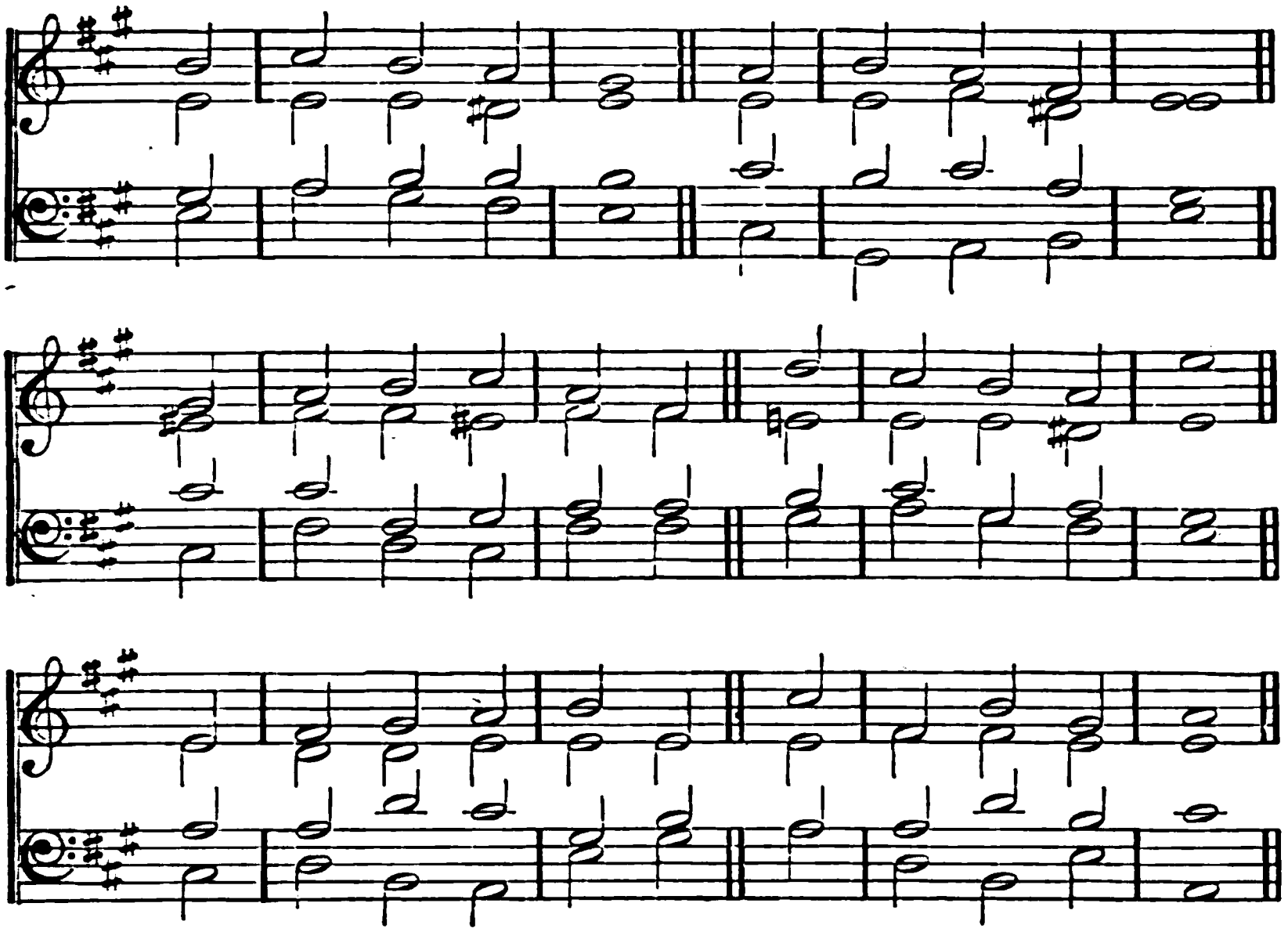




*Or,*

HANOVER. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. Dr. CROFT. Died, 1727.





## CIV.

(1, 2, 3, 4.) O. V.

MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of His Name;
O Lord our great God,
How dost Thou appear!
So passing in glory,
That great is Thy fame,
Honour and Majesty
In Thee shine most clear.

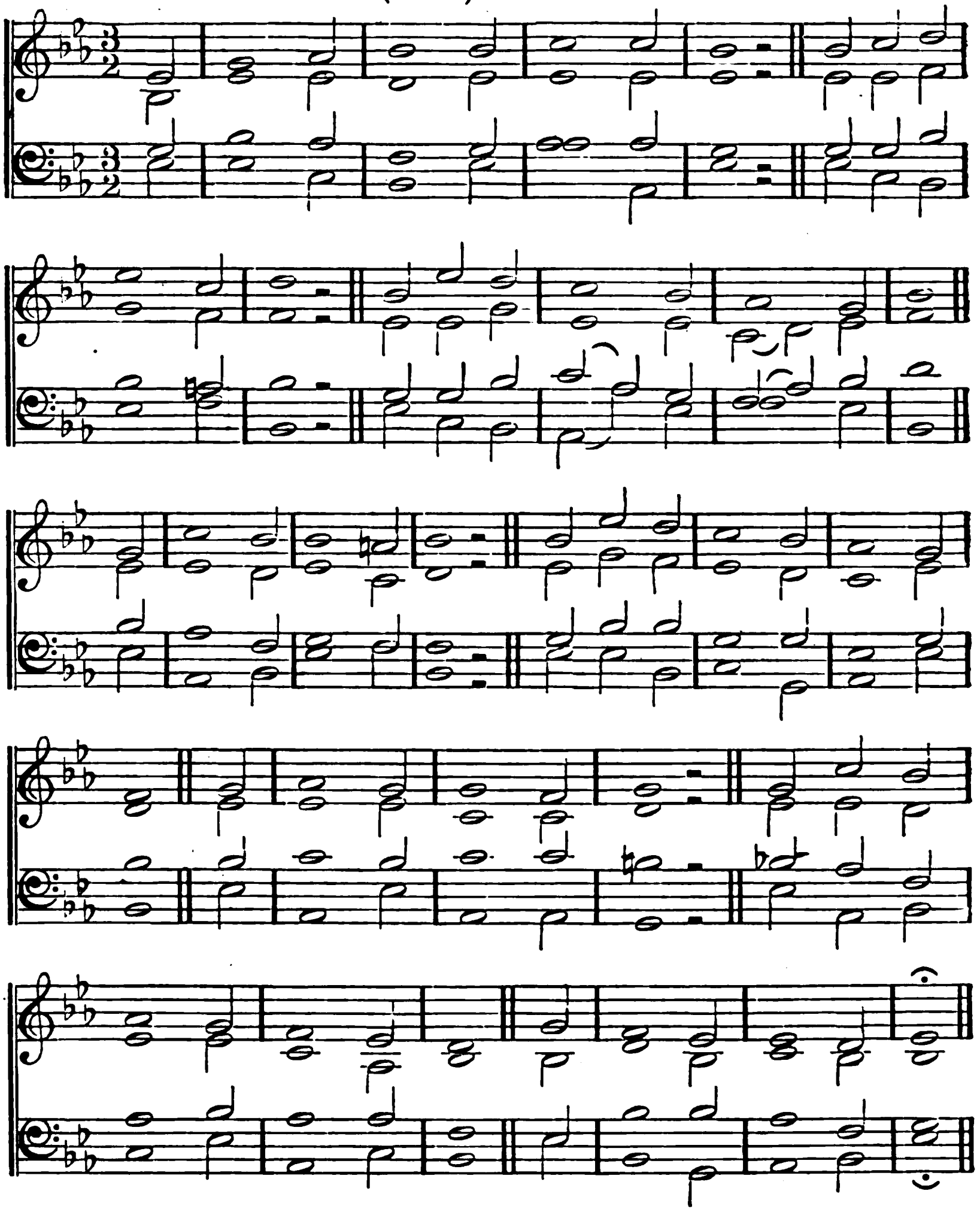
With light as a robe
Thou hast Thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heavens in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared *may be.*

His chamber-beams lie
In the clouds full sure,
Which as His chariots
Are made Him to bear:
And there with much swiftness
His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

He maketh His spirits
As heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve
We see also press'd;
His will to accomplish
They run to and fro,
To save or consume things
As seemeth Him best.

# PSALMS.

OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. (No. 1.) The Melody as given in DAMAN'S Psalter, 1579.*

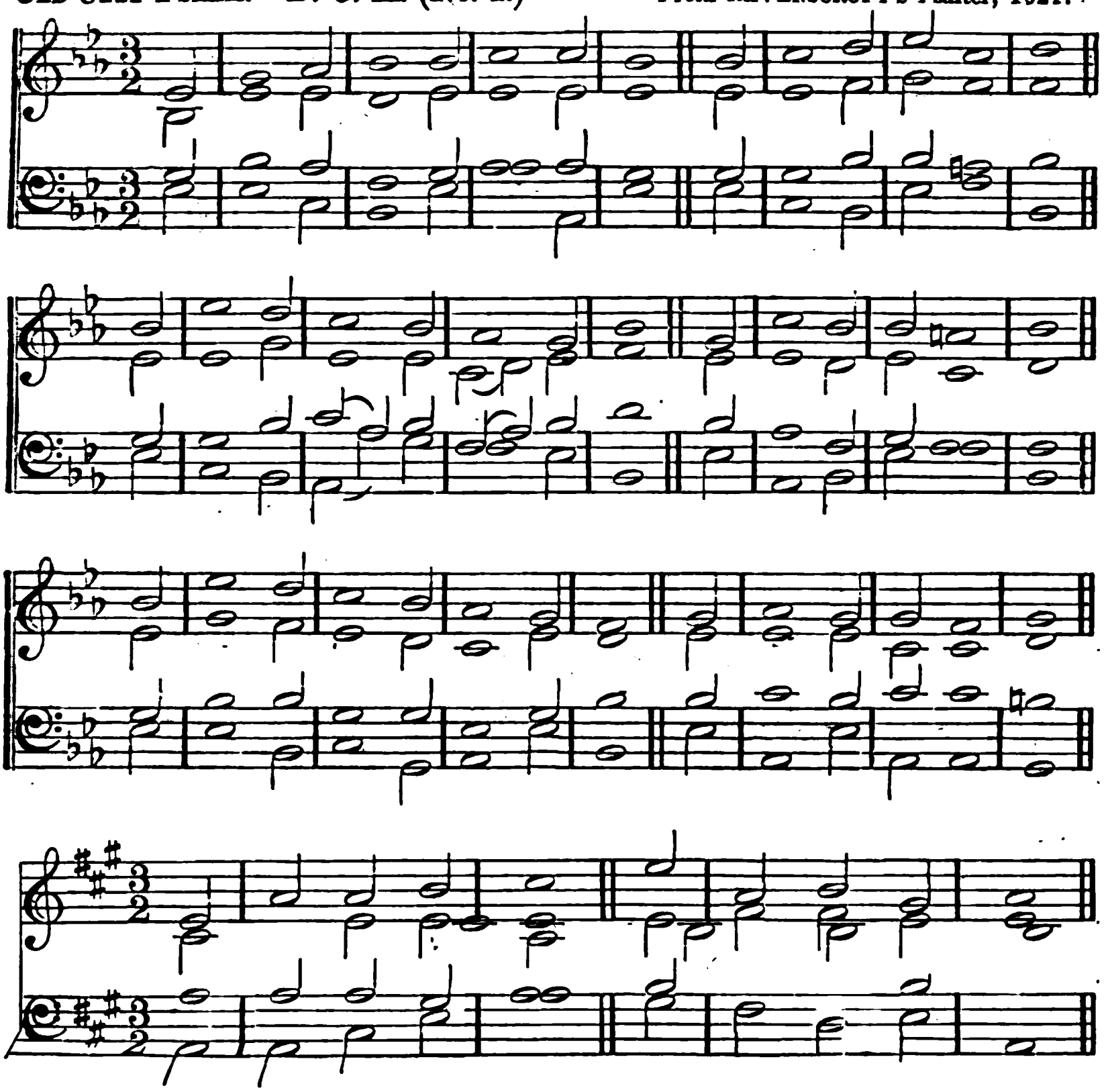


* The Title of this very rare Psalter is "THE PSALMES OF DAVID IN ENGLISH meter, with Notes of foure partes set vnto them, by *Guilielmo Daman*, for *John Bull*, to the vse of the godly Christians, for recreatyng themselves, in stede of fond and vnseemely Ballades. *anno* 1579. AT LONDON. Printed by John Daye. *Cum privilegio.*" *In a* commendatory Preface by Edward Hake, Gent., *John Bull* is said to have been a "Citezen *and Goldsmith of London,*" *and "his* honest frend *Guilielmo Daman* one of her Maiesties Musitions."

# PSALMS.

OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. (No. 2.)

Modified Version.
From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



## CV.

(1, 2, 3, 4.) N. V.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke His sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to His praise, in lofty hymns
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

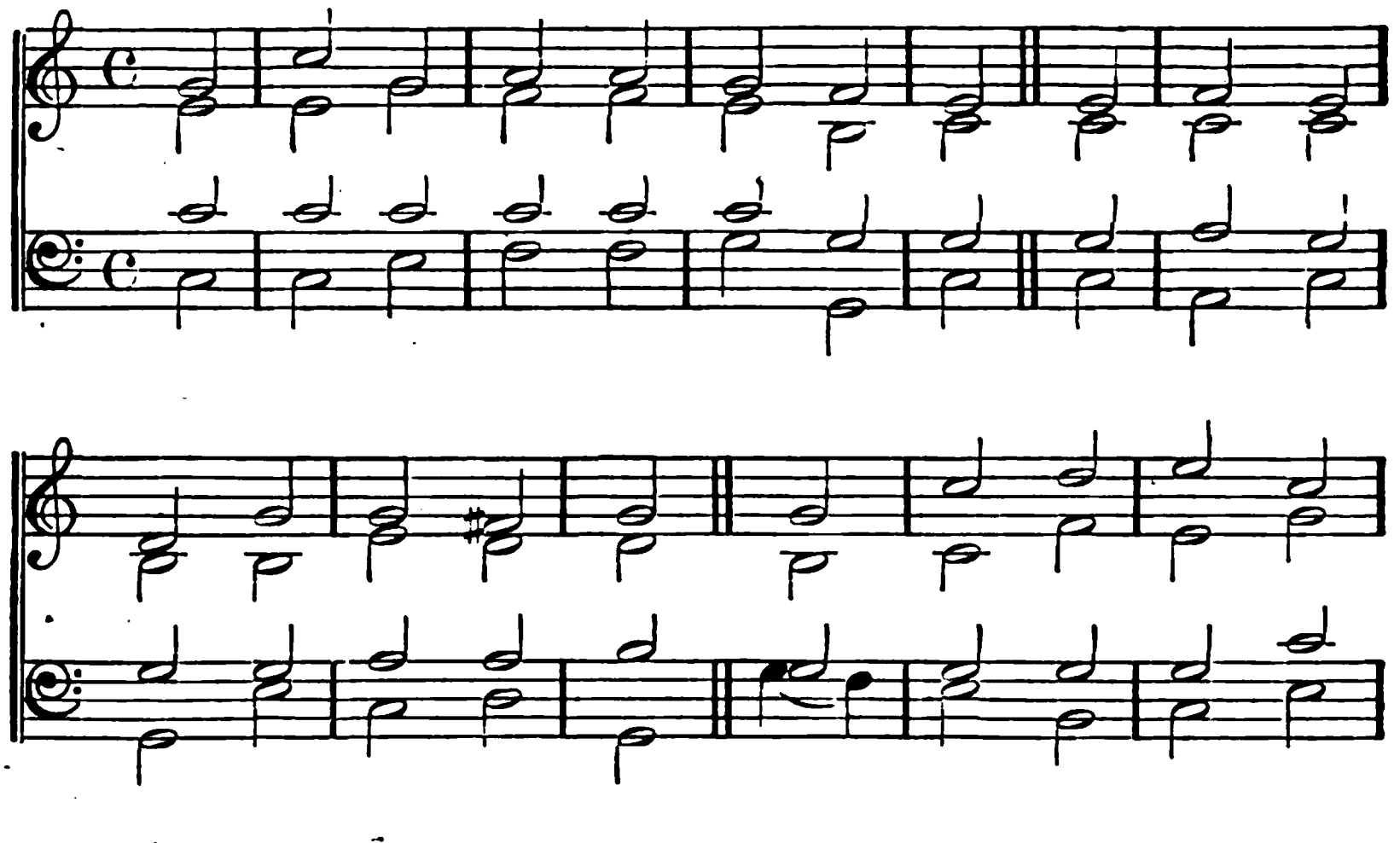
Rejoice in His Almighty Name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their heart o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, His saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

# PSALMS.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

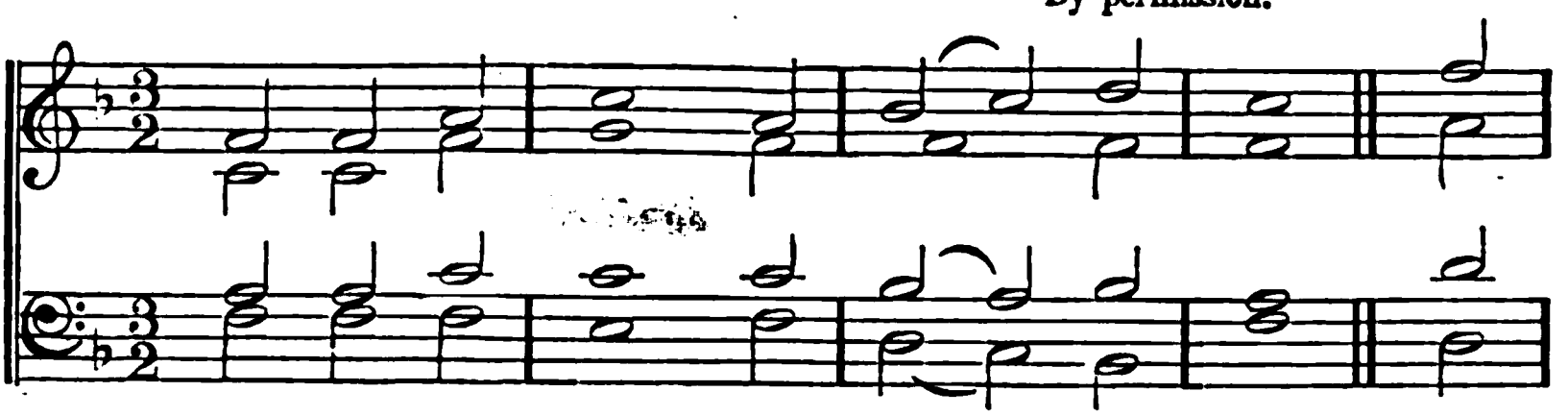
An adaptation of a Choral by
BARTHOLOMÄUS CRASSELIUS.* 1704.



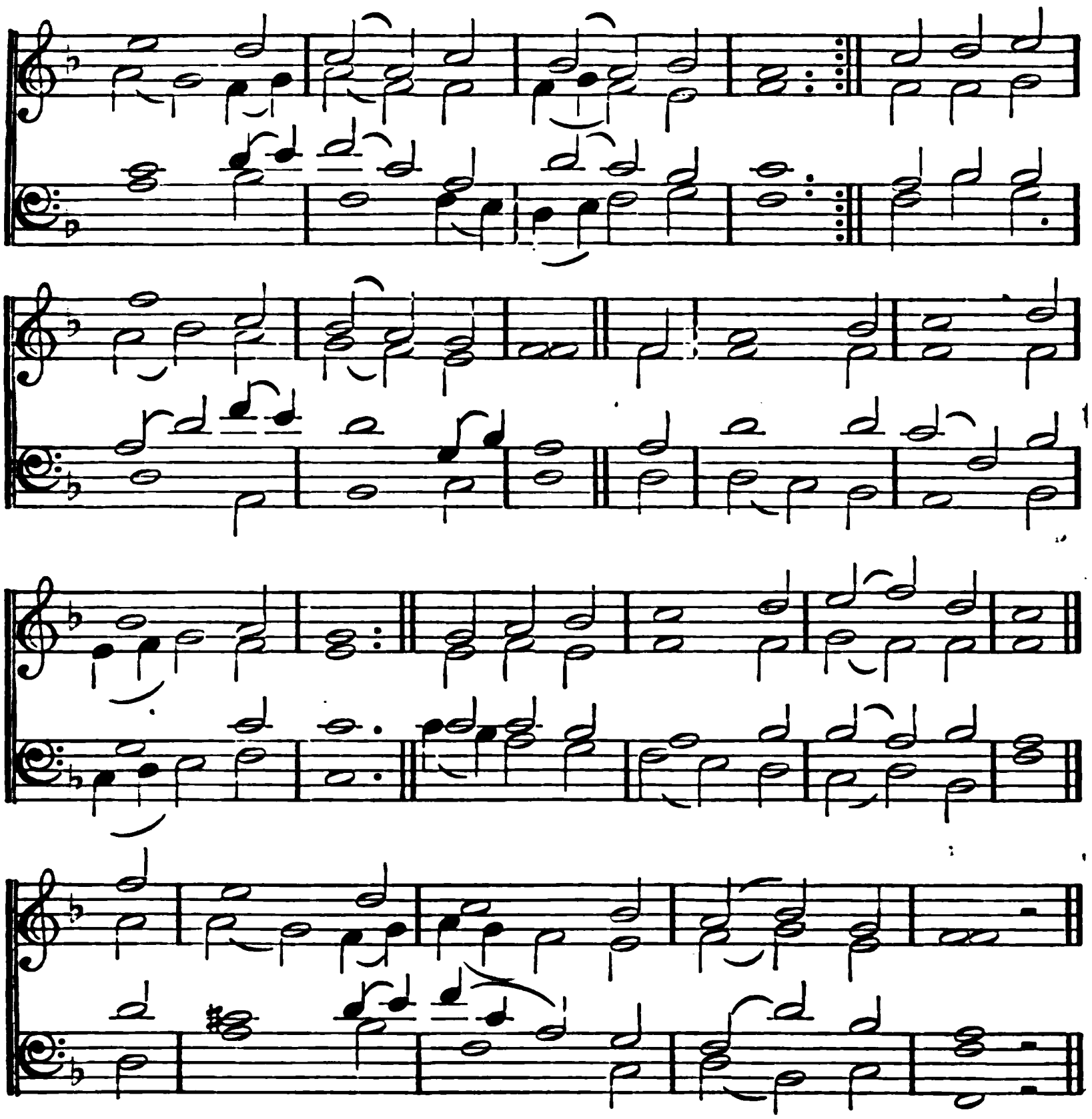
*Or,*

ALLHALLOWS. D. L. M.

MICH. VEH. 1537.
From Dr. CONRAD KOCHER's 'Zions-harfe.'
By permission.



* *A pupil of Francke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle. He was afterwards Lutheran Minister at Düsseldorf.*



## CVI.

(1, 2. 4, 5.) N. V.

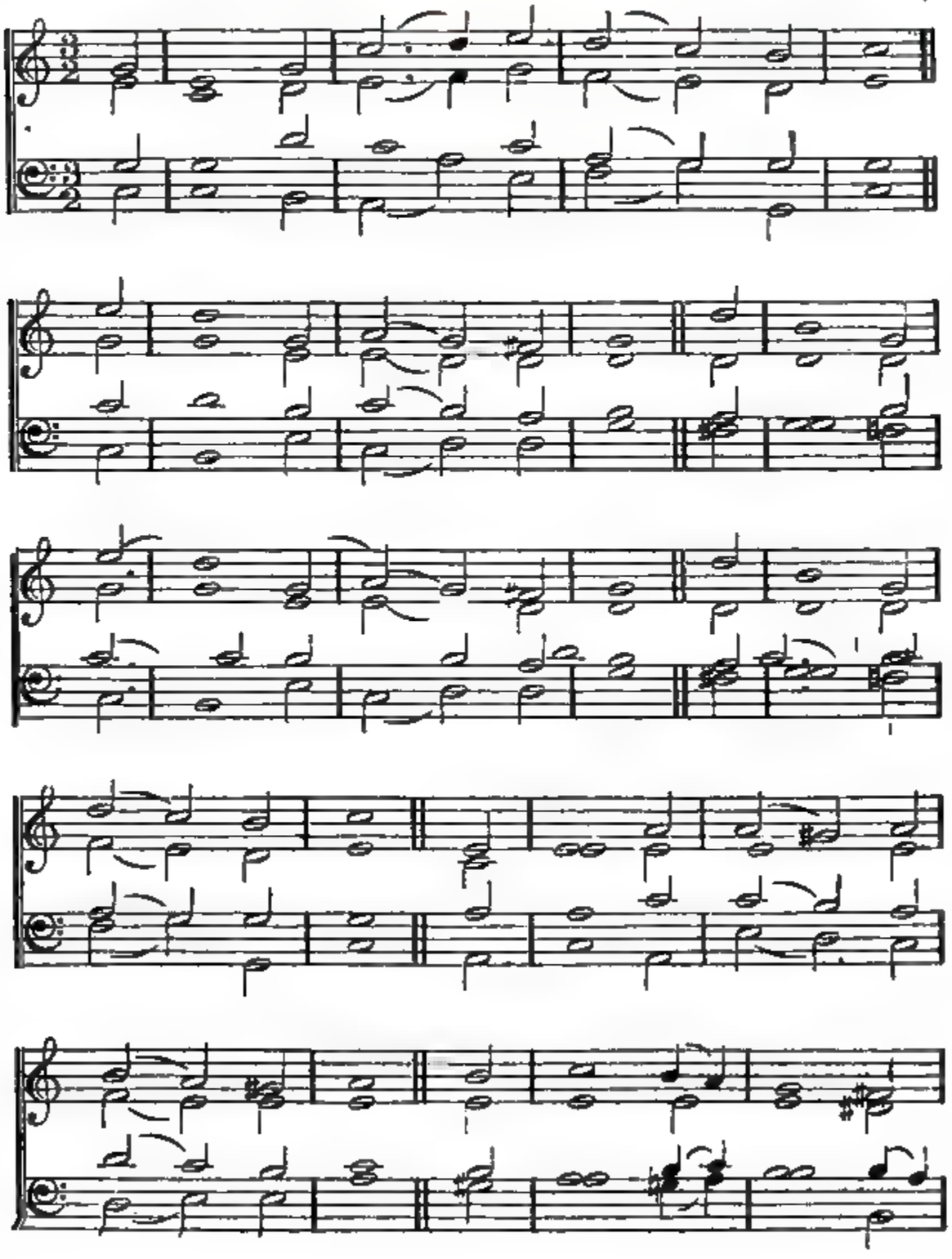
O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

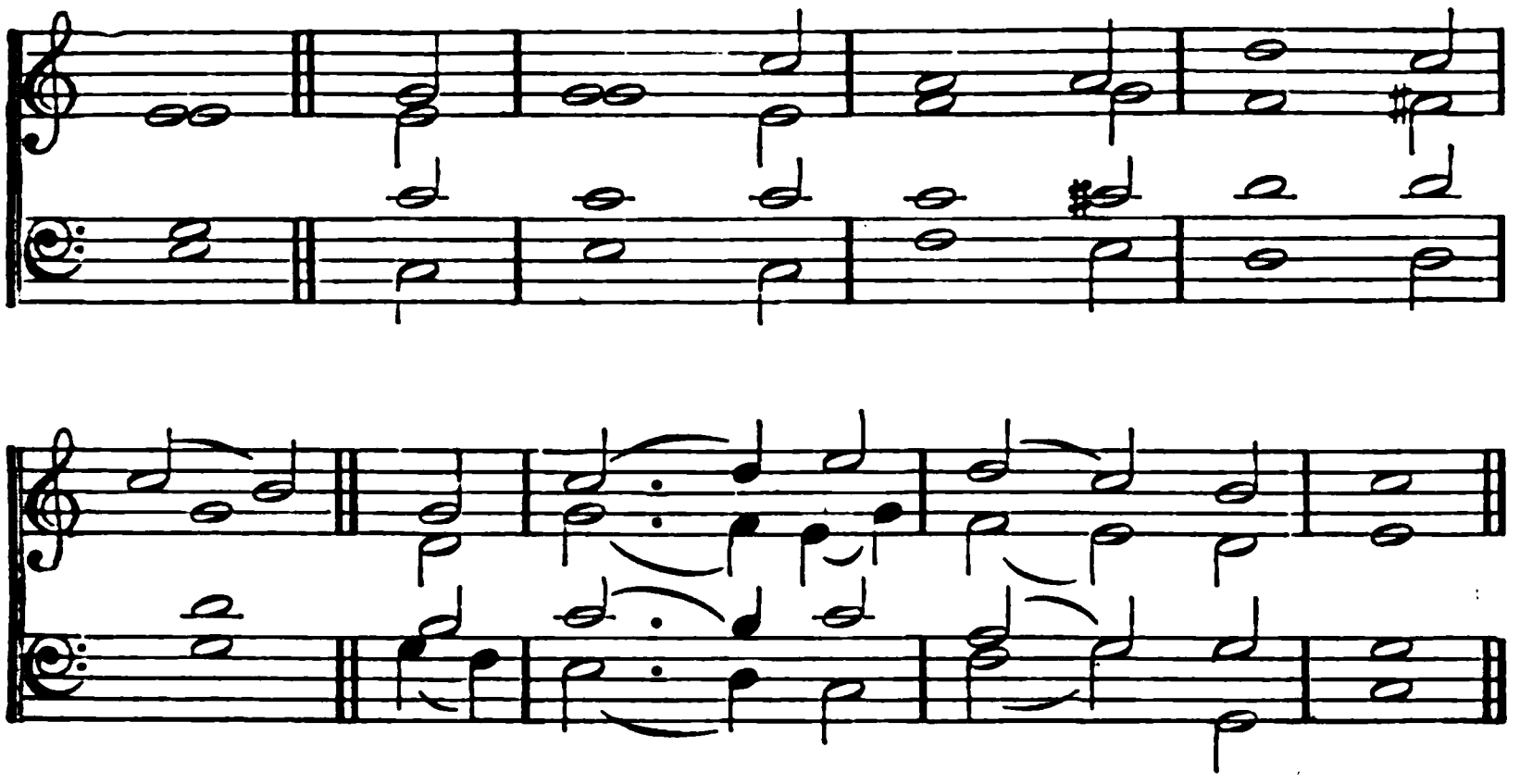
Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

ST. MATTHEW'S. D. C. M. DR. CROFT. Died, 1727.





## CVII.

TO God above, from all below,
Let hymns of praise ascend;
Whose blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose mercy knows no end.
But chief by those His Name be bless'd,
To whom His aid He gave;
Behold them by the foe oppress'd,
And reach'd His arm to save.

To east, to west, to south, to north,
Condemn'd awhile to roam;
His hand in pity brought them forth,
And call'd the wanderers home.
Behold them on the desert stray,
A helpless, hopeless train;
Some city where their steps to stay
They seek, but seek in vain.

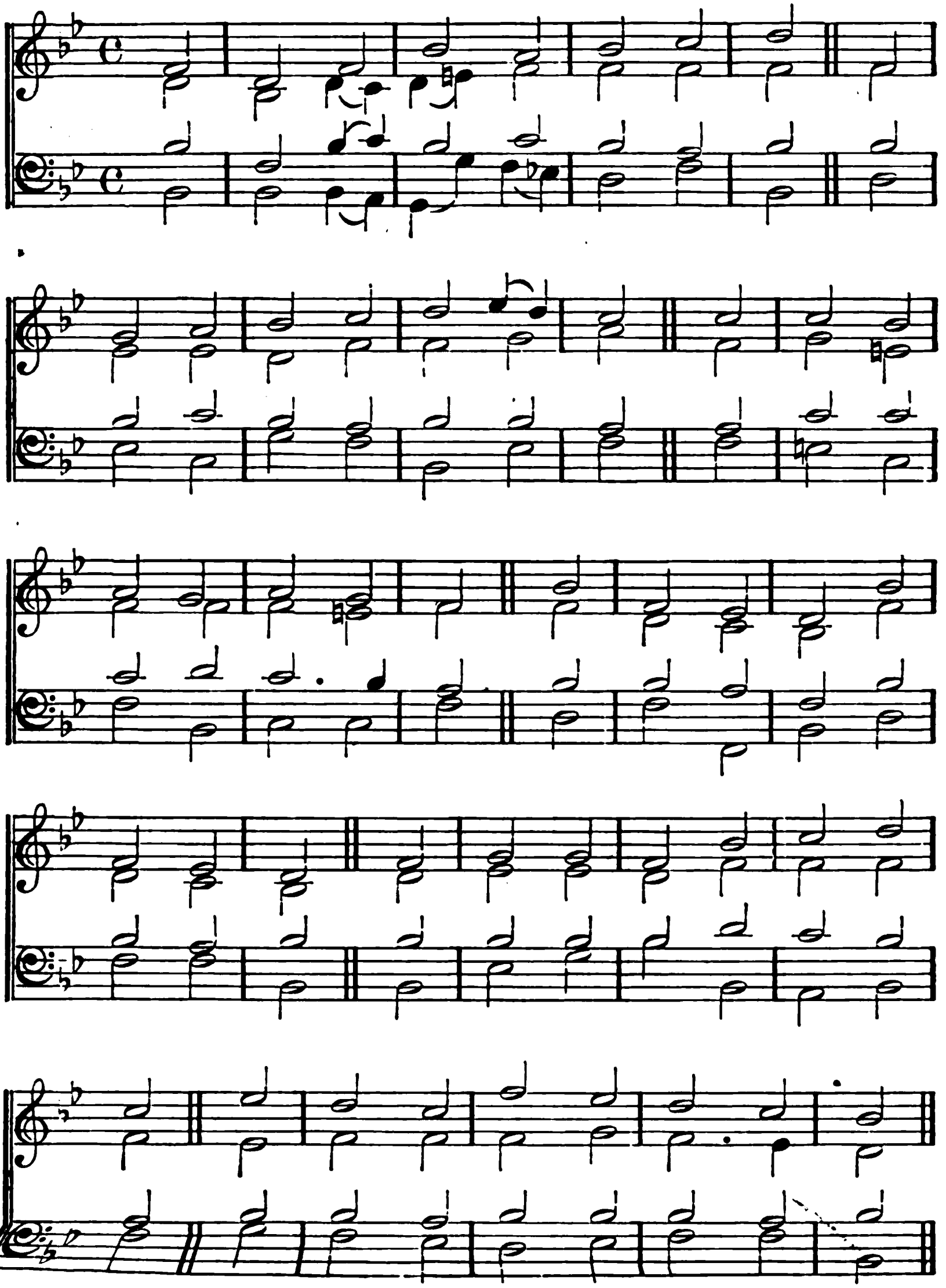
Distress'd, to God they make their prayer,
He guides, directs their feet,
And safe in His protecting care
They reach their destined seat.
Oh! then, that all would bless His Name,
Whose mercy thus they prove,
And pleased from age to age proclaim
The *wonders* of His love.



*f*

# PSALMS.

SWISS TUNE. 8, 8, 8. 8, 8, 8. Württemberg Hymn-book.



# PSALMS.

## CXIII.

I.—(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.) N. V.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address.

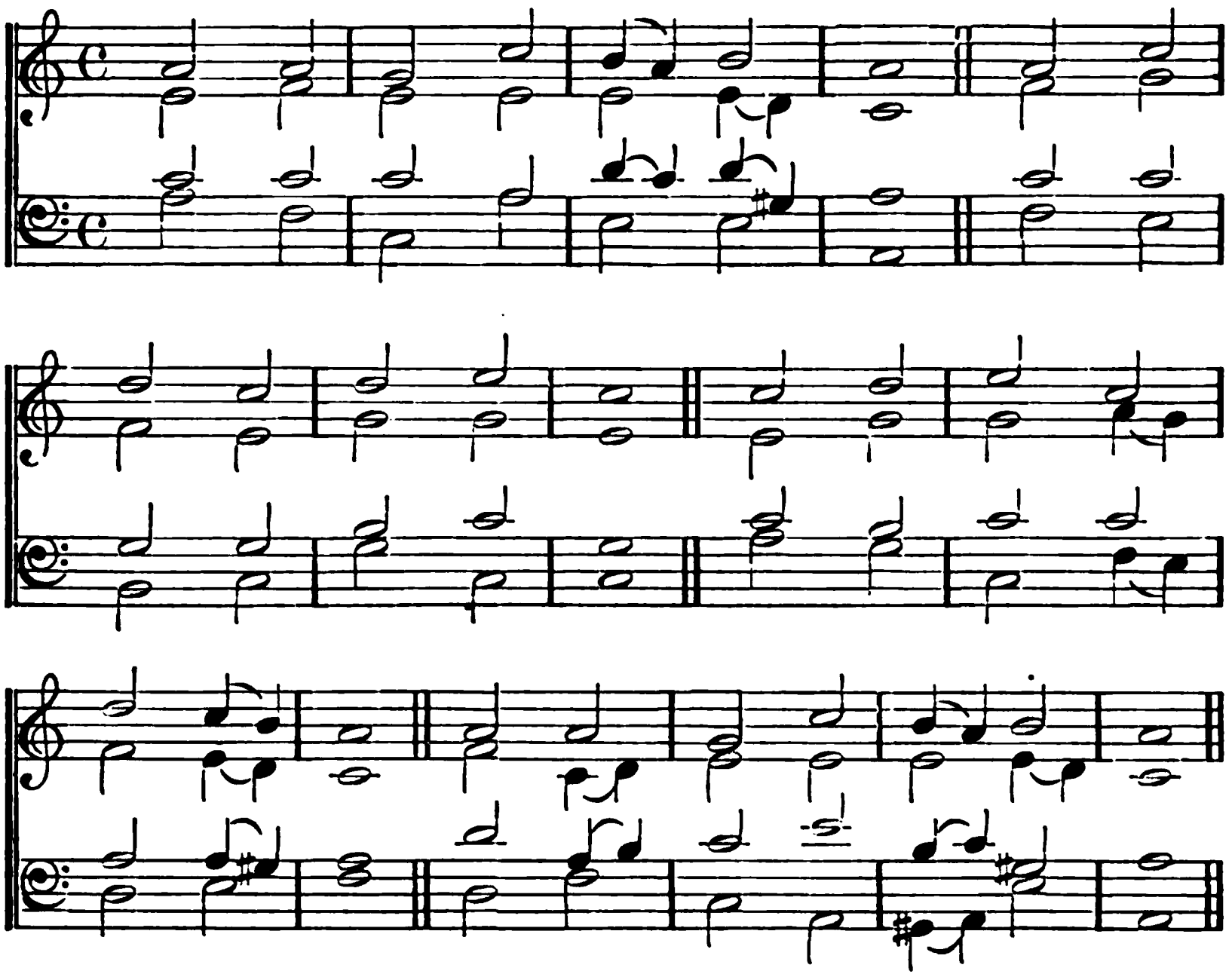
God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are.
With Him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

# PSALMS.

HOSANNA. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Ascribed to ST. AMBROSE.
About 360.



## CXIII.

(II.)

HALLELUJAH! raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise;
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour, and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore;
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in ev'ry tongue.

O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heav'ns His throne;
Who is like to God most high,
*Infinite in majesty!*

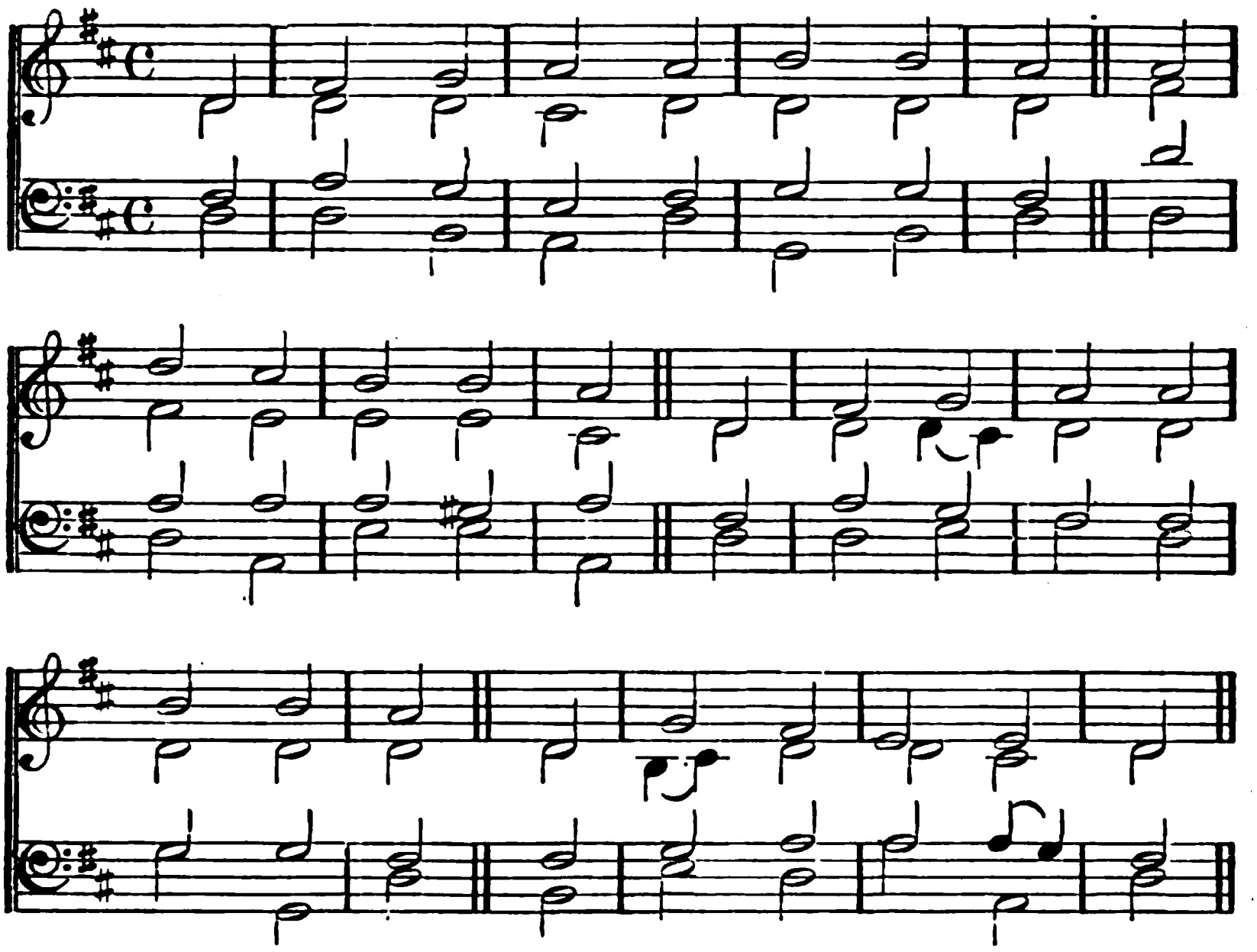
Yet to view the heav'ns He bends,
Yea to earth He condescends;
Passing by the rich and great
For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.

He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonder of His ways,
Praise His Name, for ever praise.

# PSALMS.

TALLIS. (*Ordination Hymn.*) C. M. THOS. TALLIS. About 1565.



## CXVI.

(5, 6, 7, 8, 9.) N. V.

HOW just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.

When death alarm'd me, He removed
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling He secured,
*And dried my eyes from tears.*

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to His Name,
And in His service spend.

## CXVII.

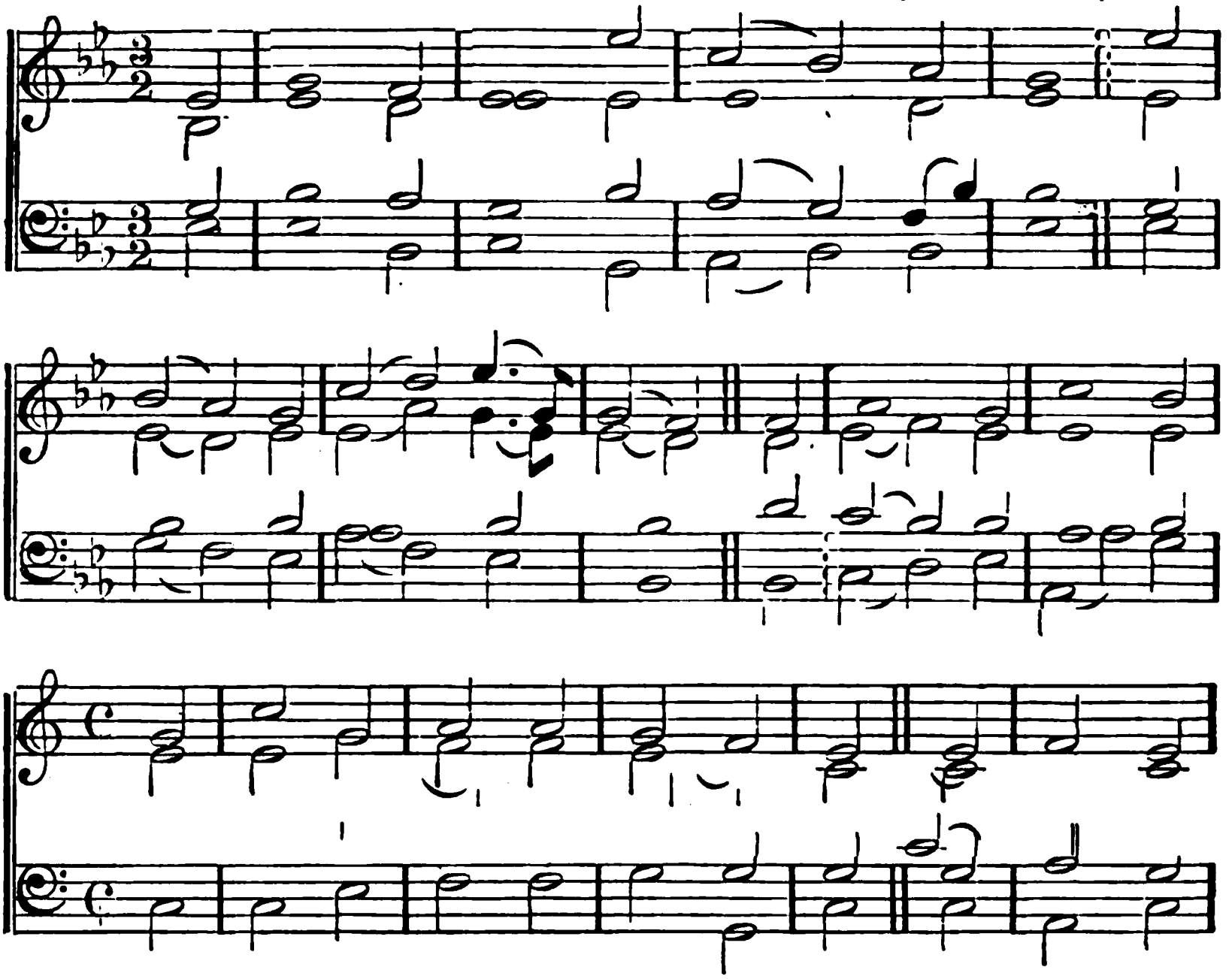
(1, 2.) N. V.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise:
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

# PSALMS.

MANCHESTER NEW. C. M. ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, Mus. D. Oxon., 1774.



## CXVIII.

I.—(1, 2. 15. 17. 19.) N. V.

O PRAISE the Lord, for He is good,
His mercies ne'er decay:
That His kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By His Almighty arm.

God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all His works,
I may advance His praise.

Then open wide the temple-gates
*To which the just repair,*
*That I may enter in, and praise*
*My great Deliv'rer there.*

## CXVIII.

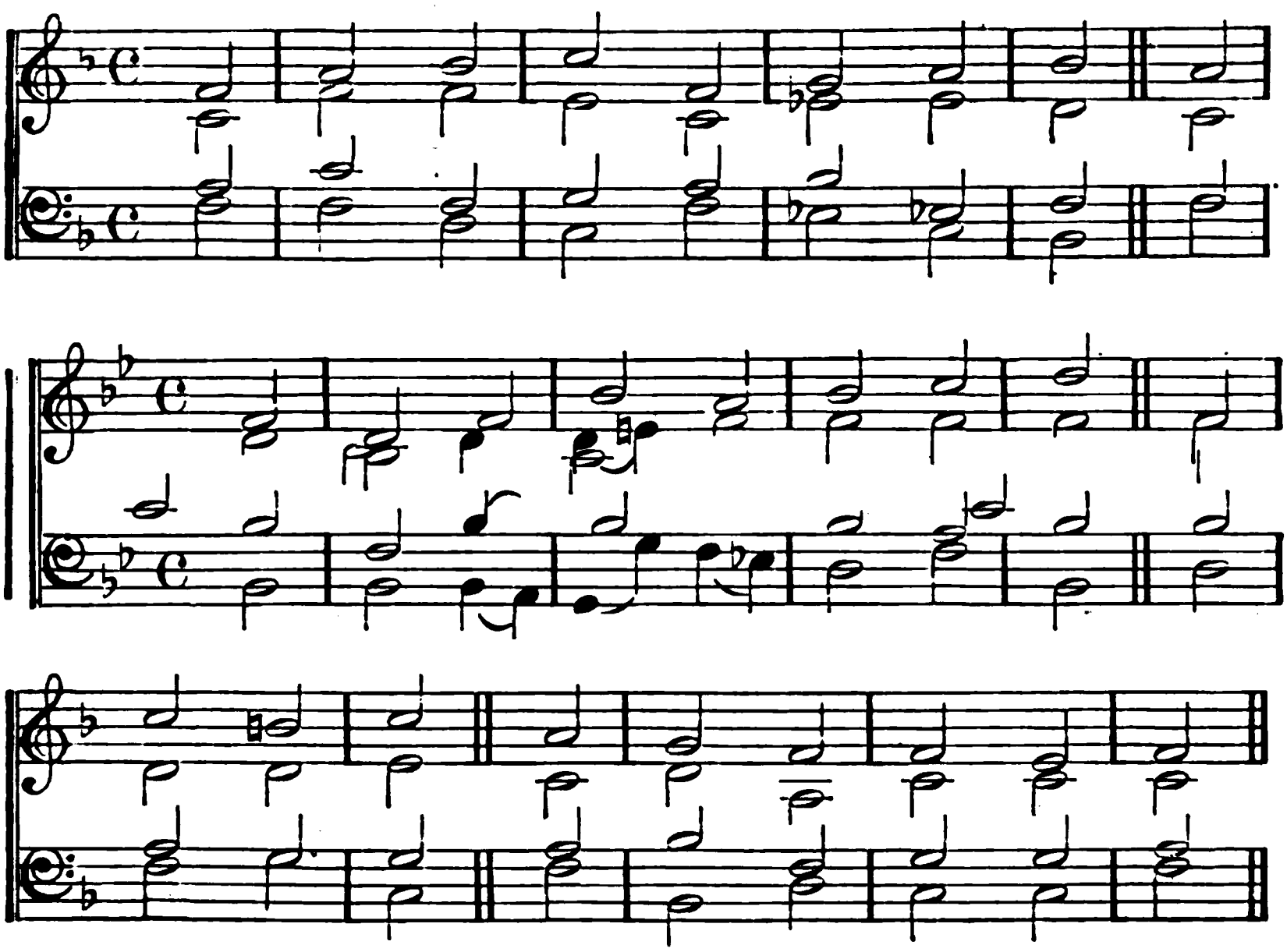
II.—(24, 25. 28, 29.) N. V.

THIS day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
Lord, we beseech Thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise Thy holy Name:
Because Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate Thy fame.

O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as His love.

DUNDEE. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.



## CXVIII.

(III.)

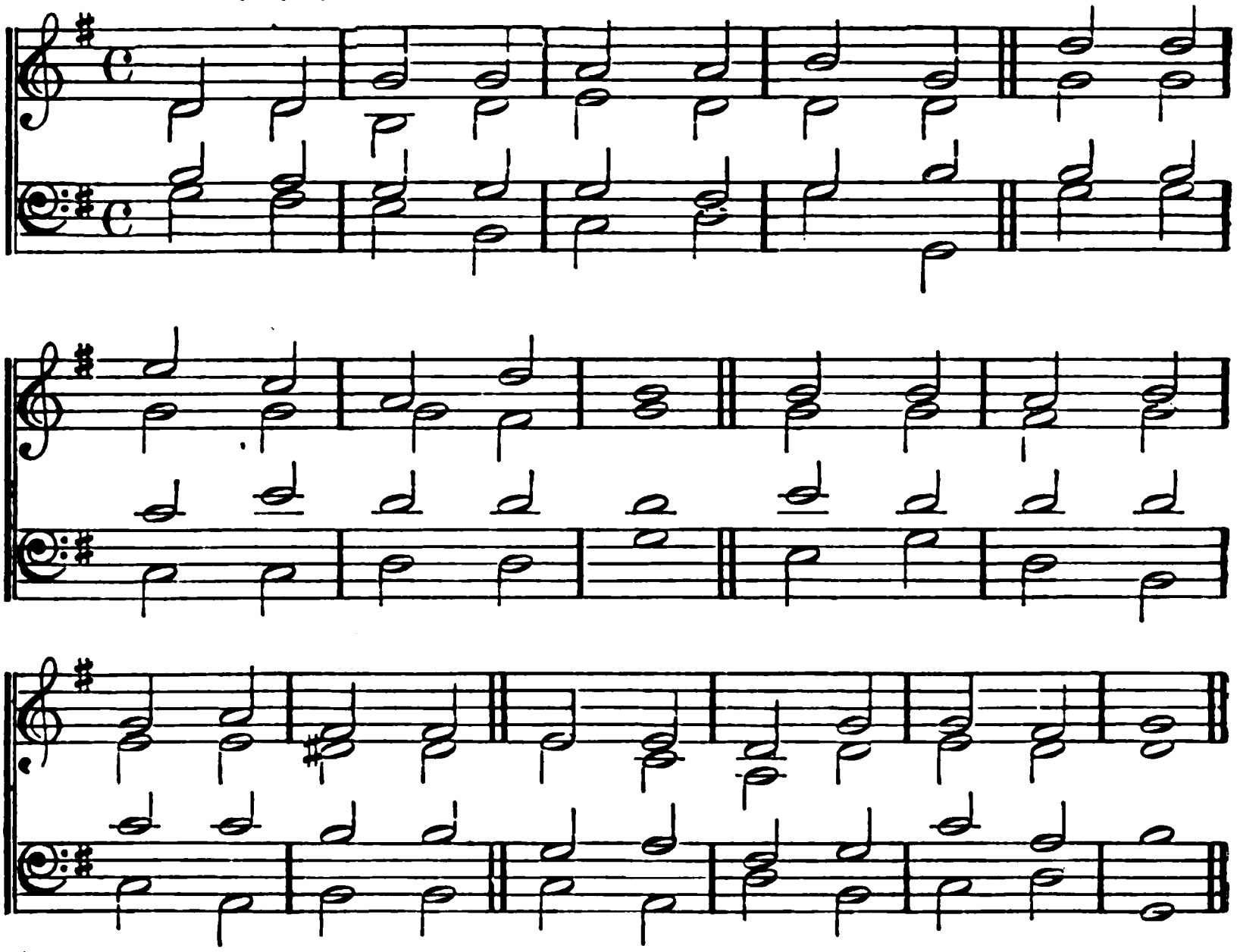
JOY and salvation in the tents
Of righteous men abound;
The right hand of the Lord our God
With victory is crown'd.

The right hand of the Lord is high,
Through all the world renown'd;
The right hand of the Lord our God
With victory is crown'd.

I shall not die, but live, and tell
His works, whilst I have breath:
He hath chastised, but gave me not
Into the hand of death.

Open the sanctuary gates,
The gates of righteousness;
That I may enter, and in pray'rs
*And praise* His Name confess.

STUTTGART. 8, 7, 8, 7. German Choral.



## CXVIII.

(IV.)

WHILE my God His succour sendeth,
What can man's weak arm avail?
While my helpers He befriendeth,
Vainly shall my foes assail.

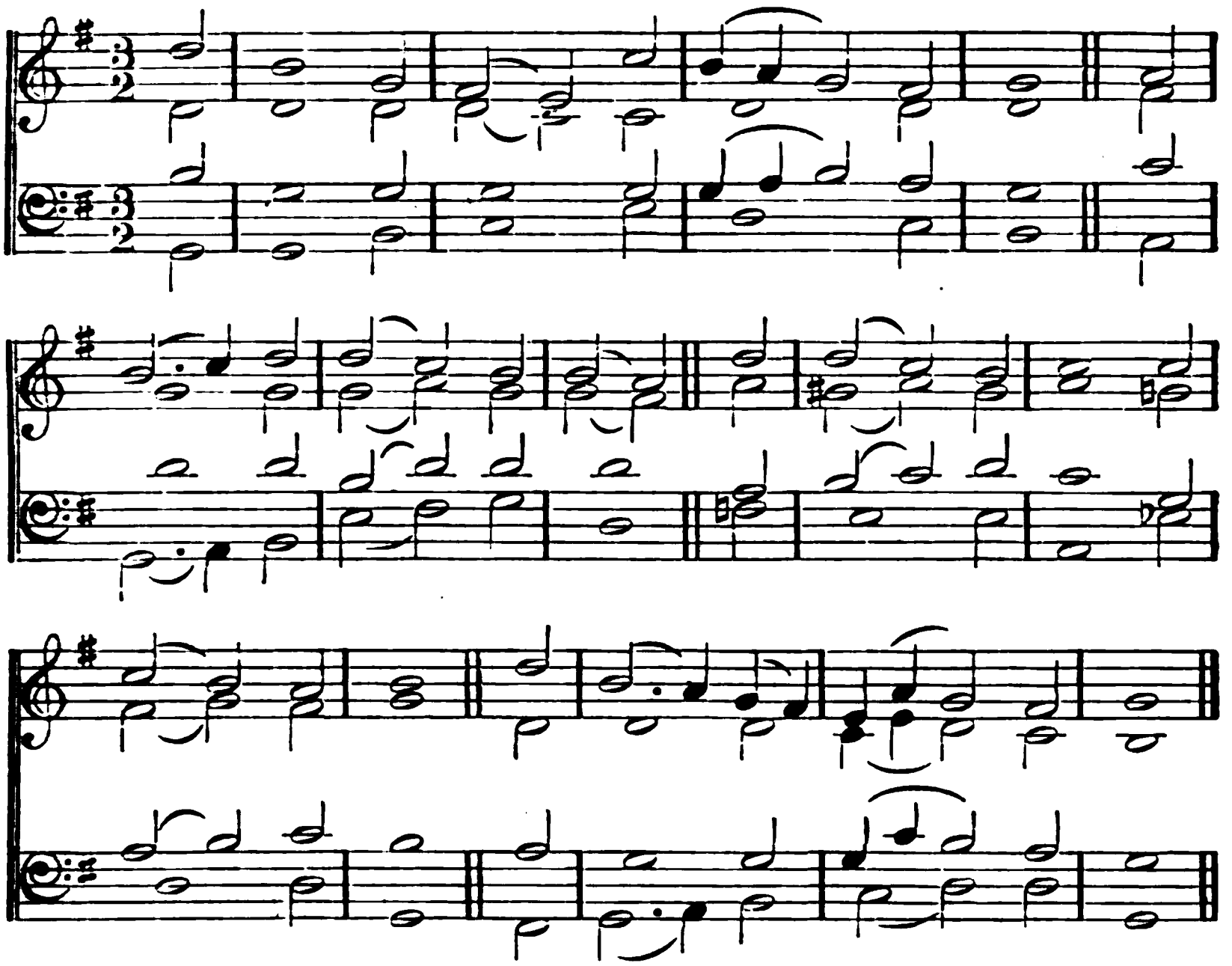
Trust in God, more sure reliance
Than in man's brief changeful hour;
Trust in God, more safe affiance
Than in princes' mightiest power.

By ten thousand foes surrounded,
When the thronging nations came,
I beheld their hosts confounded
Through my God's victorious Name.

God, my hope and my salvation,
Who didst strength and succour bring,
Let my heart's deep adoration
*Aid my tongue* Thy truth to sing.

# PSALMS.

**Bishopthorpe. C. M.** **Jeremiah Clark. Died, 1707.**



## CXIX.

I.—(9, 10, 11, 12.) N. V.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With Thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,
To Thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy Word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless Thy Name:
O teach me then by Thy just laws
My future life to frame!

## CXIX.

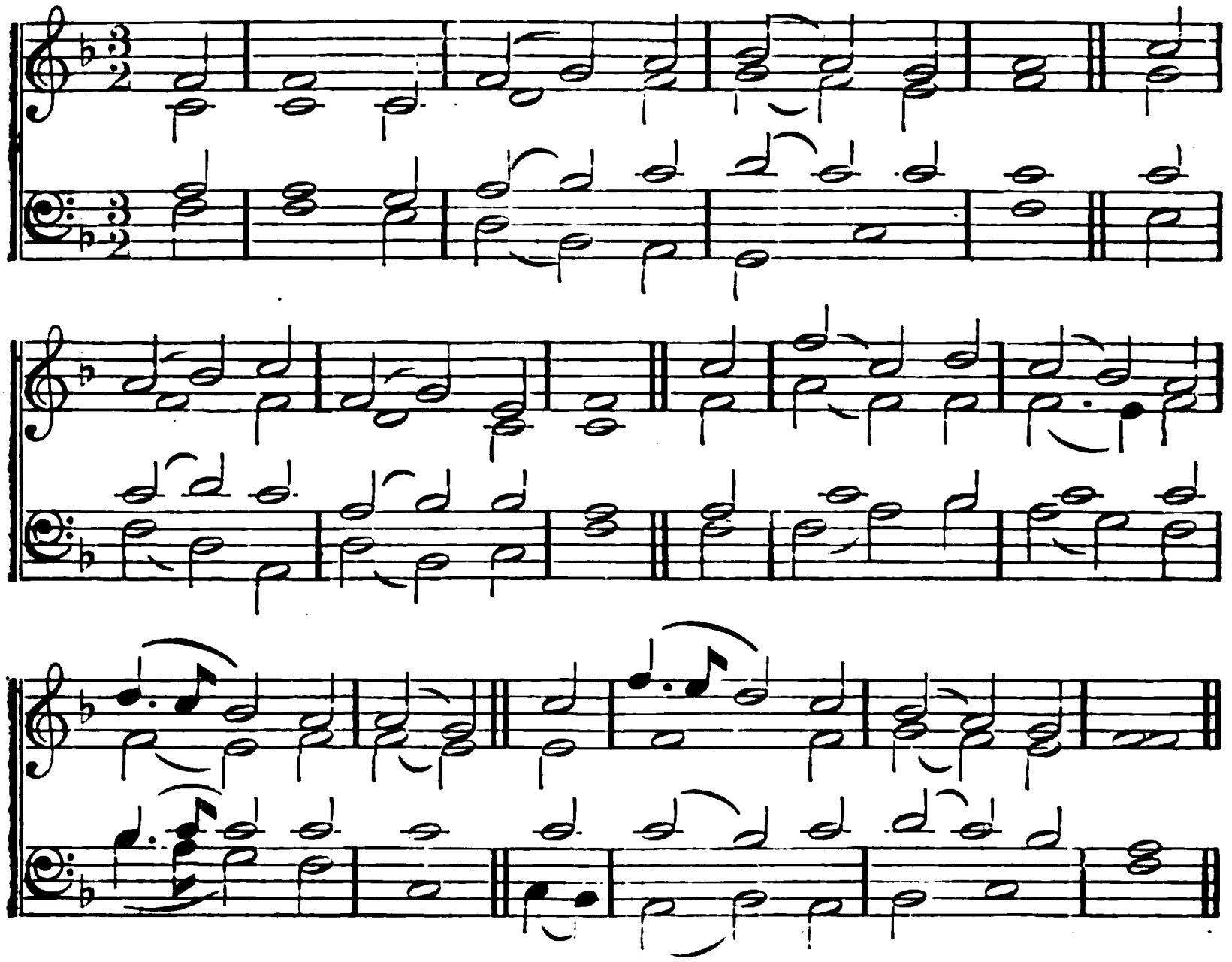
II.—(17. 19. 24.) N. V.

BE gracious to Thy servant, Lord,
Do Thou my life defend,
That I, according to Thy Word,
My future time may spend.

Though like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not Thou away.

For Thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

IRISH. C. M. ISAAC SMITH. 1770.



## CXIX.

III.—(65. 67. 71.) N. V.

WITH me, Thy servant, Thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to Thy Word.

Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
*That I might* duly learn and keep
*The statutes of my God.*

## CXIX.

IV.—(105. 108. 111, 112.) N. V.

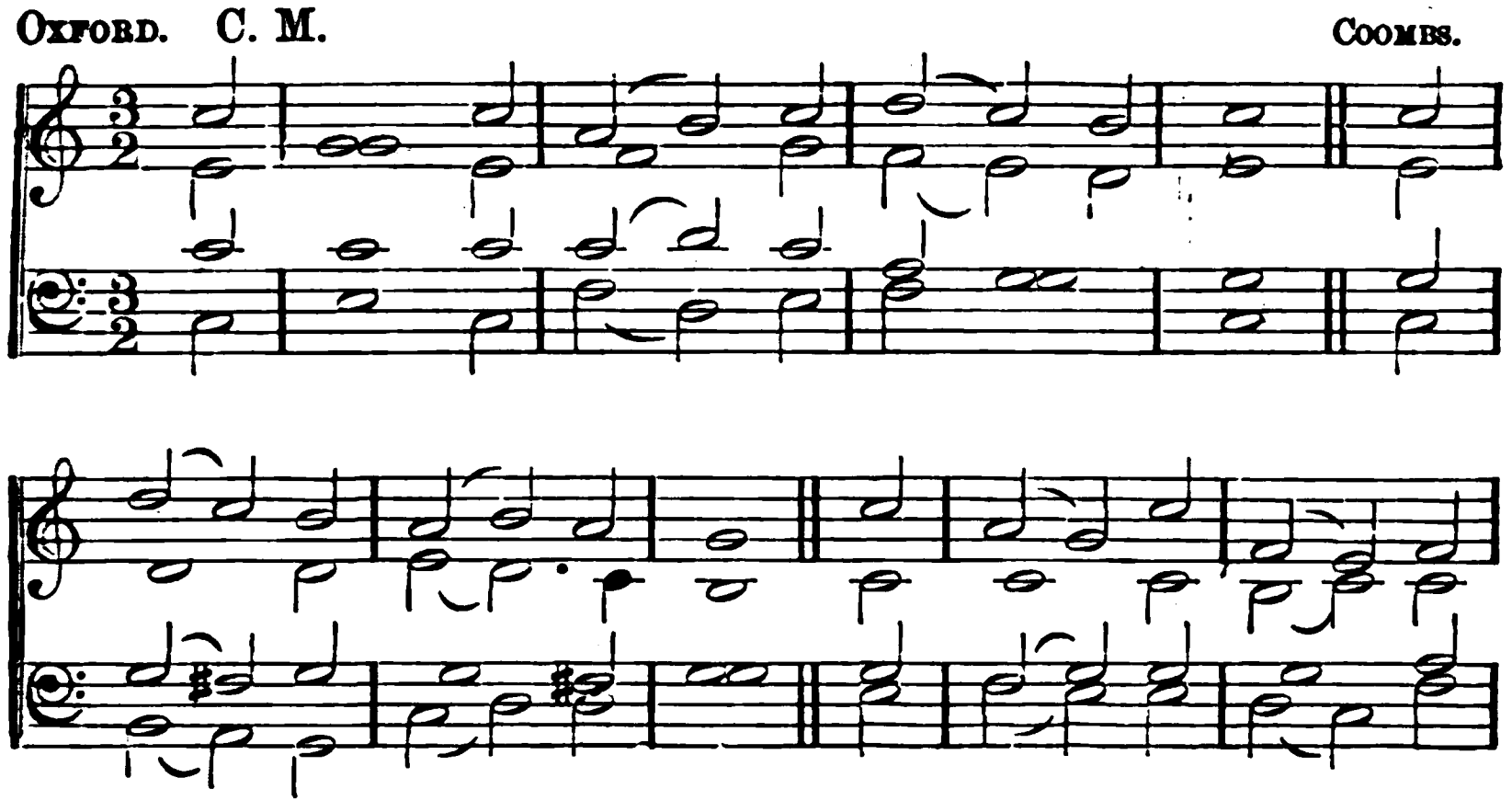
THY Word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

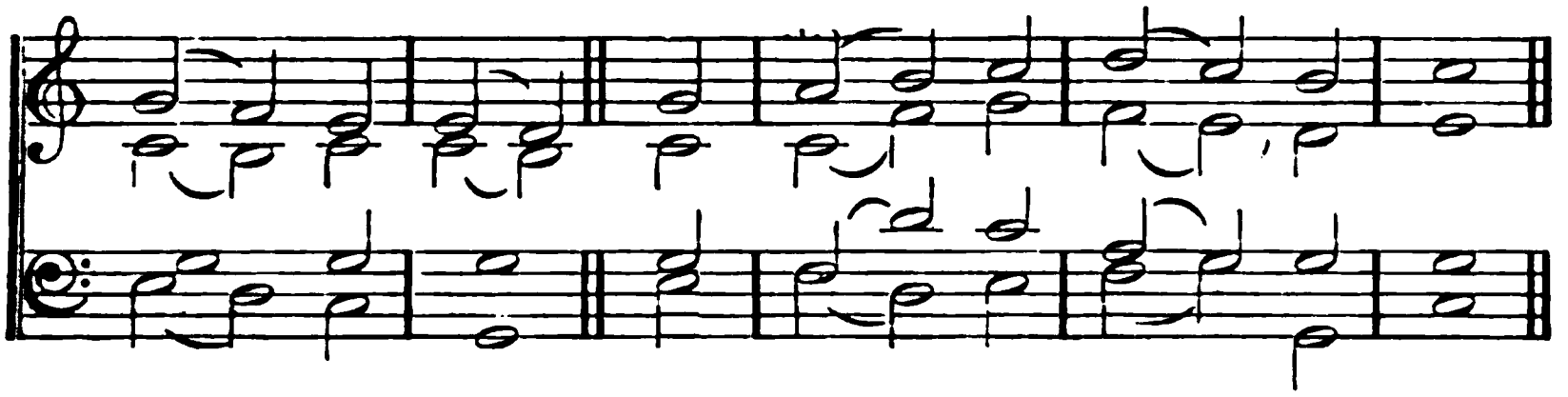
Let still my sacrifice of praise
With Thee acceptance find;
And in Thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep Thy upright way.

# PSALMS.



## CXIX.

V.—(169. 173, 174, 175.) N. V.

TO my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to Thy Word.

Let Thy Almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid,
For I the laws Thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.

My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored;
Nor comfort knew, but what Thy laws,
Thy heav'nly laws, afford.

Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice from the depth of woe
My fainting soul *shall raise.*

## CXXI.

(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. 9.) N. V.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee from danger keep.

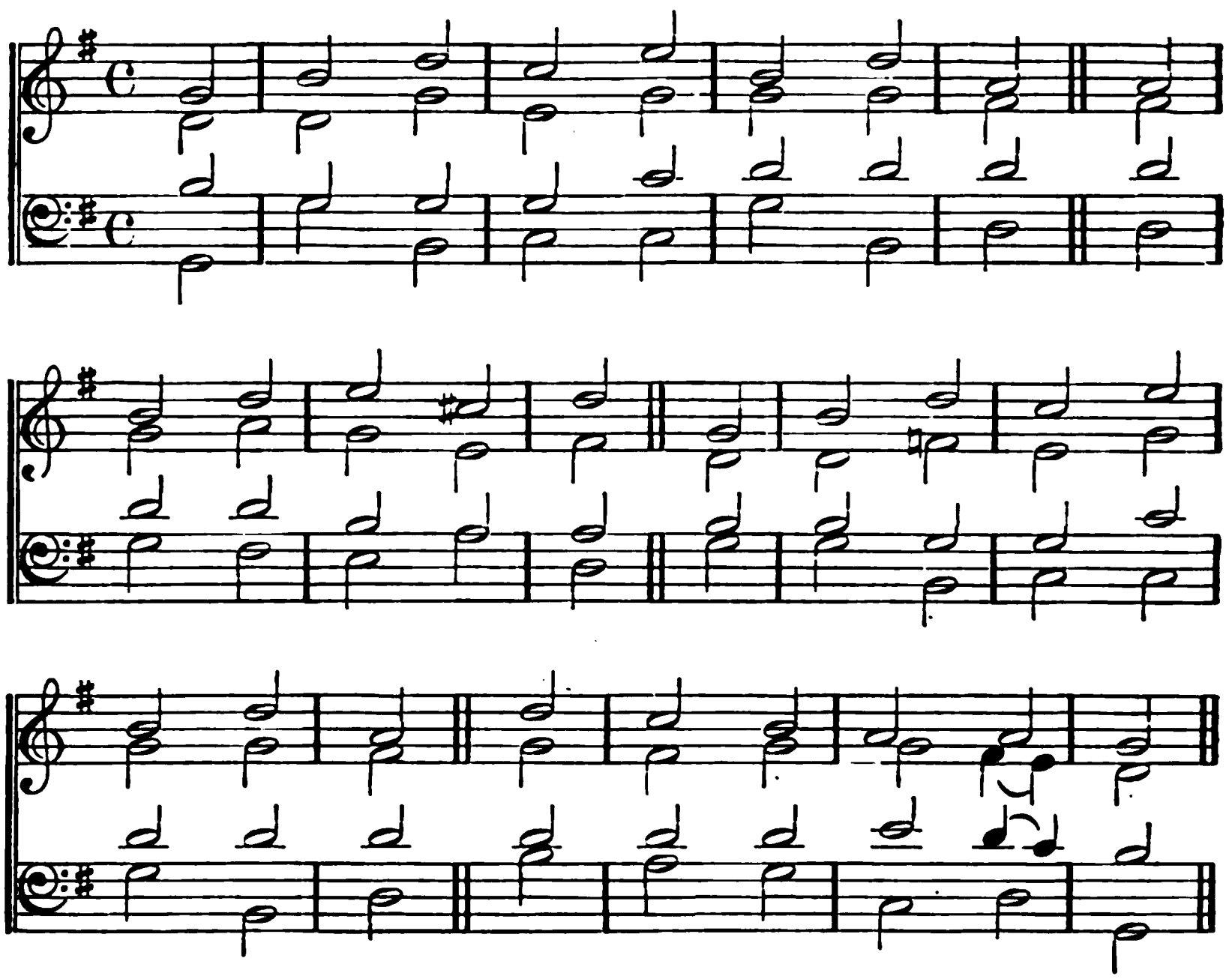
Shelter'd beneath the Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

# PSALMS.

YORK. C. M.

Tune called "The Stilt."
From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.



## CXXII.

(1. 4. 6, 7.) N. V.

O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

'Tis thither, by Divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
*(Thou holy city of* our God!)
*Who bear true love to thee.*

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

## CXXV.

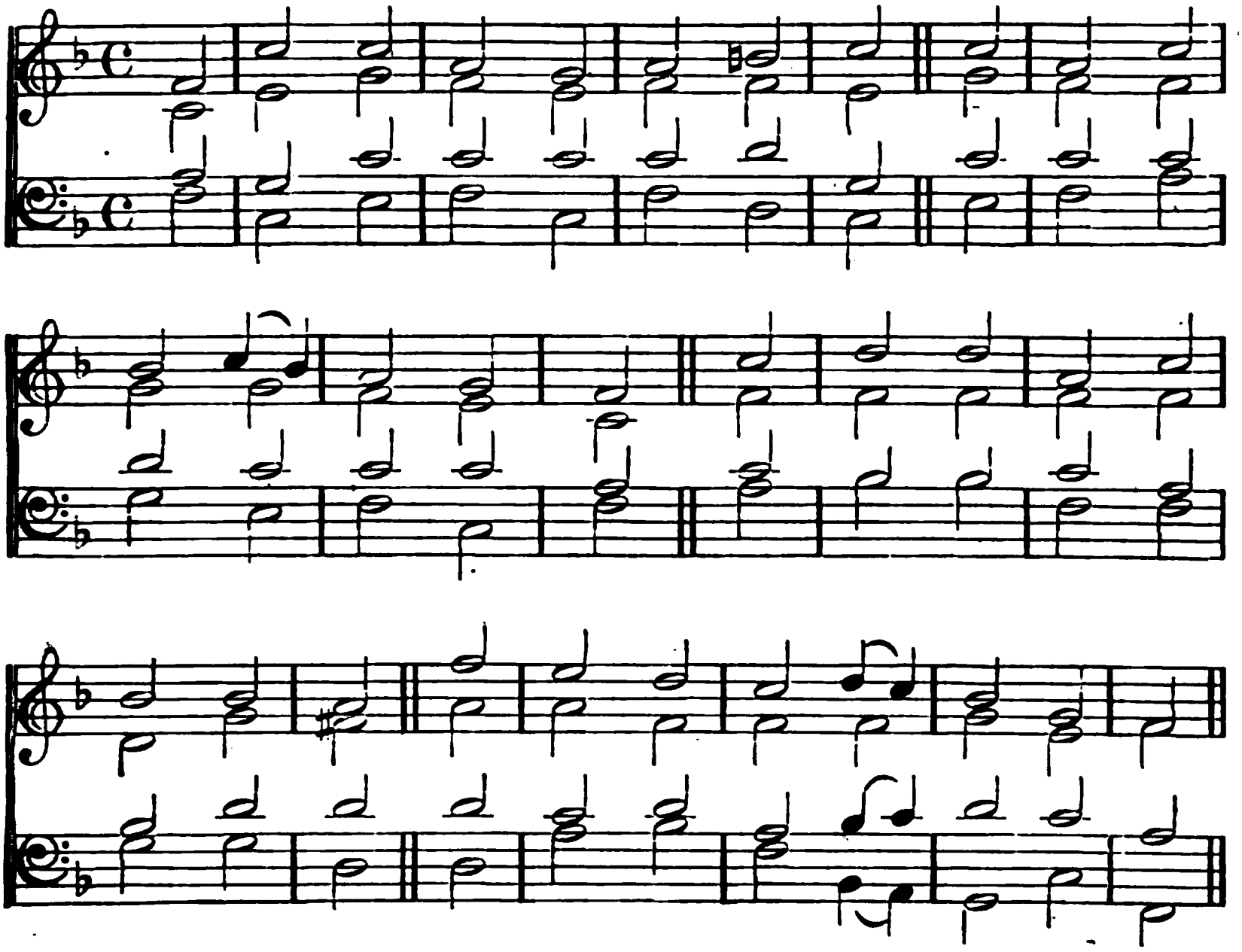
(1, 2.) N. V.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By His Almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem inclose;
So stands the Lord around His saints,
To guard them from their foes.

# PSALMS.

NISI DOMINUS. L. M. KÖPHL. 1587.



## CXXVII.

EXCEPT the Lord the house defend,
In vain their toil the builders spend;
Except the Lord our walls sustain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

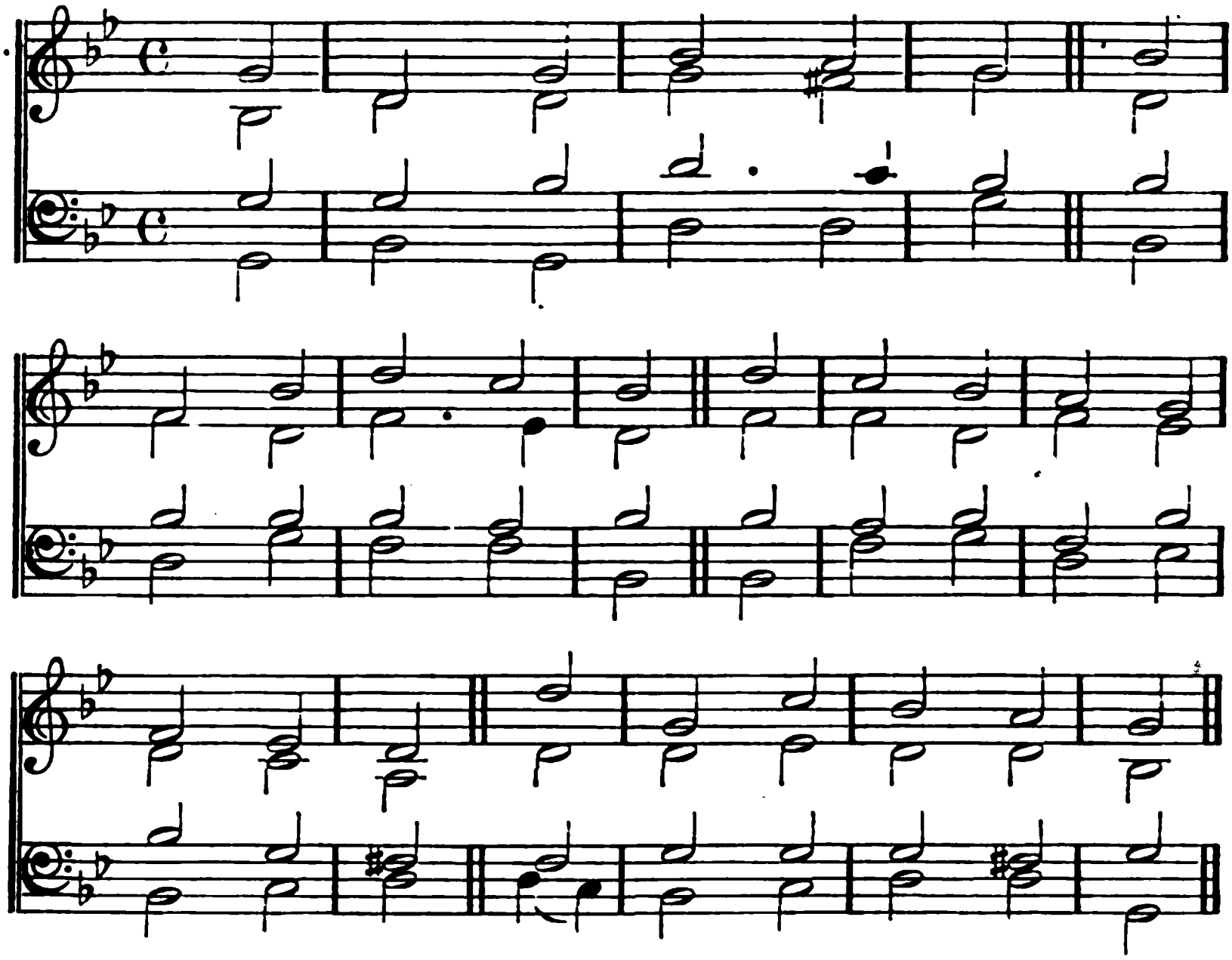
Early ye rise and late take rest,
And eat your bread with cares oppress'd;
Vain fruits from all your toil ye reap;
For to His own He giveth sleep.

Lo! children too are from the Lord,
The fruitful womb is His reward:
As arrows in the giant's hand,
The children round the parents stand.

Happy, whose quiver, with them stored,
Is ever ready at his word;
He from his foes shall not refrain,
But in *the gate* his cause maintain.

# PSALMS.

ST. BRIDE'S. S. M. SAMUEL HOWARD. Died, 1782.



## CXXX.

I.—(1, 2. 5, 6, 7, 8.) N. V.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning-watch
To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows; [whence
The plenteous source and spring from
*Eternal succour flows.*
Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

## CXXX.

II.

LORD, hear my suppliant prayer,
Ere yet my spirit faint;
O let Thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint!

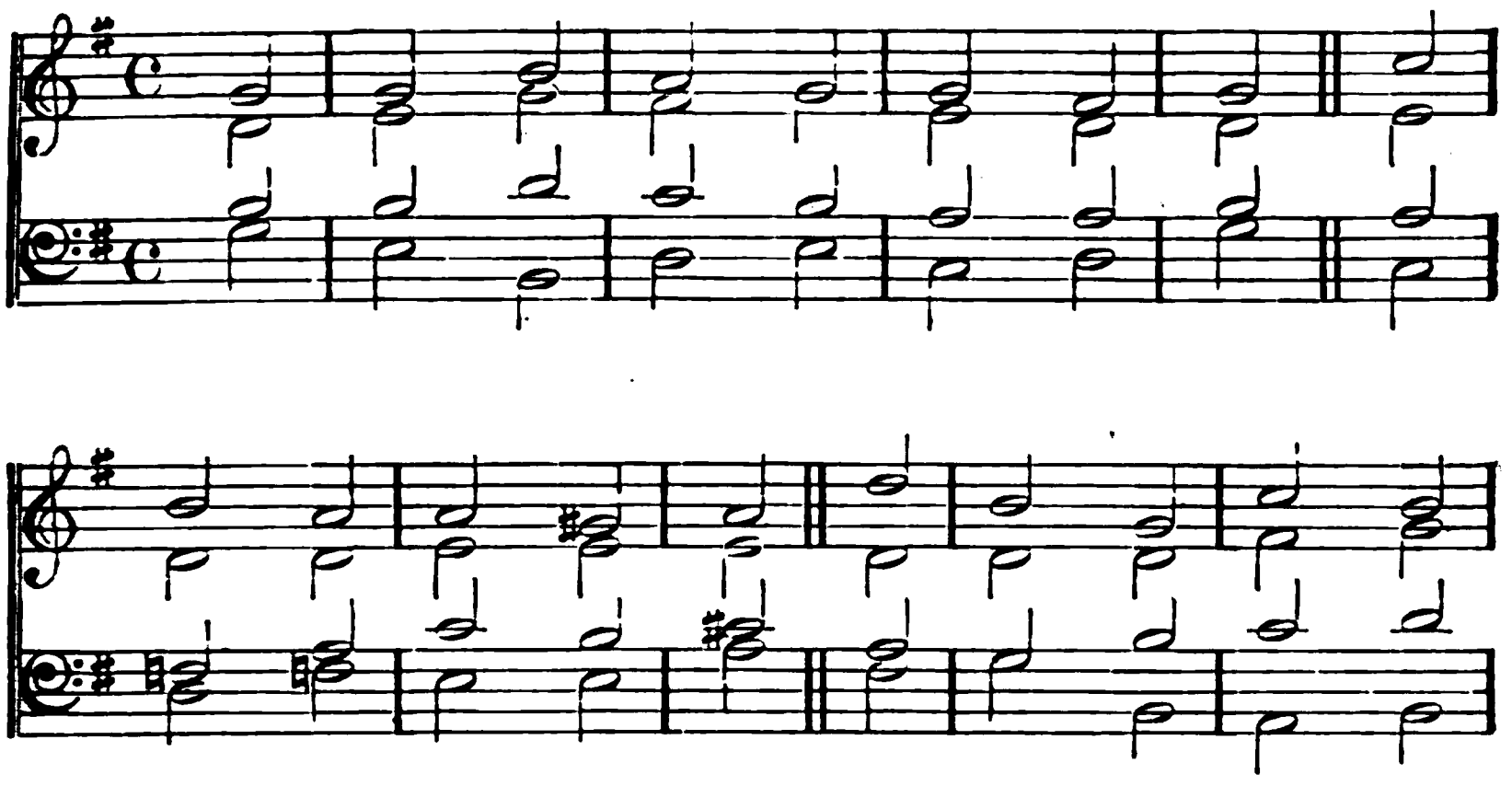
Should'st Thou each error mark,
Who could Thy sentence bear?
But mercy dwells with Thee, that men
Thy righteous truth may fear.

For Thee, the gracious Lord,
I wait with trustful eyes;
On the sure comfort of Thy Word
My firm-built hope relies.

To

# PSALMS.

**Abbey Tune.** C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.



To Thee my spirit hastes,
On wings of prayer upborne,
More eager than the guards that watch
The coming of the morn.

O Israel, trust in God,
To Him thy offerings bring,
From whom, as from a living fount,
Redeeming mercies spring.

## CXXXIII.

I.—(1, 2, 3, 4.) N. V.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of *love!*

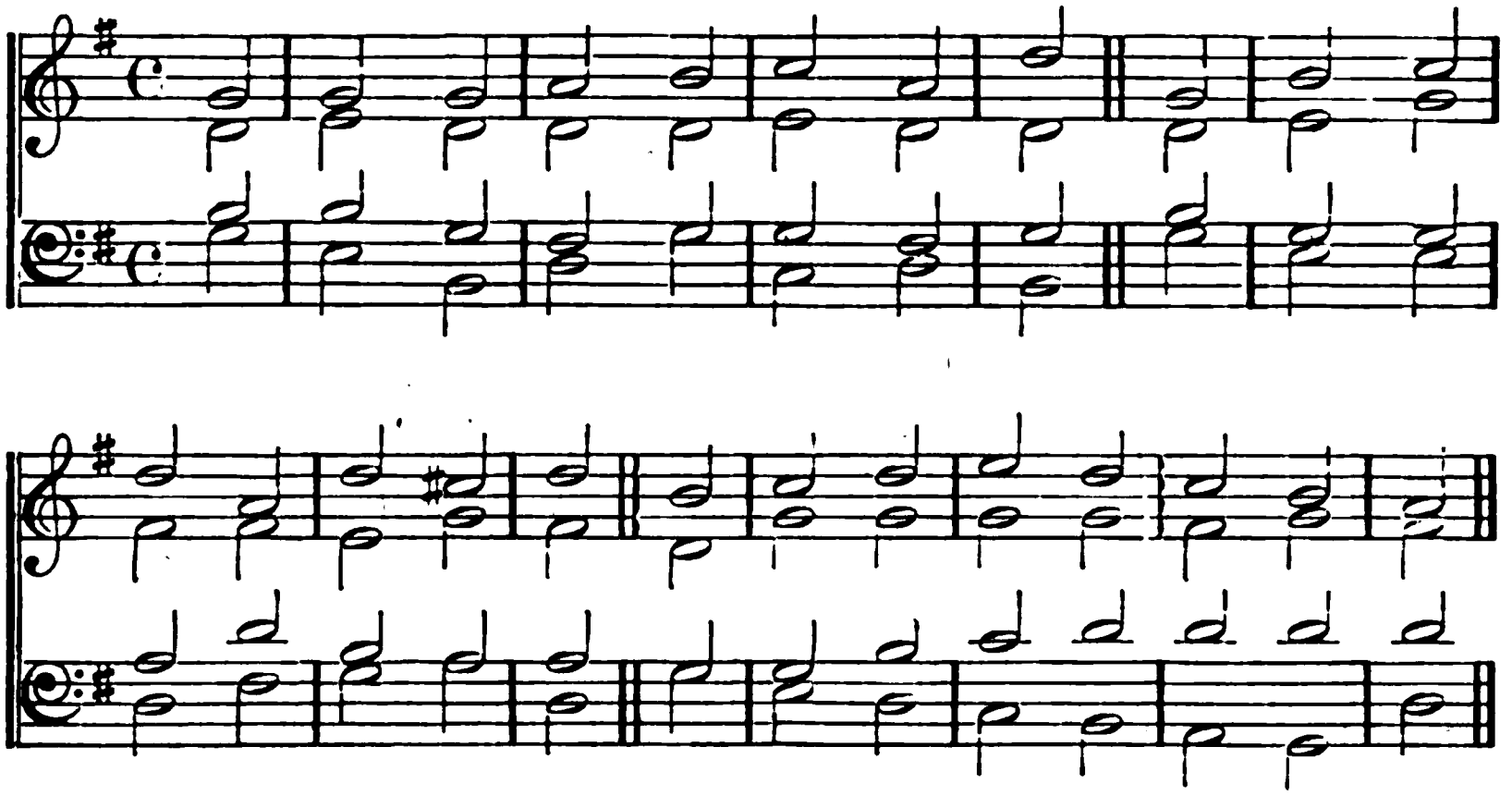
True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

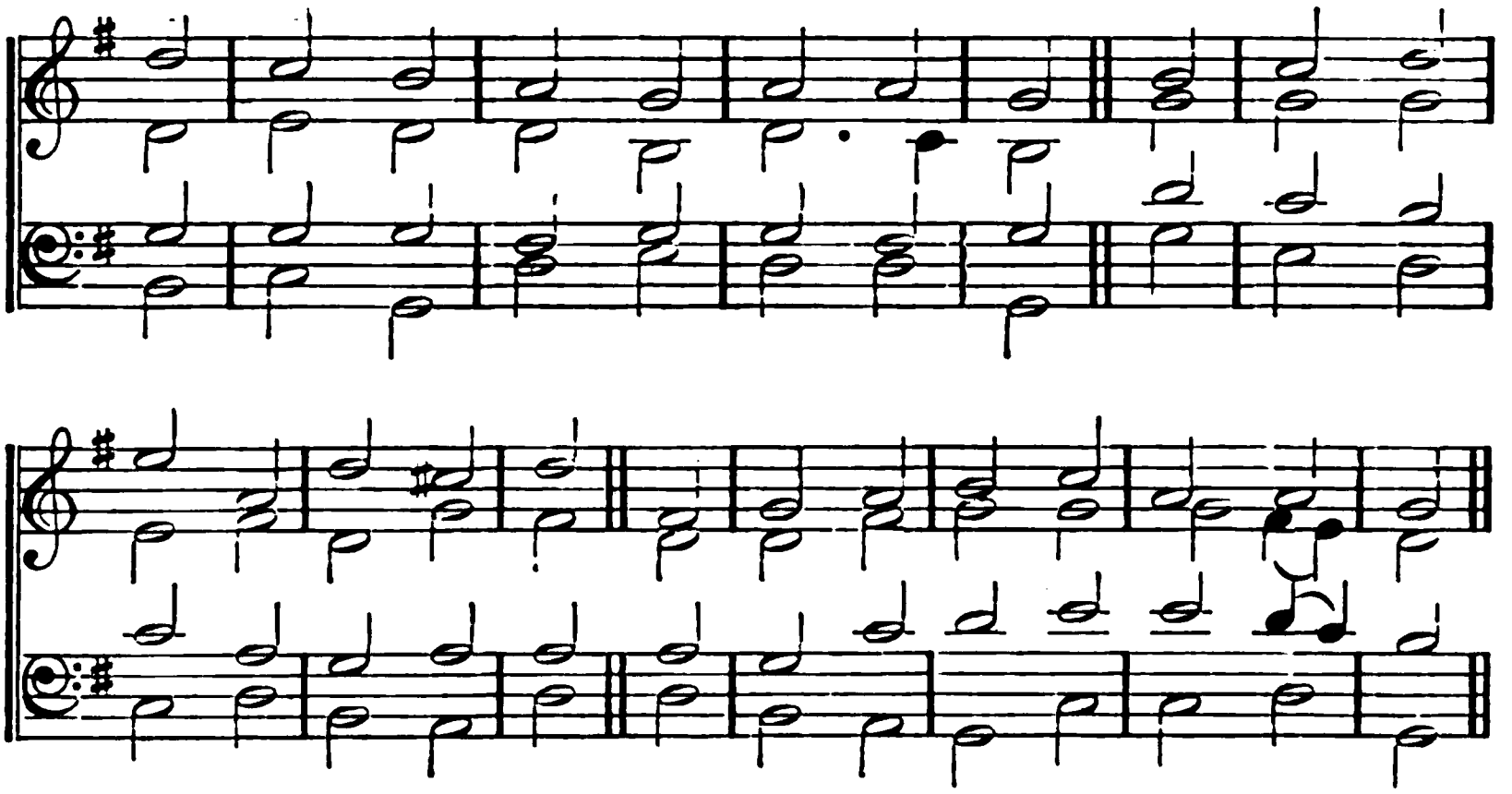
'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordained
And life's eternal spring.

# PSALMS.

ANGELS' SONG. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. ORLANDO GIBBONS. Died, 1625.





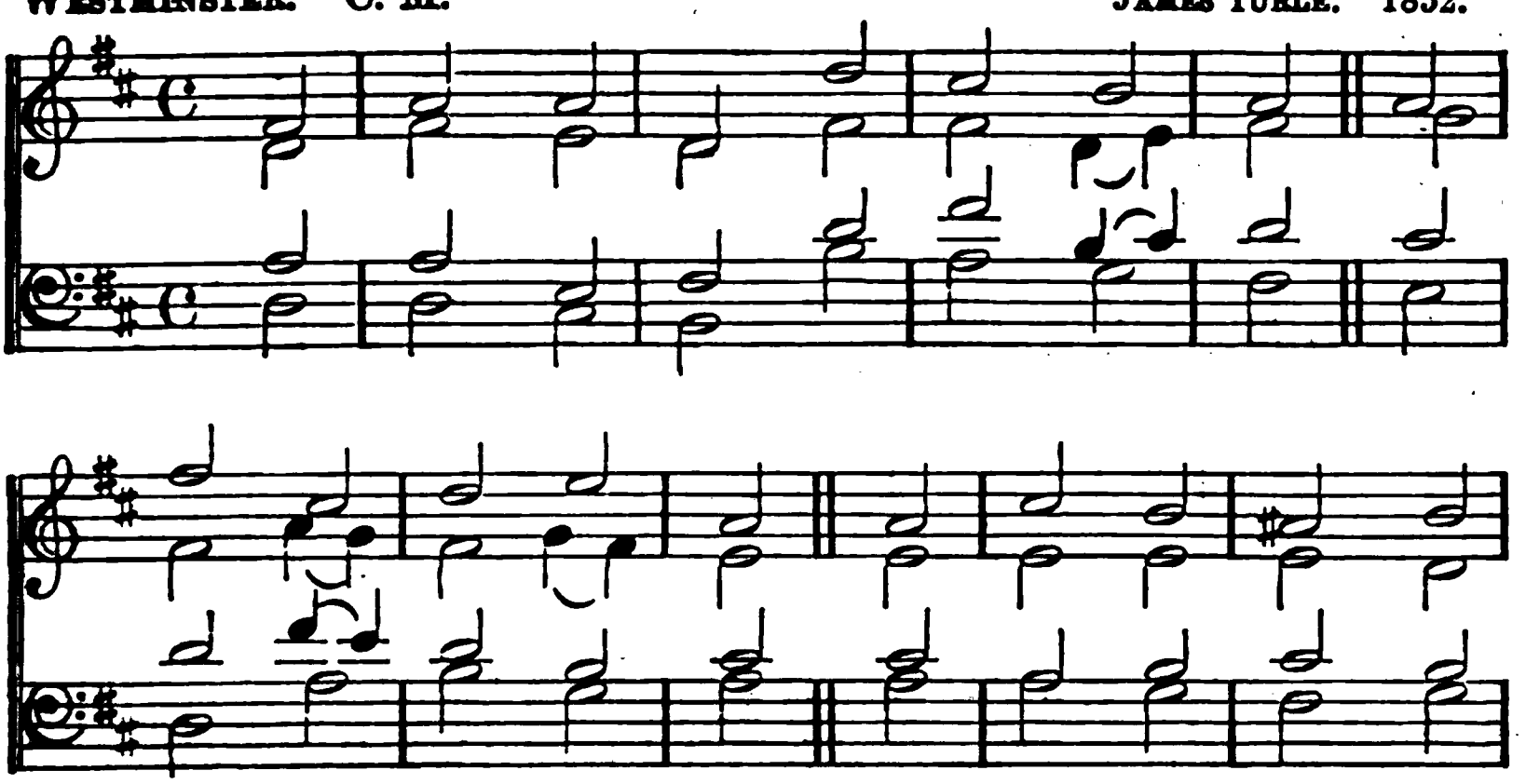
## CXXXIII.

(II.)

O BLESS'D estate! bless'd from above!
When brethren join in mutual love.
'Tis like the precious odours shed
On consecrated Aaron's head,
*Which trickled from his* beard and breast,
*Down to the borders of his vest.*

'Tis like the pearls of dew that drop
On Hermon's ever-fragrant top;
Or which the smiling heavens distil
On happy Sion's sacred hill.
For God hath there His favours placed,
And joy, which shall for ever last.

WESTMINSTER. C. M. JAMES TURLE. 1852.



## CXXXV.

(1, 2. 21.) N. V.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify His Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

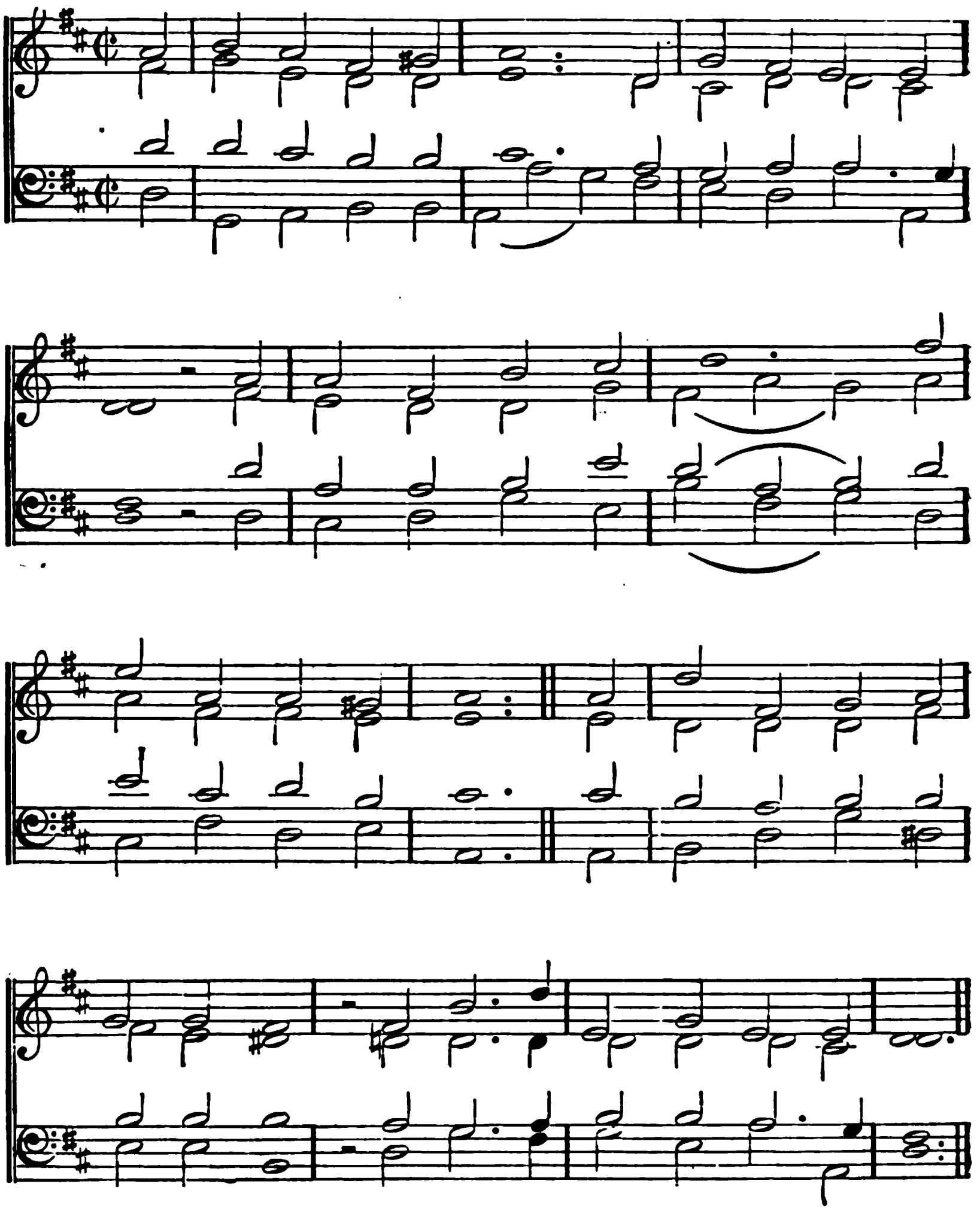
Praise Him, all ye that in His house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to His outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

Let all with thanks His wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where He dwells,
*Exalt His* holy Name.

# PSALMS.

GOPSAL. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HANDEL. About 1742.*
From the Rev. W. H. Havergal's "Old Church Psalmody." By permission.



* See Hymn 80.

# PSALMS.

## CXXXVI.

I.—(1. 6, 7, 8, 9. 25, 26.) N. V.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To Him due praise afford,
As good as He is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

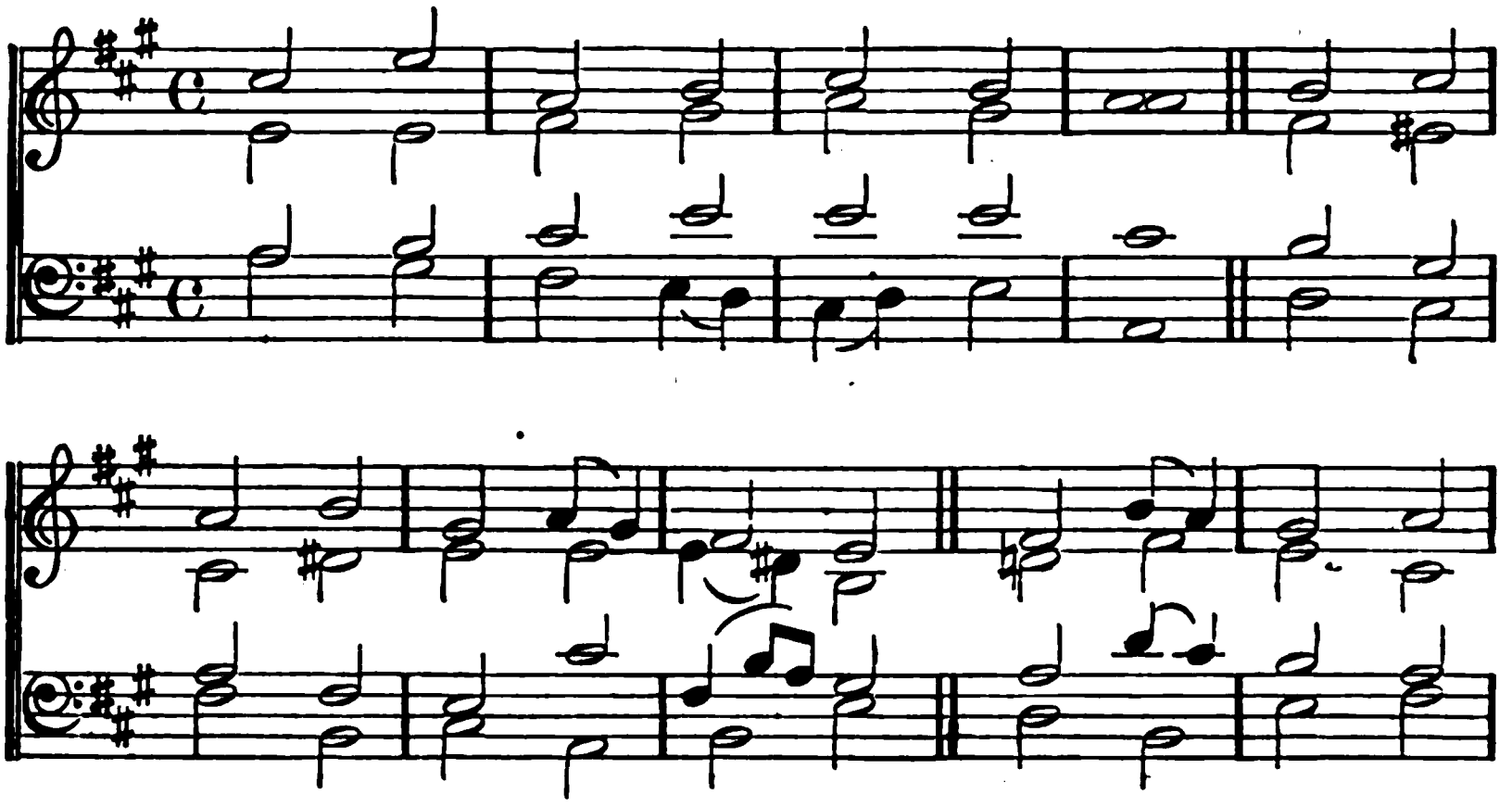
He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

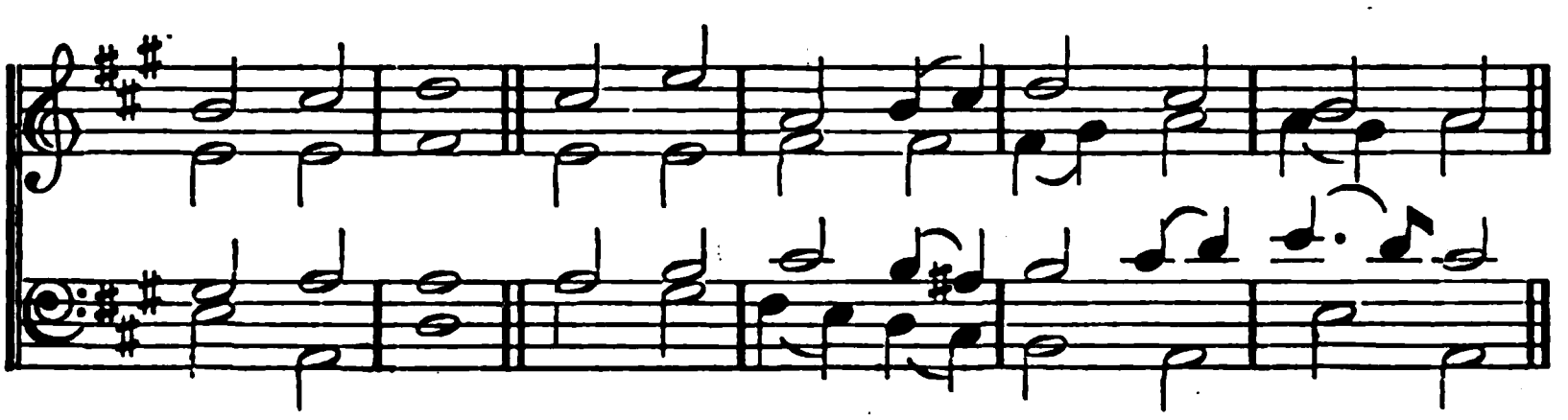
Through heaven He did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

# PSALMS.

**Mercy.** 7, 8, 7, 8. I. Chr. Kittel. 1780.





## CXXXVI.

(II.)

PRAISE the Lord, for He is love,
And His mercy lives for ever;
God of all the gods above,
For His mercy lives for ever.

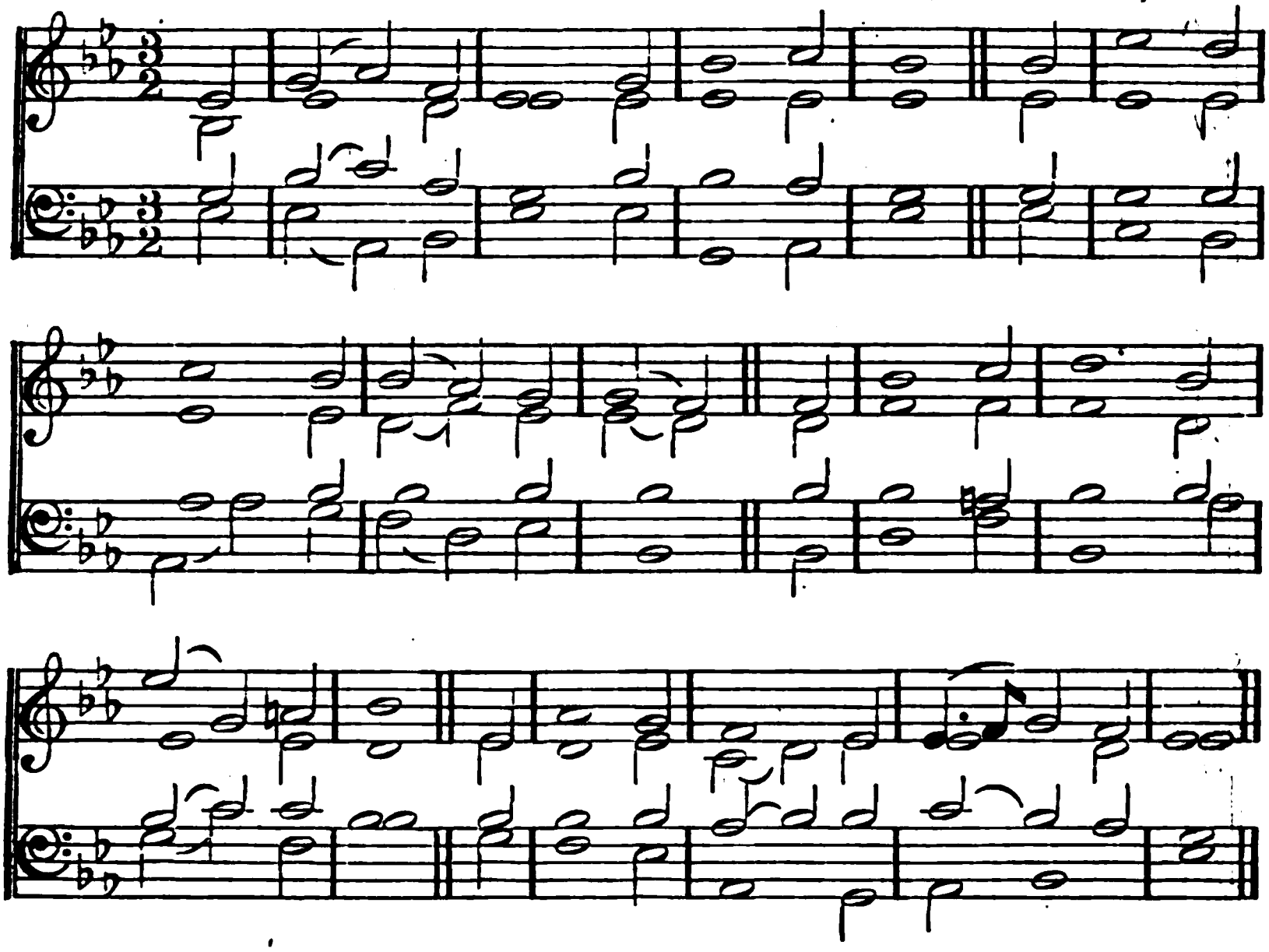
Lord of Lords, Him bless and own,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Doing wondrous deeds alone,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who by wisdom heaven array'd,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Earth above the waters laid,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Who did wondrous lights ordain,
For His mercy lives for ever;
The bright sun o'er day to reign,
For His mercy lives for ever.

Praise God in His heavenly shrine,
For His mercy lives for ever;
Lord of Lords, all praise be Thine,
*For Thy* mercy lives for ever.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. EDWARD MILLER, MUS. D. Died, 1807.



## CXXXIX.

(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. 23, 24.) N. V.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

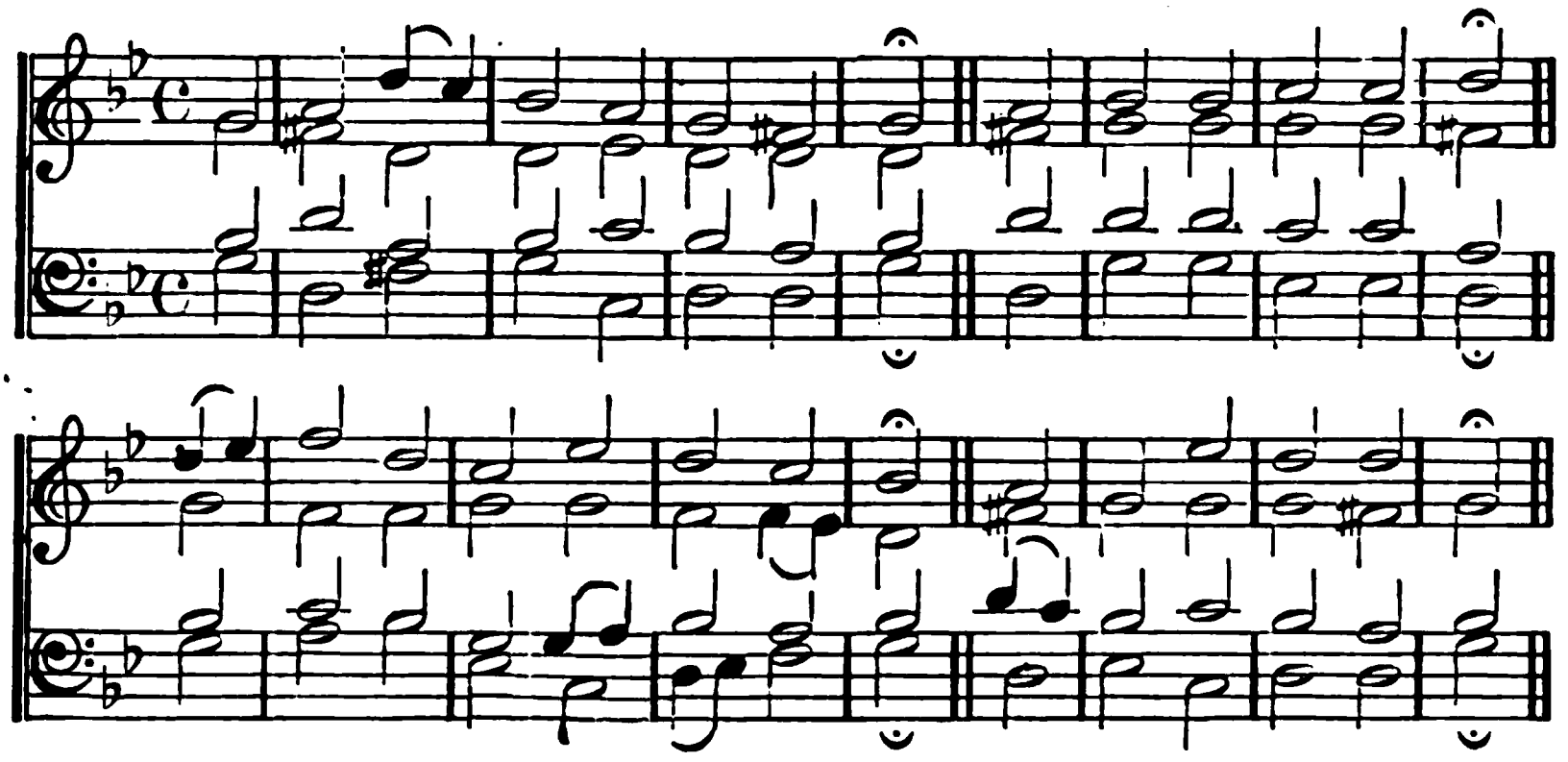
Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
*And guide me in* Thy perfect way.

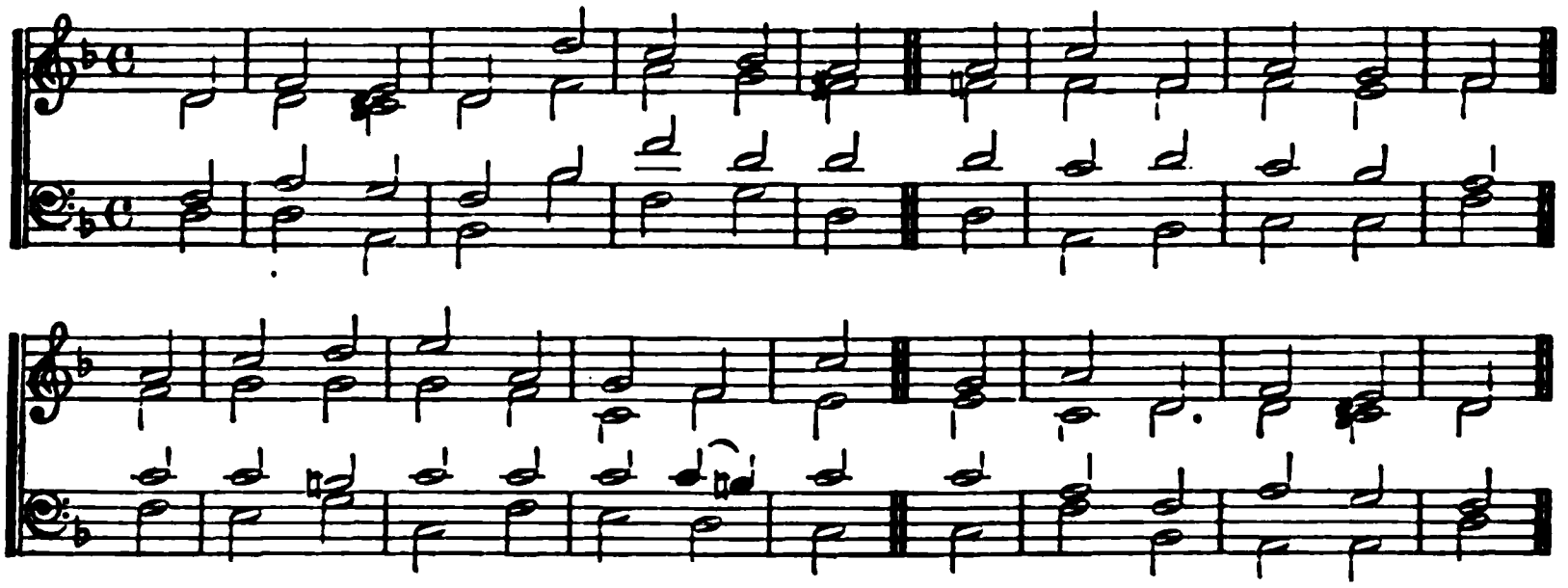
# PSALMS.

**Domine Clamavi. C. M.** Justin Heinrich Knecht.* 1797.



*Or,*

**St. Mary's. C. M.** From Playford's Psalter. 1671.



## CXLI.

LORD, my complaints to Thee ascend,
With haste Thine ear apply:
And hear my voice, when I to Thee
Present my humble cry.

As incense, let my fervent prayer,
Before Thy Throne arise:
And my uplifted hands be like
The evening sacrifice.

To Thee, O Lord, my faithful eyes
In patience are address'd:
Thou art my trust, O leave me not
Forsaken and oppress'd.

---

* *Master of a Lutheran school, and Musikdirector at Biberach in Swabia, where he was born 1752.*

## CXLIII.

(1, 2. 9, 10). N. V.

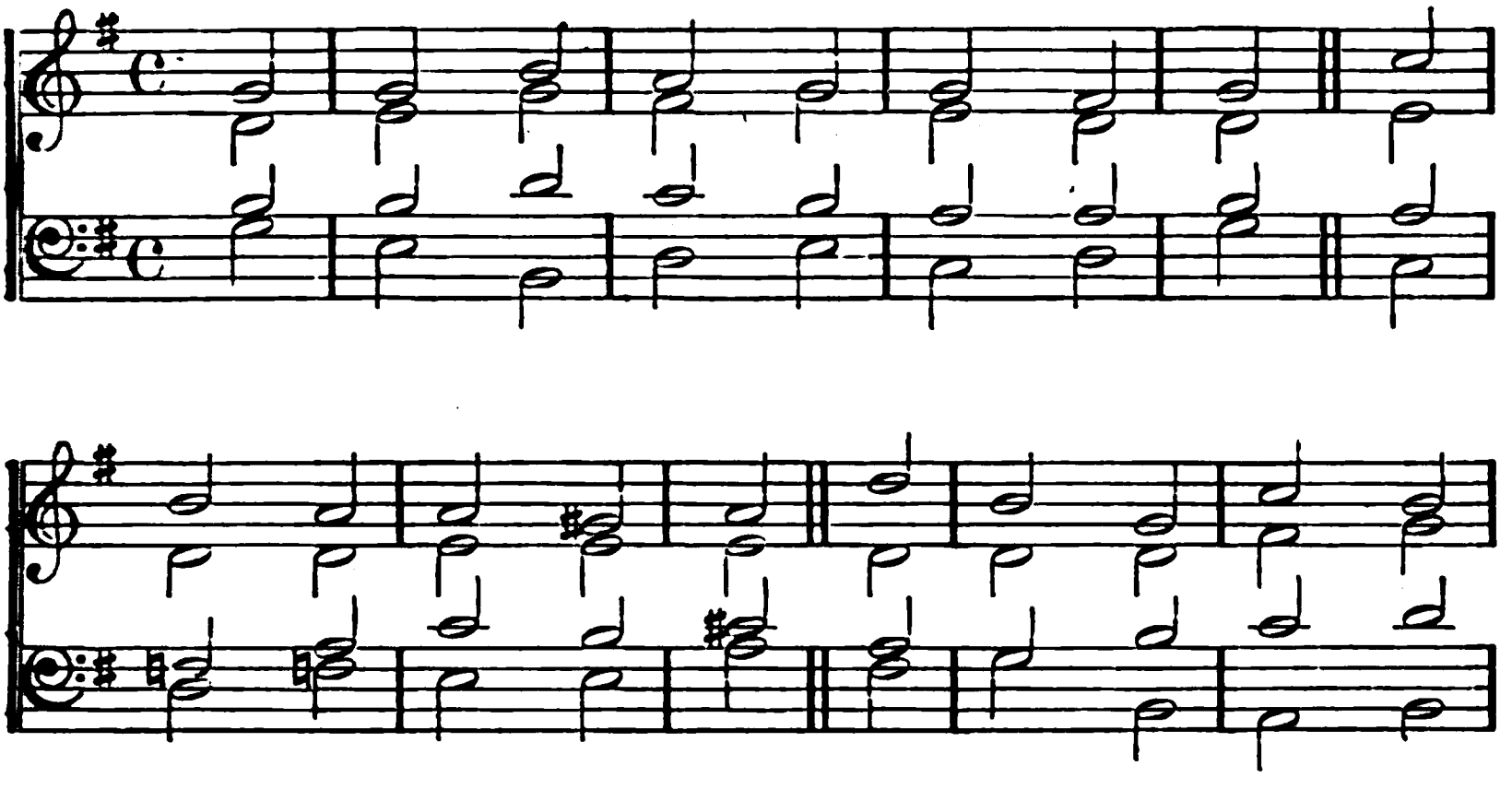
LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In Thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

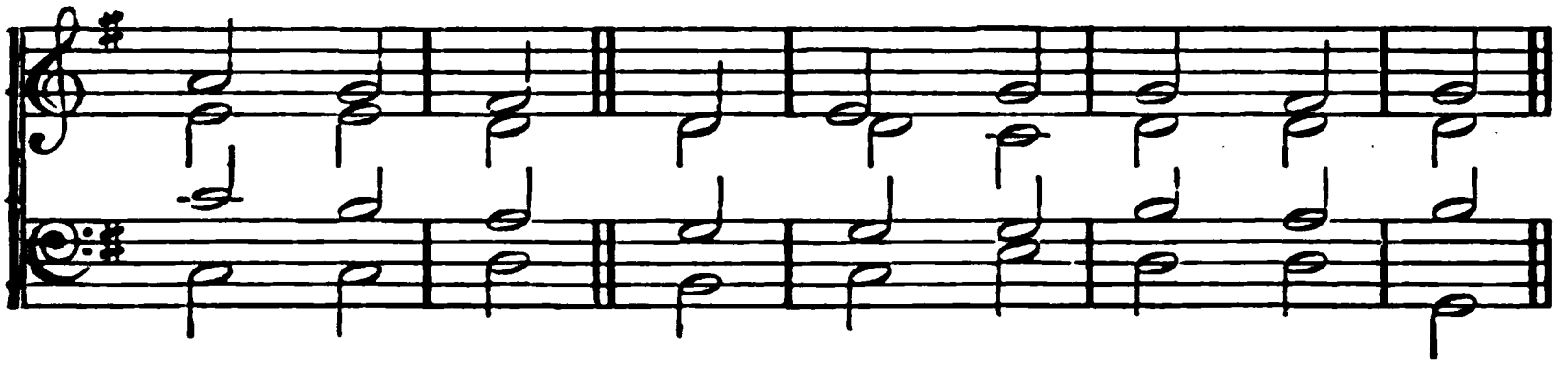
Nor at Thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in Thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

Do Thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage
My soul implores from Thee.

Thou art my God, Thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey:
Let Thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in Thy right way.

ABBEY TUNE. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.





## CXLV.

I.—(1, 2, 3. 8. 13.) N. V.

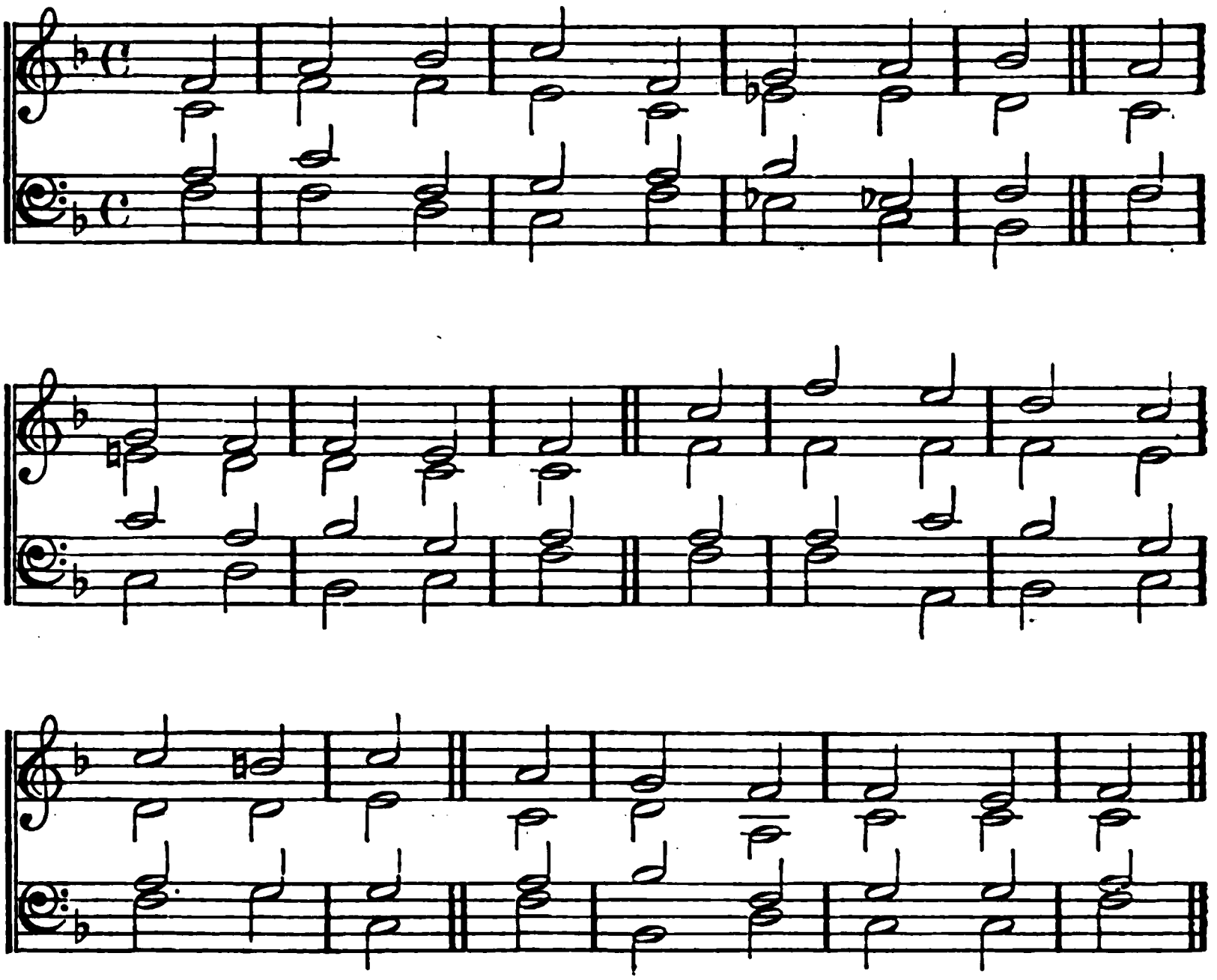
THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless Thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

His stedfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

DUNDEE. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.



(II.)

## CXLV.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly praised,
His greatness hath no bound;
Age shall to age Thy works declare,
And mighty deeds resound.

The Lord the weak and failing feet
Doth by His grace sustain;
And those that human frailty bows,
He raises up again.

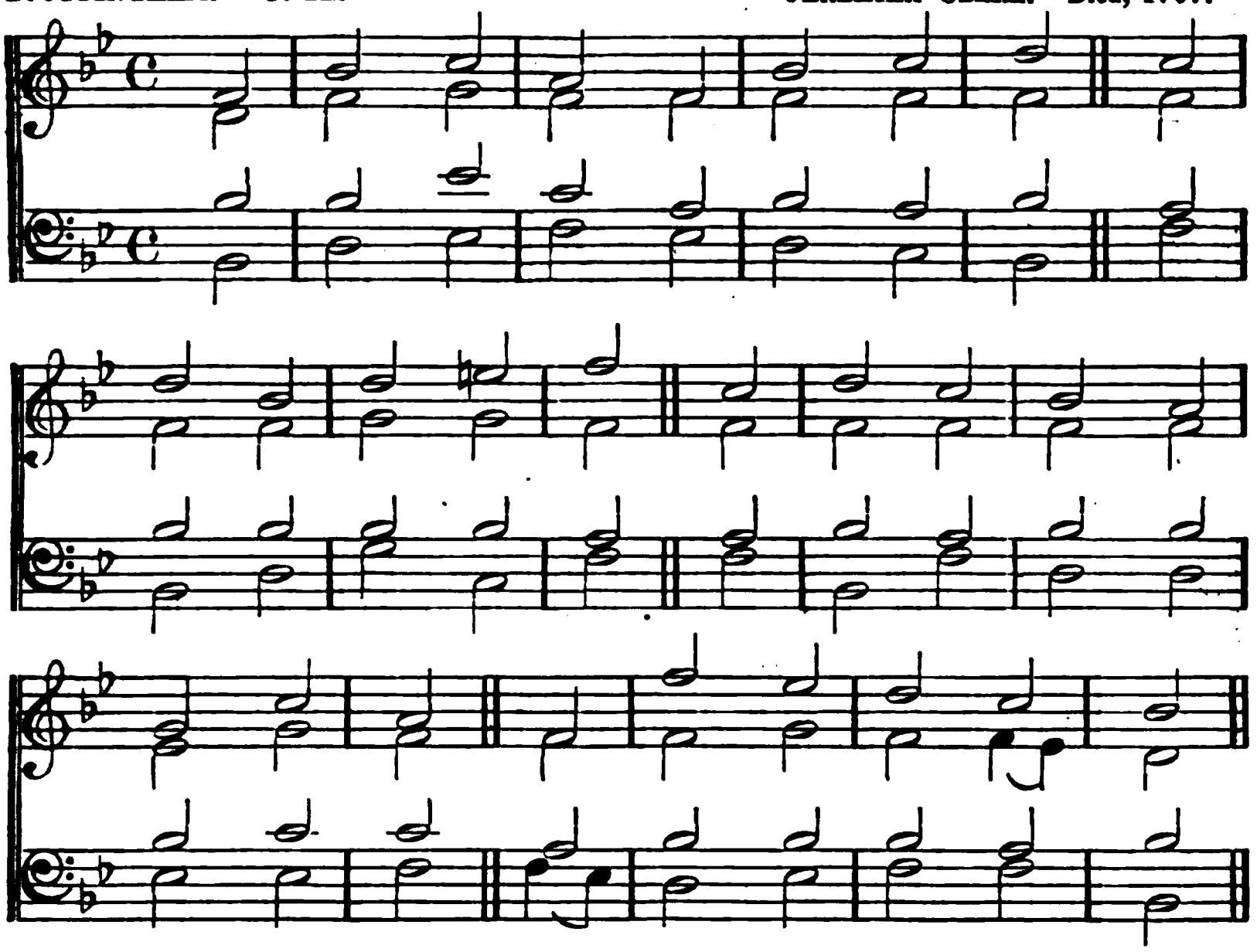
The eyes of all Thy bounty wait,
Thou givest them their food;
And from Thy open'd hand each thing
That lives is fill'd with good.

The Lord is righteous in His ways,
His works are holy all;
And nigh is He to all whose lips
On Him sincerely call.

My mouth the praises of the Lord
Shall to the world proclaim;
And let all flesh for ever bless
And magnify His Name.

# PSALMS.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



## CXLVI.

(1, 2. 5, 6. 10.) N. V.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless His Name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

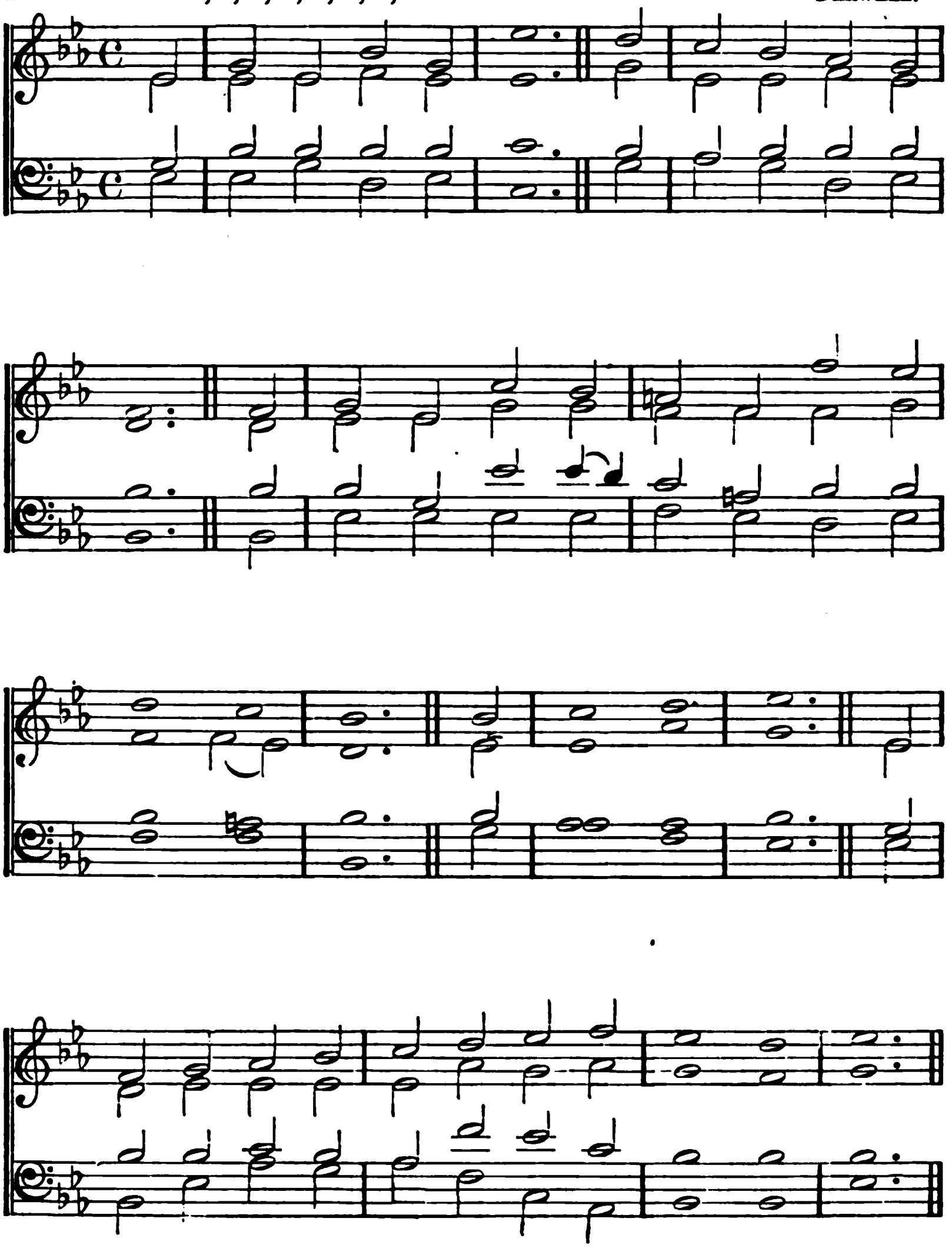
Thrice happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still with well-placed hope the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit His stedfast truth,
Nor make His promise vain.

The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age His reign endures;
*Let all His* praises sing.

# PSALMS.

PORTSMOUTH. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4. DARWELL.



## CXLVIII.

I.—(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.). N. V

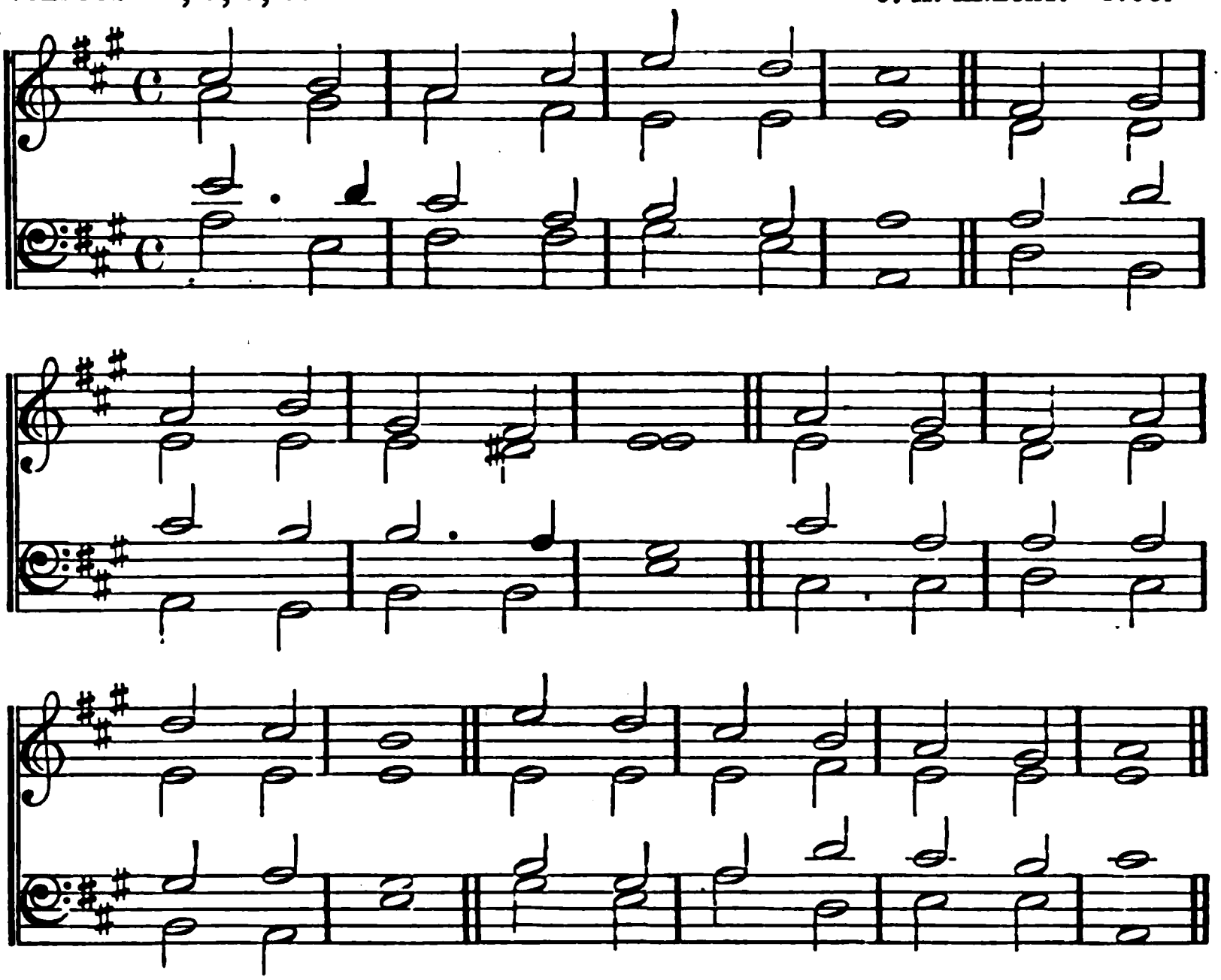
YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

# PSALMS.

VIENNA. 7, 7, 7, 7. J. H. KNECHT. 1793.



## CXLVIII.

### II.

PRAISE the Lord, ye hosts above!
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon! your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.

Earth! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow! His will perform.

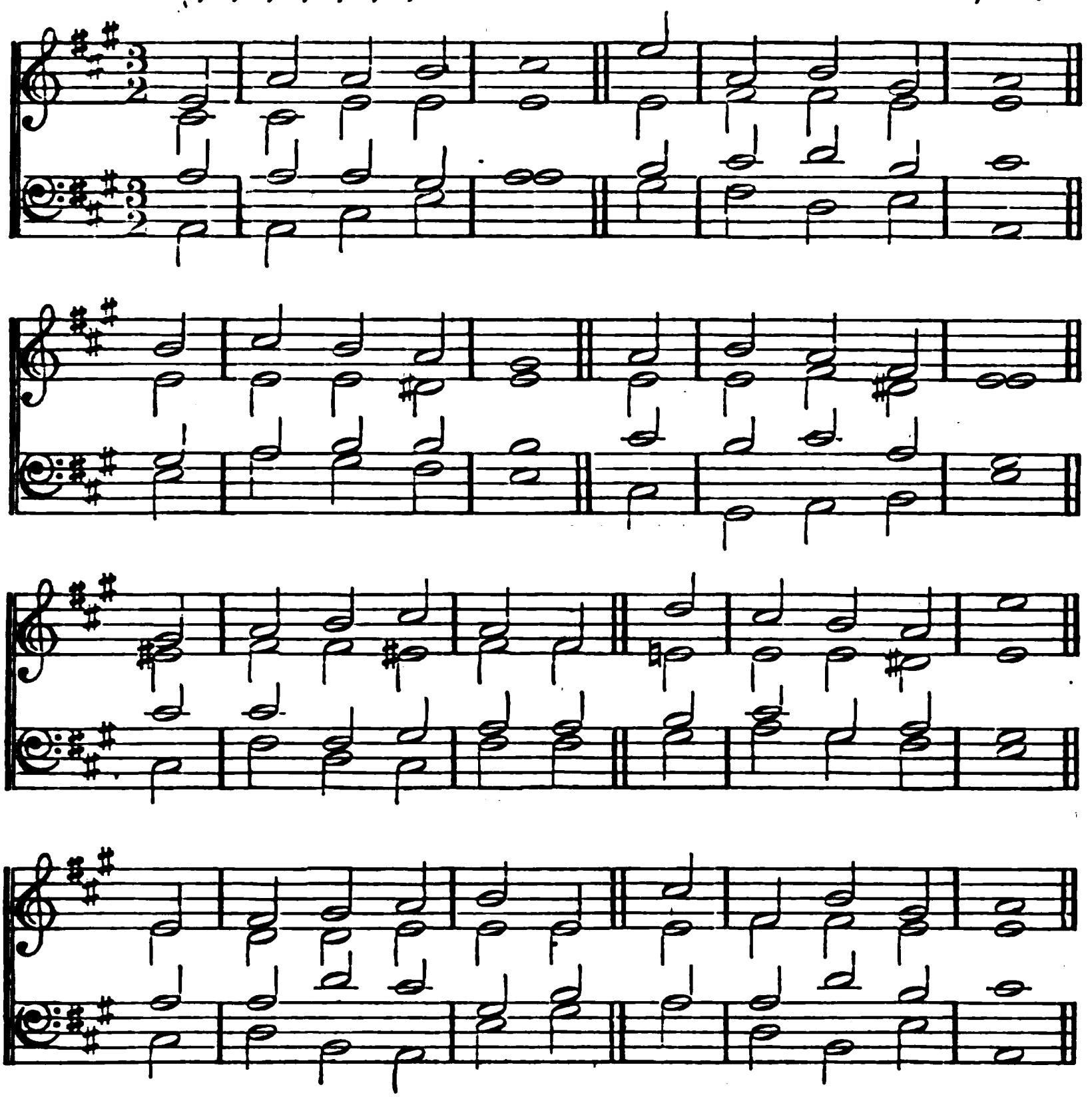
Kings! your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges! own His righteous law;
Princes! worship Him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here!

Let His truth by babes be told,
And His wonders by the old;
Youths and maidens! in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height His throne,
Excellent His Name alone;
Him let all His works confess,
*Him* let every being bless.

# PSALMS.

HANOVER. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. Dr. CROFT. Died, 1727.



## CXLIX.

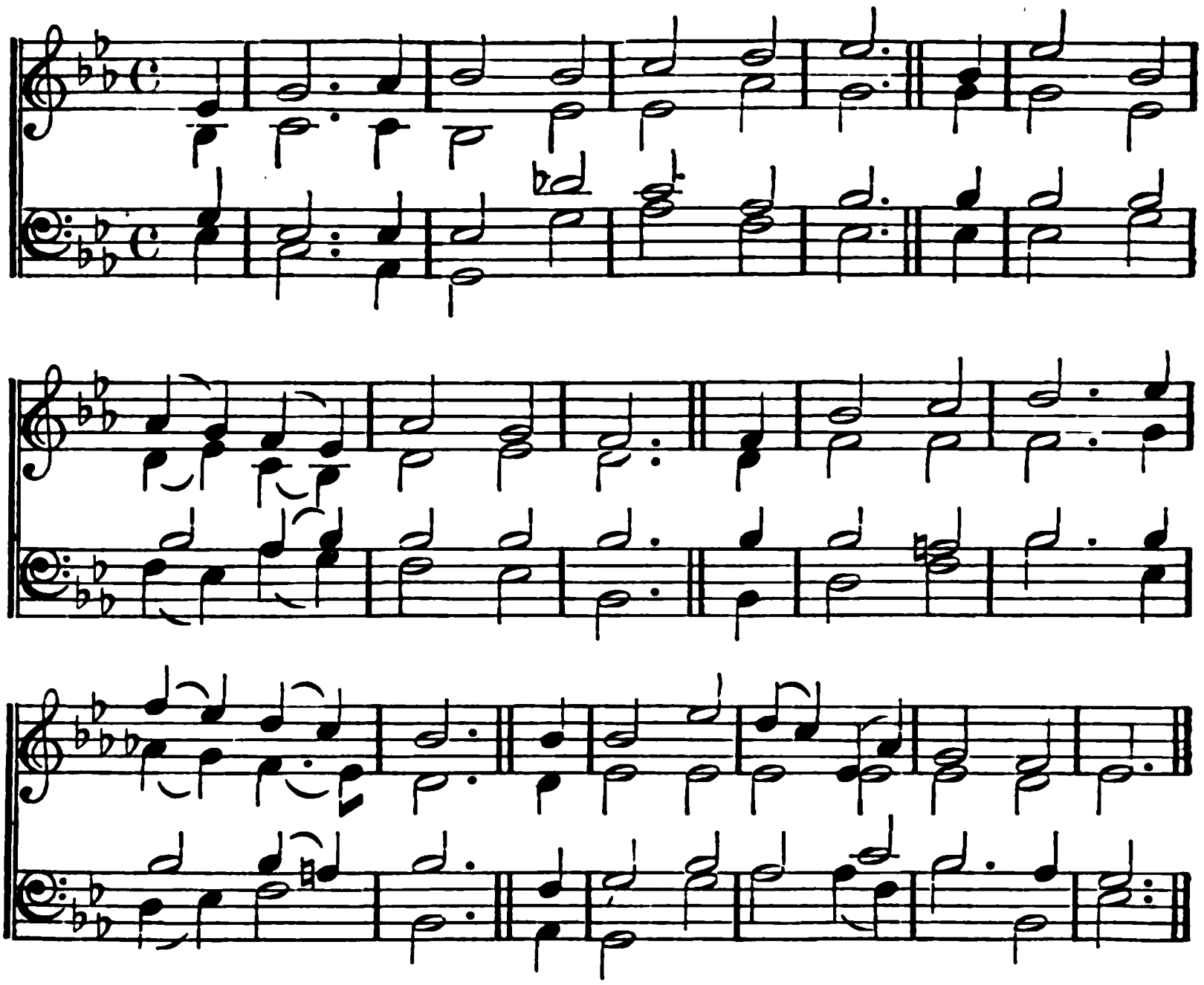
(1, 2, 3, 4.) N. V.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad *in their King.*

Let them His great Name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

# PSALMS.

TRURO. L. M. Dr. BURNEY. Died, 1814.



## CL.

I.—(1, 2. 6.) N. V.

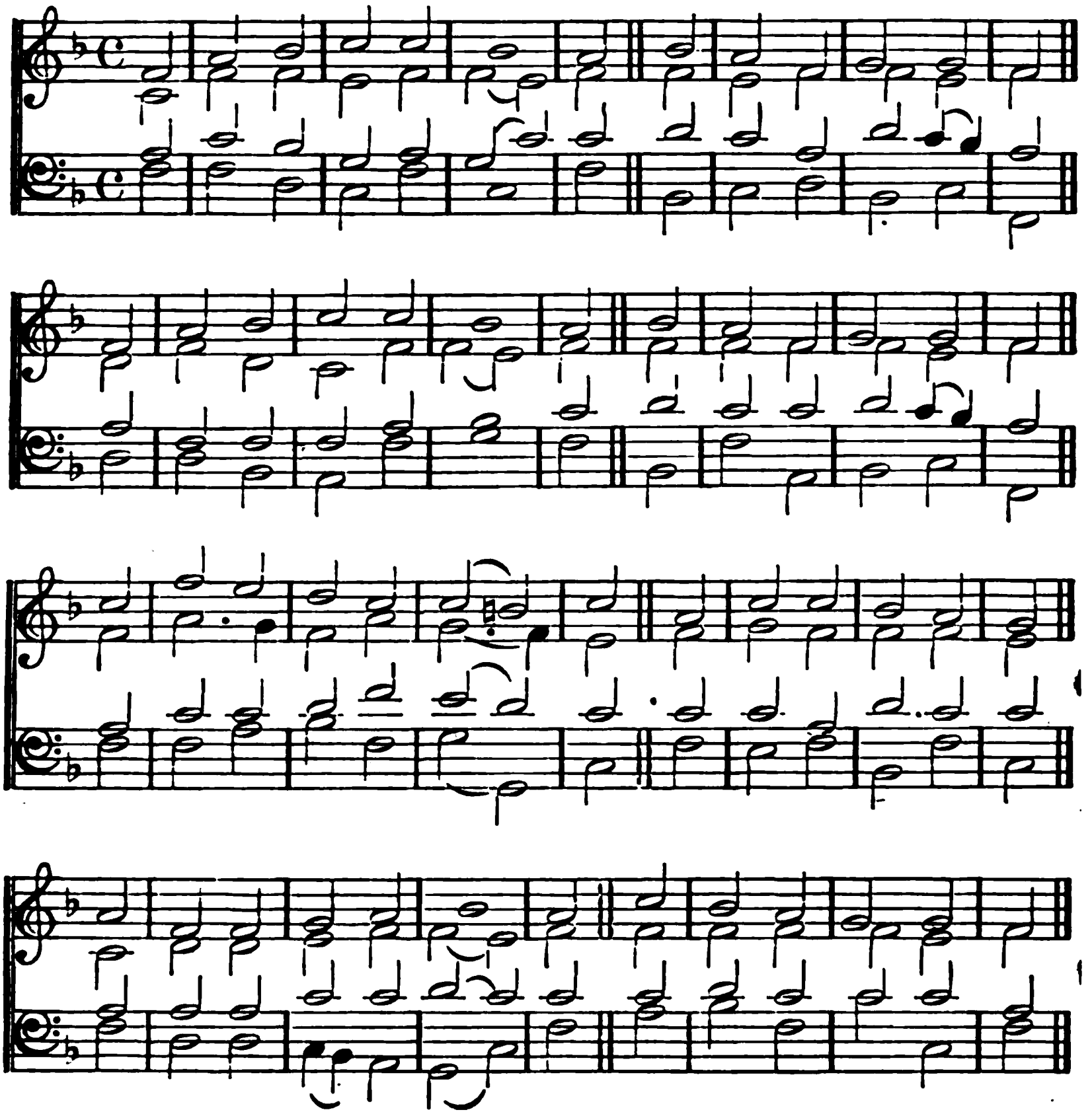
O PRAISE the Lord in that bless'd place,
From whence His goodness largely flows;
Praise Him in heaven, where He His face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done:
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
*In just* returns of praise employ:
*Let ev'ry* creature praise the Lord.

# PSALMS.

**Praise.** 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. From Crüger's 'Praxis Pietatis.' 1649.



## CL.

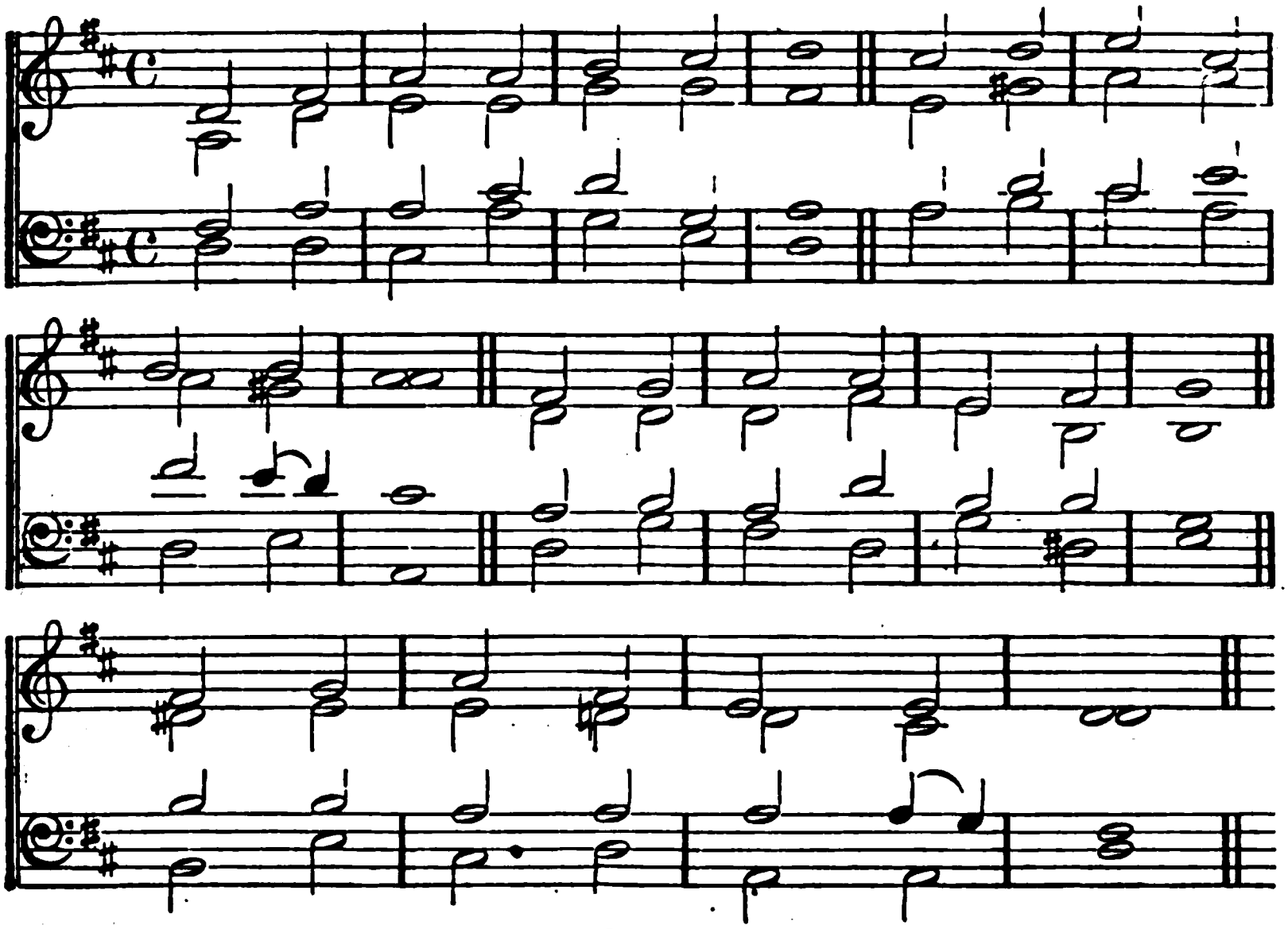
(II.)

COME, praise the Lord, come praise Him,
Within His holy seat;
In all His glories praise Him,
And His great acts repeat.
As He excelleth, praise Him,
With trumpet and with flute;
With harp and psaltery praise Him,
With viol and with lute.

Upon the timbrel praise Him,
In song His praise advance;
Upon the organs praise Him,
And praise Him in the dance.
On tingling cymbals praise Him,
On cymbals loud that sound;
And let all creatures praise Him,
In whom life-breath is found.

# PSALMS.

LUBECK. 7, 7, 7, 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Hymn Book. Halle. 1704.



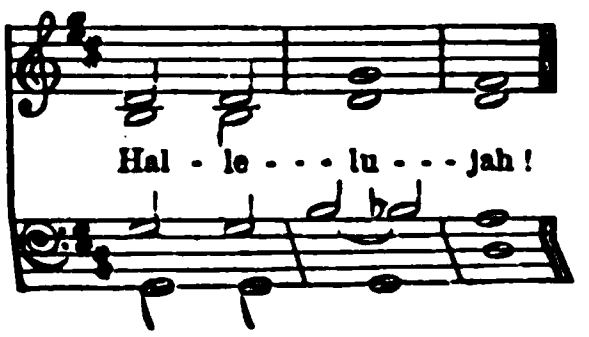
## (III.) CL.

### HALLELUJAH.

PRAISE the Lord enthroned on high;
Praise Him in His sanctity;
Praise Him for His mighty deeds;
Praise Him who in power exceeds;

Praise with trumpets, pierce the skies;
Praise with harps and psalteries;
Praise with timbrels, organs, flutes;
Praise with viols and with lutes;

Praise with silver cymbals sing;
Praise on those which loudly ring.
Angels, all of human birth,
Praise the Lord of heaven and earth.



# Hymns for Public Worship:

WITH

# APPROPRIATE TUNES.

# ARRANGEMENT OF THE HYMNS

ACCORDING TO

## PARTICULAR SEASONS AND OCCASIONS.


| | NOS. |
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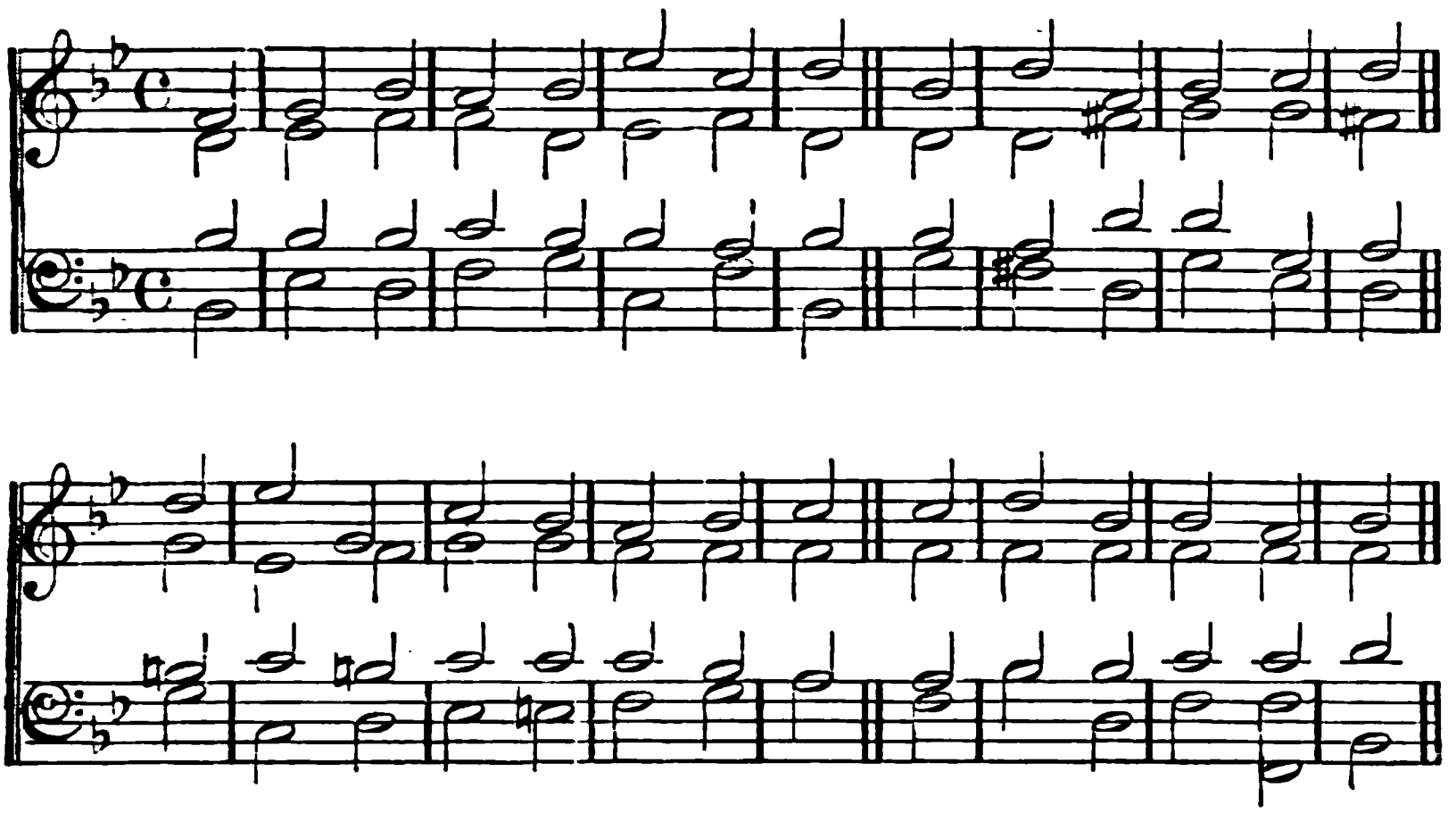
NOTE.—*Many of the Hymns here assigned to particular seasons or occasions may also be used appropriately at other times.*

# ADVENT.

CLOISTERS. C. M.

JAMES TURLE, 1862.
Composed for this Work.



## 1.

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

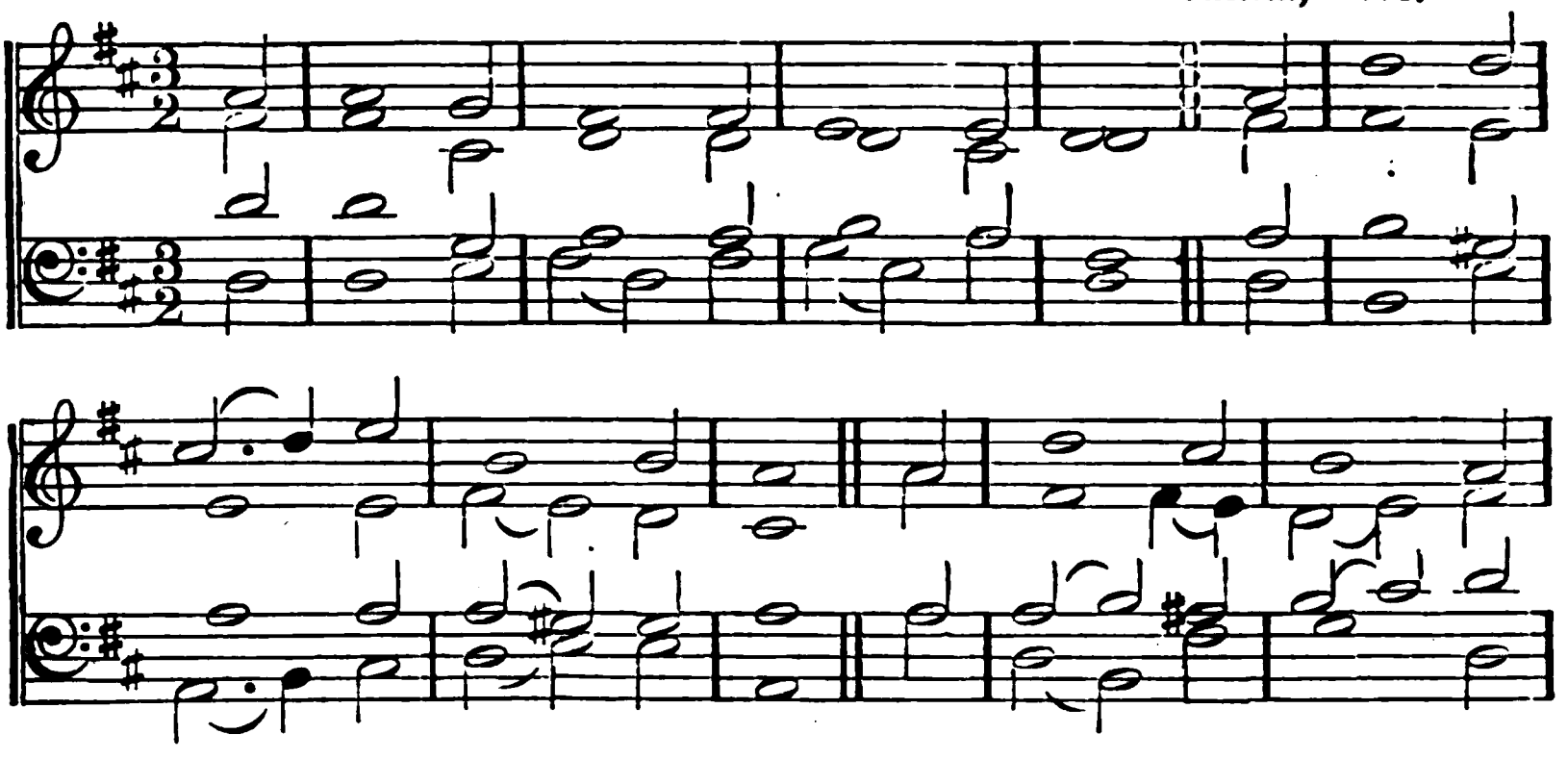
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

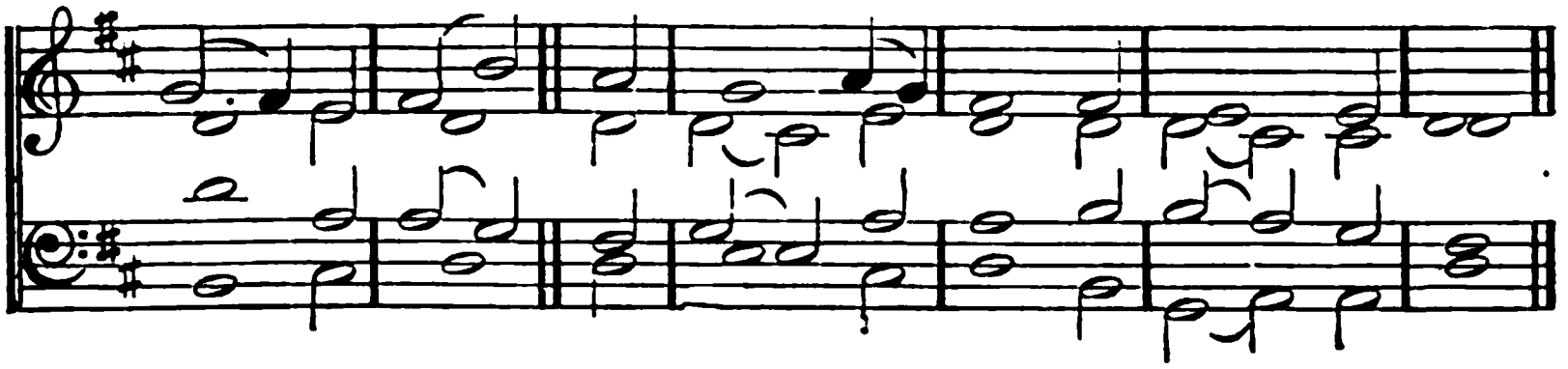
Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
*With Thy beloved* Name.

# ADVENT.

EMMANUEL.—(*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*) L. M.

BRAUN'S 'Echo Hymnodiæ Cœlestis,' 1675.





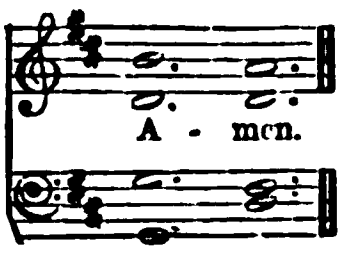
## 2.

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God! in glory crown'd,
The Judge ordain'd of quick and dead;
O Son of Man! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed;

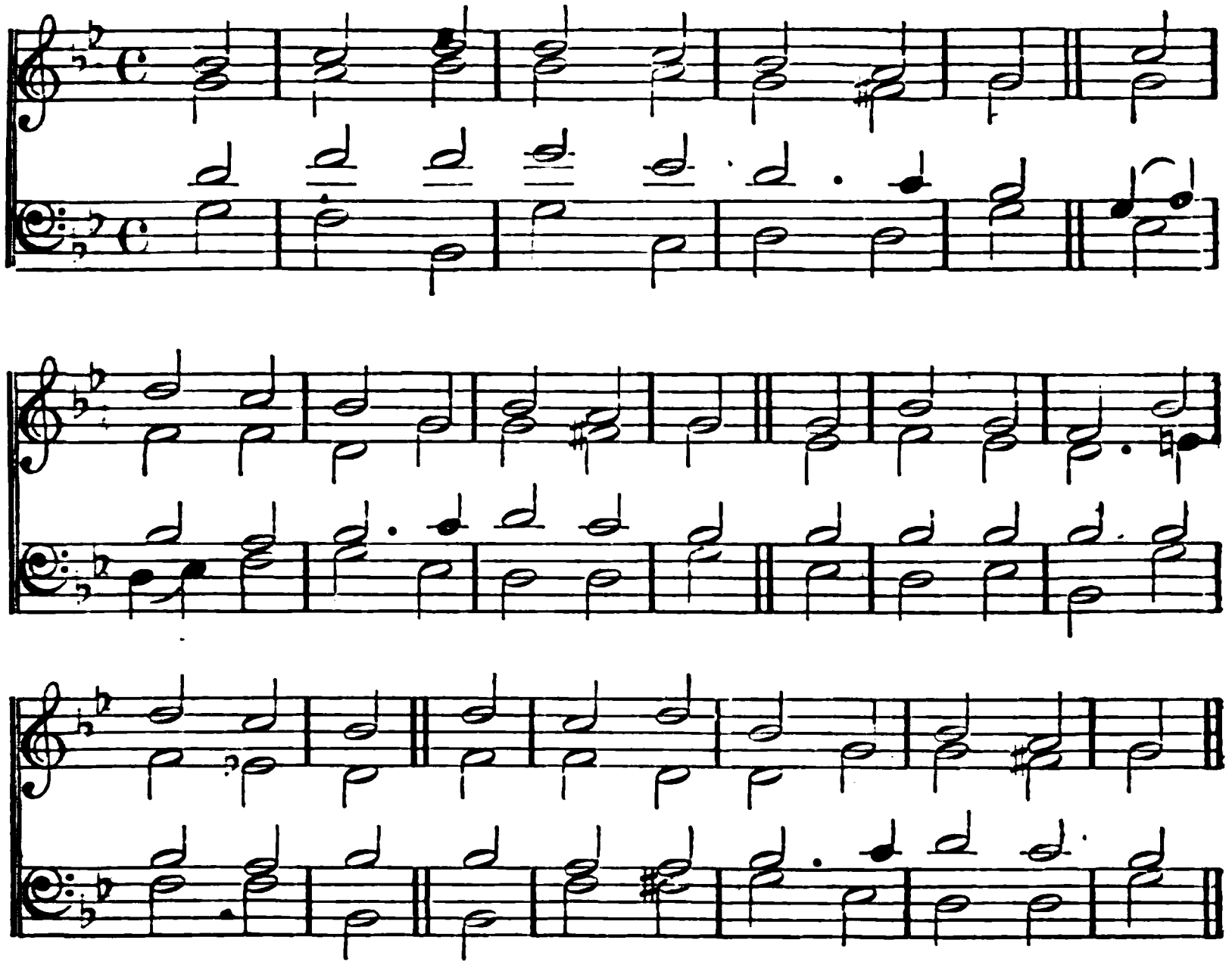
Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
*In that* great Day of Judgment save.



# ADVENT.

OLMÜTZ.—(*Vexilla Regis.*) L. M.

LEISENTRITT'S 'Spiritual Songs,'
Olmütz. 1573.

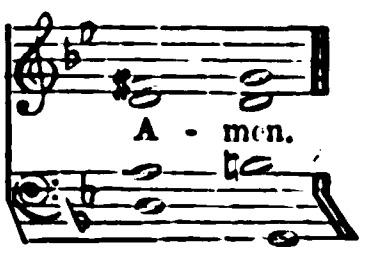


3.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall we meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

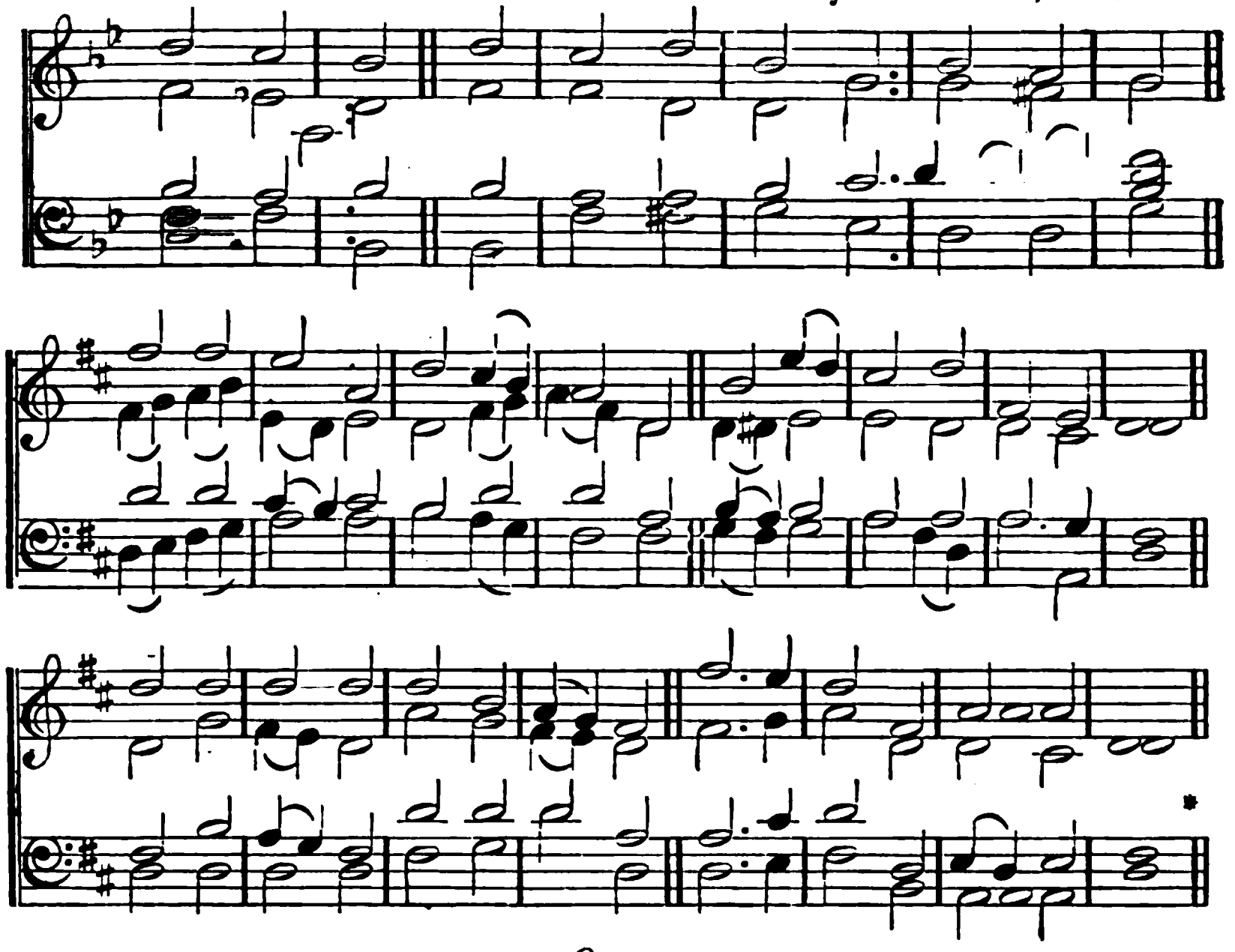
Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though *heaven* and earth shall pass away.



# ADVENT.

**St. Peter's, Westminster.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

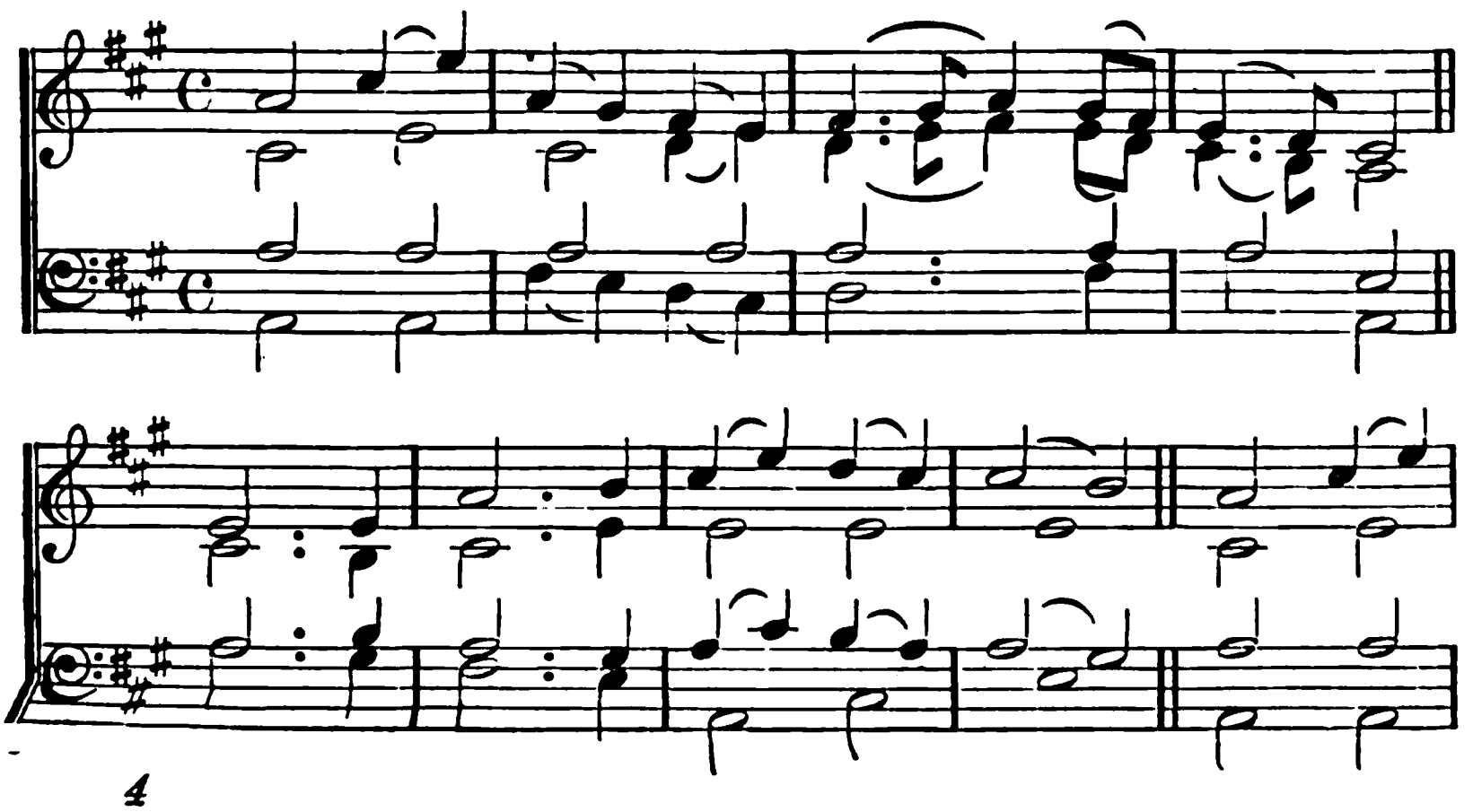
Composed expressly for this Work
by James Turle, 1862.



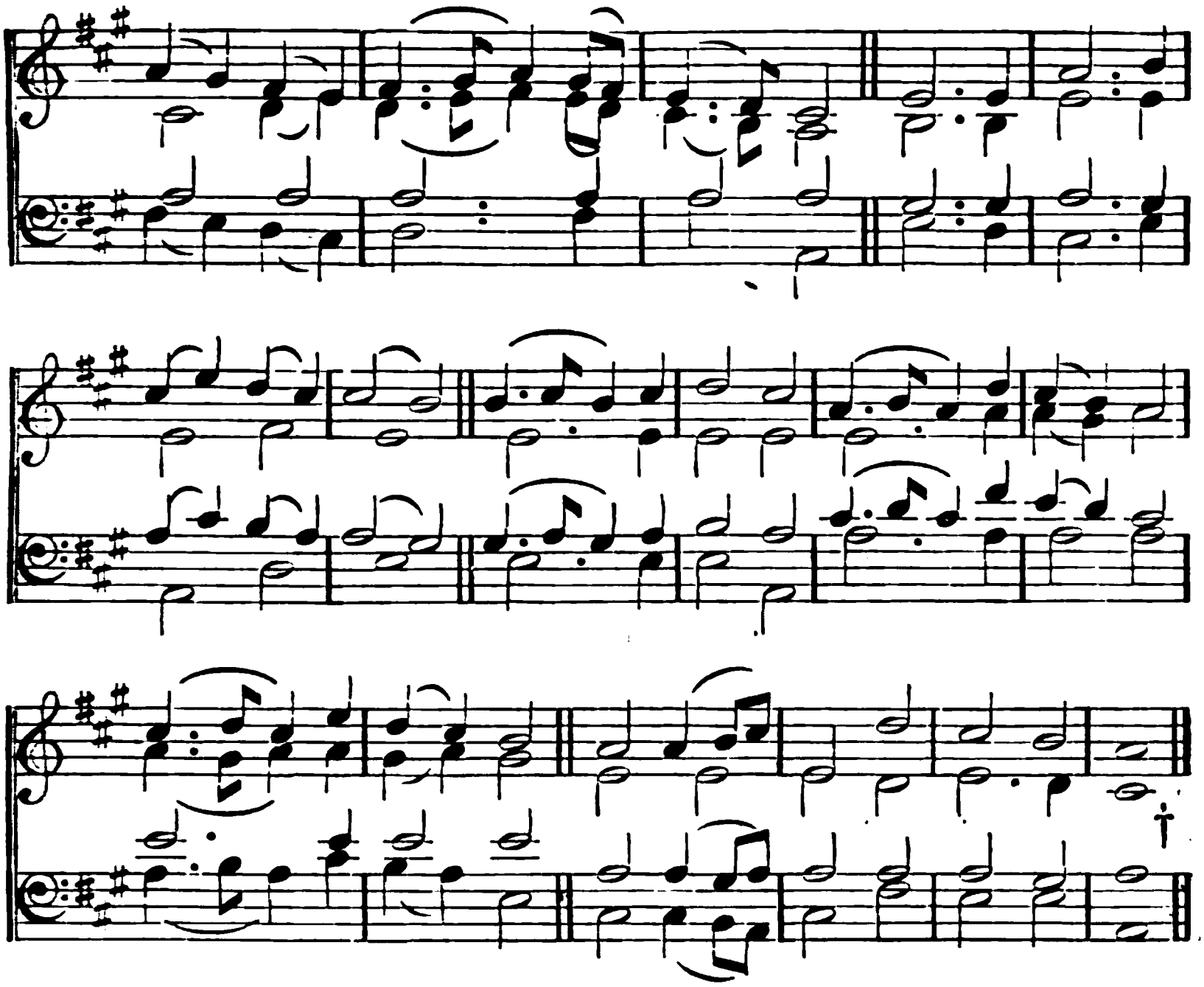
*Or,*

**Helmsley.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Lock Collection.
Rev. M. Madan. Died, 1790.



# ADVENT.



4.

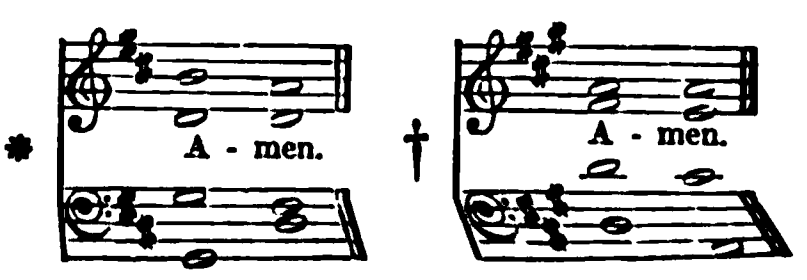
LO! He comes! with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
*Come to judgment! come away.*

Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

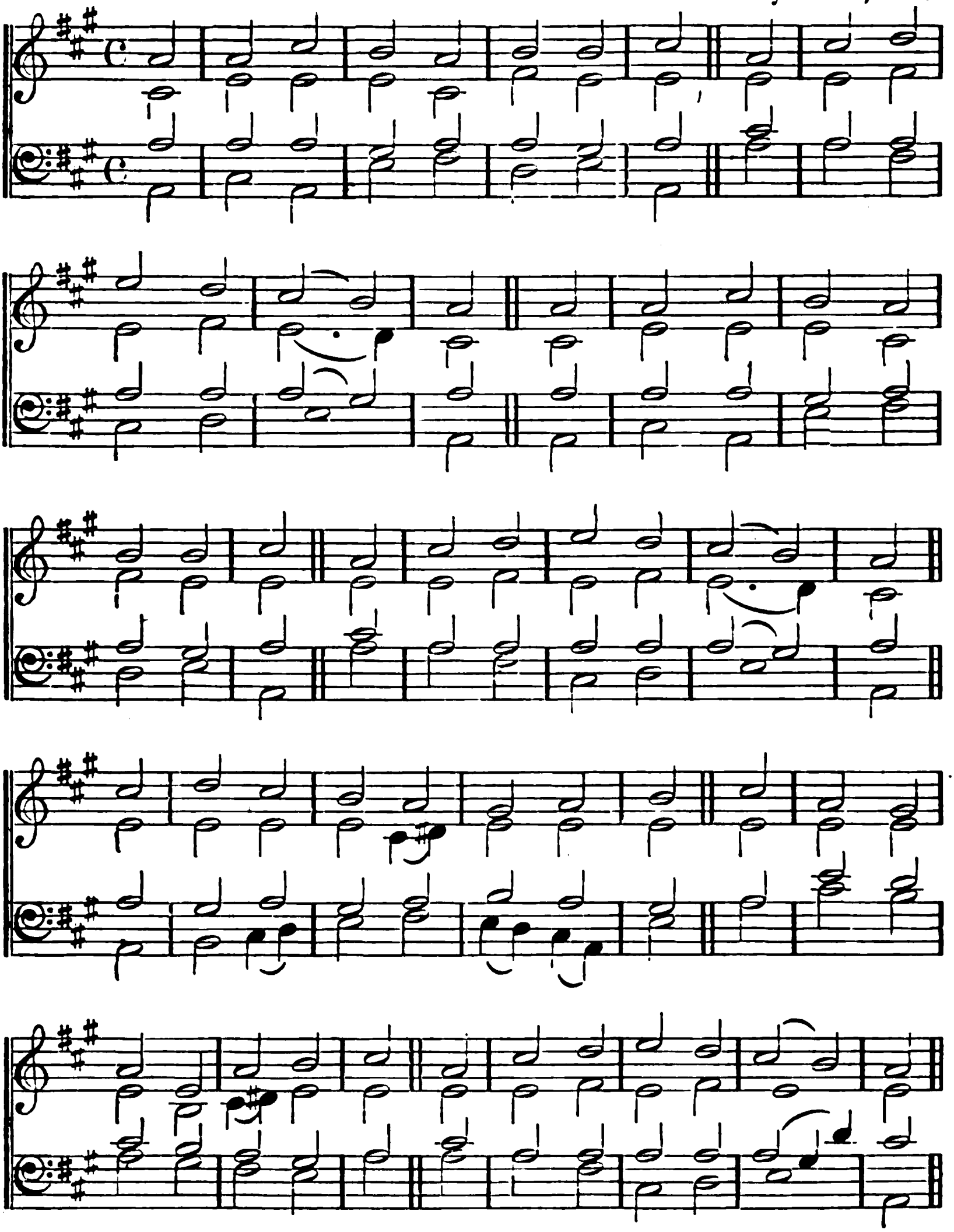
Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!



# ADVENT.

'LUTHER'S HYMN' (*so called*).—8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Melody in
KLUGE'S Hymn Book, 1535.*



* *Some years later adapted by* Luther to a hymn of rejoicing, by the first line of which, "Nun freut euch, *lieben Christen, g'mein,*" the tune is named in the German Hymnals.

# ADVENT.

## 5.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

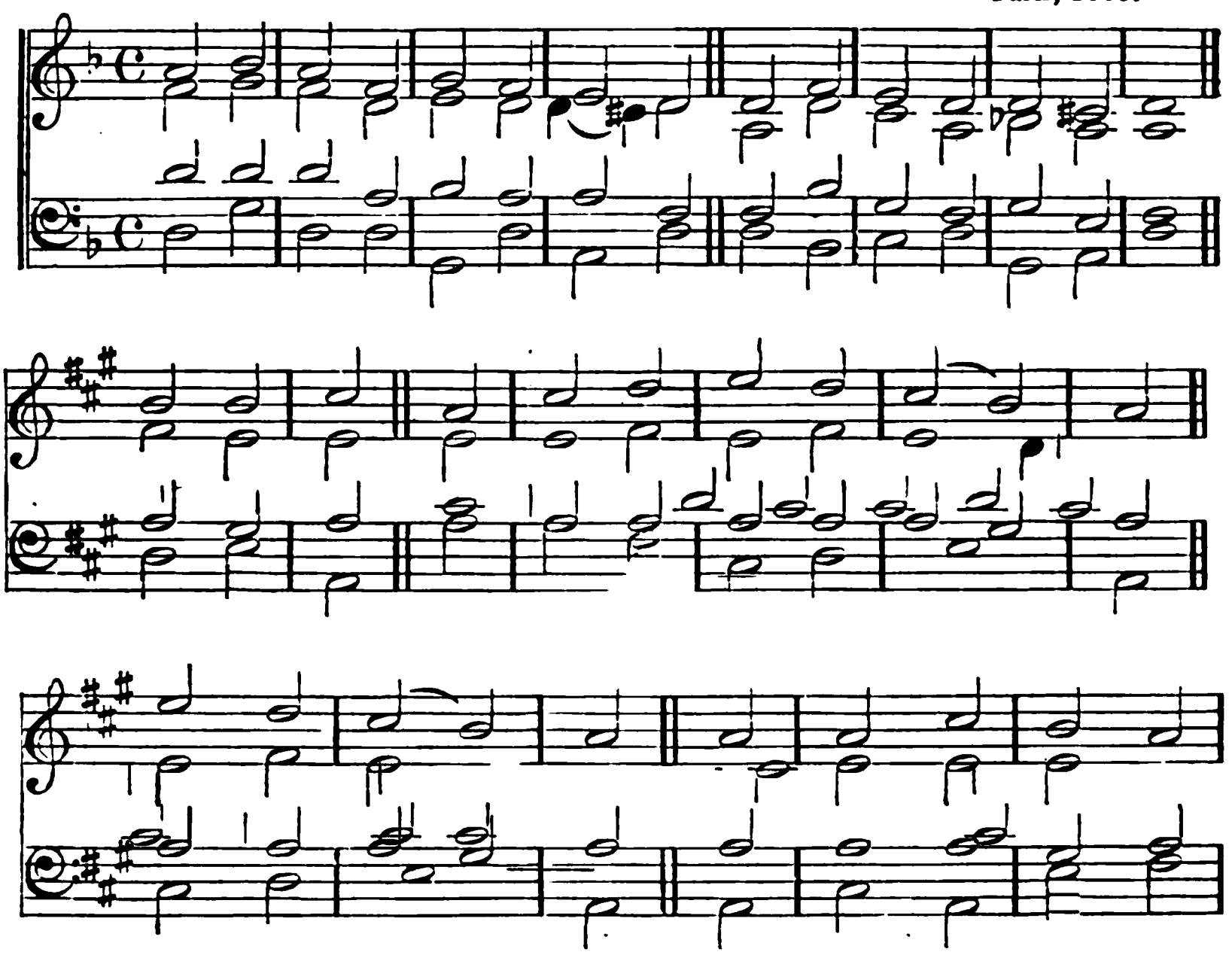
But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

# ADVENT.

GOUDIMEL's 146th PSALM.—8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

The French Psalter.
Paris, 1565.



## 6.

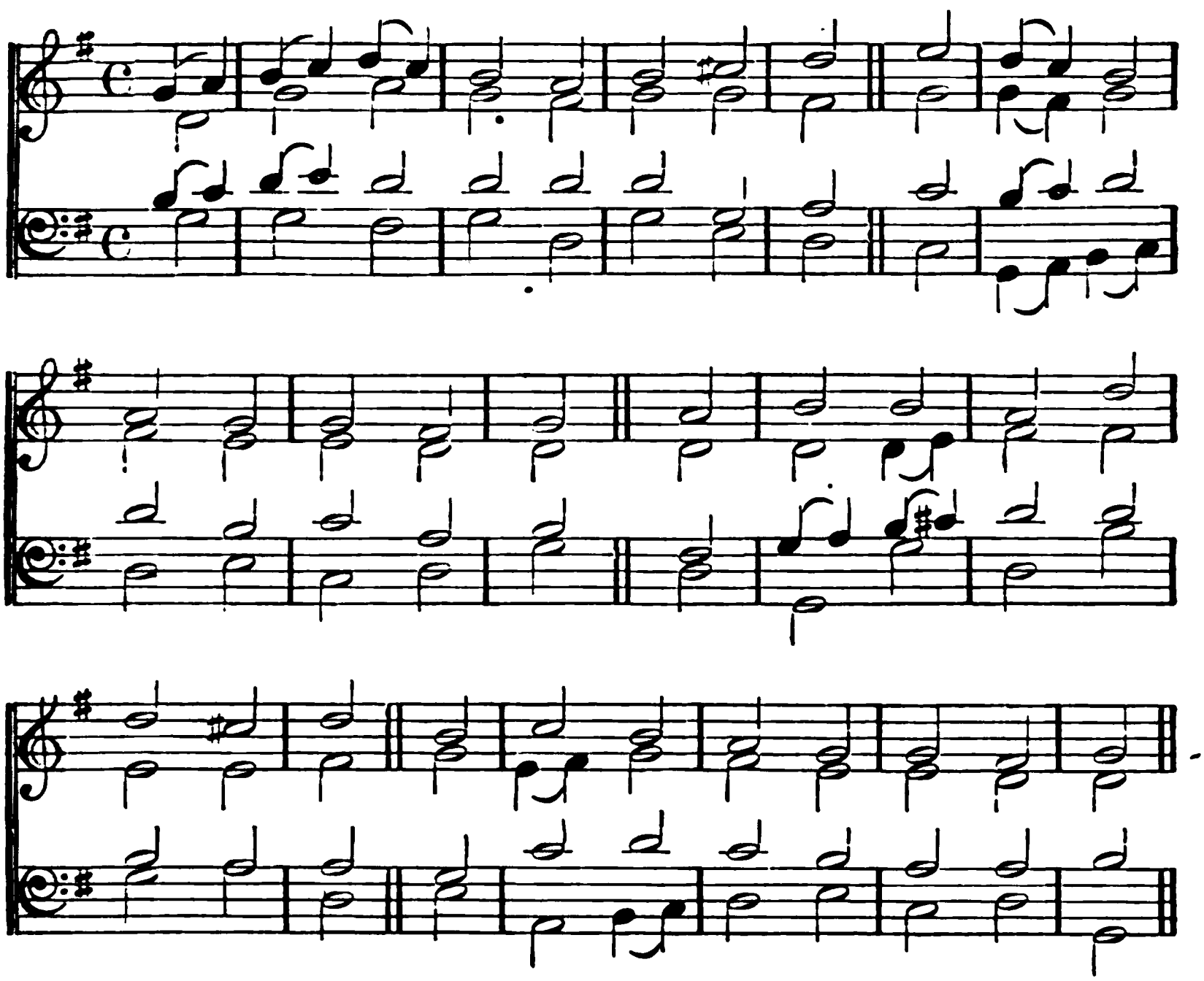
DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
You who long for His appearing
Then shall in His glory shine.
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for Thine!

Then to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

# ADVENT.

GOTHA. L. M. Cantional of Gotha. 1651.



## 7.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

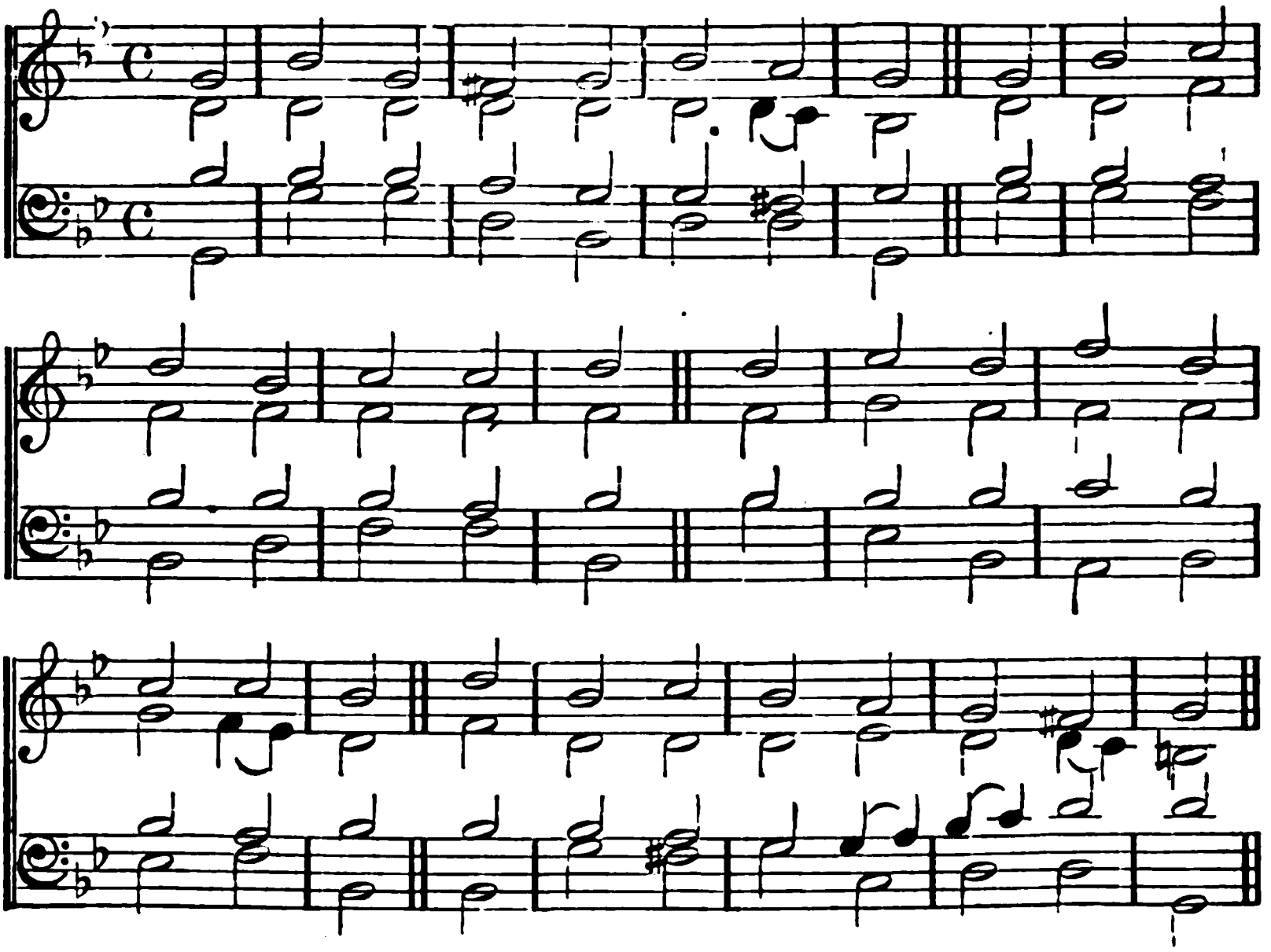
The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come!

# ADVENT.

**WARTBURG.**—(*Serva nos, Domine!*) L. M.* **LUTHER. Died, 1546.**



8.

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled,
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, JESUS, come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

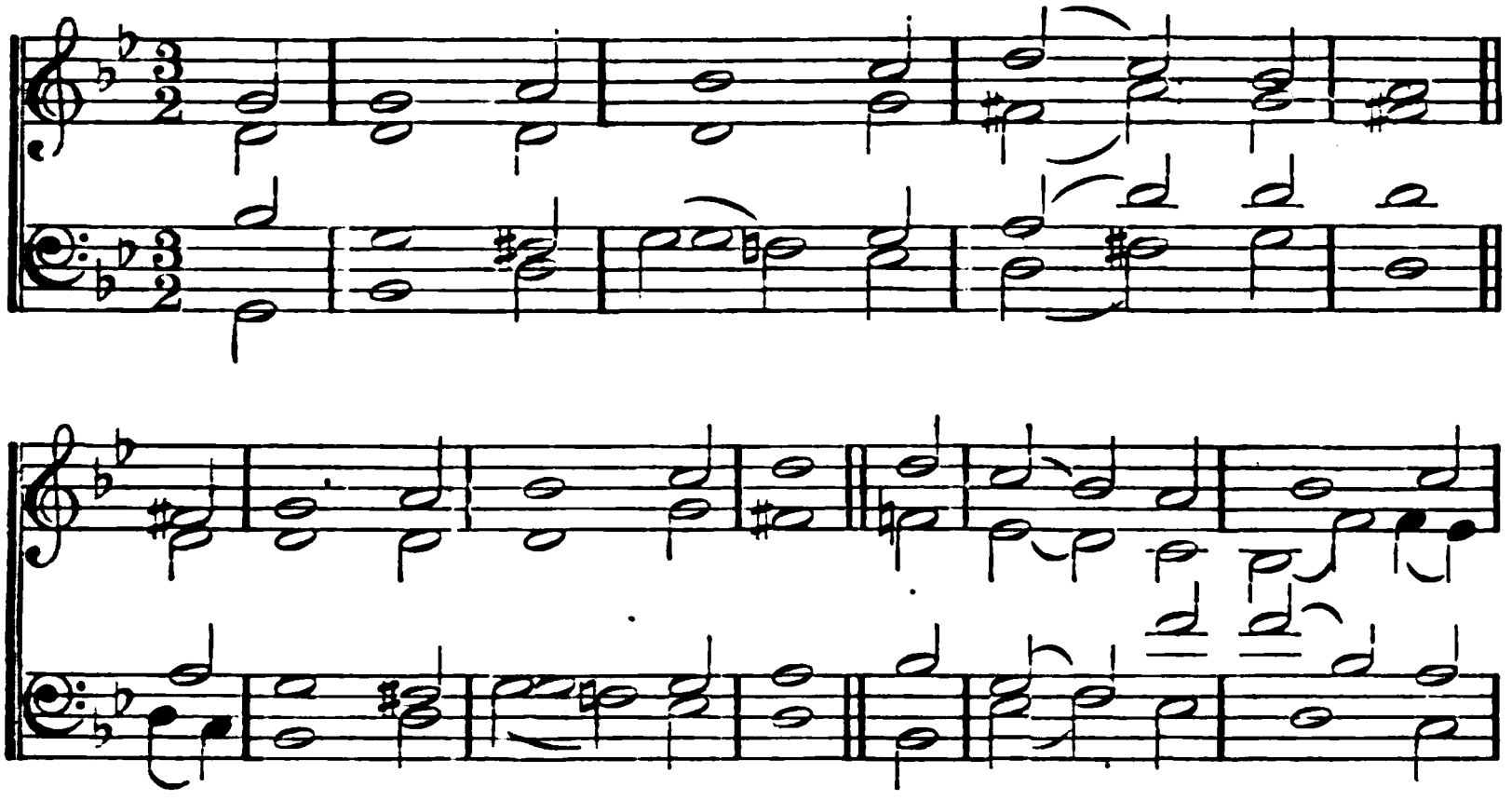
Come, JESUS, come; and, as of yore,
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;

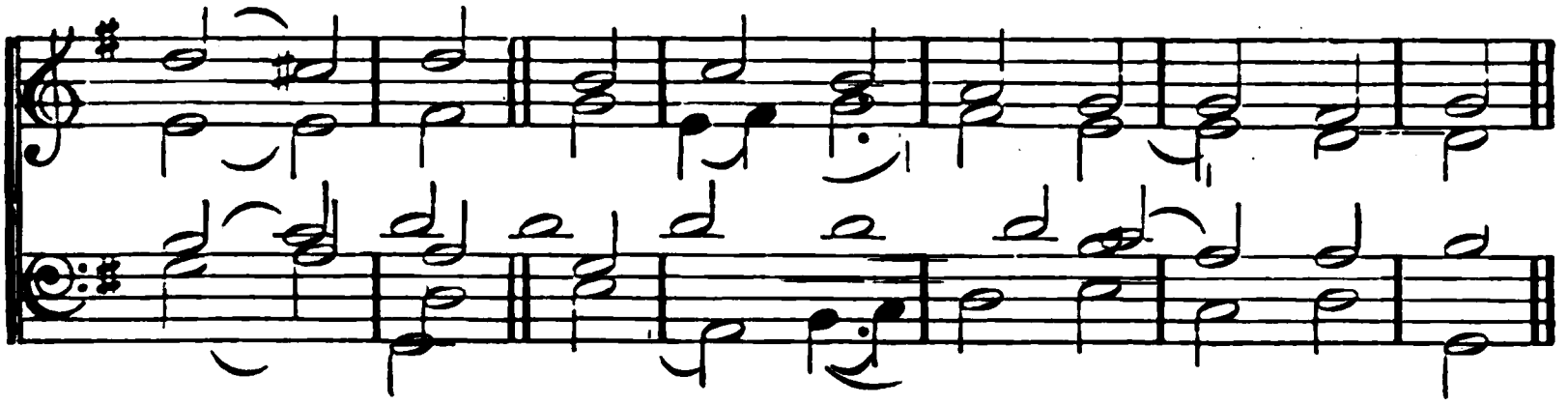
So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there.

* *Tune of the "Prayer by Robert Wisdome," in the English Psalter, 1563.*

# ADVENT.

BURFORD. C. M. HENRY PURCELL. Died, 1695.





9.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

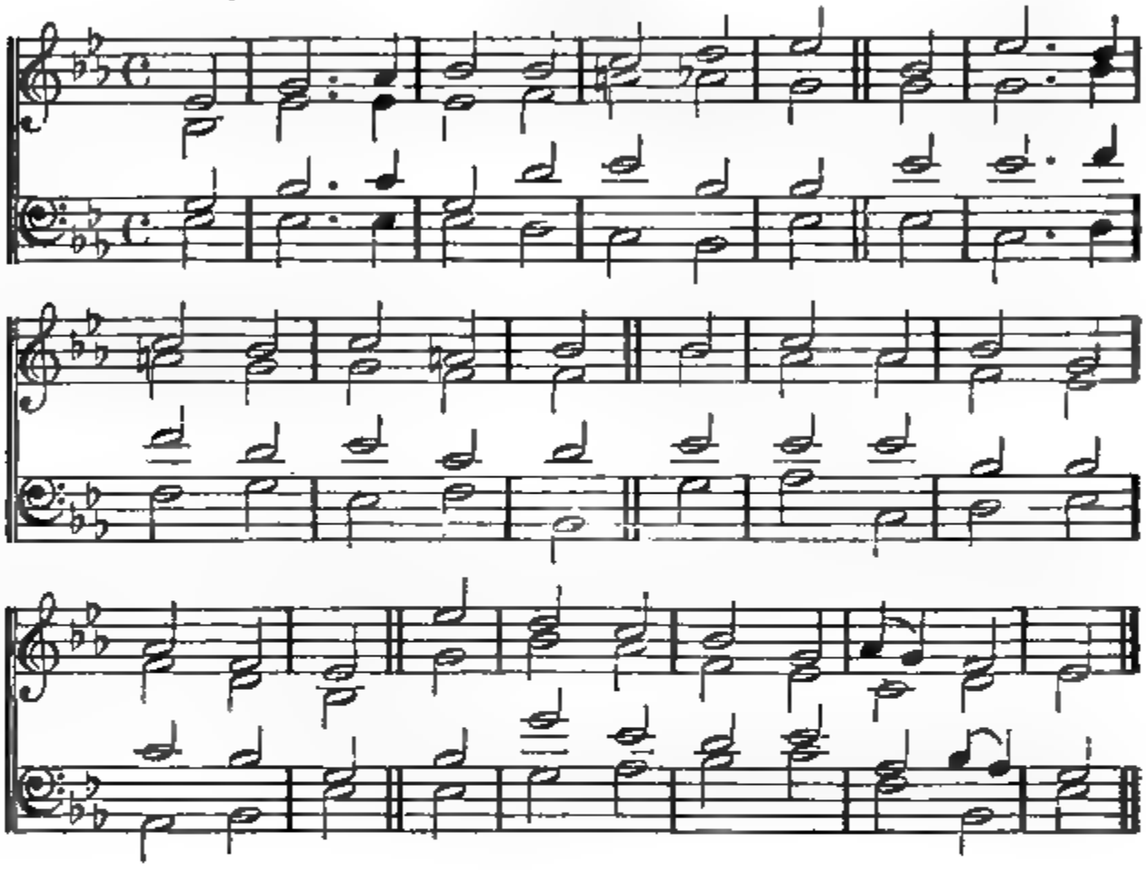
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground,

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

## ADVENT.

ANDERNACH.—(*Rex gloriose Martyrum!*) L. M. Brotherhood of St. Cecilia. 1608.*



### 10.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing.

O Saviour! with protecting care
Return to this Thy House of Prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.

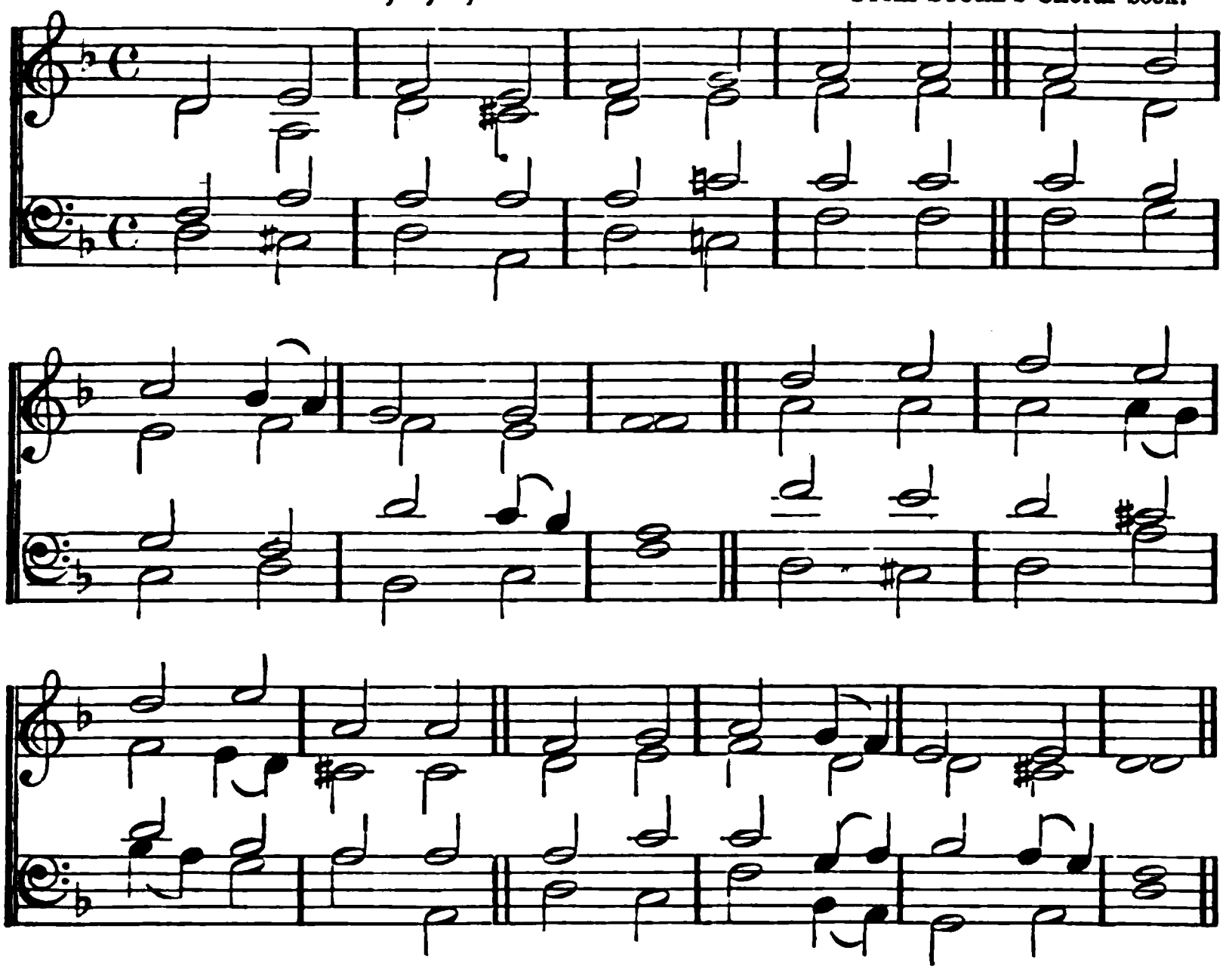
But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
*Shall* swell the sound of praise again.

* *From their 'Spiritual Songs,' printed at Andernach.*

# ADVENT.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. 8, 7, 8, 7. From STÖRL's Choral-book.



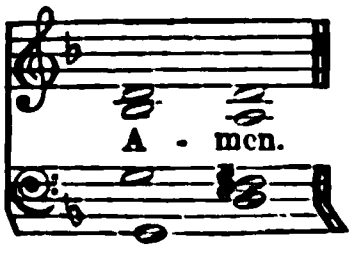
## 11.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

Thou, of life and light Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

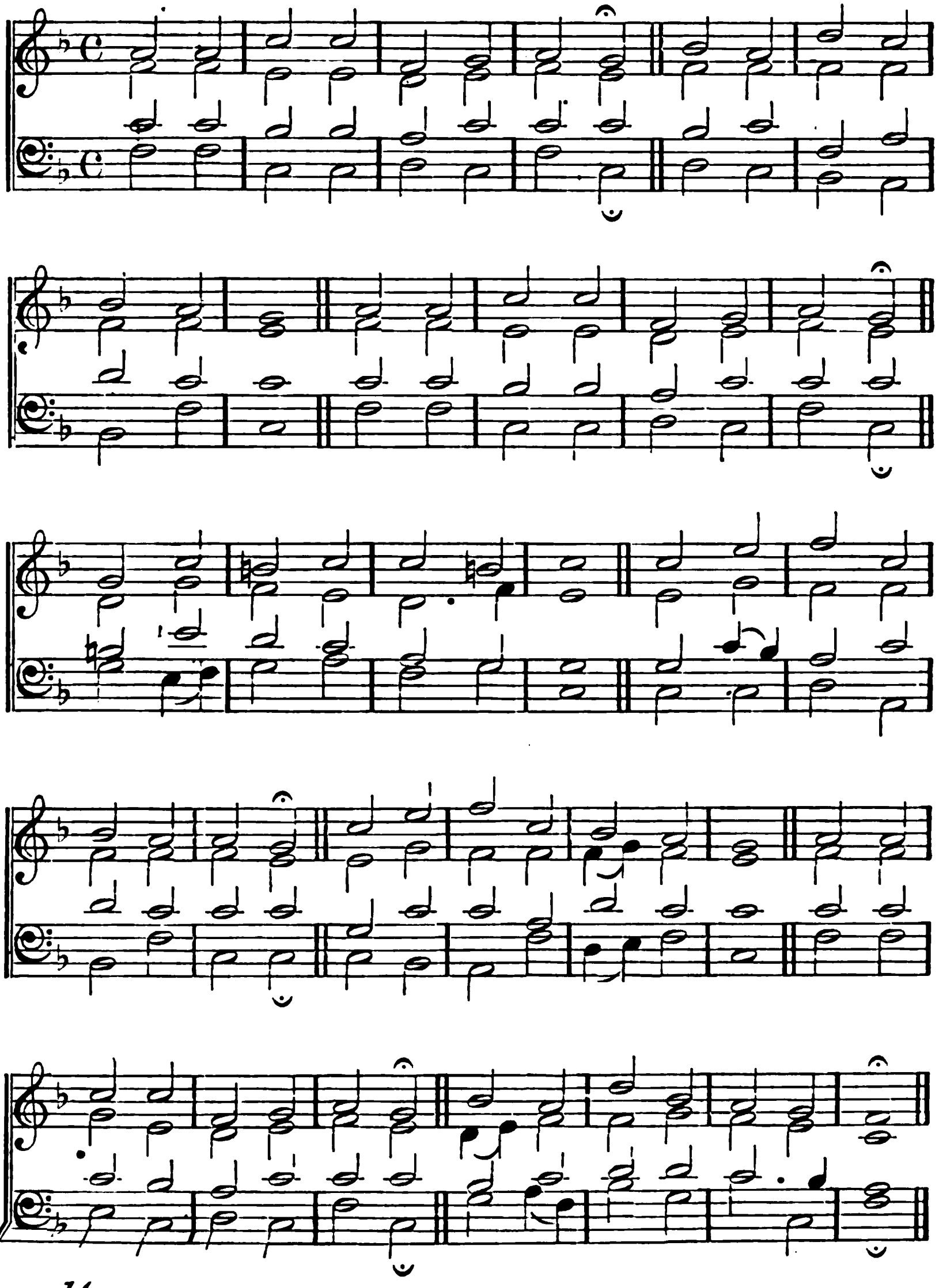
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burden'd soul release;
By the shining of Thy Spirit
*Guide unto* Thy perfect peace.



# ADVENT.

ST. HILARY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

GANTHER.
From KOCHER's 'Zion's Harfe.'

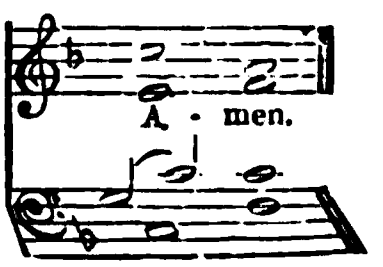


## 12.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
JESU! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every waiting heart.

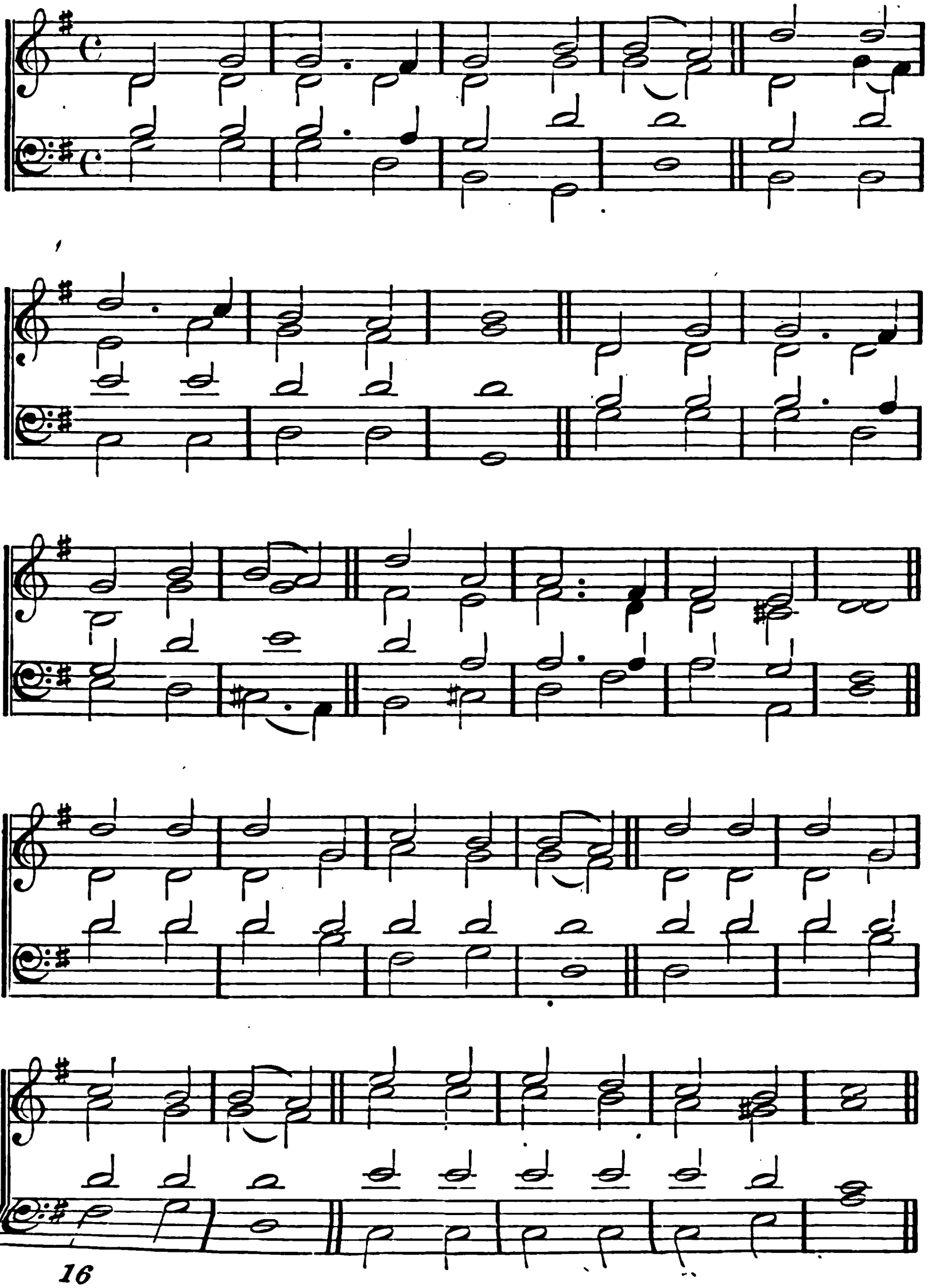
Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee would we be ever blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation!
Pure and spotless may we be:
Let us see Thy great salvation;
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

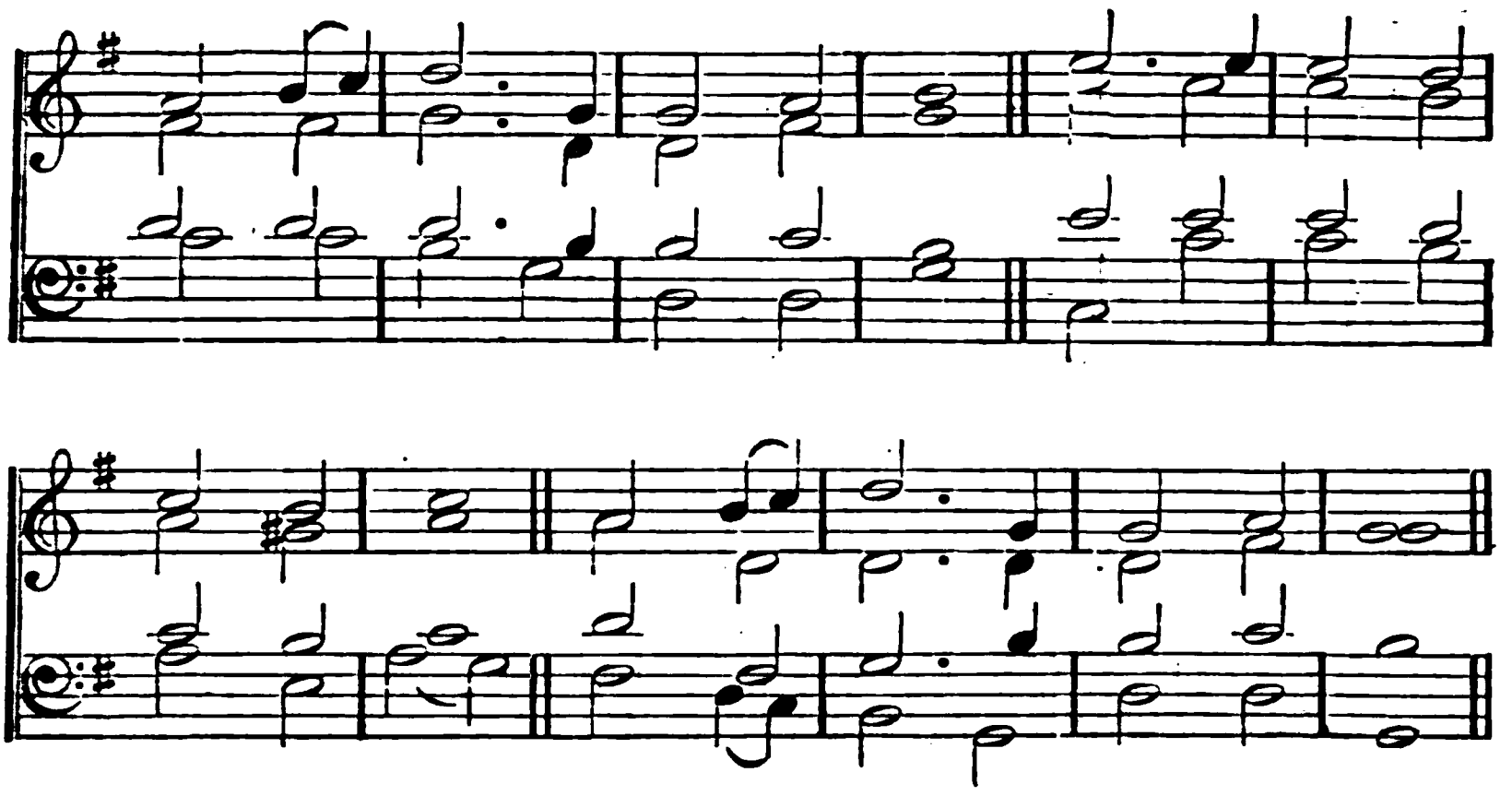


# CHRISTMAS.

BETHLEHEM EPHRATAH. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. MENDELSSOHN. Died, 1846.



## CHRISTMAS.



13.

HARK! the herald Angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim—
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

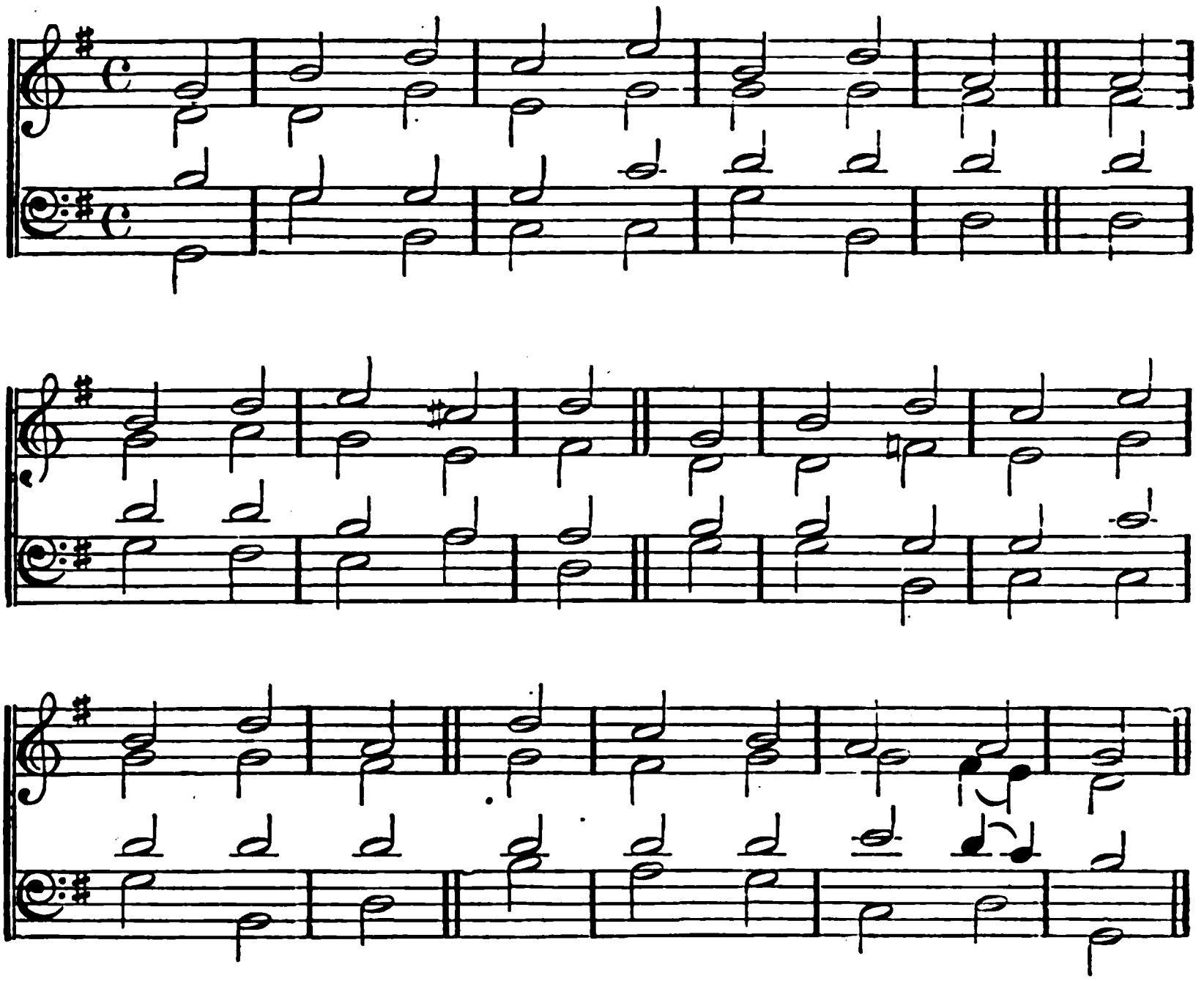
Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
JESUS our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

# CHRISTMAS.

YORK. C. M.

Tune called "The Stilt."
From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.



## 14.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
*And this shall be the sign:*

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

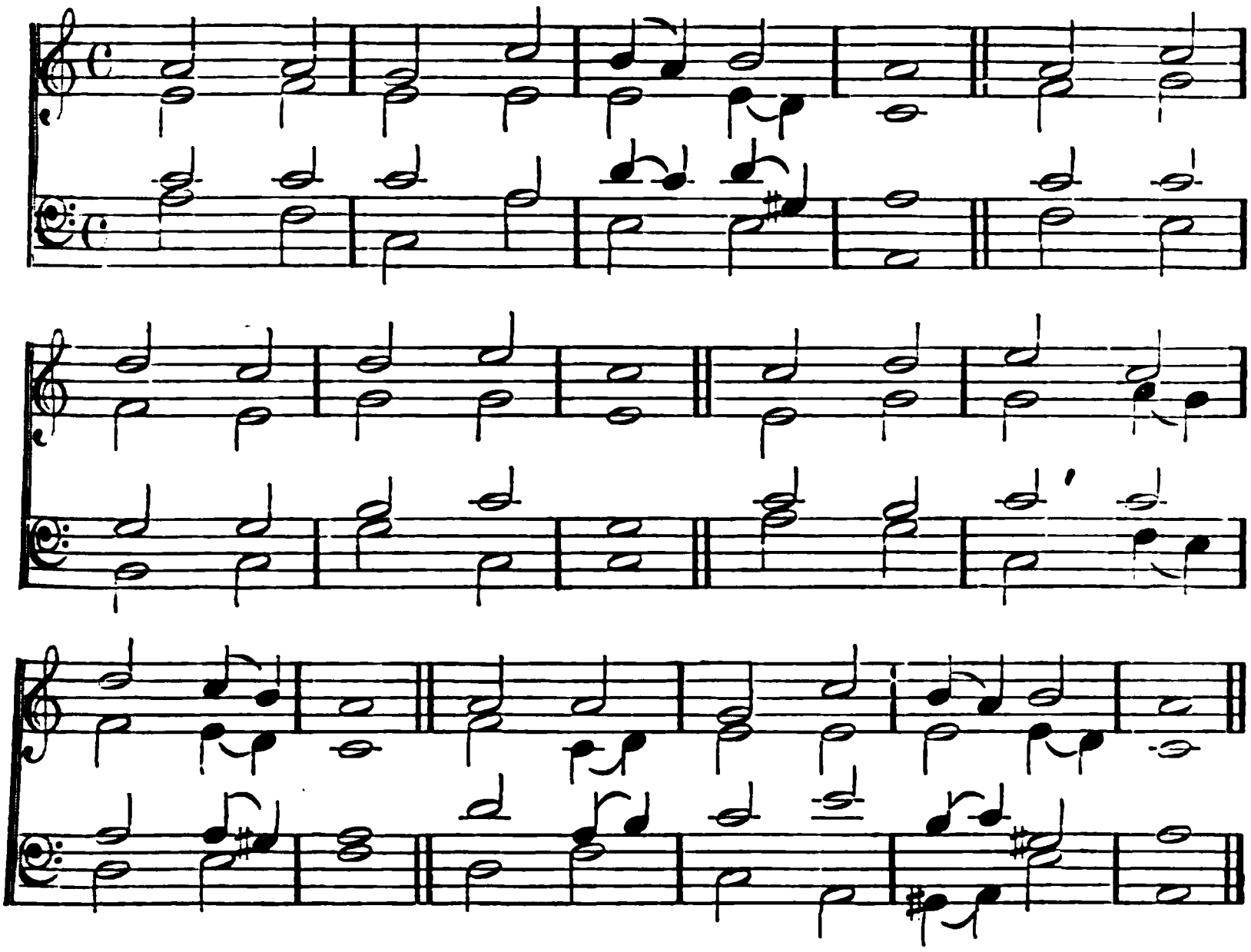
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

# CHRISTMAS.

HOSANNA. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Ascribed to ST. AMBROSE.
About 360.



## 15.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

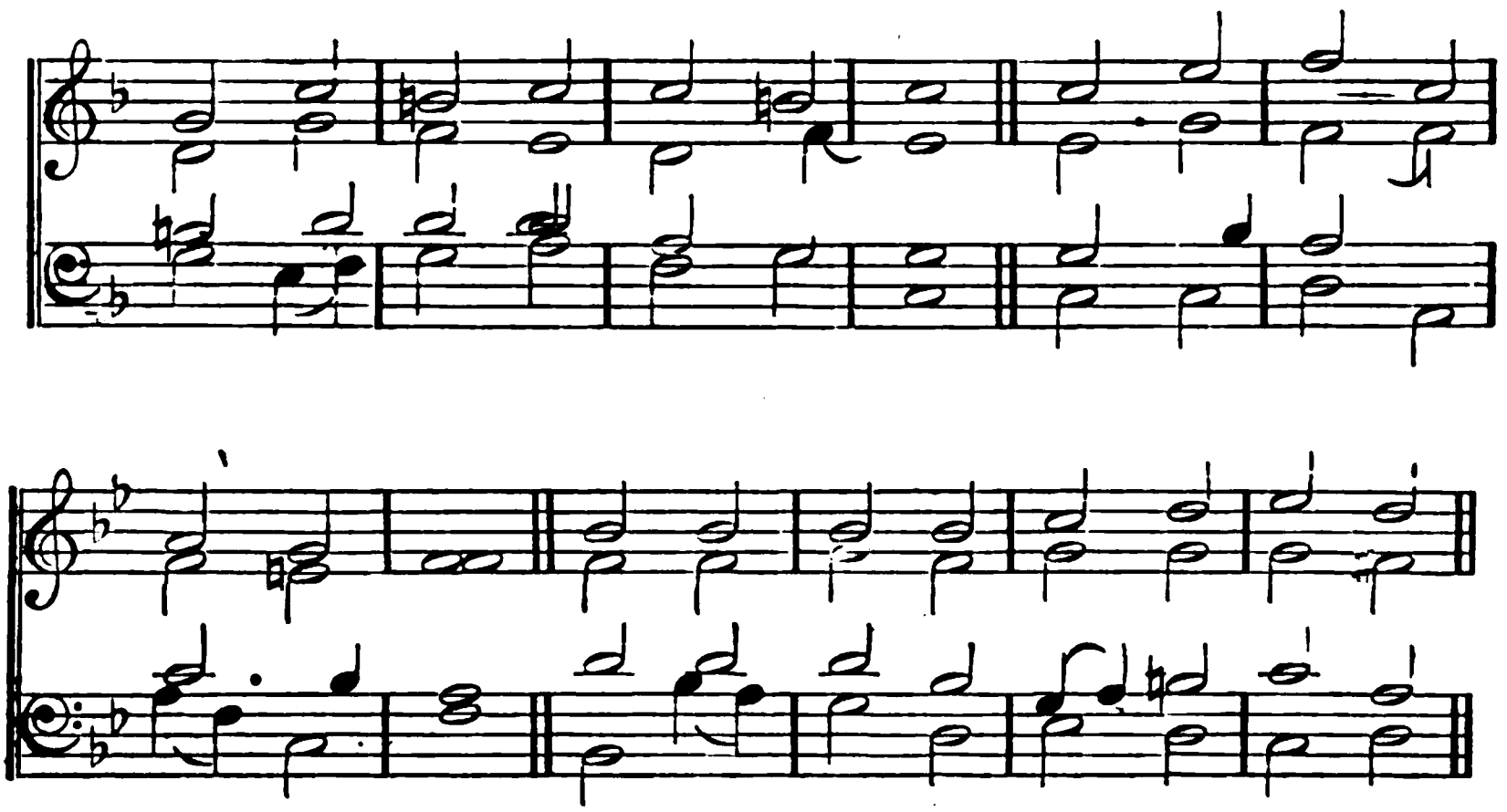
On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

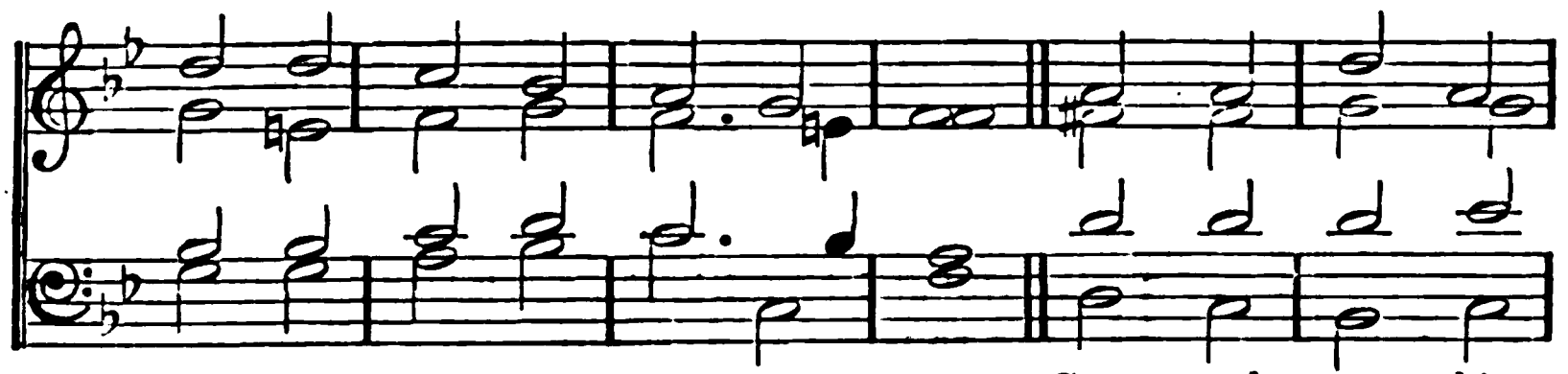
Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings and Prince of peace.

Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

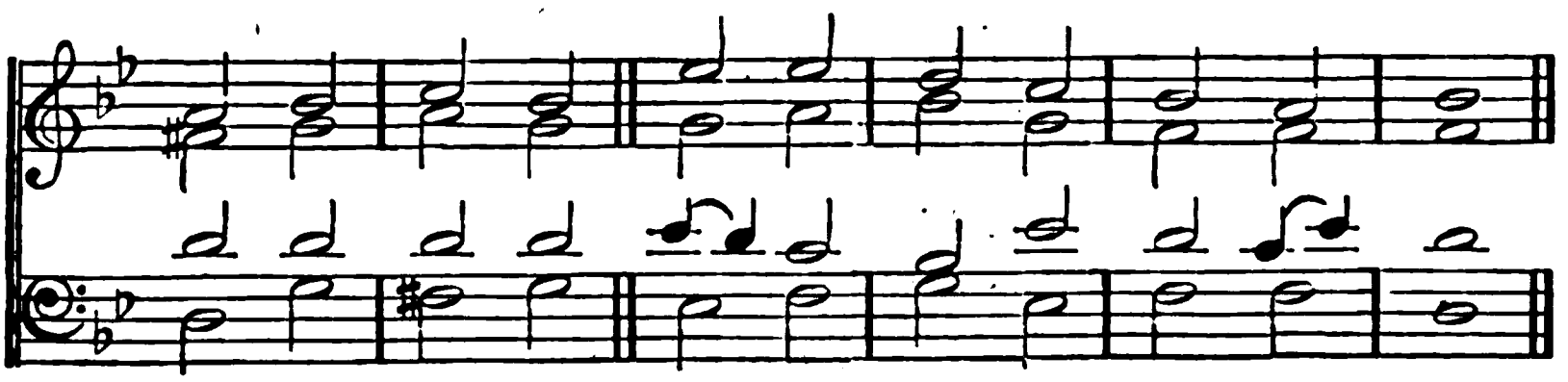
# CHRISTMAS.

PANGE LINGUA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. Adaptation of an Ancient Church Tune.





Come, and wor - ship;



Come, and wor - ship;

# CHRISTMAS.

## 16.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
You who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

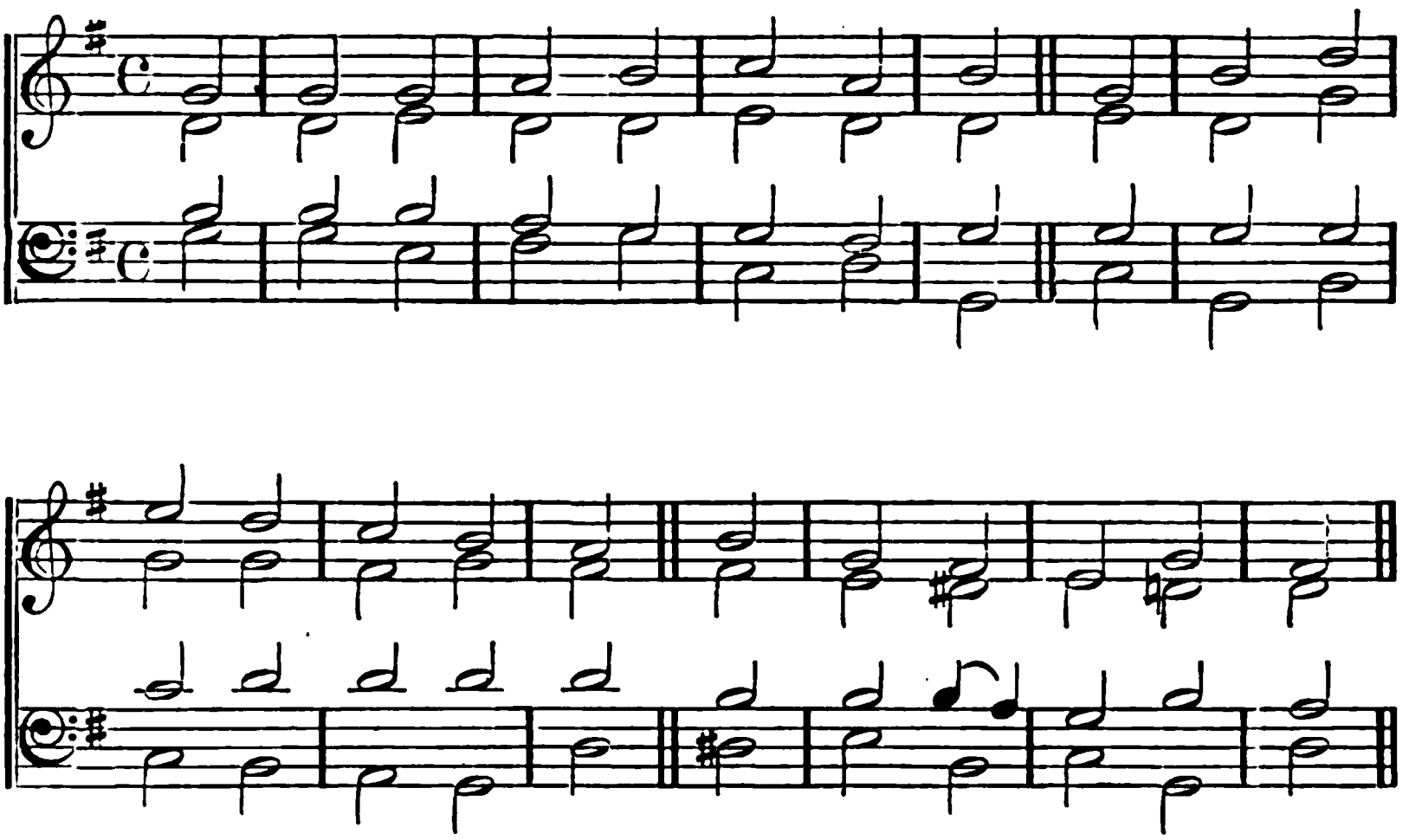
Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night!
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light.
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

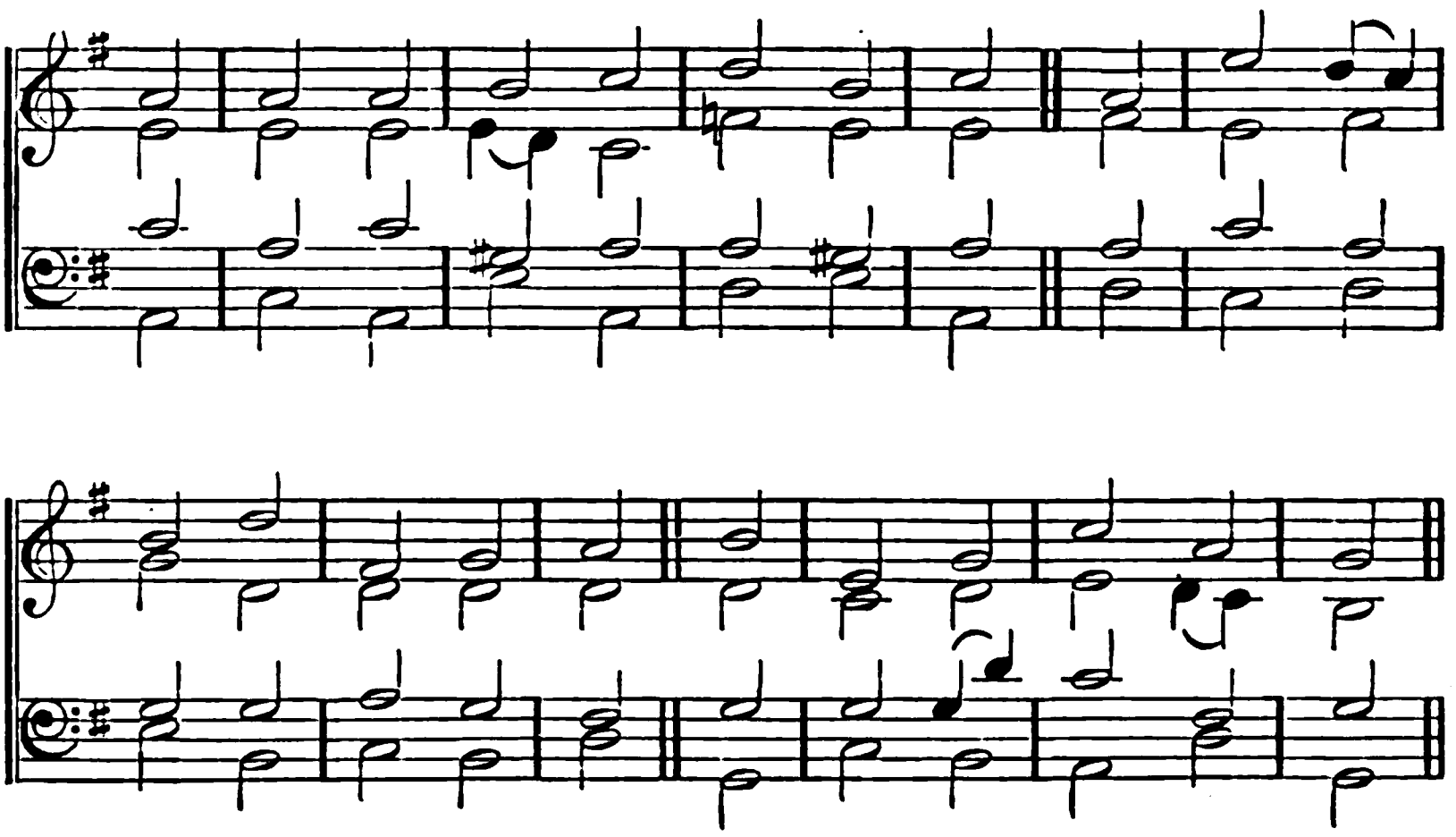
Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear!
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains!
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

# CHRISTMAS.

CHAPEL ROYAL.—8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. WILLIAM BOYCE, MUS. D. 1745.





# CHRISTMAS.

## 17.

NOW let our mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When JESUS from His glory came
To bless the sons of earth.

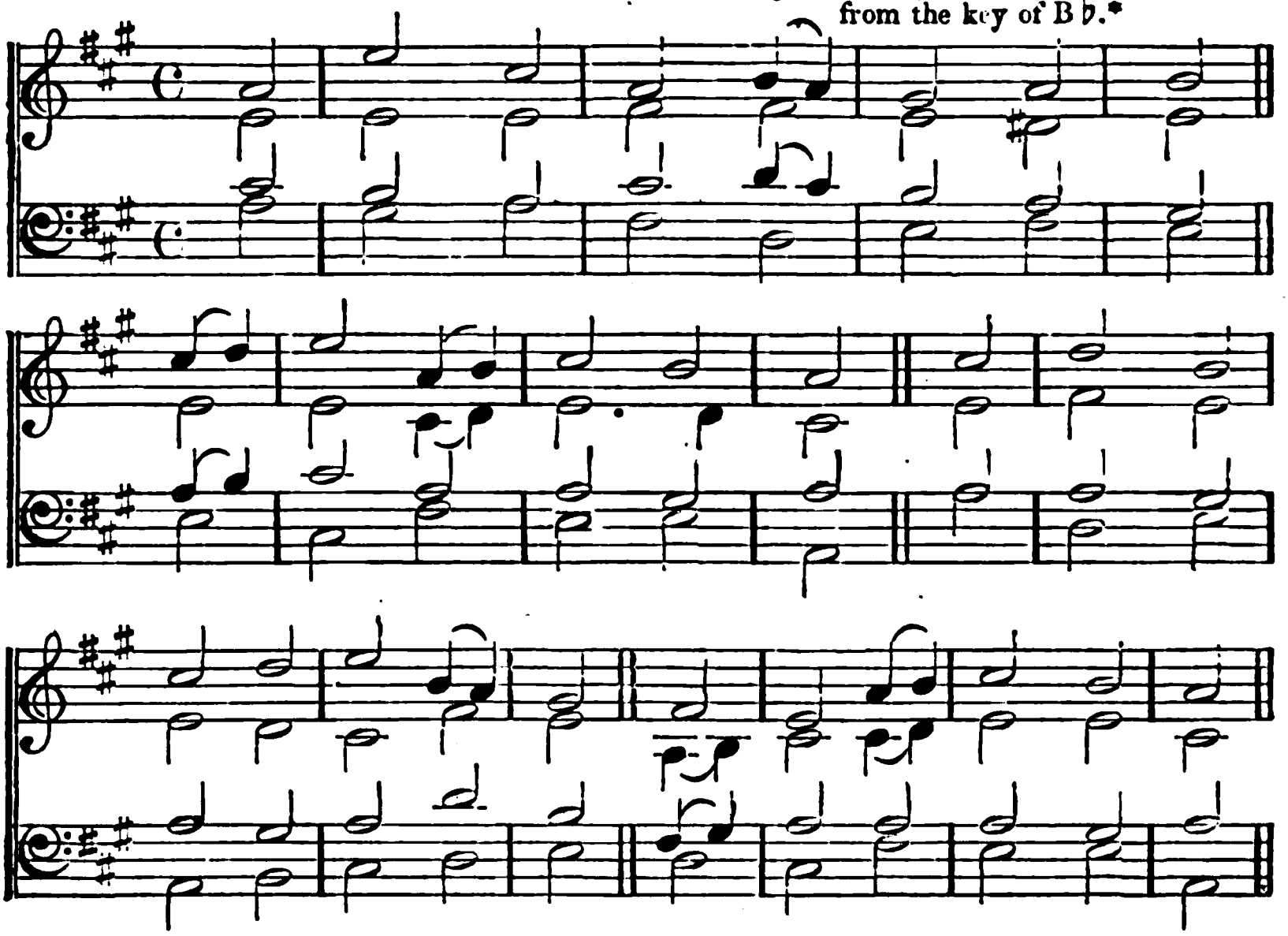
He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

# CHRISTMAS.

"St. Stephen's Tune." C. M.

Rev. W. Jones. Died, 1799.
The original melody and harmony; transposed from the key of B ♭.*



18.

THE race that long in darkness walk'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

For unto us a Child is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

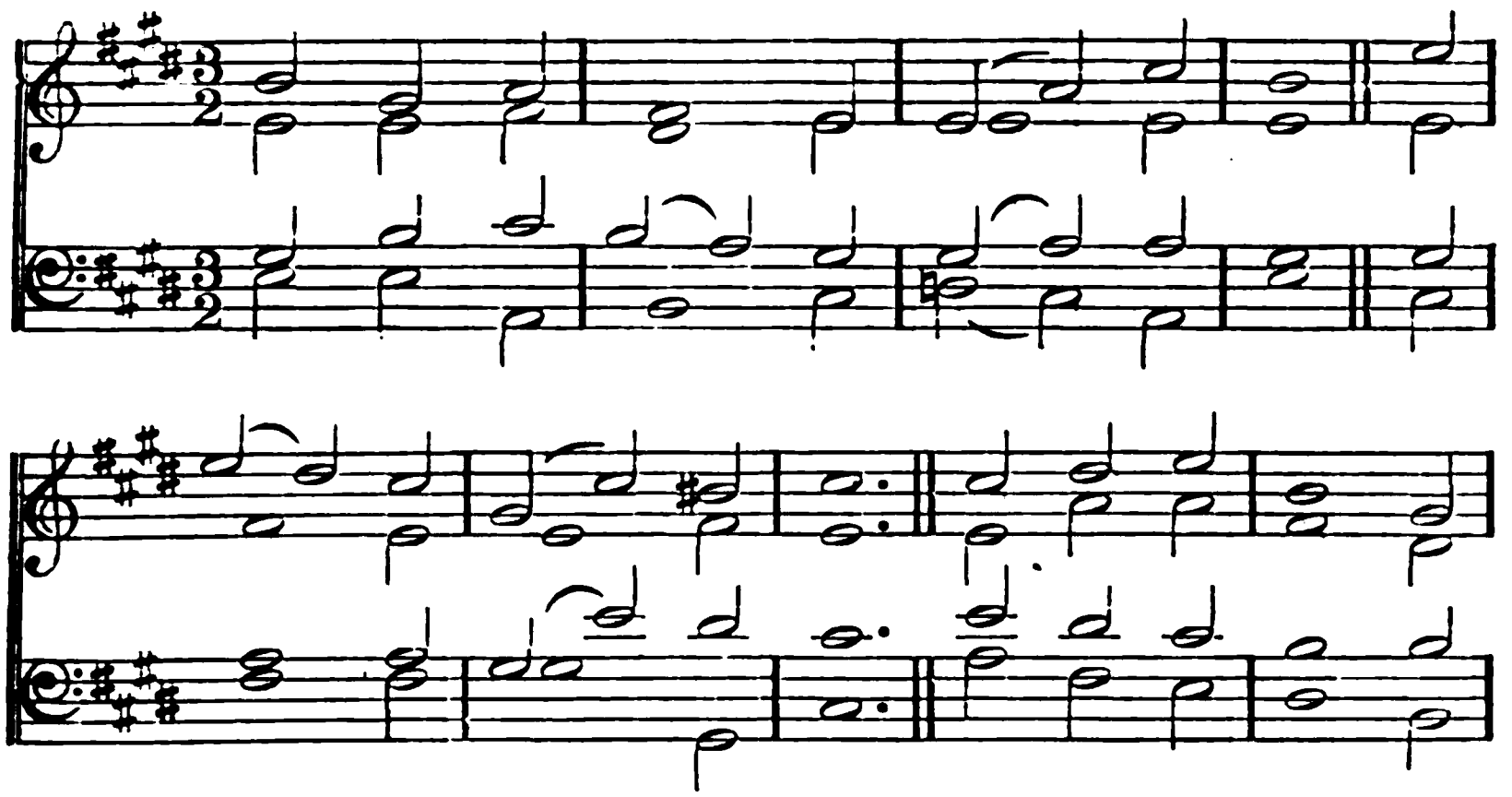
His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Great and Mighty Lord.

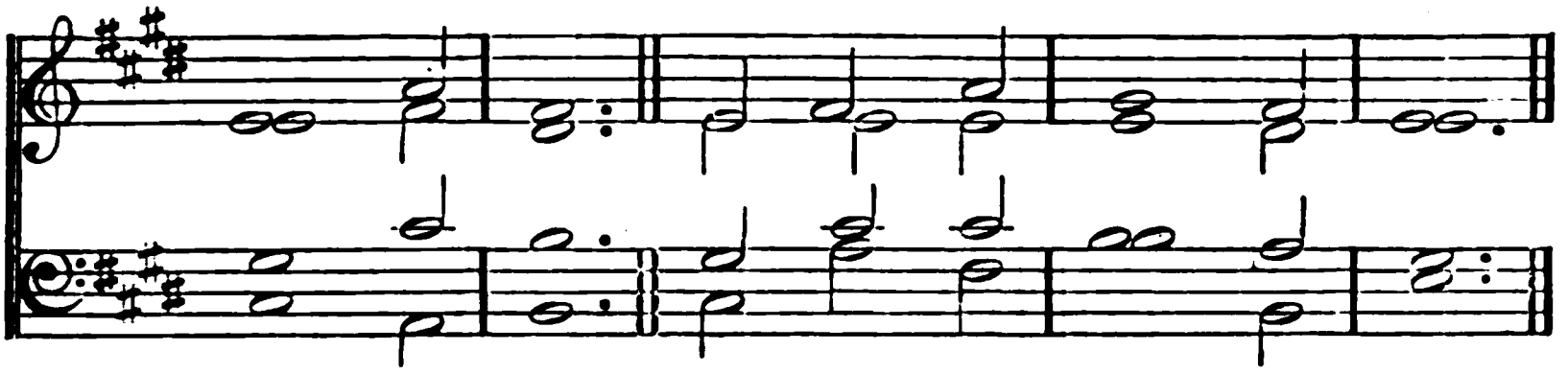
* As printed (for the 23rd Psalm) in "Ten Church Pieces for the Organ, with four Anthems, for the use of Nayland Church, in Suffolk; and published for its benefit by William Jones, M.A., F.R.S., author of a Treatise on the Art of Music, &c., Opera 11." With a Dedication to Lady Rushout, dated "Nayland, March 25, 1789."

# CHRISTMAS.

**ARMAGH. C. M.**

**JAMES TURLE, 1862.**
**Composed for this work.**





## 19.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For Angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

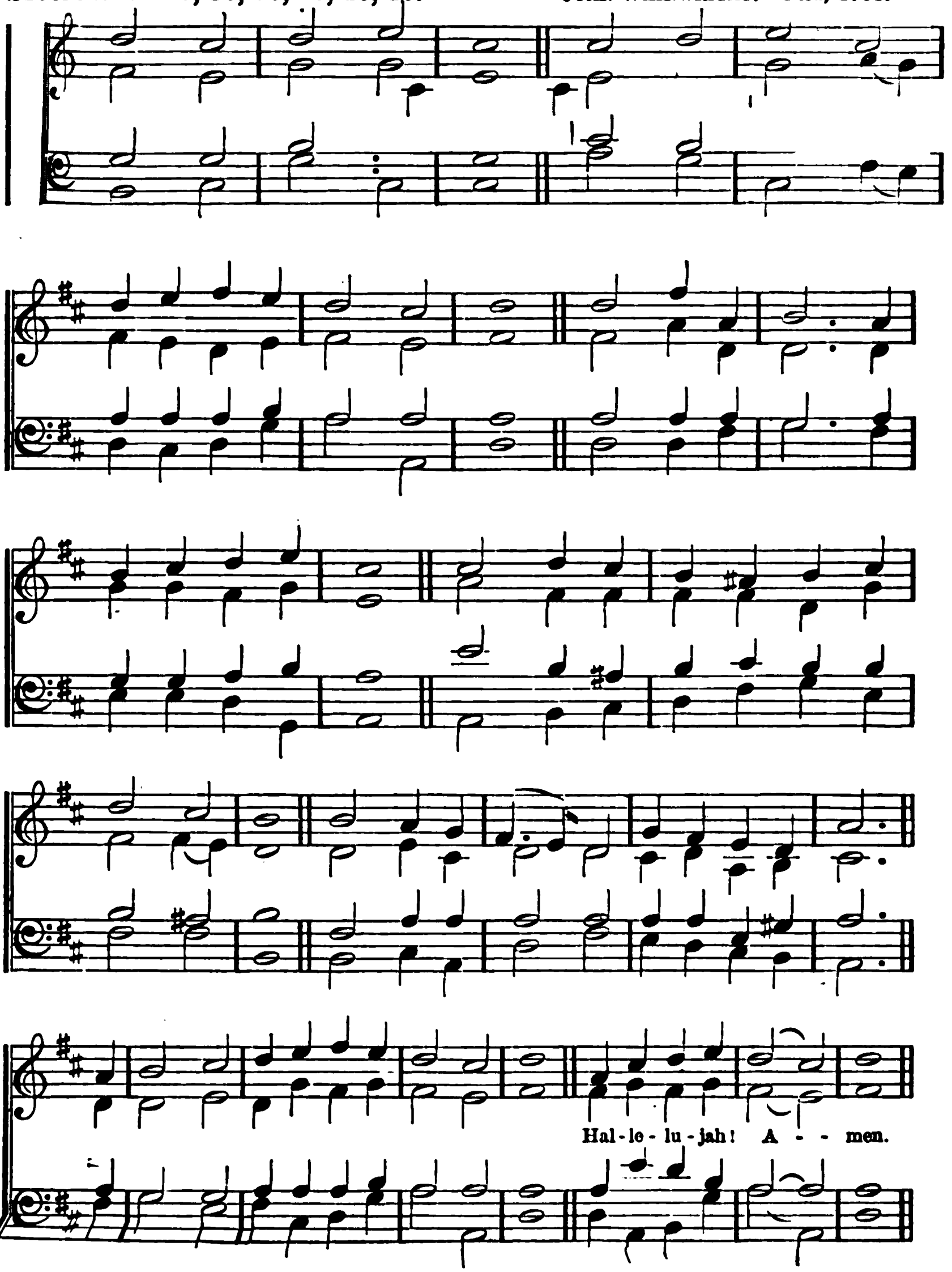
Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
*Their own* immortal strains?

# CHRISTMAS.

STOCKPORT. 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10. JOHN WAINWRIGHT. Died, 1768.



# CHRISTMAS.

## 20.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

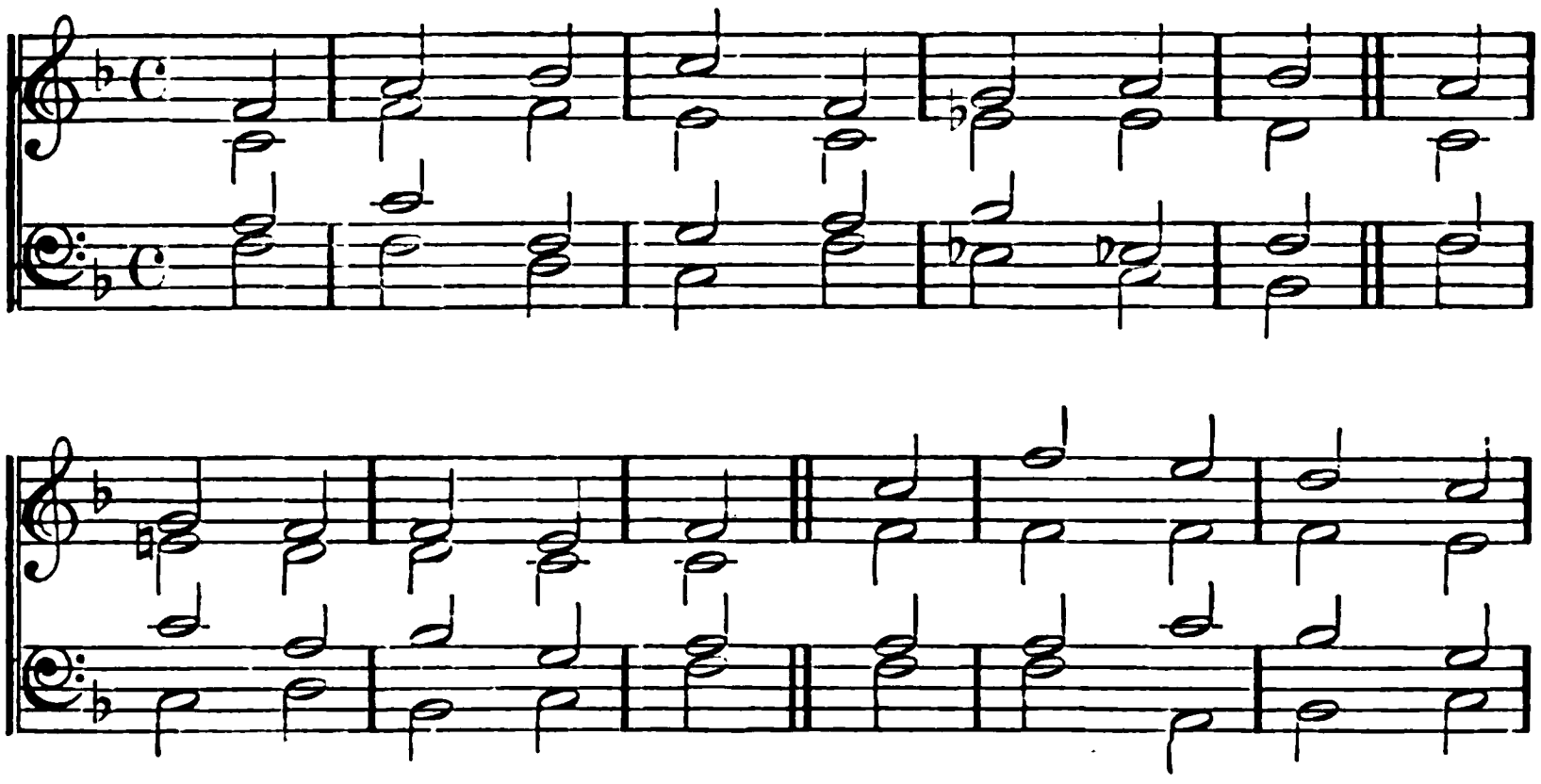
To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour's fame.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.—Hallelujah! Amen.

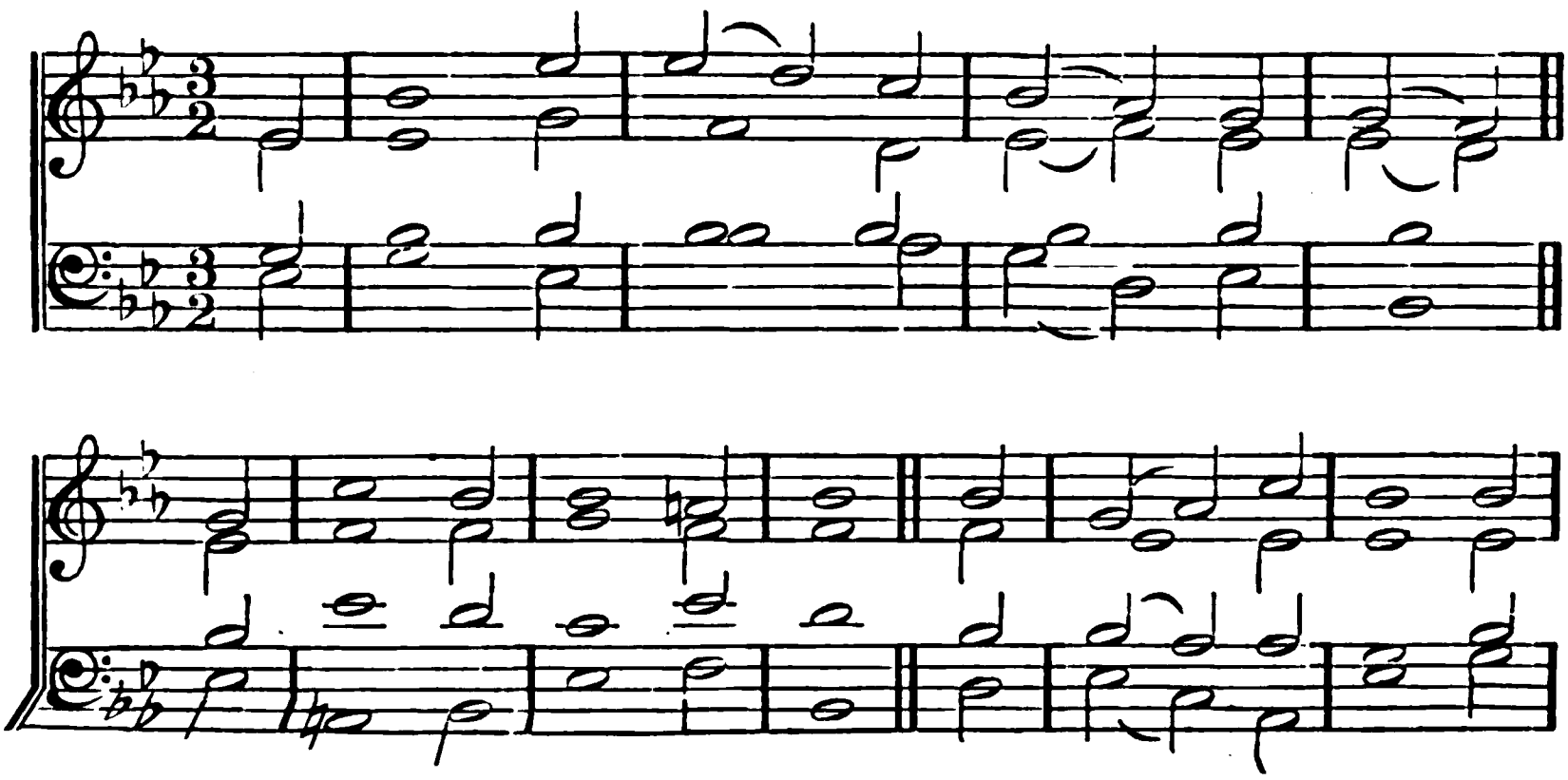
# CHRISTMAS.

**DUNDEE.** **C. M.** From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.

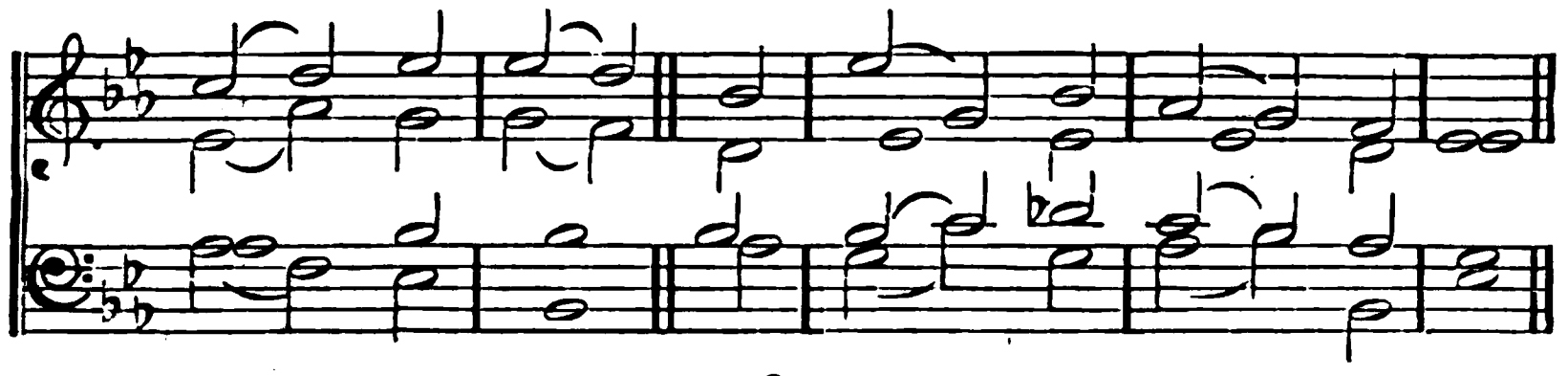


*Or,*

**ABRIDGE.** **C. M.** ISAAC SMITH. 1770.

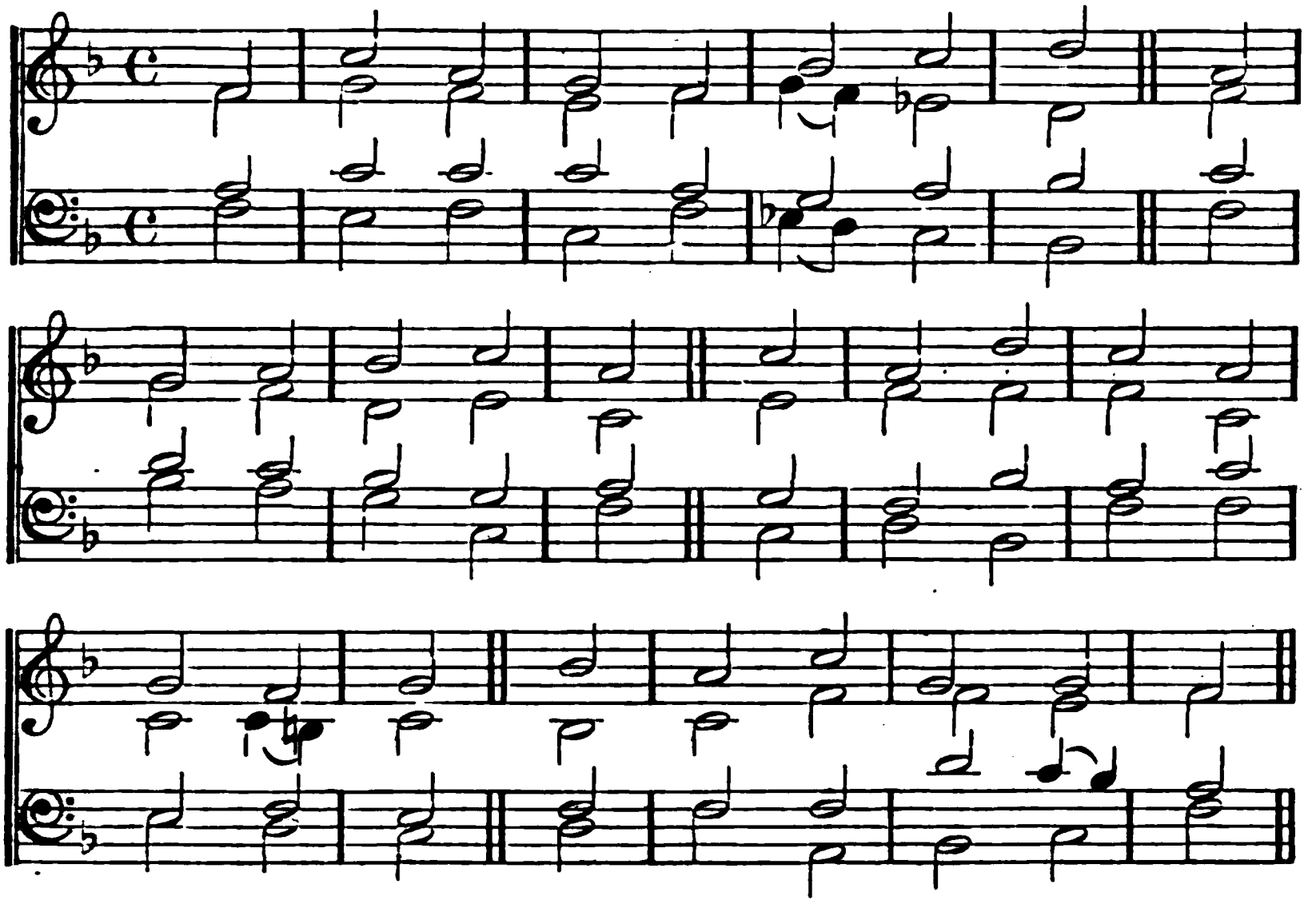


# CHRISTMAS.



*Or,*

GLOUCESTER. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter. 1621.



## 21.

O SAVIOUR! whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

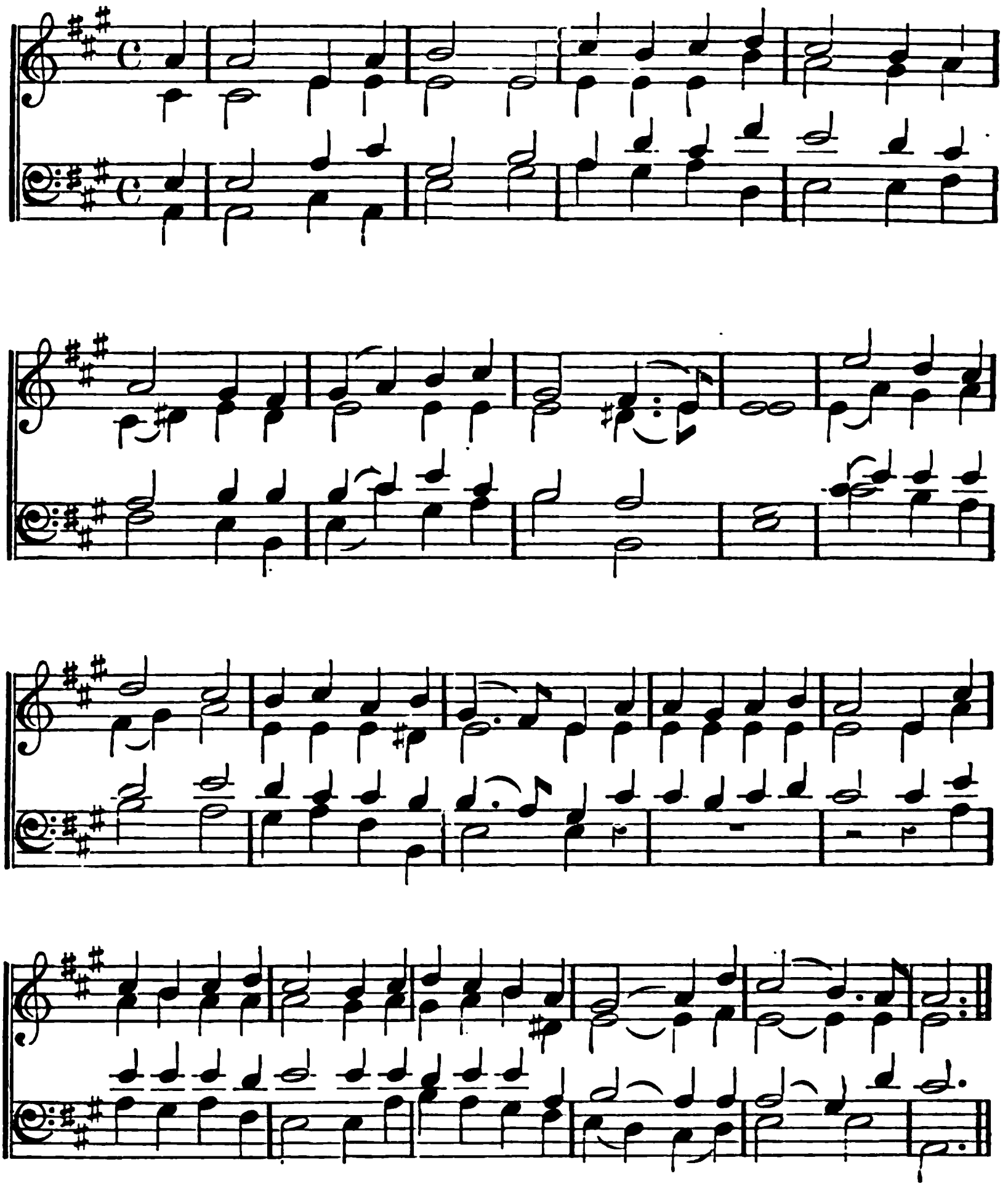
If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If press'd by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free;
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

# CHRISTMAS.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.—(*Adeste Fideles.*) P. M. JOHN READING.* About 1680?



* Organist of the Cathedral at Winchester 1675, and of the College 1681; died 1692. The "Adeste Fideles" *was arranged by the late* Vincent Novello for the Portuguese Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, of *which he became Organist in 1797*, and hence it appears to have obtained the name of the "Portuguese *Hymn.*" *See Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Life* of her father, Vincent Novello, in the "Musical Times," Jan., 1862.

# CHRISTMAS.

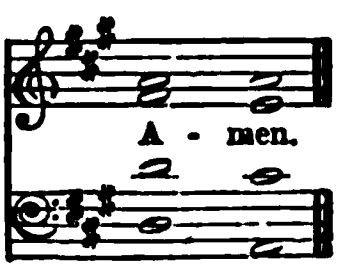
## 22.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye powers of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

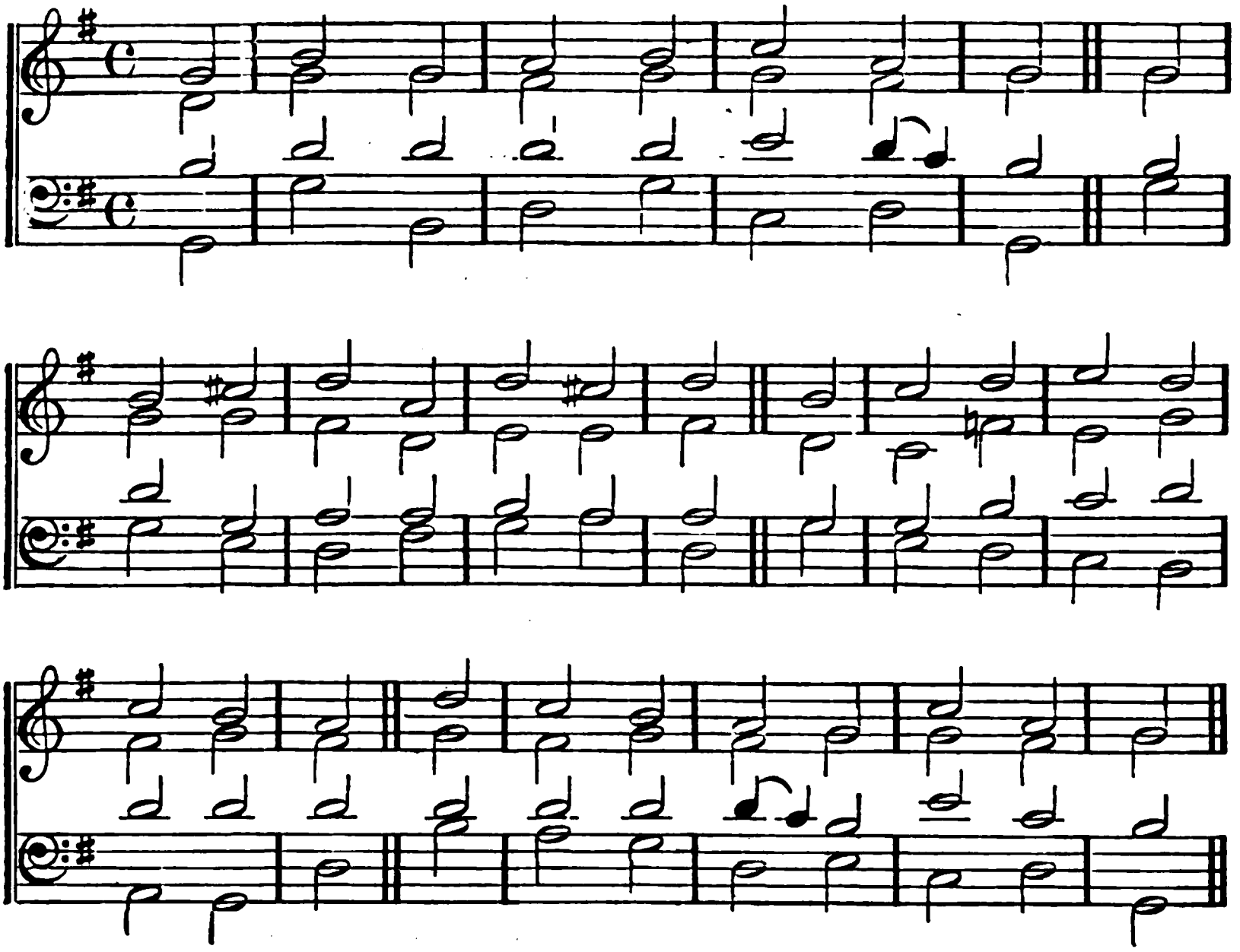
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
JESU, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



# CIRCUMCISION.

ANGELS'. L. M.

An abridgment of 'Angels' Song.
ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



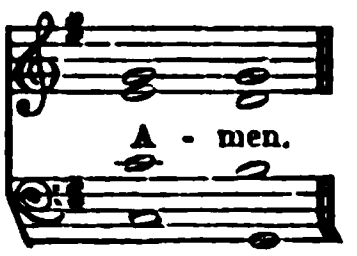
## 23.

THE Word, with God the Father One,
Before the heavens and earth were made,
Is now the Virgin's new-born Son,
Upon her lowly bosom laid.

Already on His sinless Head
The streams of wrath begin to flow;
Already on His infant bed
The taste of grief He deigns to know.

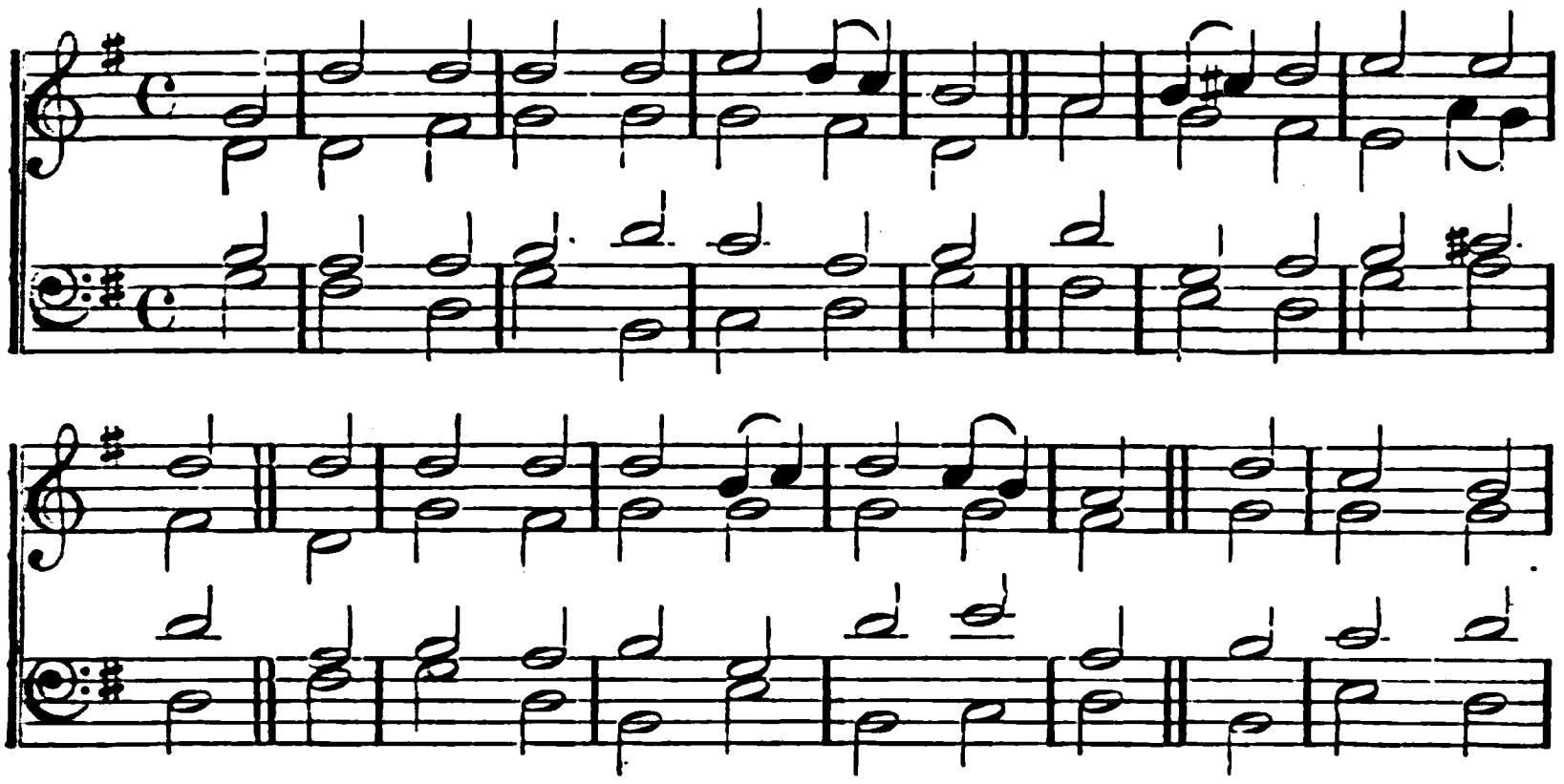
The lowliest poverty He bears
That we may be with wealth supplied;
He weeps: O precious grief and tears!
Through Him the world is purified.

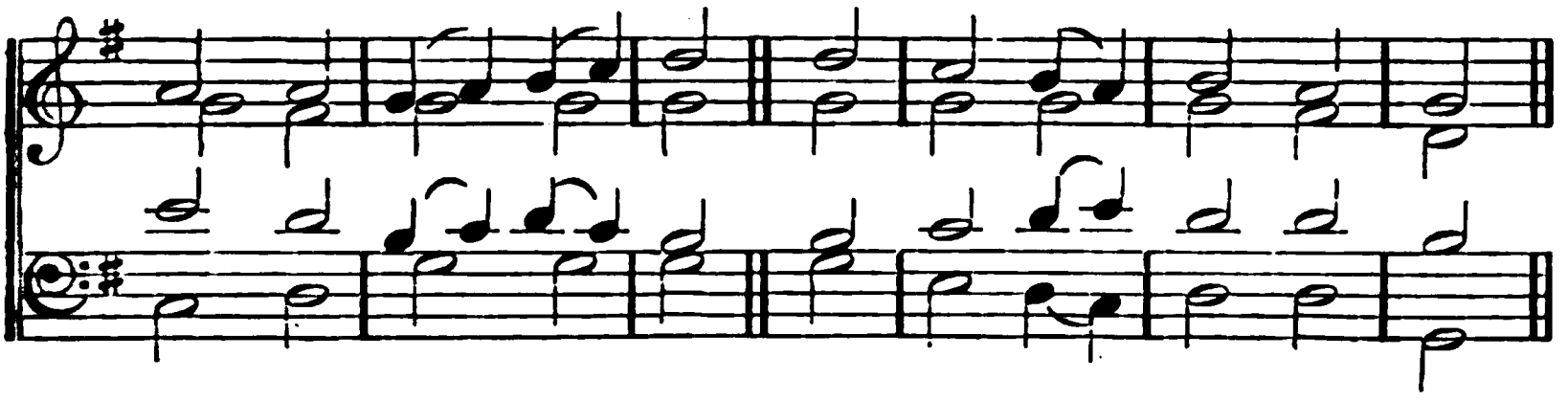
JESU, who camest from on high
To be the Lamb for sinners slain,
*Leave not* Thy ransom'd flock to die,
*Nor let* Thy toil be spent in vain.



# CIRCUMCISION.

ST. GEORGE'S. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. NICOLAUS HERMANN. 1561.





## 24.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy Babe hath been;
Long named in heaven, He now must go
To take that Name on Him below,
JESUS, who saves from sin.

His mother kept the Angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store;
But others there, by love unstirr'd,
Unconscious of its meaning, heard
The Name the Infant bore.

The traitor sought Him by that Name,
When all the murderous crew
With swords and staves against Him came:
And on the Cross, the tree of shame,
That Name was fix'd in view.

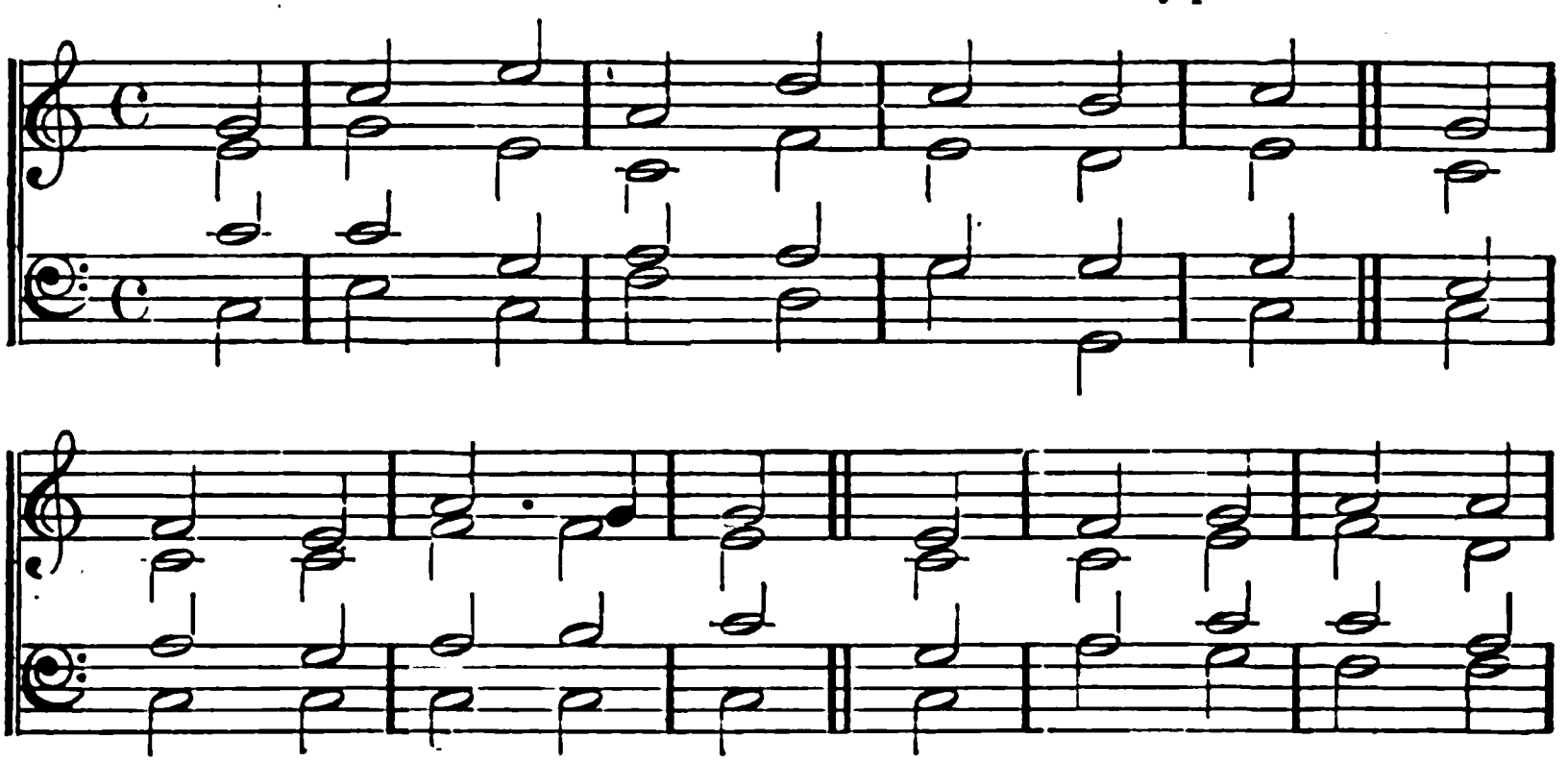
Yet in His hour of glory now
That precious Name is given,
Above all names to deck His brow,
And at the Name of JESUS bow
The powers and thrones of heaven.

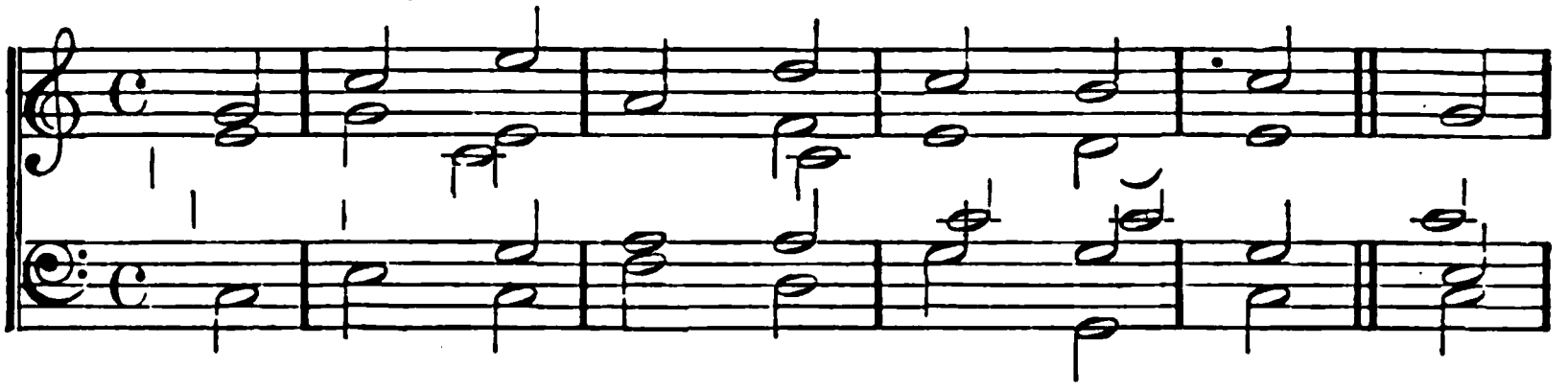
Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
JESUS, for evermore:
Thou who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should the Name profane
Which seraphim adore.

# NEW YEAR.

St. Cyriac. C. M.

The late Bishop of Ely. 1862.
By permission.





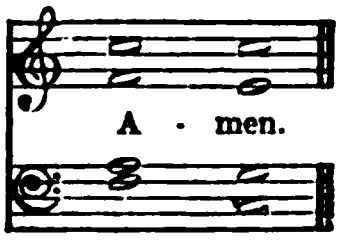
## 25.

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

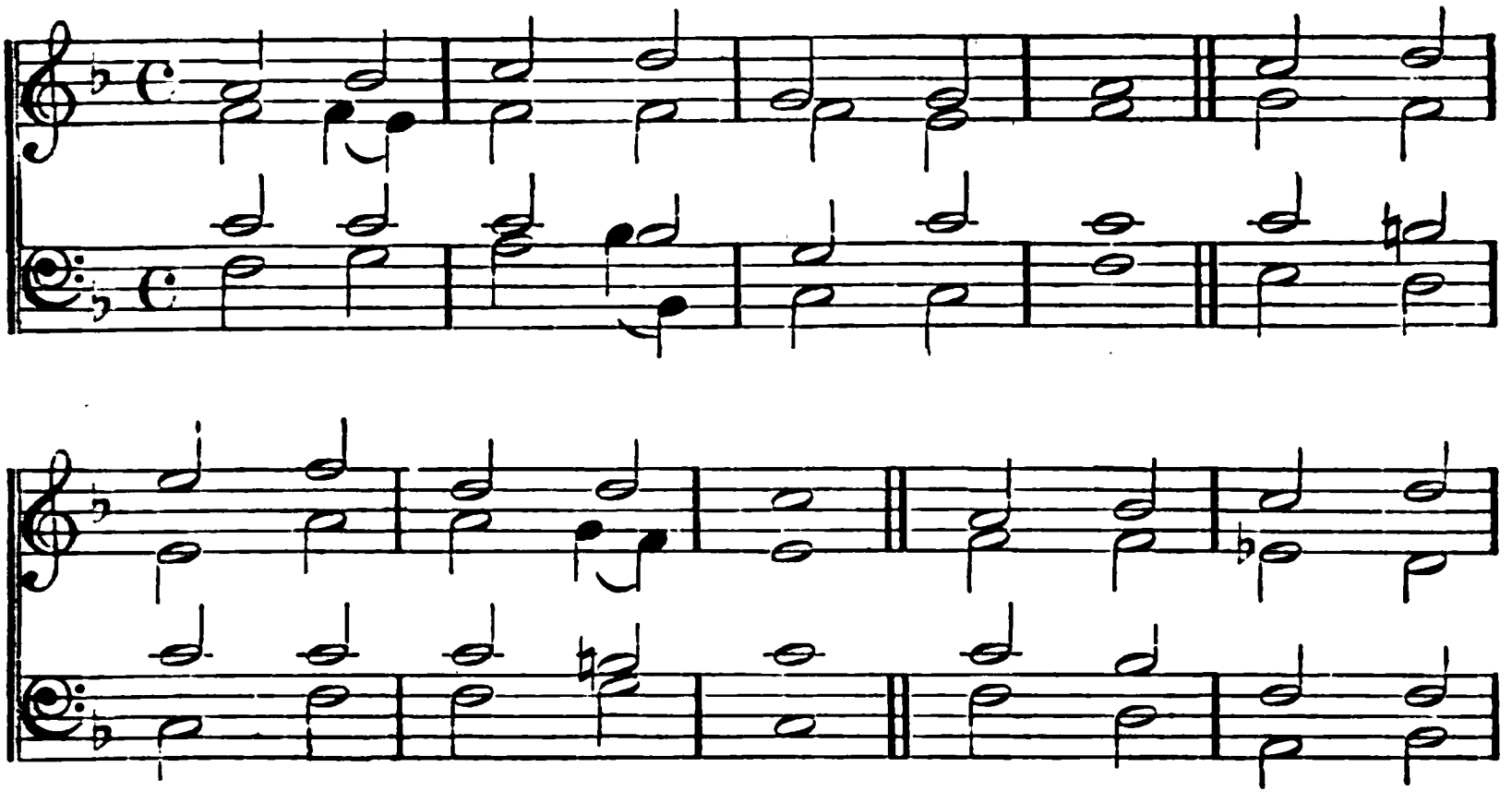
From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

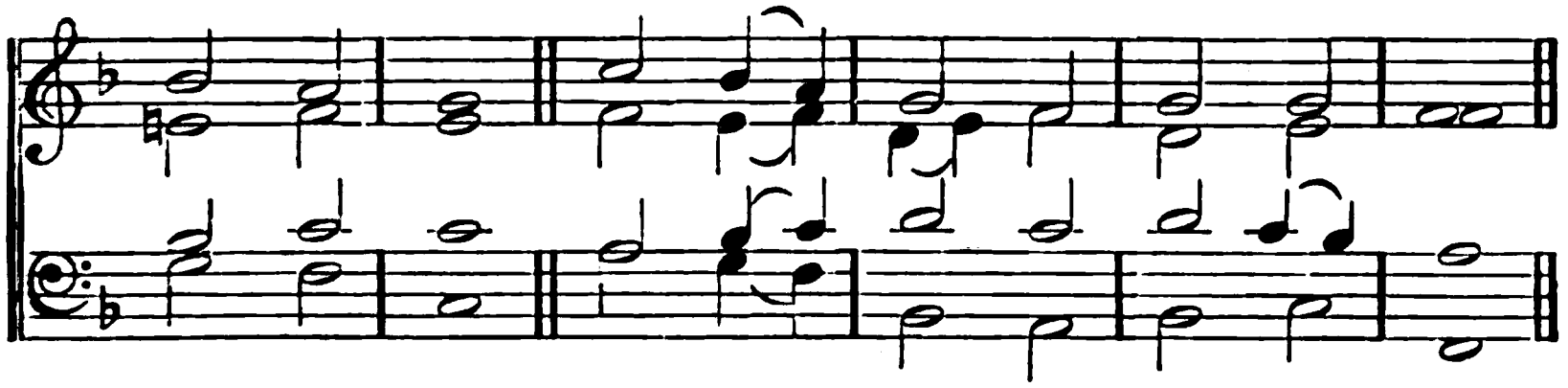
Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
*Who* never loved before.



# NEW YEAR.

GIBBONS. 7, 7, 7, 7. ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.





## 26.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
JESU, our Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Whosoe'er death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

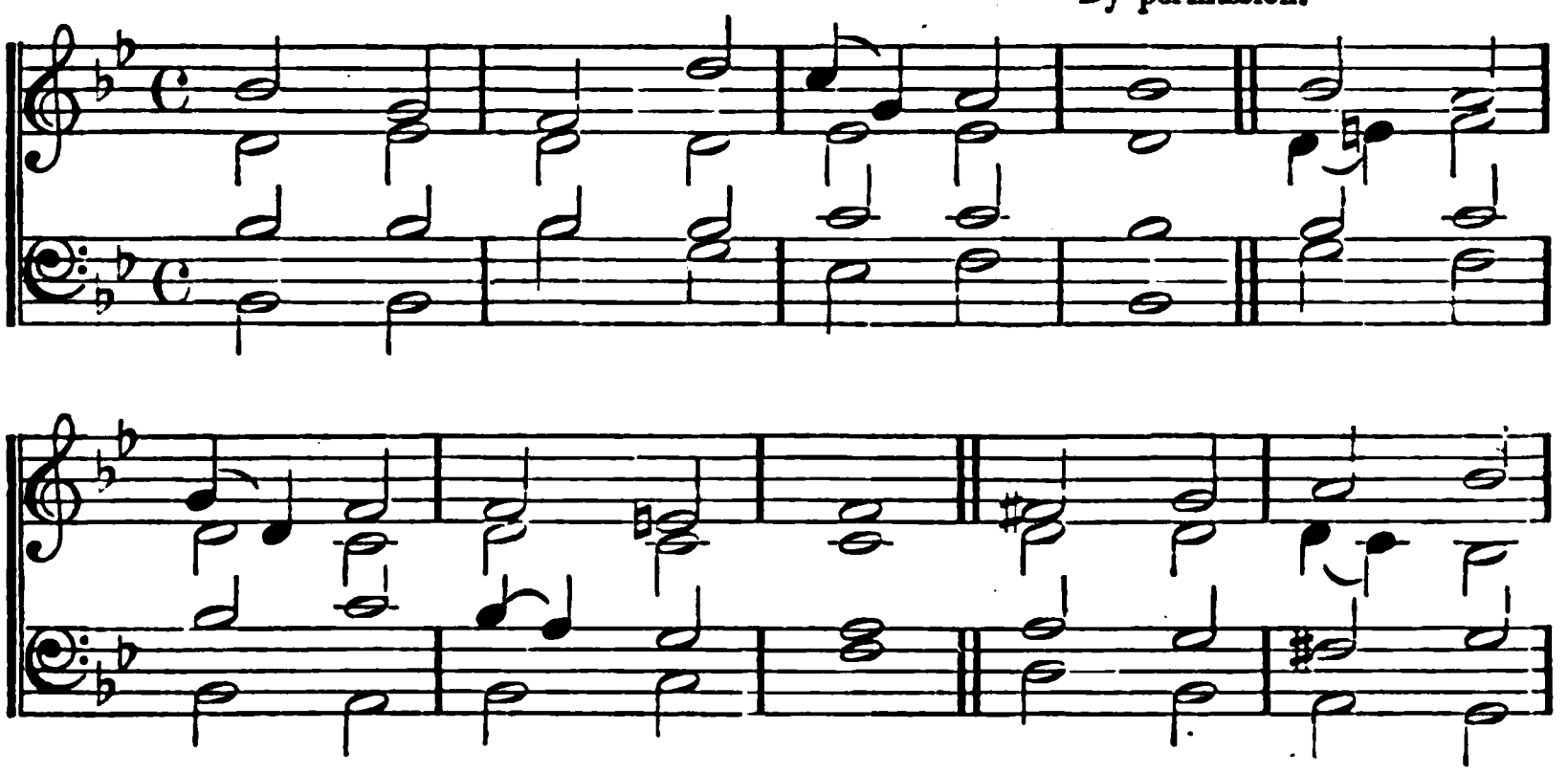
Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

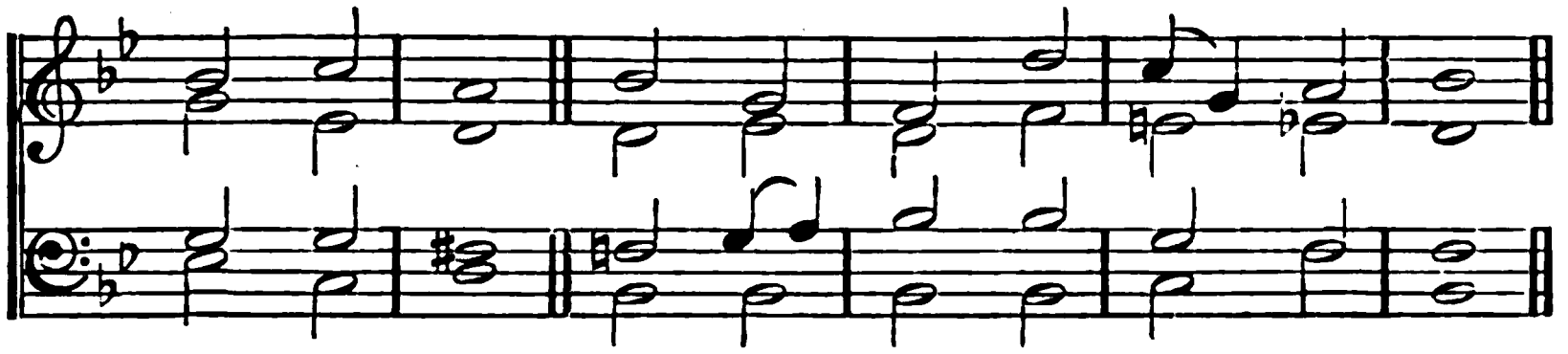
So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

# NEW YEAR.

CHRIST CHAPEL. 7, 7, 7, 7.

C. STEGGALL, Mus. D., Camb. 1848.
By permission.





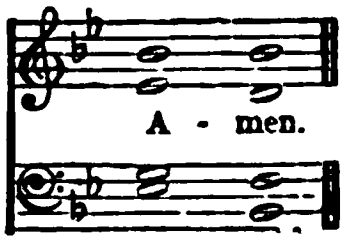
27.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
Lord, to heaven our wishes raise;
All on earth is but a dream.

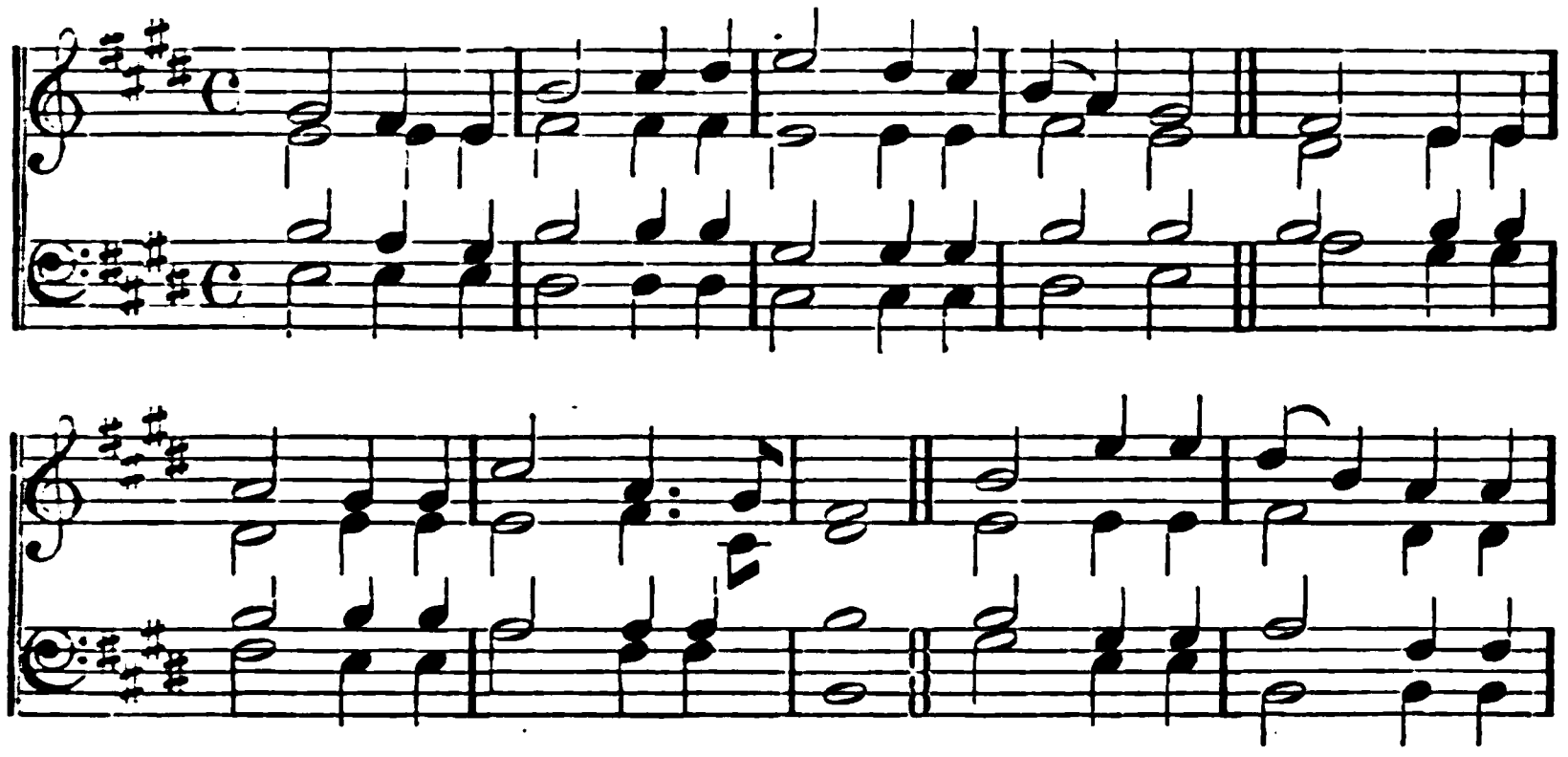
Bless Thy Word to young and old;
Fill us with the Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

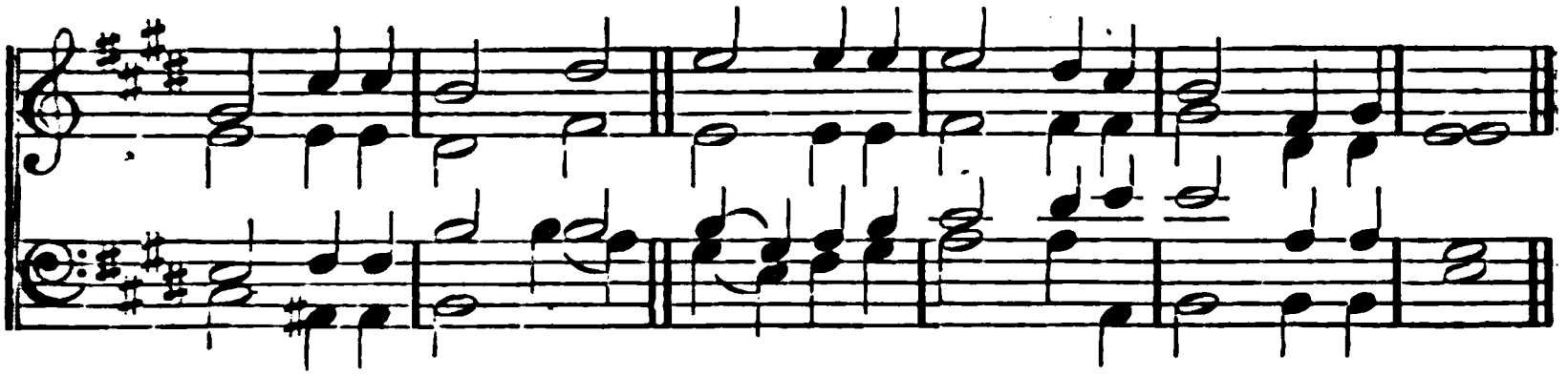


# EPIPHANY.

EPIPHANY HYMN. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Rev. J. F. THRUPP. 1848.
By pe. mission.





28.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

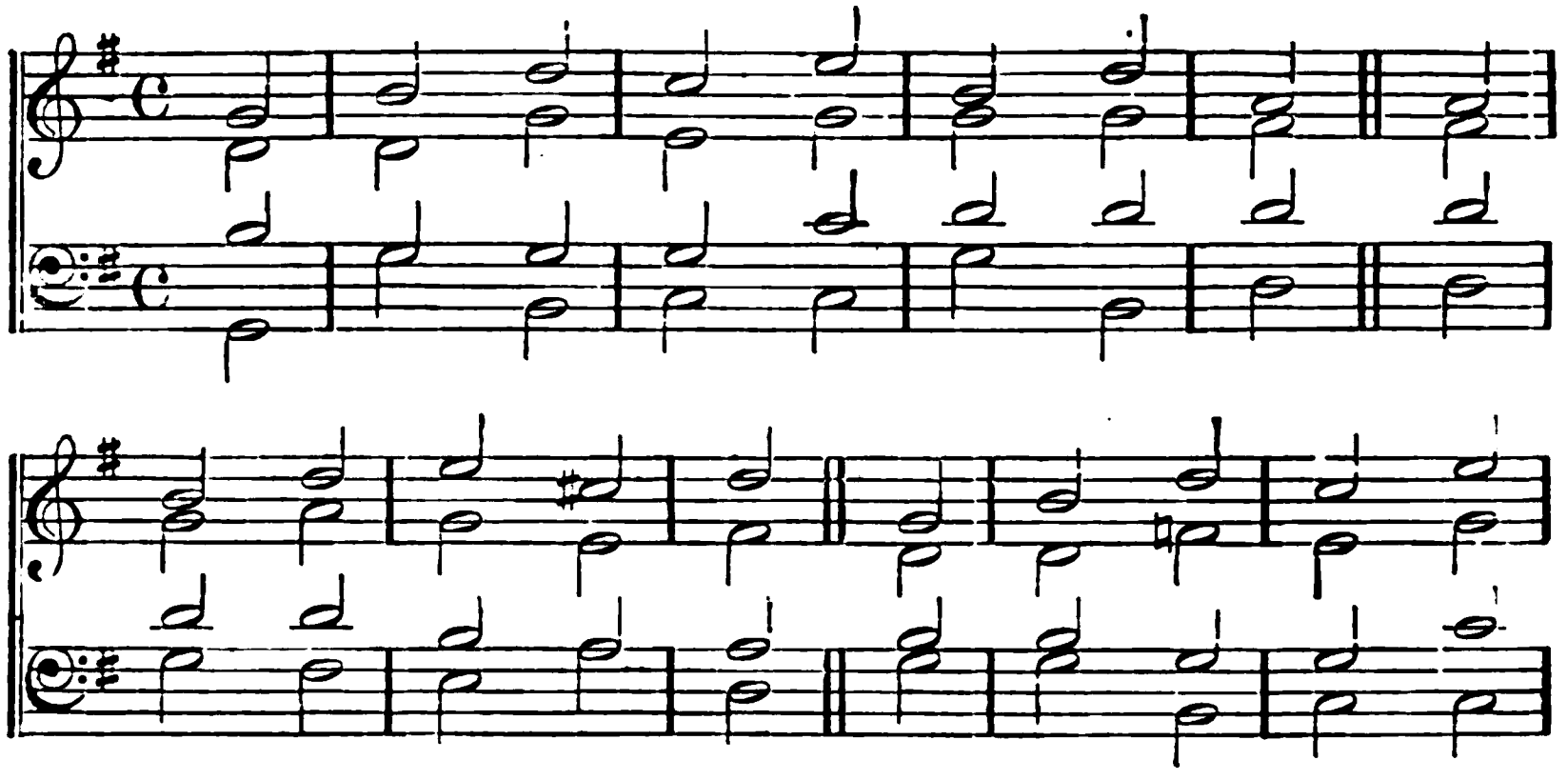
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

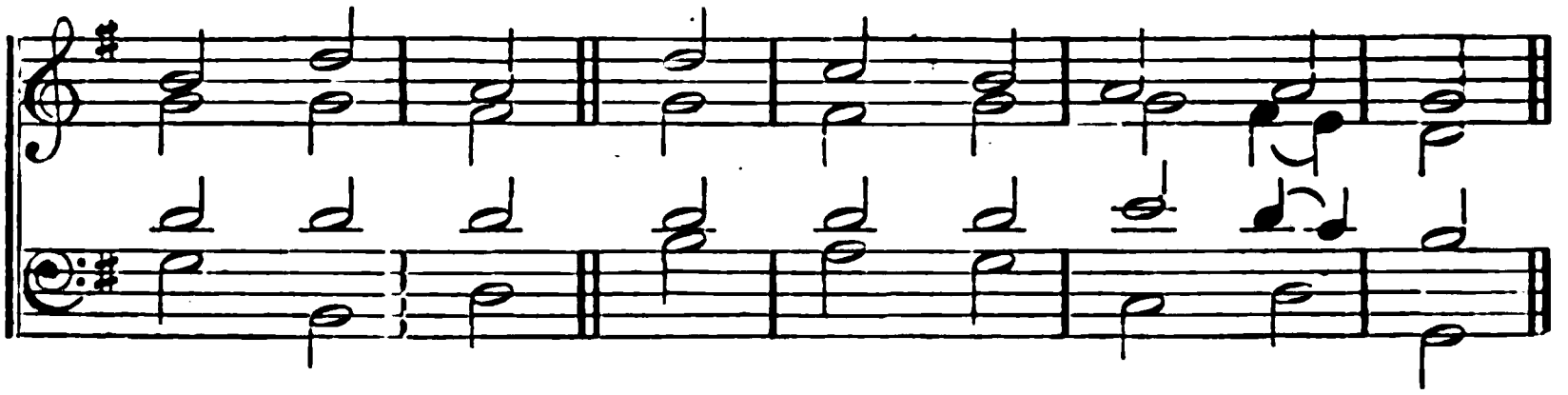
Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer *by far is the* heart's adoration,
*Dearer to God* are the prayers of the poor.

# EPIPHANY.

**York. C. M.** From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.





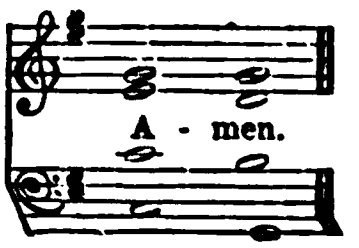
## 29.

O THOU who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below;
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy word,
That "blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord."

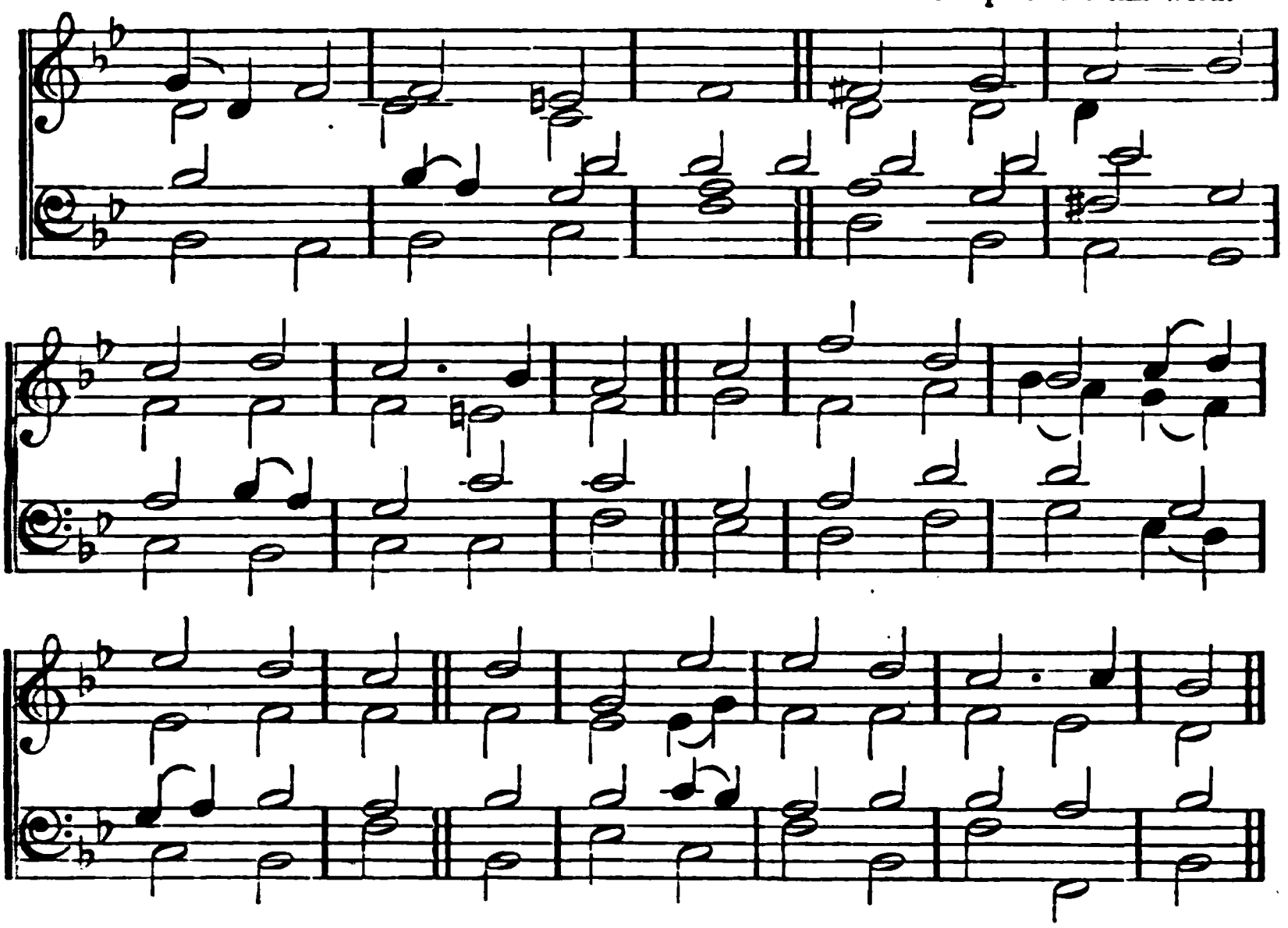
O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
*That* we may see Thee face to face
*Hereafter* as Thou art.



# EPIPHANY.

BREAM. L. M.

JAMES TURLE. 1862.
Composed for this work.



## 30.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
A stranger midst the orbs of light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

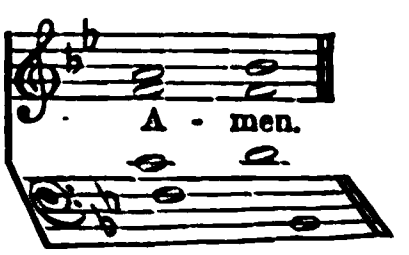
See now fulfill'd what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed:"
And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay,
Through toils and dangers lies their way;
And yet their home, their friends, their all
They leave at once, at God's high call.

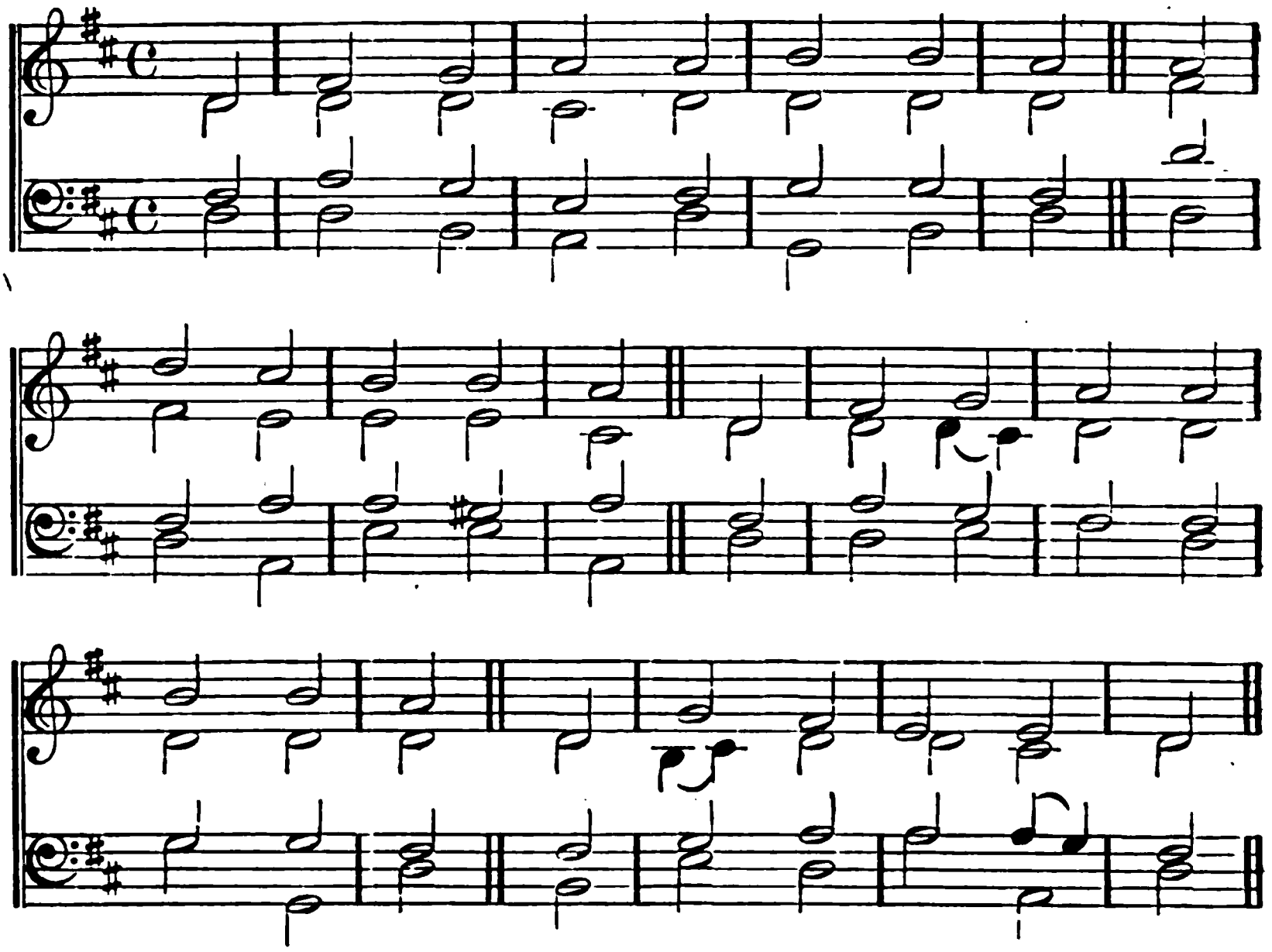
Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light, which shines so well!

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise!



# EPIPHANY.

TALLIS. (*Ordination Hymn.*) C. M. THOS. TALLIS. About 1565.



## 31.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

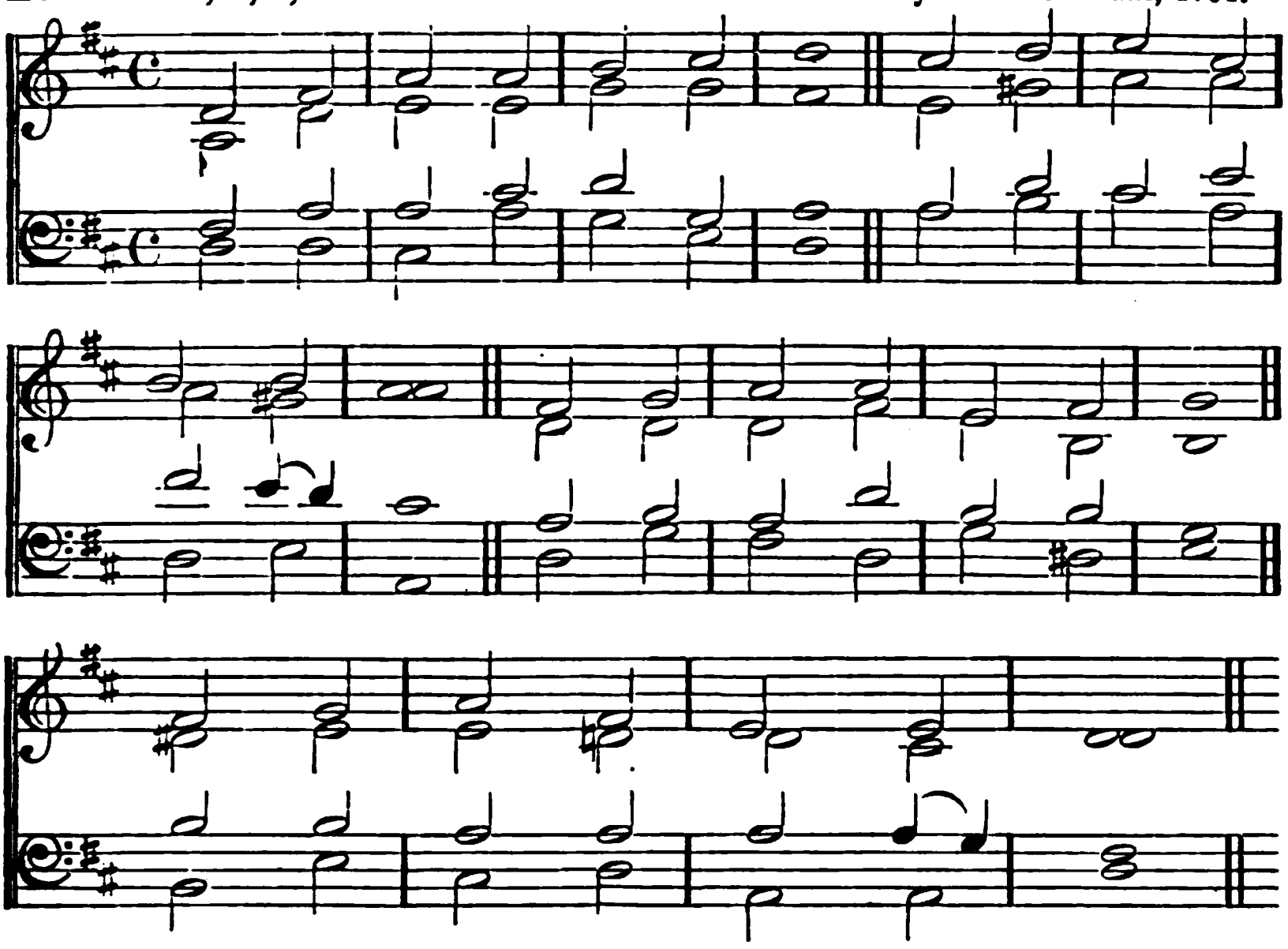
But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

O haste, to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way!

O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
*Who* meekly follow Christ on earth,
*Shall* reign with Him in heaven.

# EPIPHANY.

LUBECK. 7, 7, 7, 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Hymn Book. Halle, 1704.



## 32.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

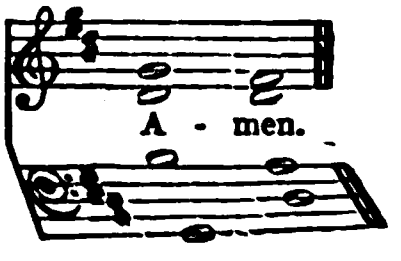
Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

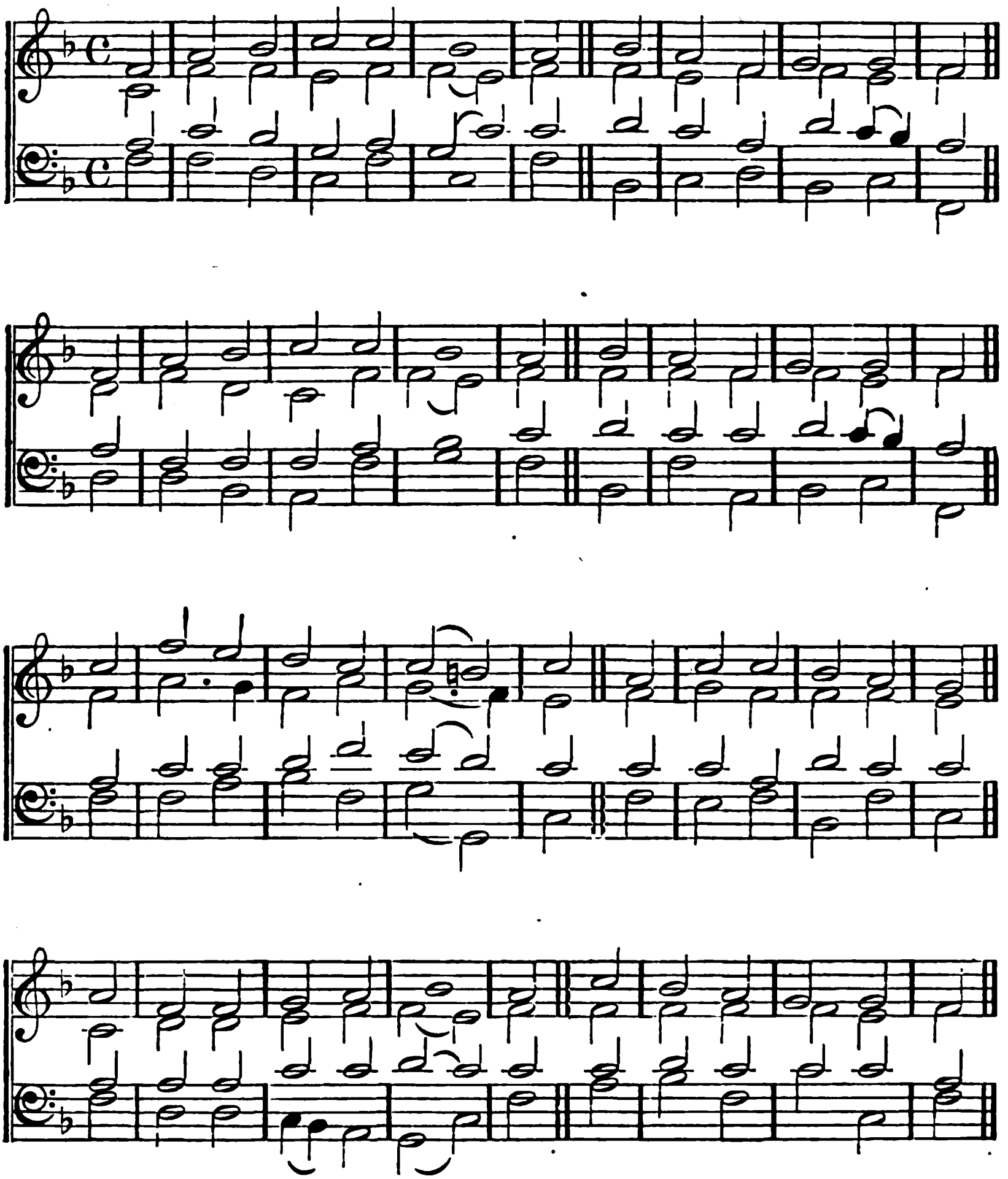
Sing, ye morning-stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man His life to employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

Glory to the heavenly King,
Glory all ye Angels sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And bless'd Spirit, Three in One.



# EPIPHANY.

**Praise.** 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. From Crüger's 'Praxis pietatis melica.' 1649.



# EPIPHANY.

## 33.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

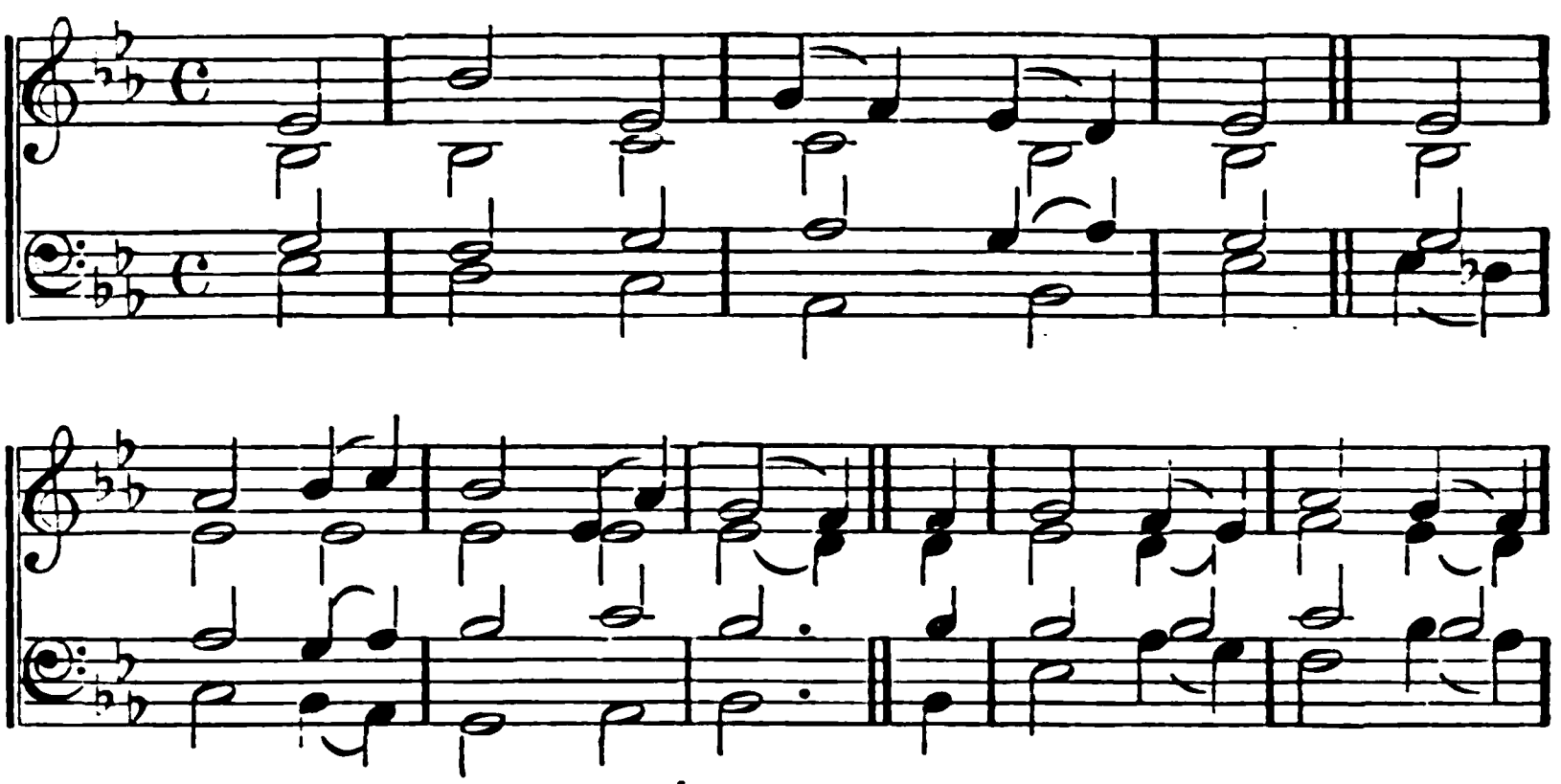
Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

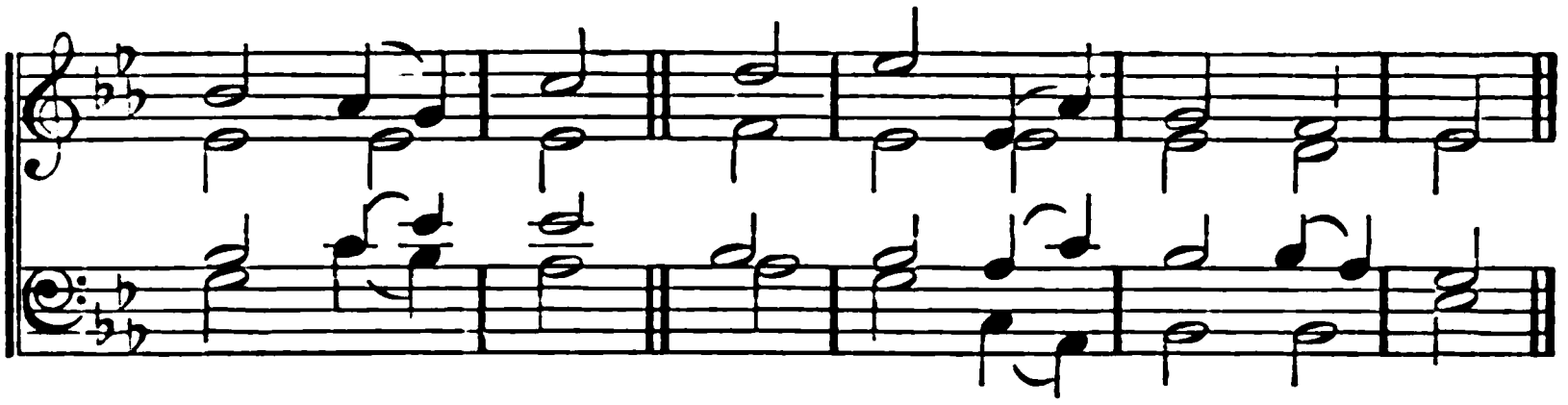
For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-bless'd:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever—
That Name to us is Love.

# THE PURIFICATION.

CARLISLE. S. M. C. LOCKHART. Died, 1816.





## 34.

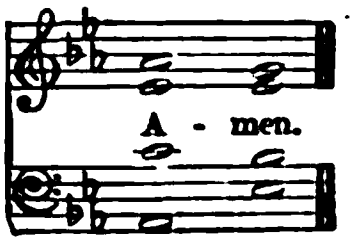
BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King:

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
*And for His dwelling* and His throne
*Chooseth the pure in heart.*

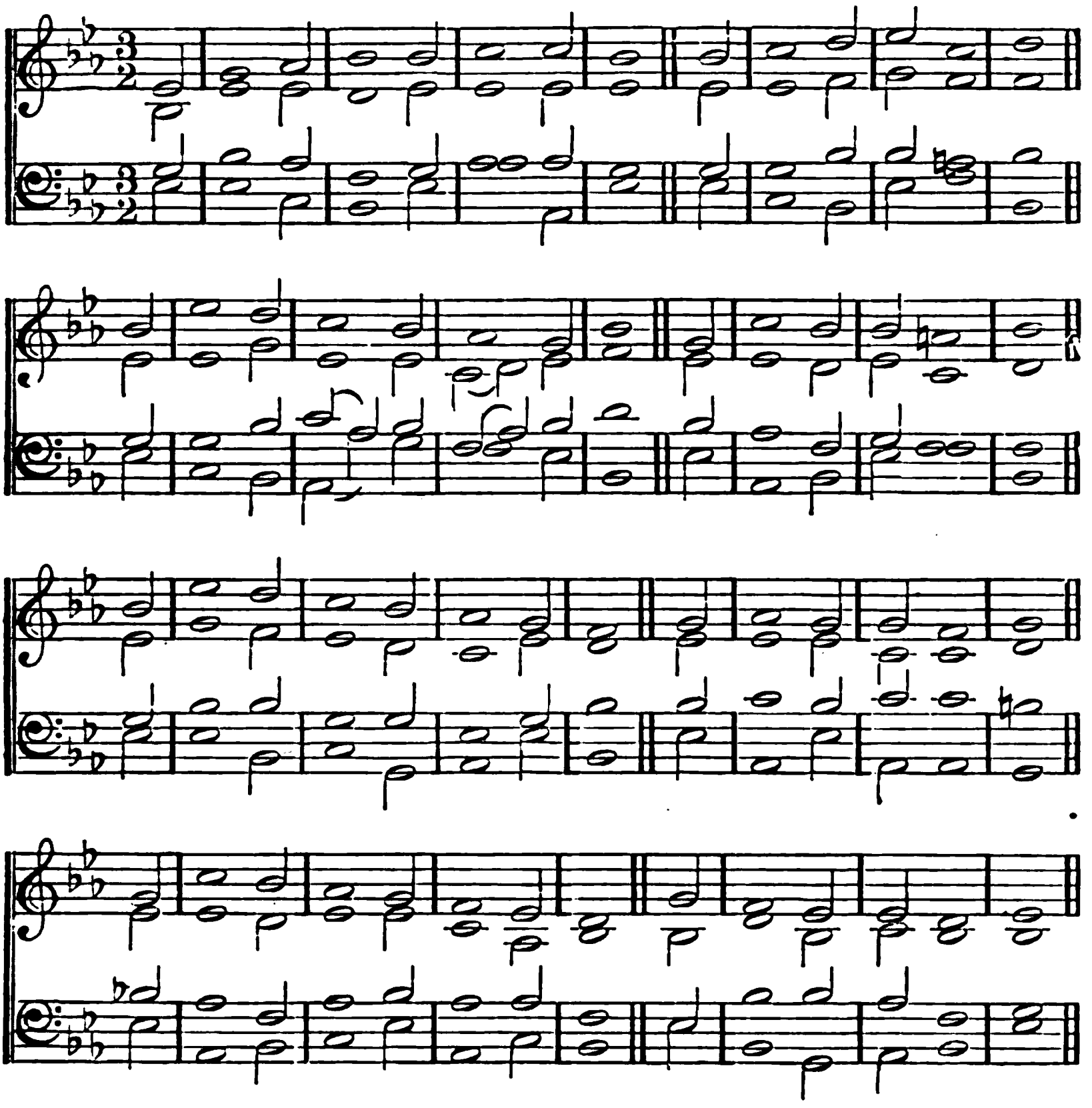
Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.



# THE ANNUNCIATION.

OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



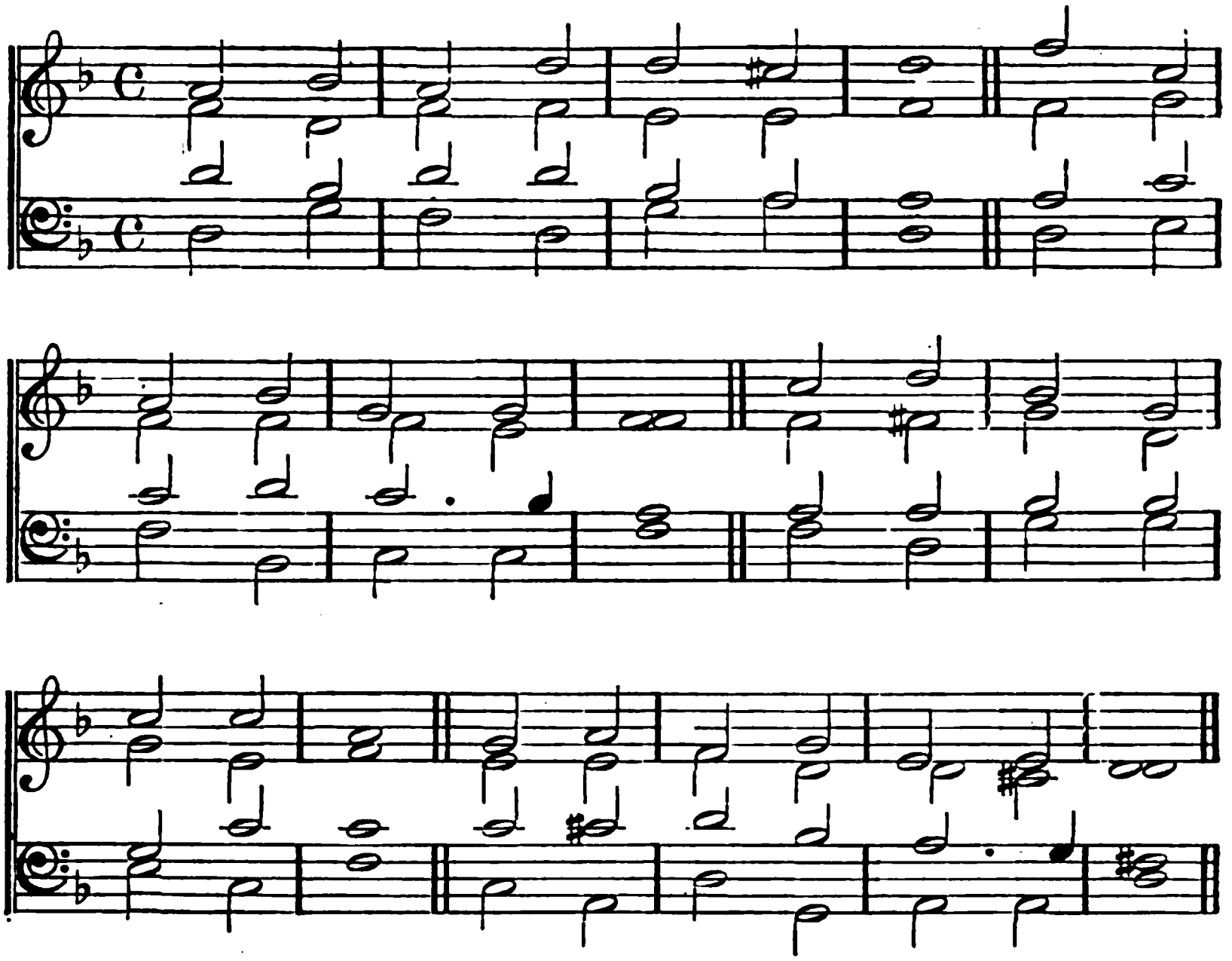
## 35.

O THOU, to whose all-seeing eye
Earth's mysteries are clear,
Who bright as noonday canst descry
What we deem darkest here,
Make us in lowly faith rejoice,
With her, who on this day
First heard the Angel's wondrous voice,
And heard, but to obey!

For though on Duty's narrow path
Dark clouds awhile may rest,
One light the weary spirit hath,
To know, Thy way is best!
And say, "Whate'er betide, yet still
Behold Thy servant, Lord!
Be it to me, through good and ill,
According to Thy Word!"

# THE ANNUNCIATION.

LUXEMBURG. 7, 7, 7, 7. Old German Choral.*



## 36.

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

JESUS! Name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

JESUS! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth
For the promise that it gave,—
"JESUS shall His people save."

JESUS! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

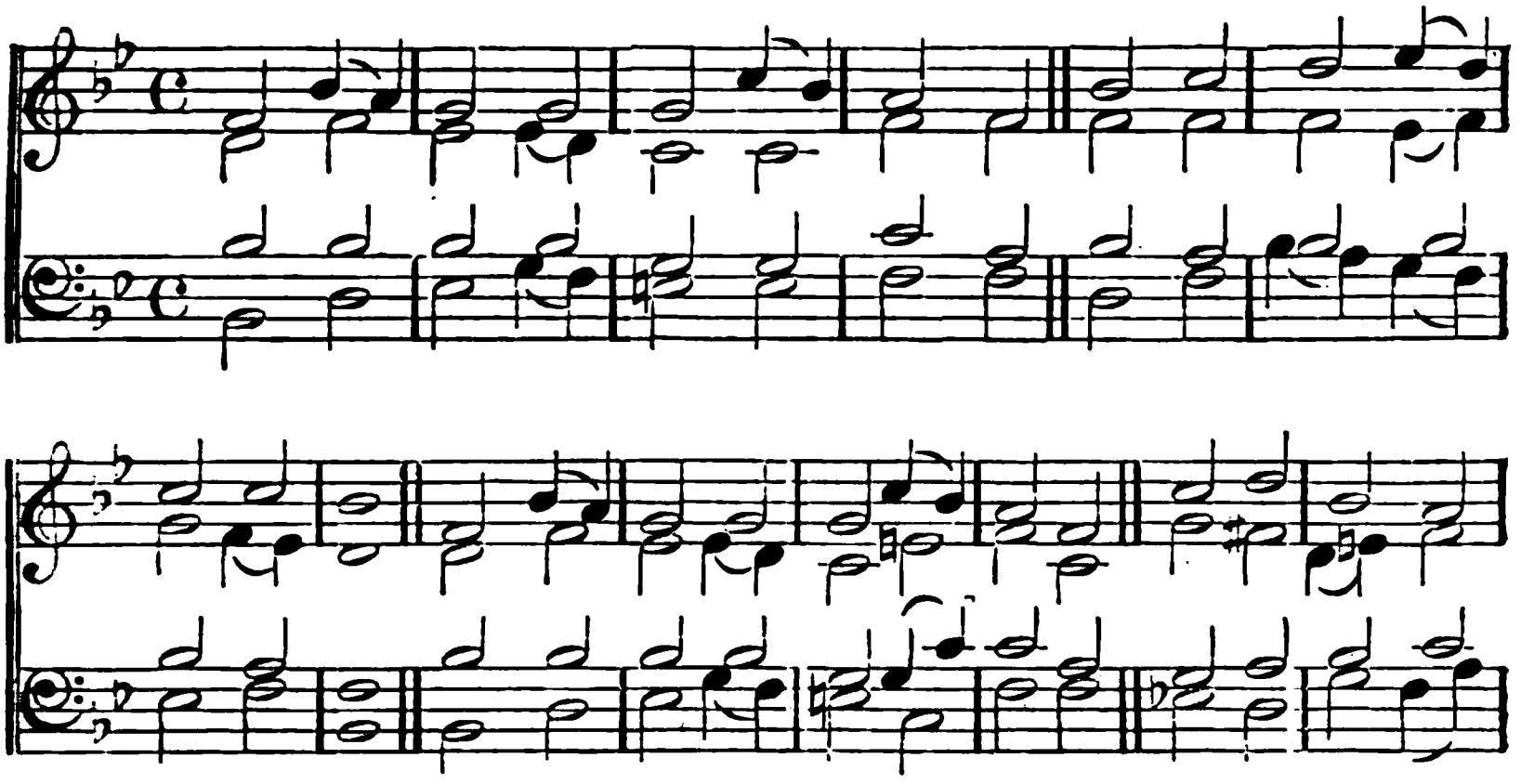
JESUS! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

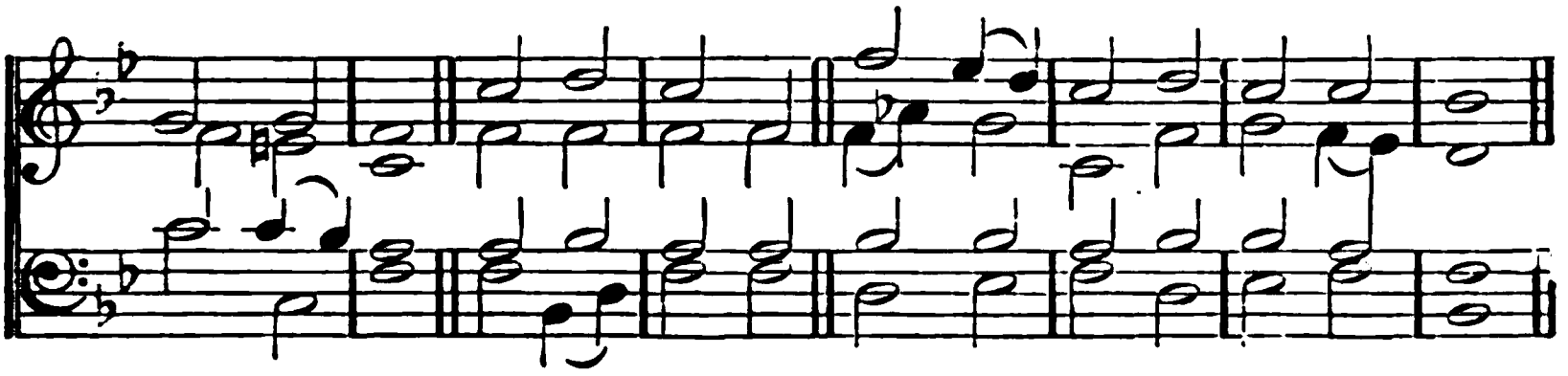
JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above!
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

* *By permission, from the Rev. W. H. Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.'*

# BEFORE LENT.

ALLELUIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. STÖRL. 1744.





## 37.

ALLELUIA! peace-instilling
Strain of everlasting praise,
Alleluia! sweetly thrilling
Key-note of the Angels' lays,—
Hark! in glory
'Tis the eternal chant they raise.

Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

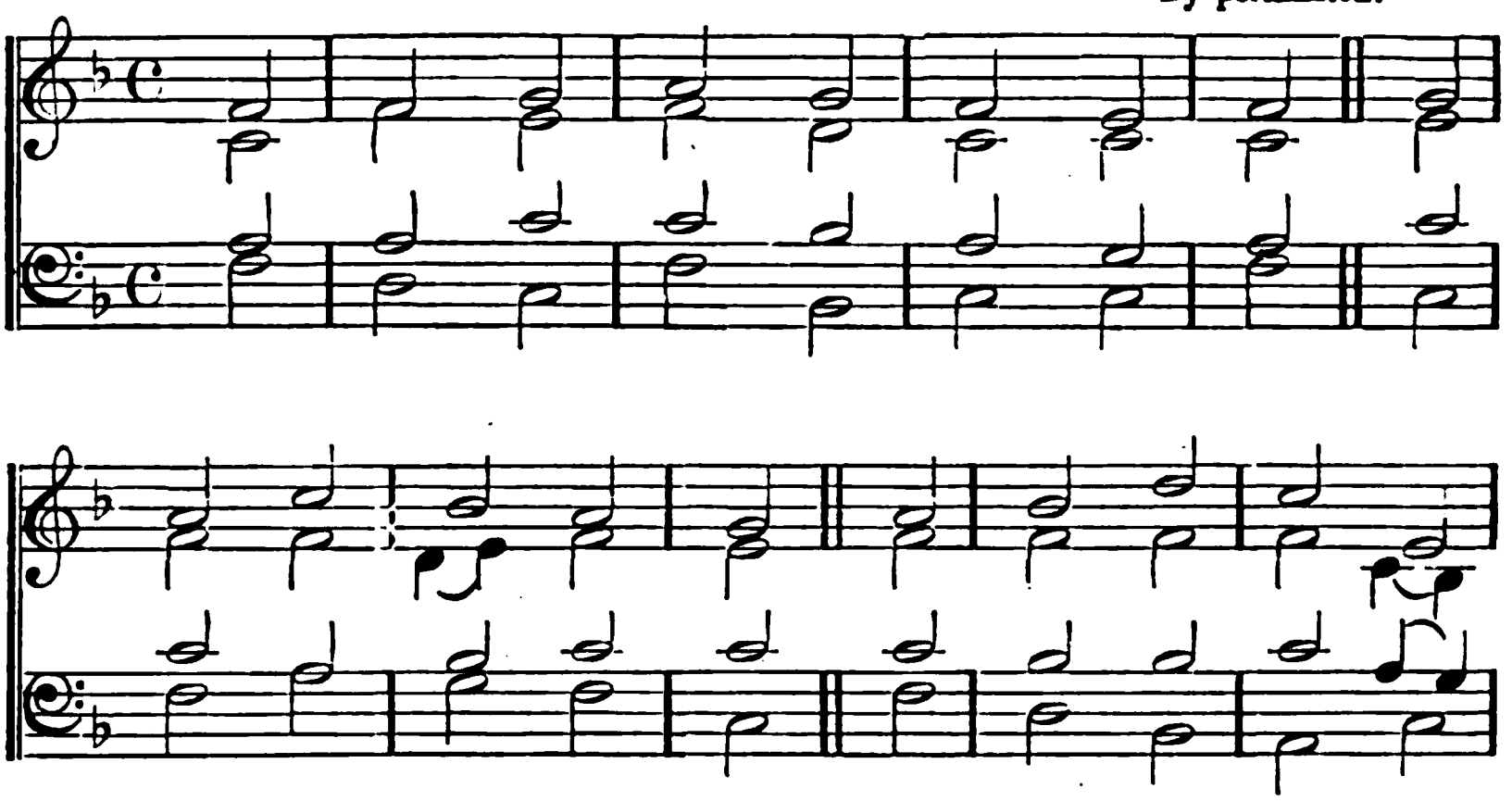
Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

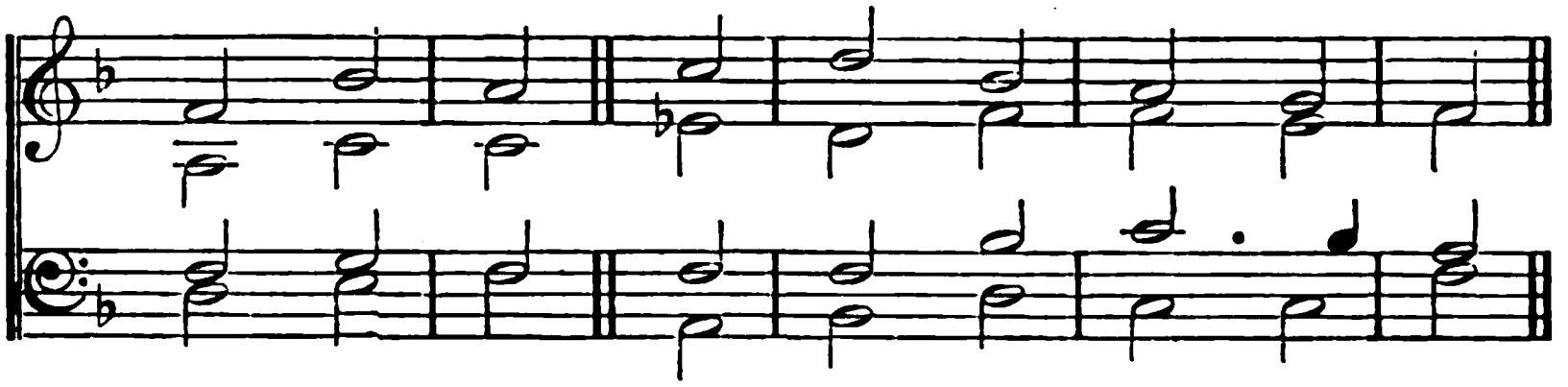
But our earnest supplication,
Holy Lord, we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see.
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

# LENT.

St. Etheldreda. C. M.

Bishop of Ely. 1860.
By permission.





## 38.

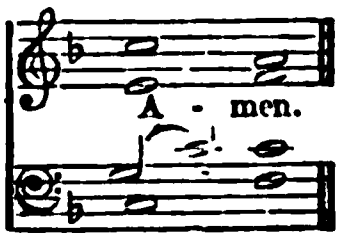
THE sacred season now doth call
A solemn fast to keep,
And bids both priests and people all
Within the temple weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
*In true humility.*

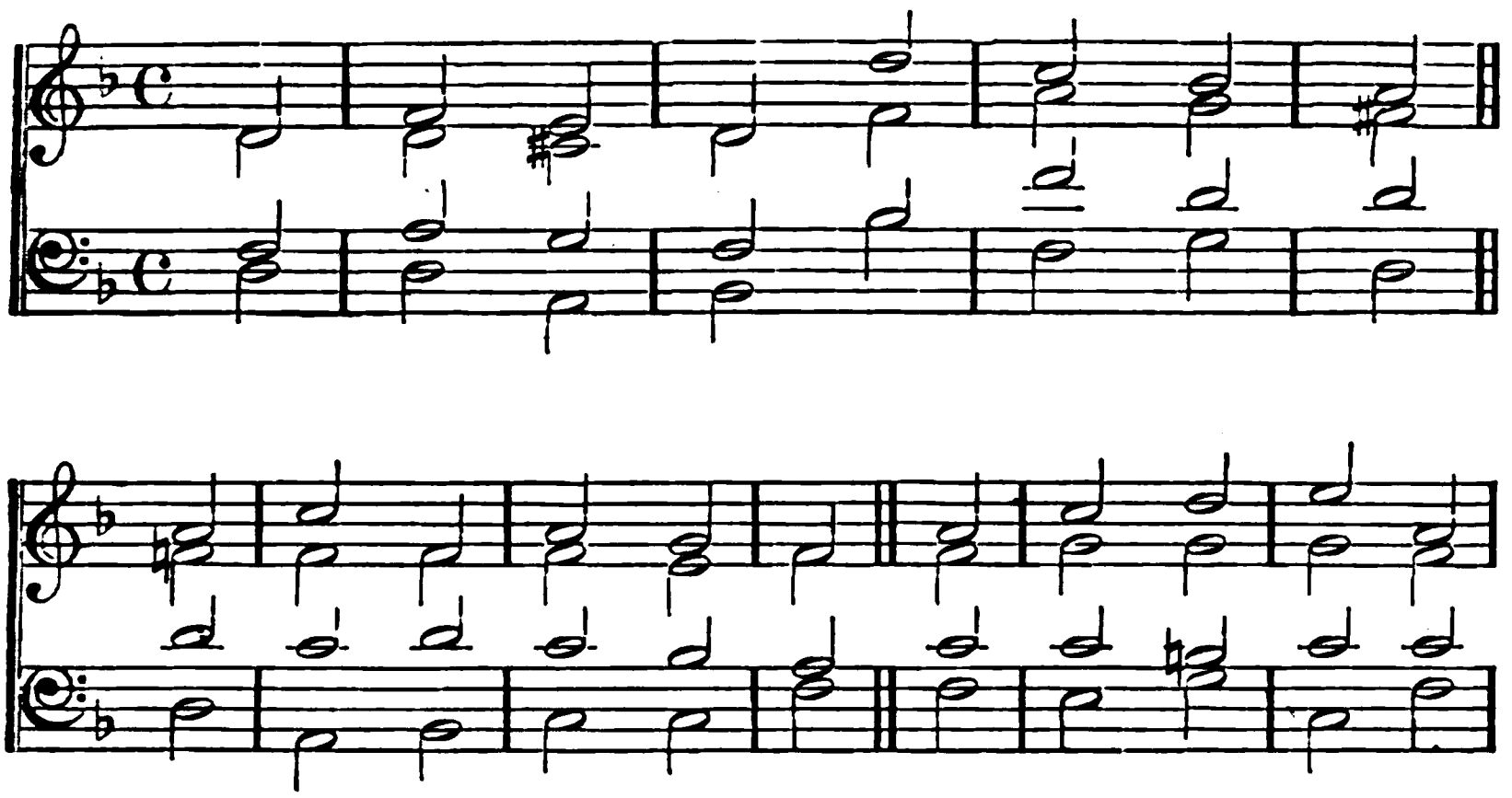
O! let us then with heartfelt grief
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

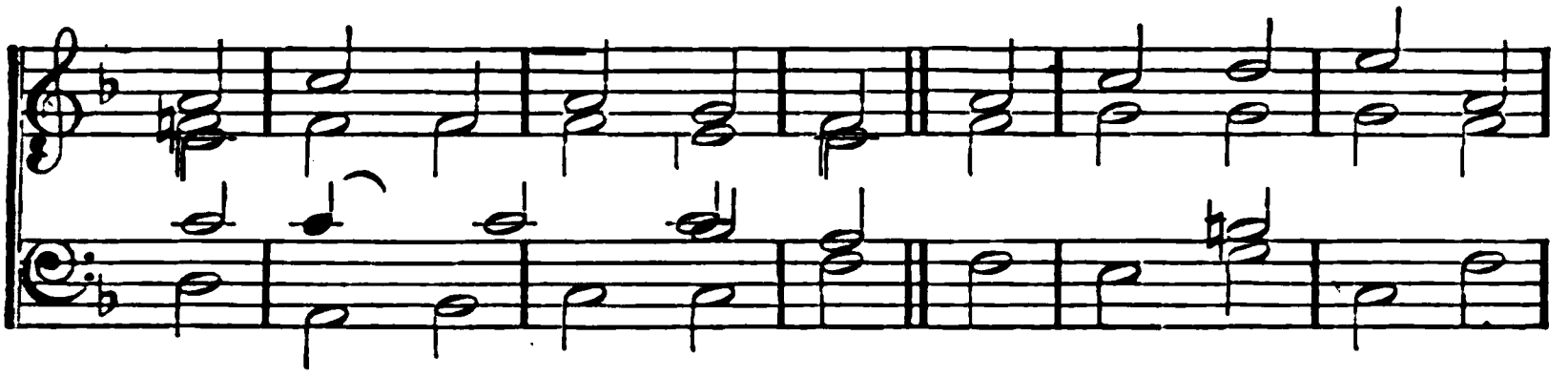
O righteous Judge, in mercy deign
To grant us all we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.



# LENT.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. From PLAYFORD'S Psalter, 1671.





## 39.

O LORD! turn not Thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life
Before Thy mercy gate:

Which Thou dost open wide to those
That do lament their sin:
O shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

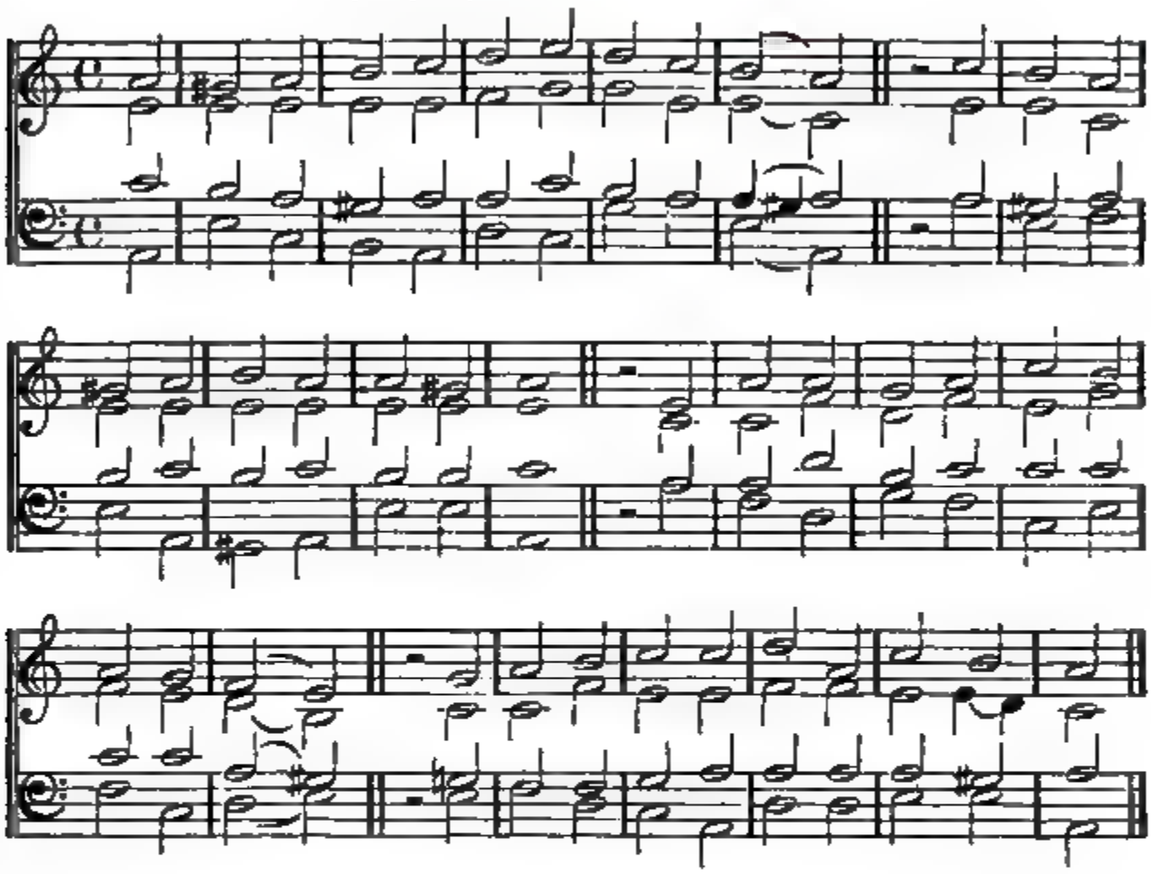
Call me not to a strict account
How I have lived here,
For then I know right well, O Lord,
Most vile I shall appear.

So come I to the throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let Thy mercy come!

## LENT.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 10, 10, 10, 10. GOUDIMEL'S 110th Psalm.*



### 40.

FATHER, again in JESUS' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

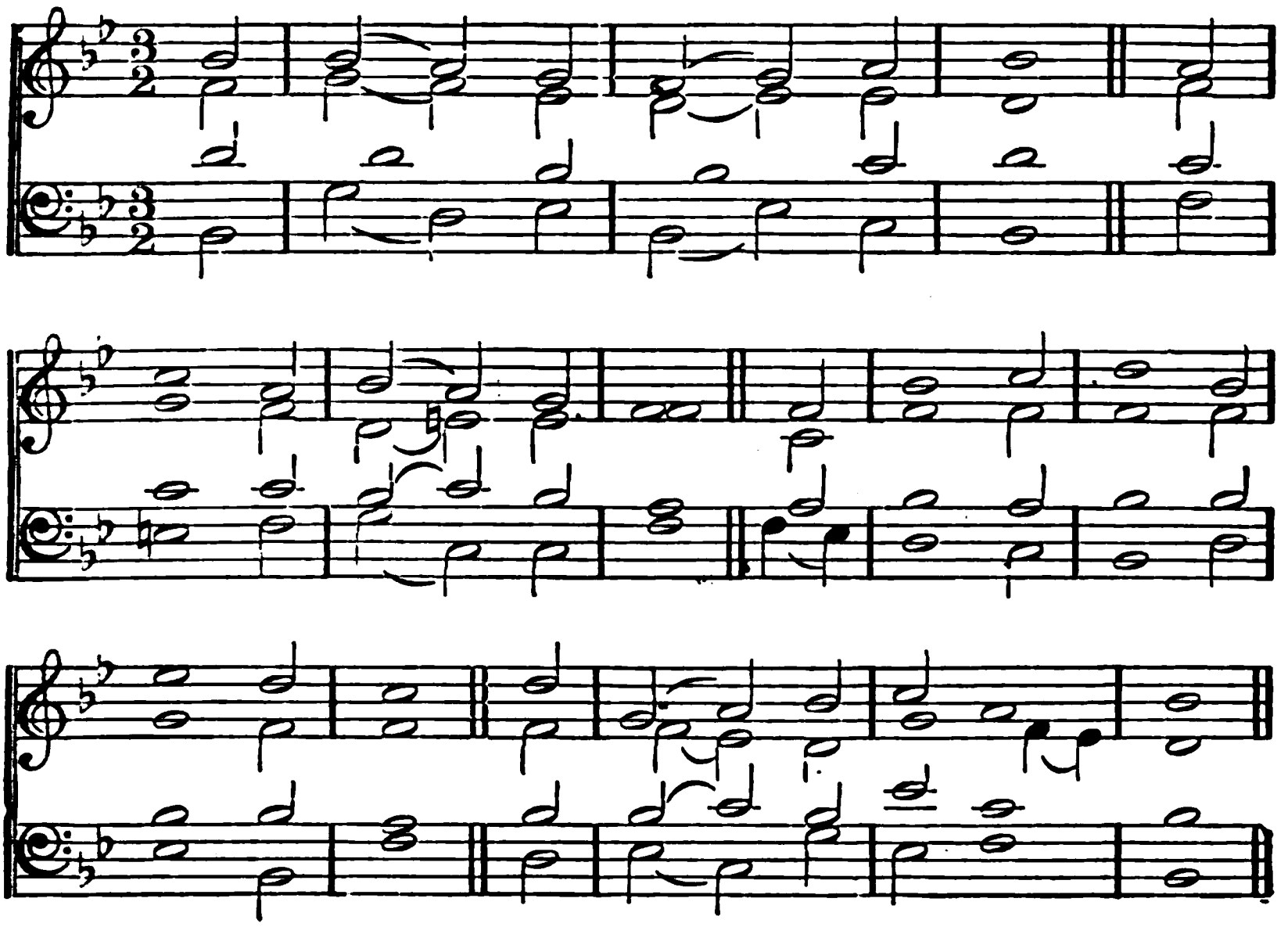
Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

O, by His Name in whom all fulness dwells,
O, by His love which every love excels,
O, by His blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blessed Mercy's gate, and take us in!

* *For having set the Psalms* of Marot and Beza to music, Goudimel was put to death at Lyons in the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew's day*, 1572.

# LENT.

AYNHOE. S. M. JAMES NARES, Mus. D. Died, 1783.



## 41.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His Word.

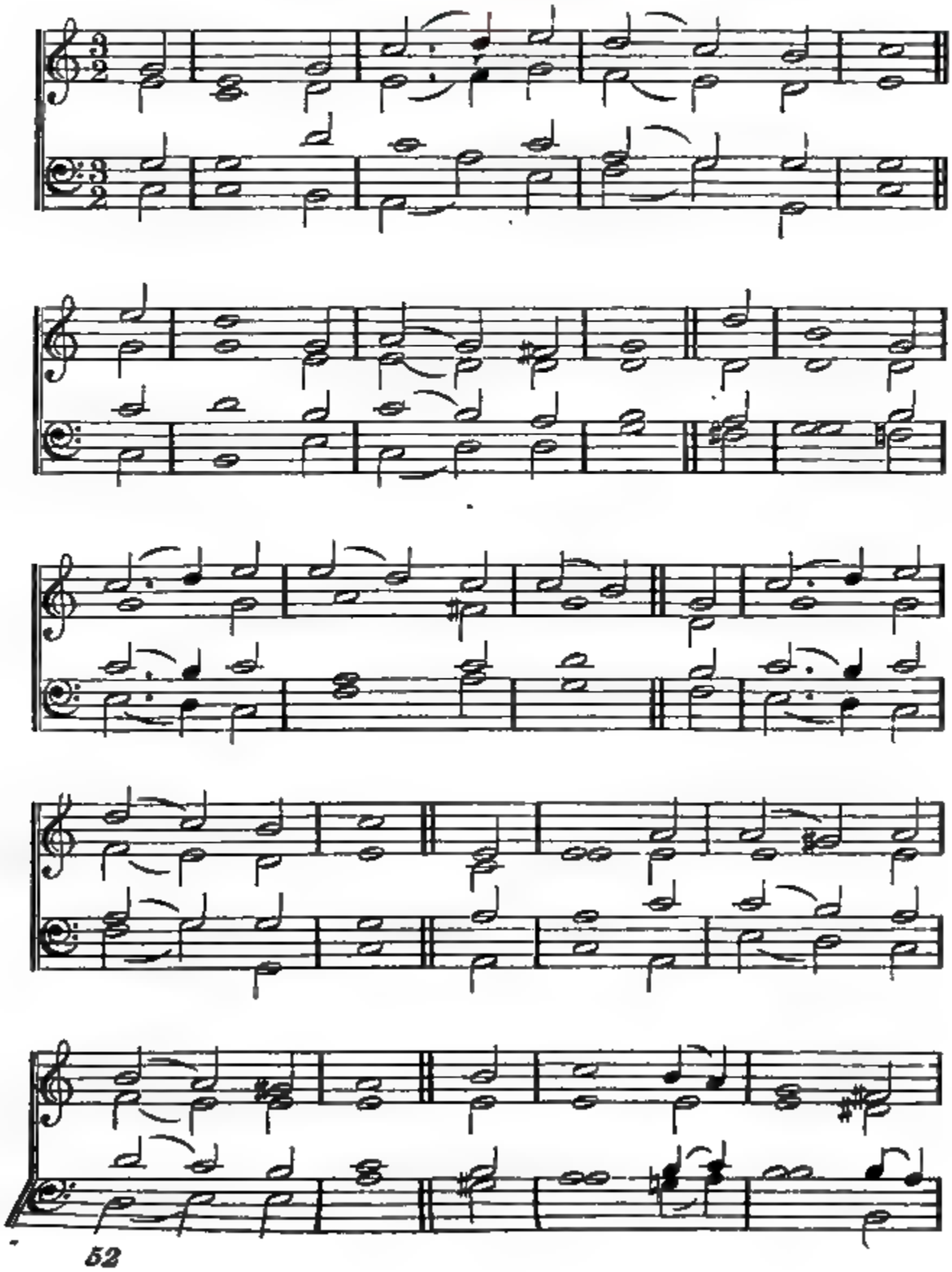
When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod!

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's Name.

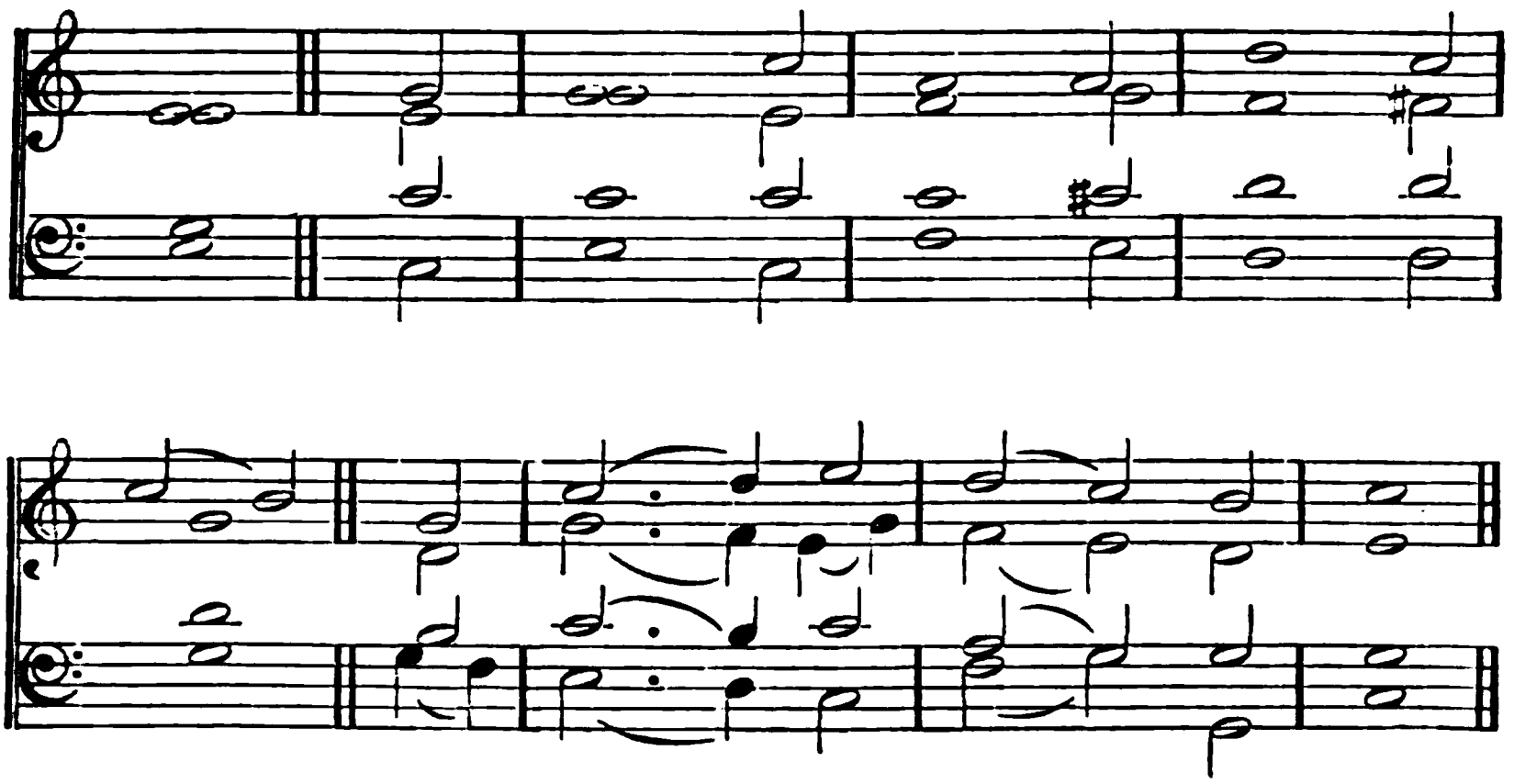
With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

# LENT.

St. Matthew's. D. C. M. William Croft, Mus. D. Died, 1727.



## LENT.



42.

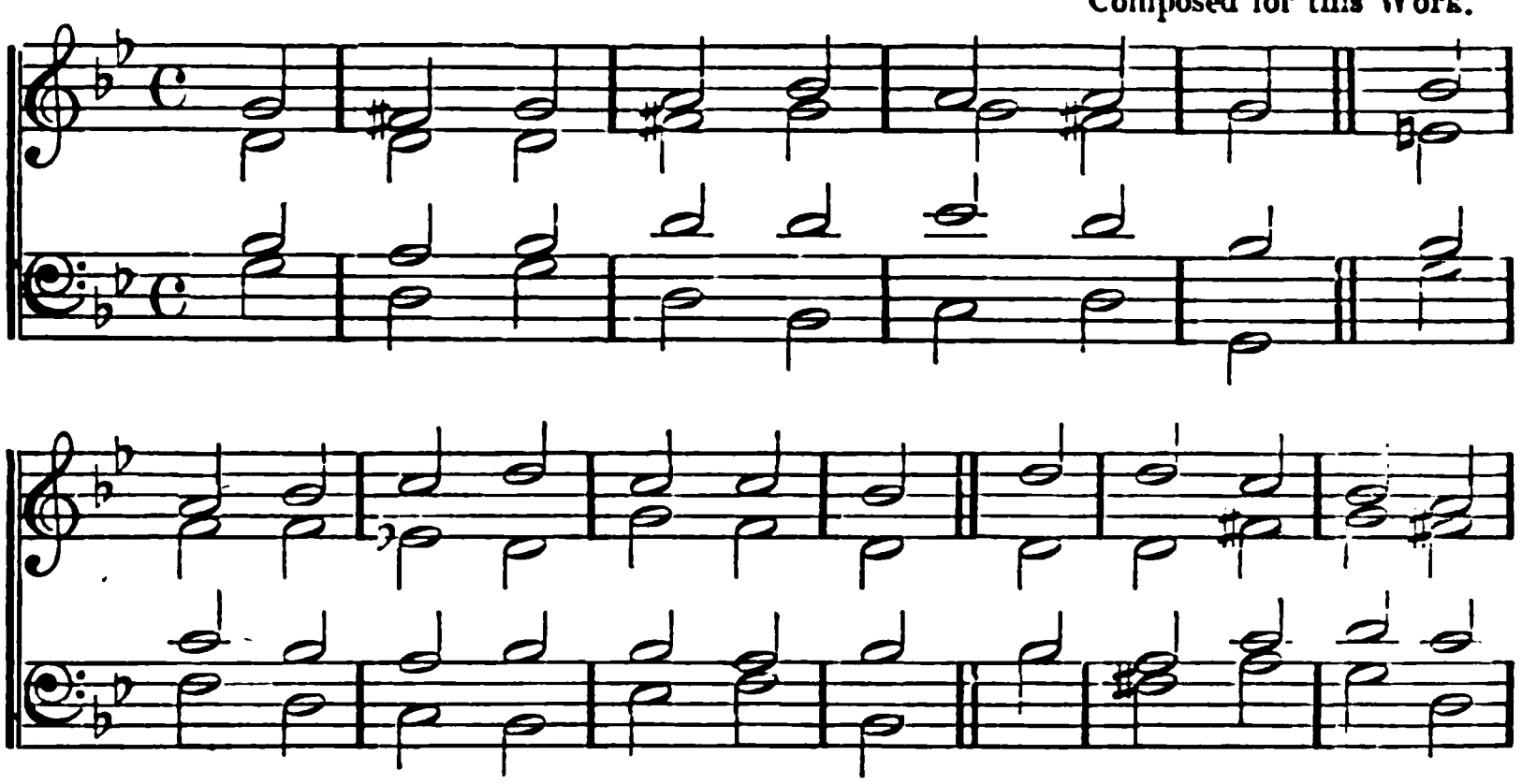
LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore:
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine;
May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

# LENT.

**PRAYER. L. M.**

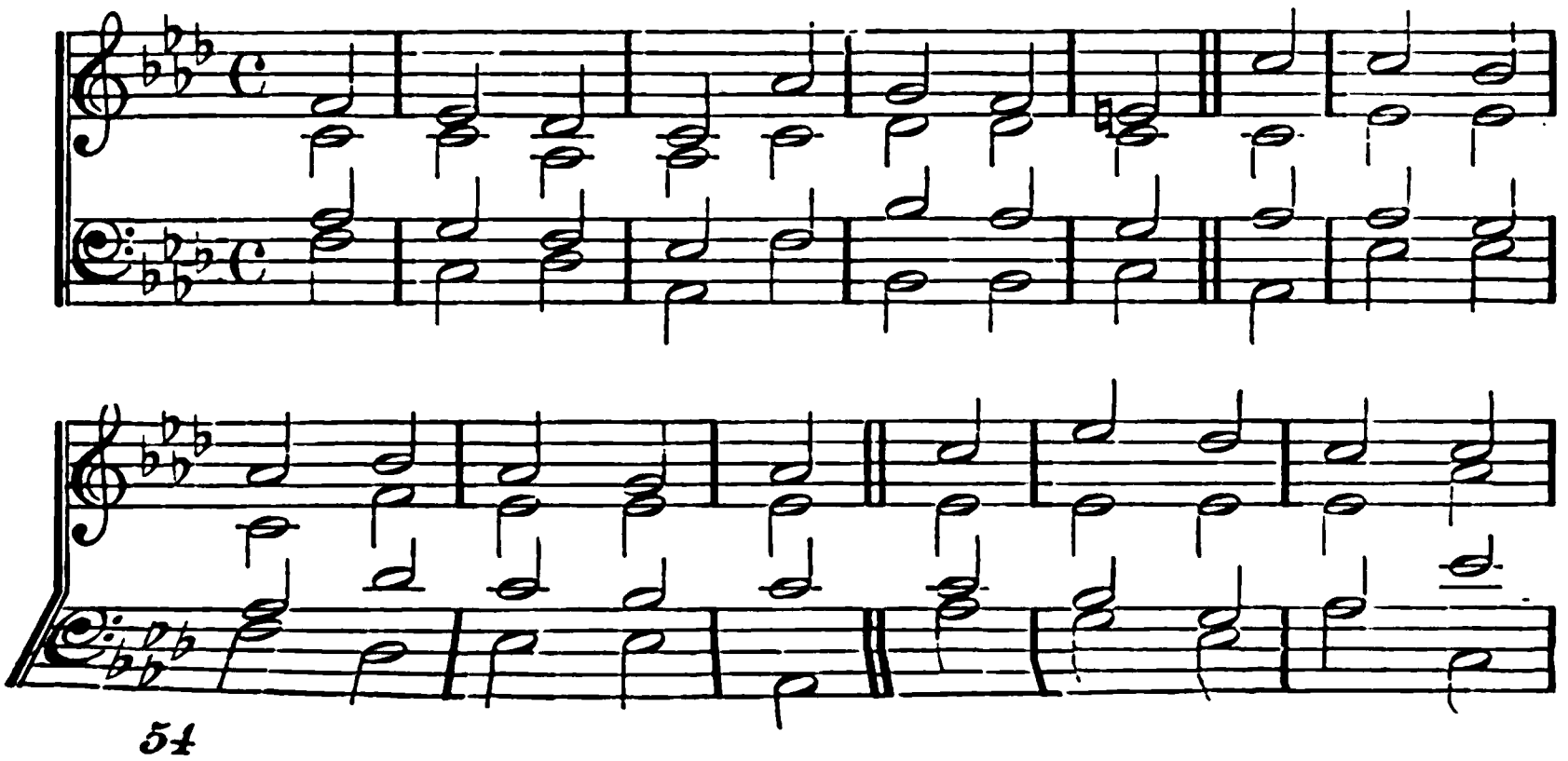
JAMES TURLE. 1862.
Composed for this Work.



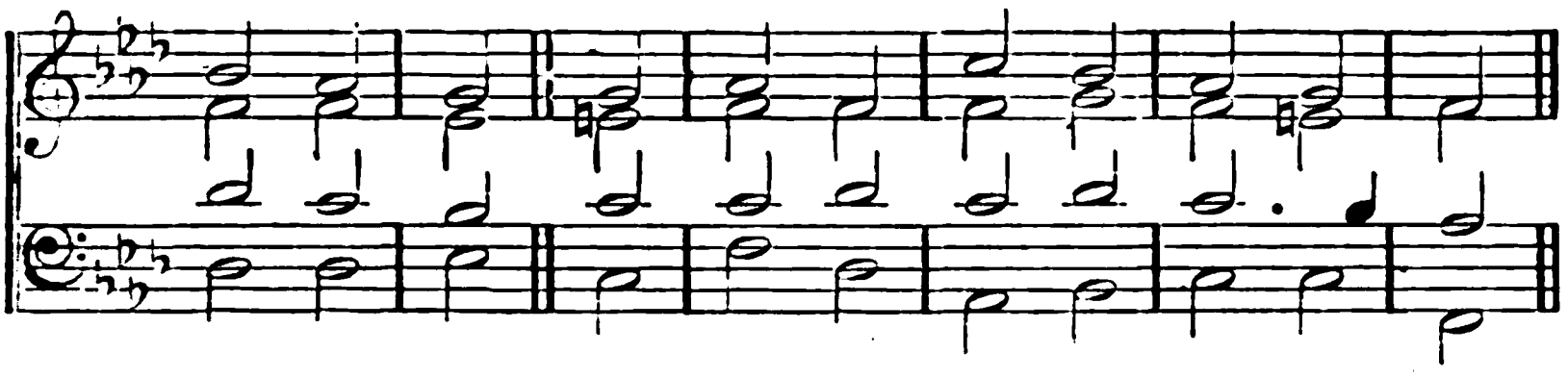
*Or,*

**ST. LUKE'S. L. M.**

JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.
Harmonized by JAMES TURLE.

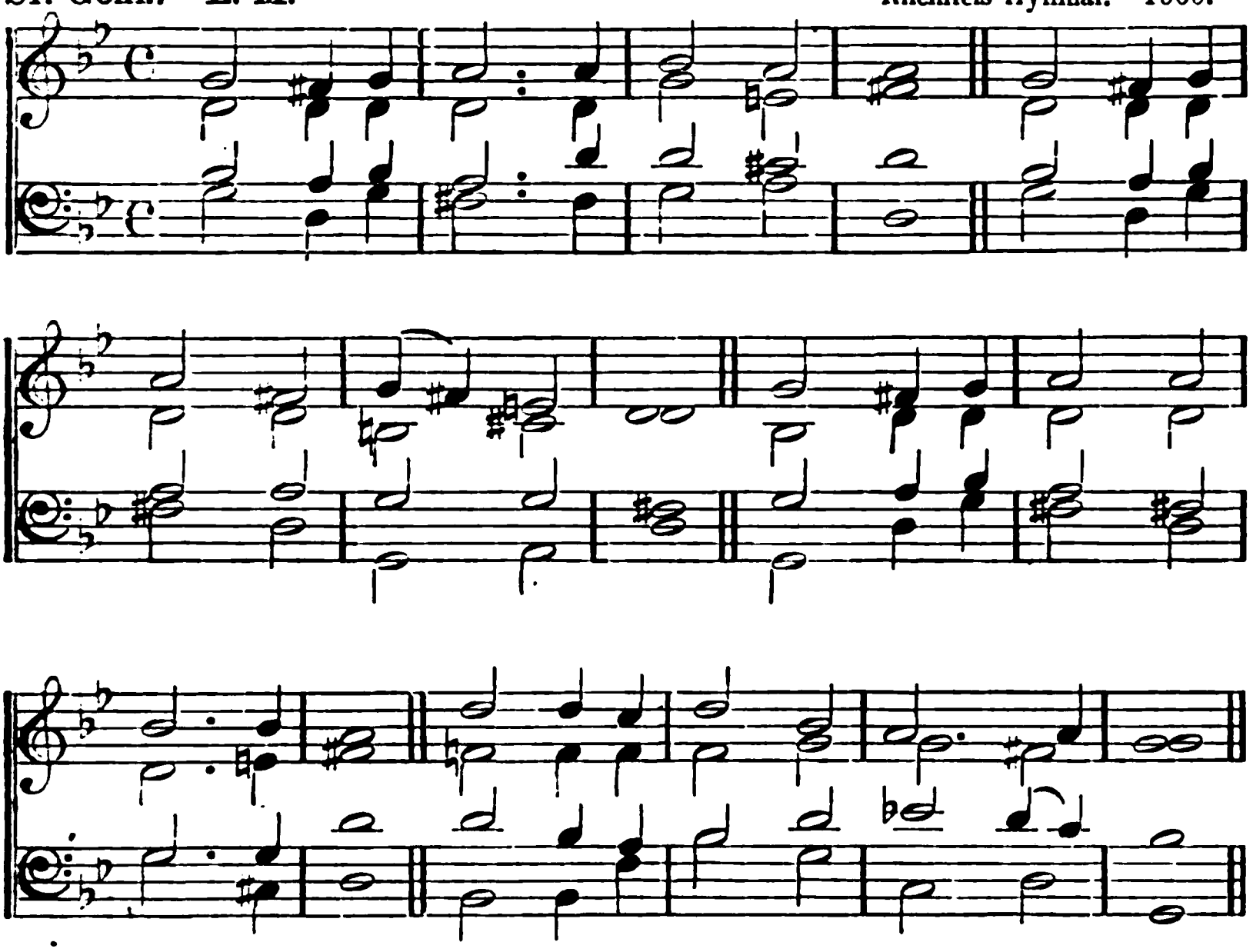


# LENT.



*Or,*

ST. GOAR. L. M. Rheinfels Hymnal. 1666.



## 43.

HOW shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known,
A weary wanderer find the way [alone.
To peace and rest? Through Christ

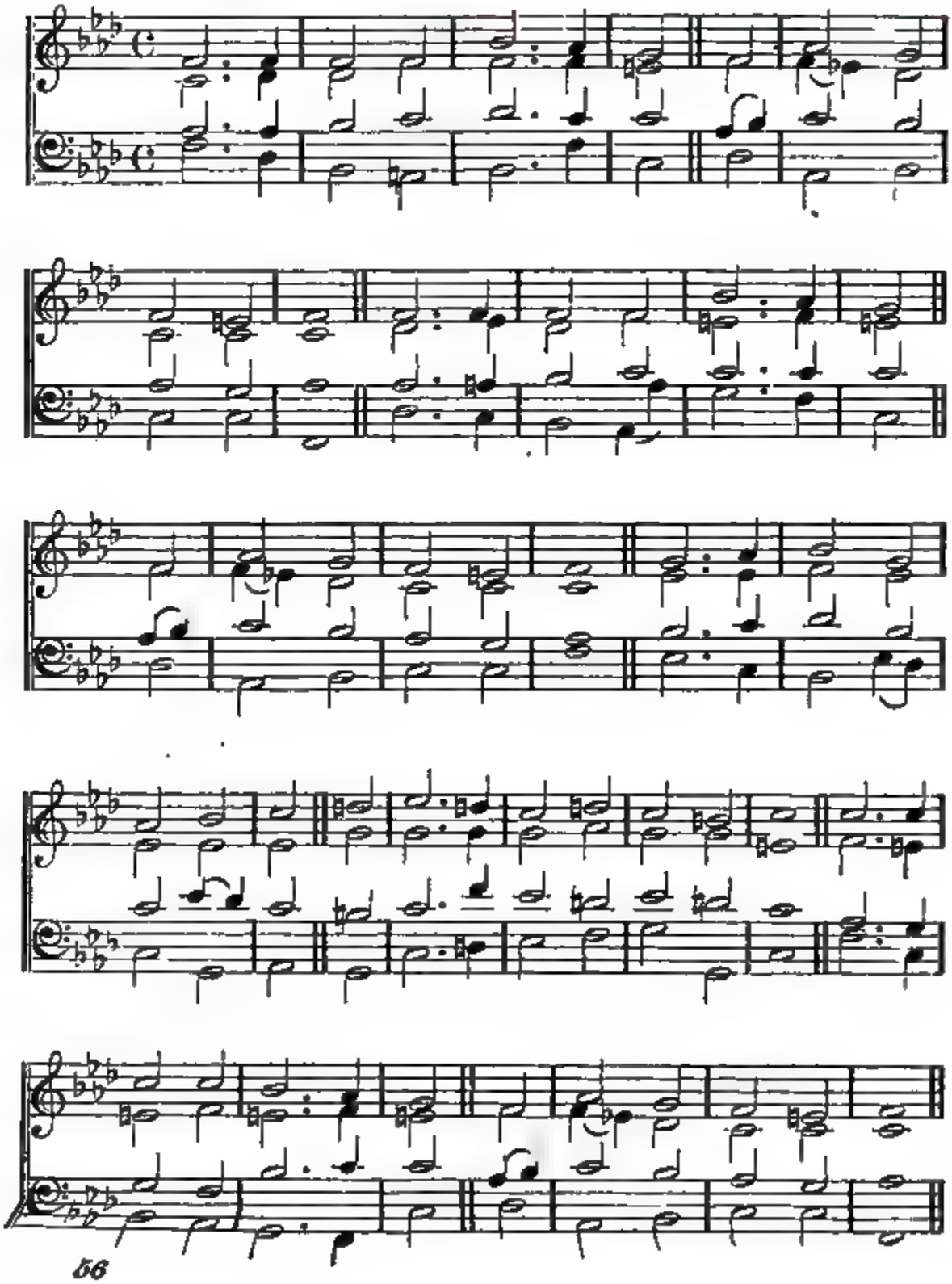
Father, in Him we claim our part,
For Thy Son's sake accept us now;
In Him well pleased Thou always art,
Well pleased with us through Him be [Thou.

O look on Thine Anointed One;
Thy gift in Him is all our plea,
Our righteousness—what He hath done;
Our prayer—His prayer for us to Thee.

So while He intercedes above,
In His dear Name may we believe,
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive.

## LENT.

ATONEMENT. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6. Bohemian Brethren's Hymn Book.



## LENT.

### 44.

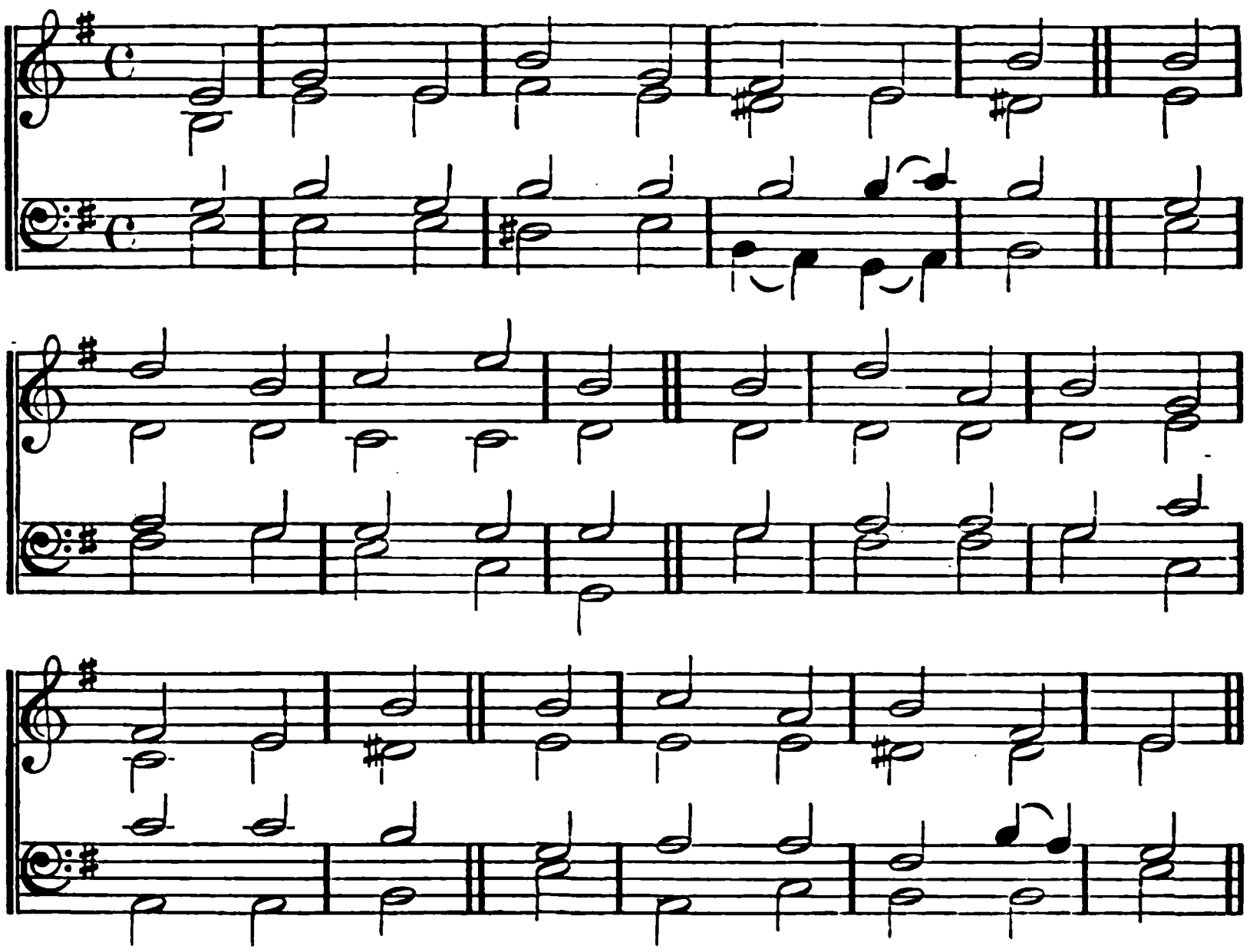
GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
Yet to Thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
But trust Thy grace alone;
Empty send me not away,
Thus helpless and undone;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

I, alas! no price can bring,
Yet come to seek Thy love;
Though so vile, so lost a thing,
May I Thy mercy prove:
Take me, wretched as I am,
From guilt and fear, O set me free;
Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

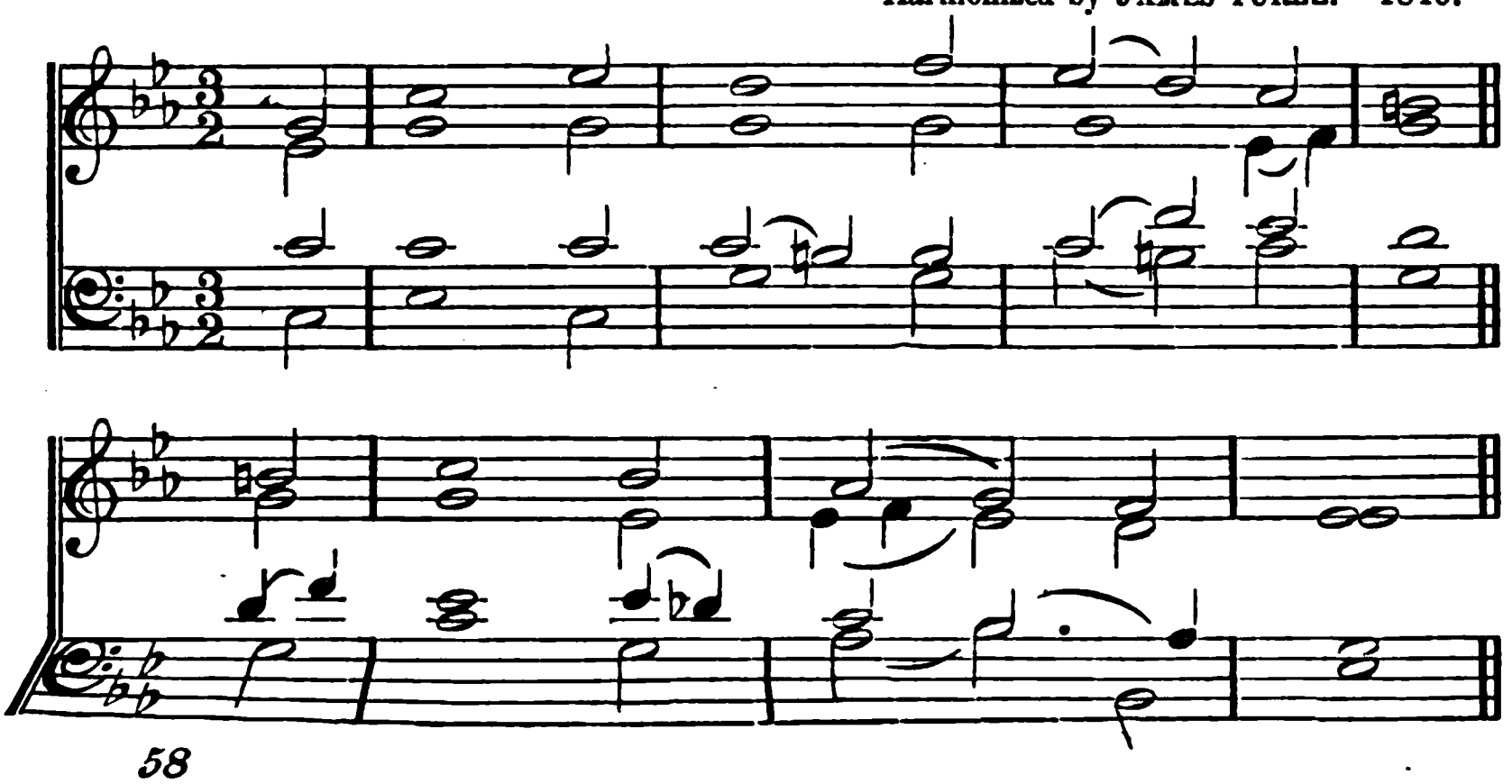
# LENT.

**Old Martyrs.** **C. M.** From the Scotch Psalter. 1611.

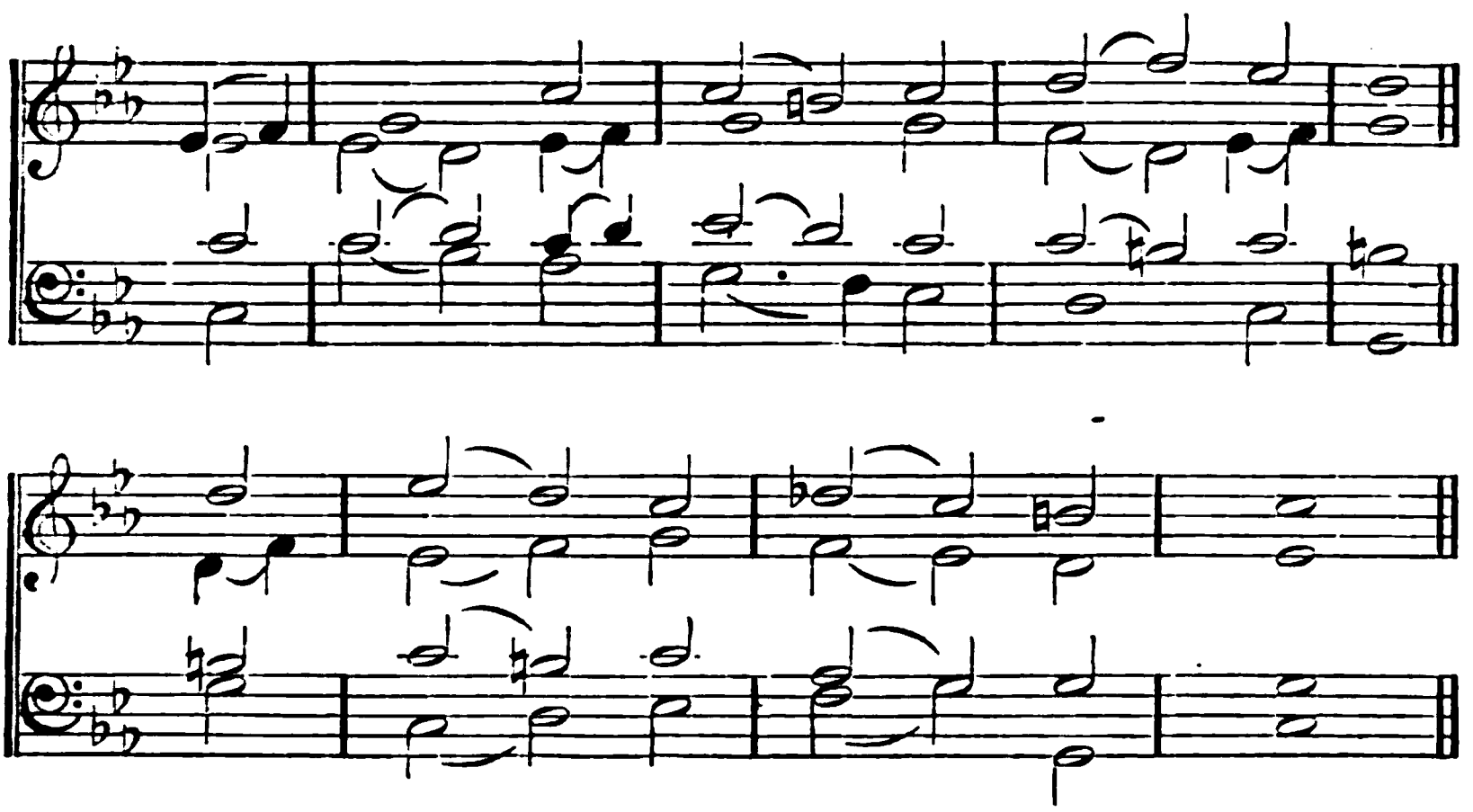


*Or,*

**Ireland.** **C. M.** Author unknown. Harmonized by James Turle. 1840.



## LENT.



45.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me!

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me!

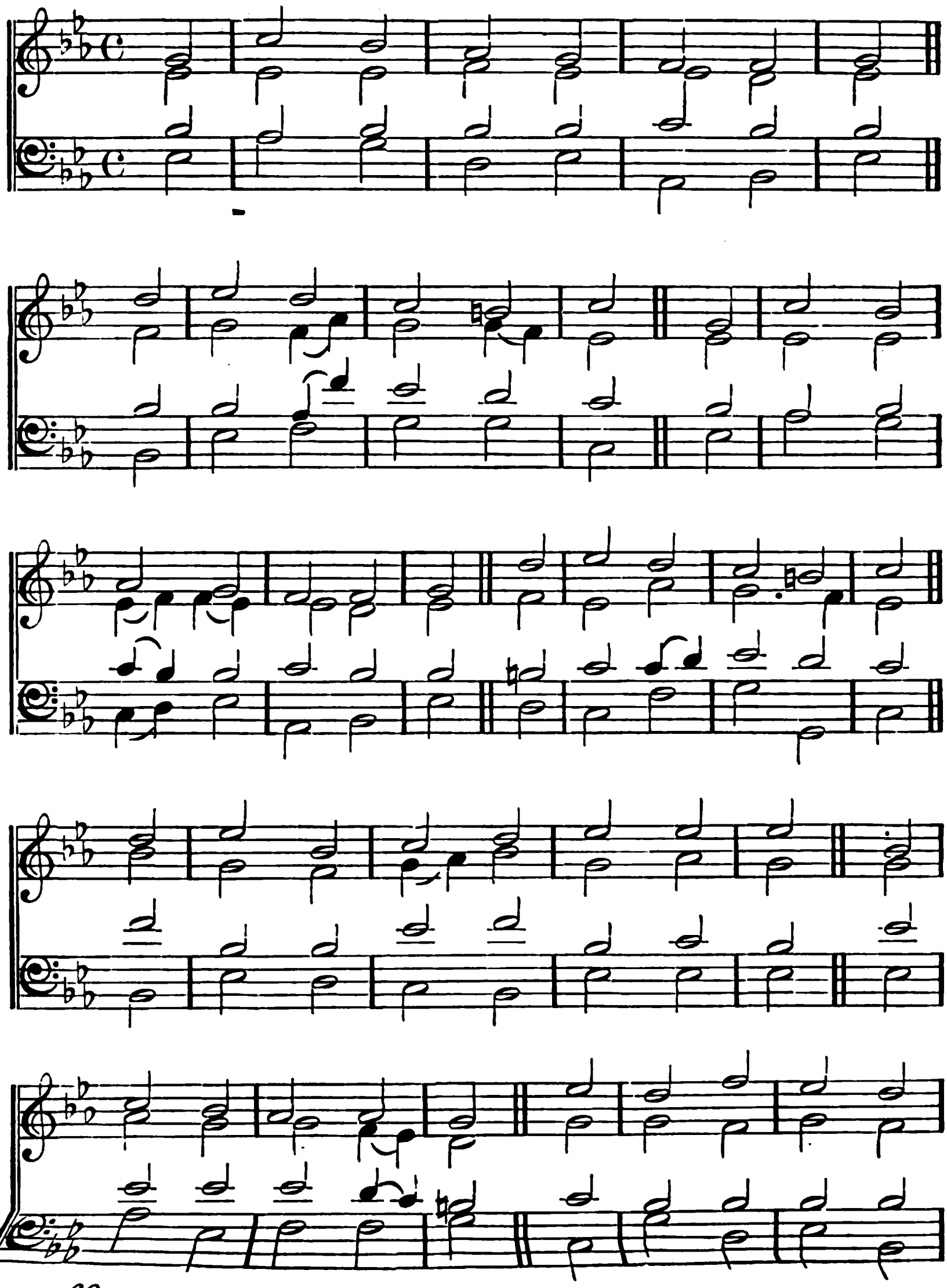
If on my face, for Thy loved Name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
"*O Lord*, remember me!"

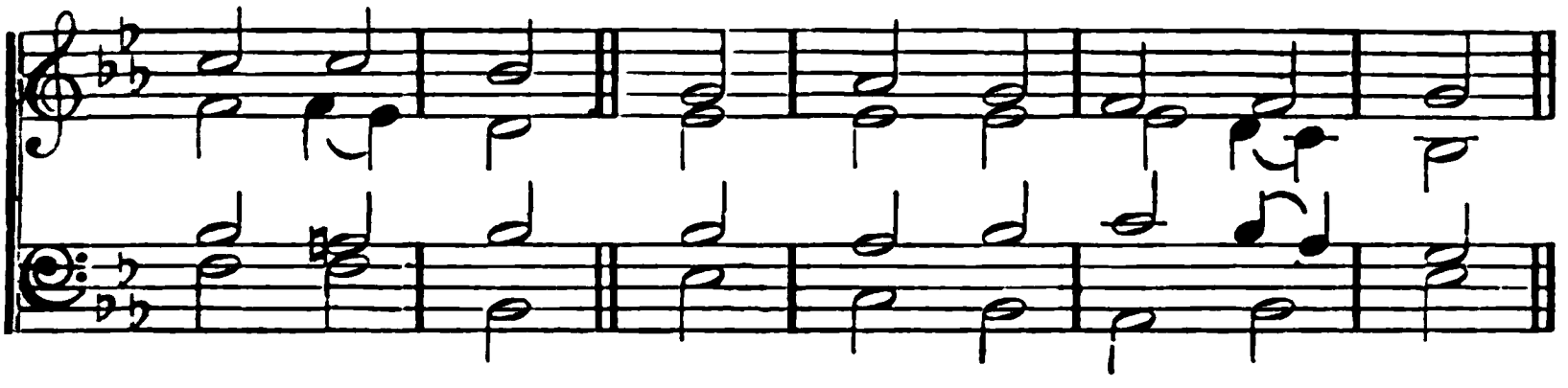
# LENT.

BERNBERG. D. C. M.

HANS LEO HASSLER. 1601.



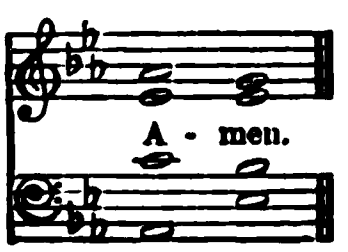
## LENT.



### 46.

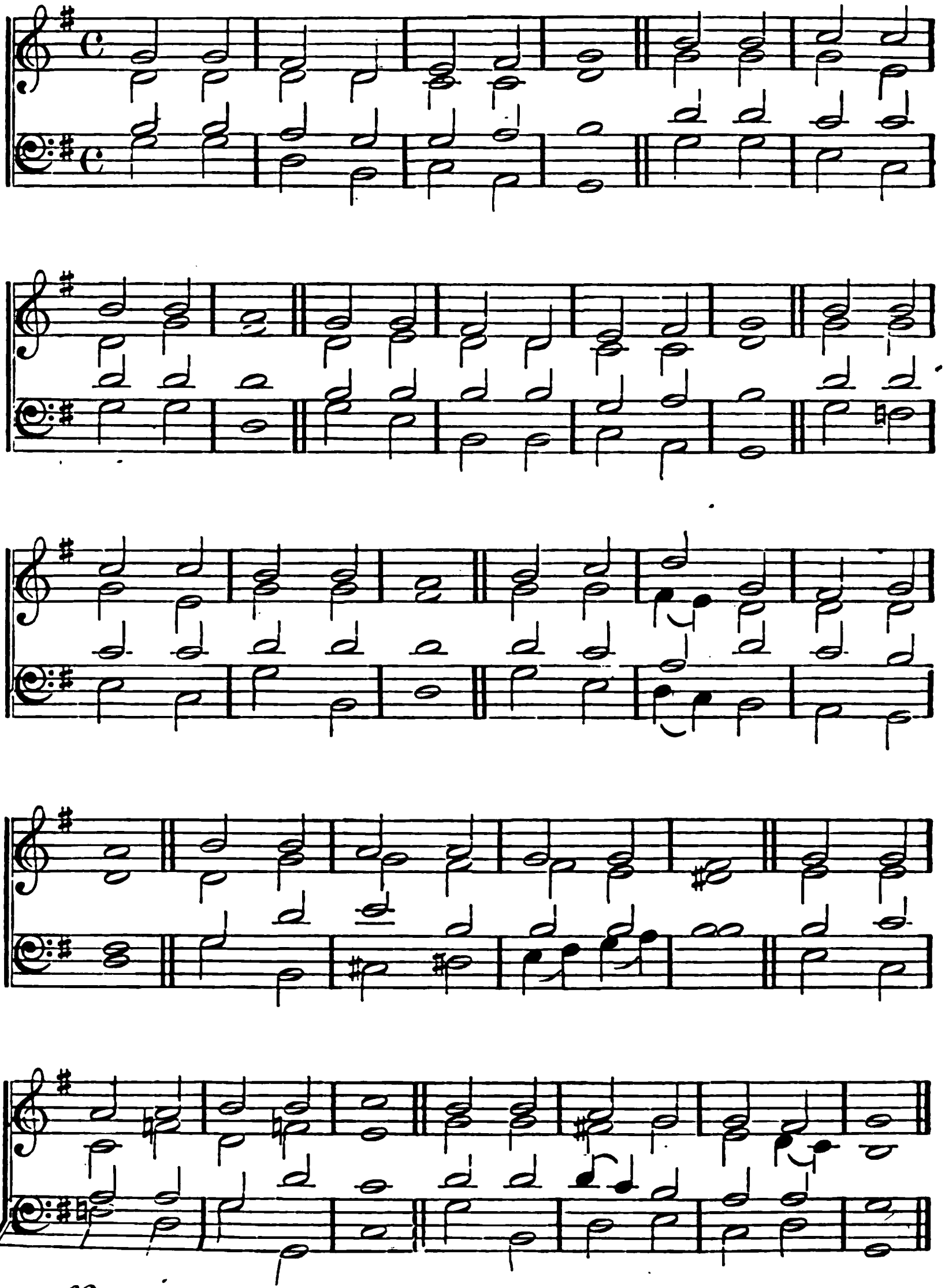
O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
That round our pathway be,
Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
Come between us and Thee;
Thou know'st that our infirmity
In Thee alone is strong,
To Thee for help and strength we fly;
O let us not go wrong!

O bear us up, protect us now
In dark temptation's hour;
For Thou wert born of woman, Thou
Hast felt the tempter's power:
All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
Who strive and suffer long;
But O midst all our cares and woes
Still let us not go wrong.



# LENT.

ZURICH. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. I. SCHOPPE. 1642.



## 47.

JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

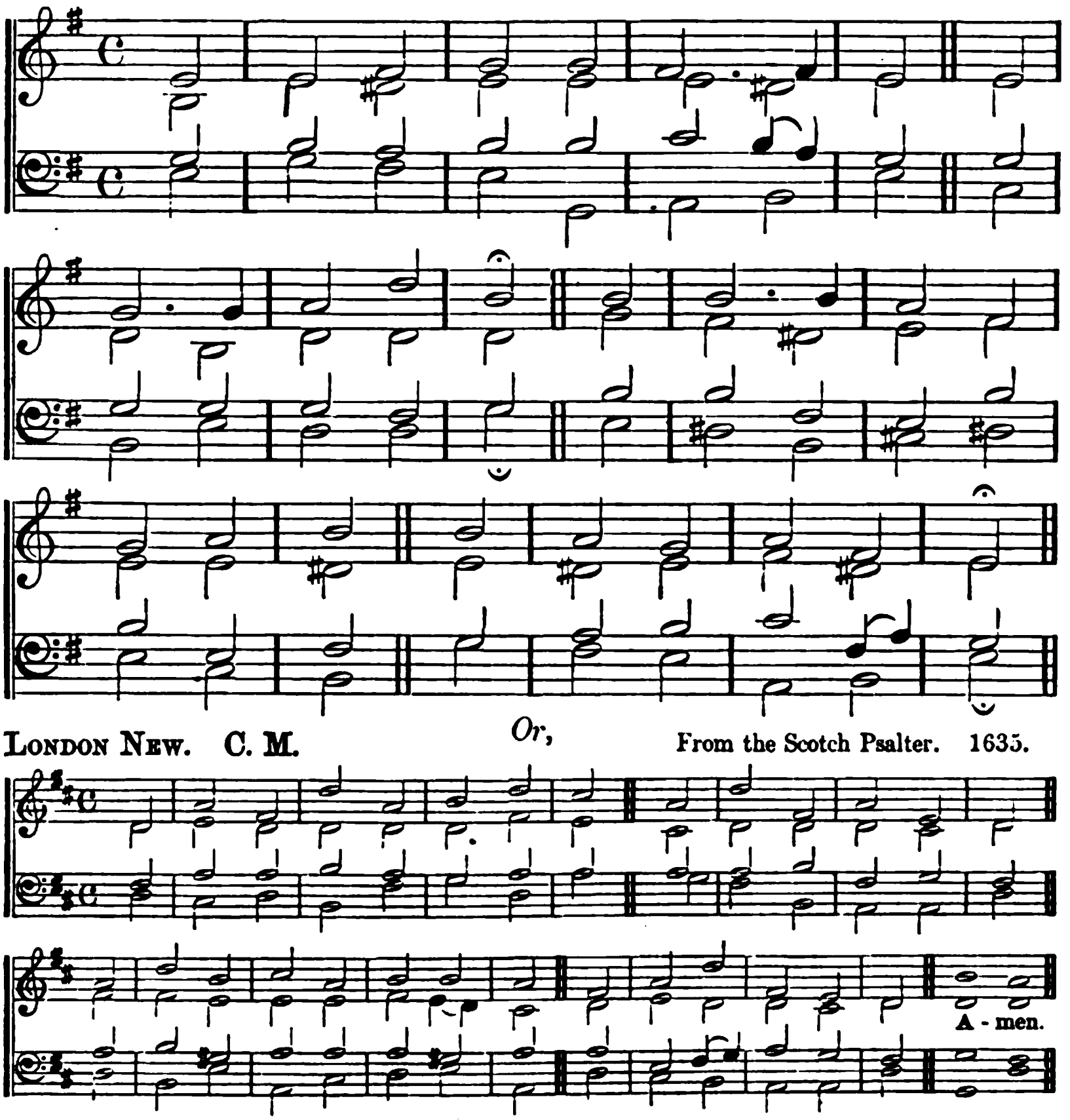
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

## LENT.

CHESTER. C. M.

From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.
Harmonized by JAMES TURLE.



LONDON NEW. C. M. *Or,* From the Scotch Psalter. 1635.



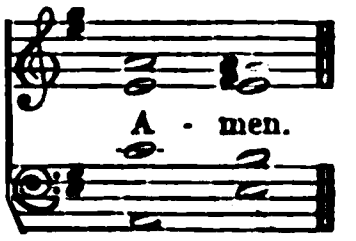

## 48.

OH! for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

Oh! for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true. and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

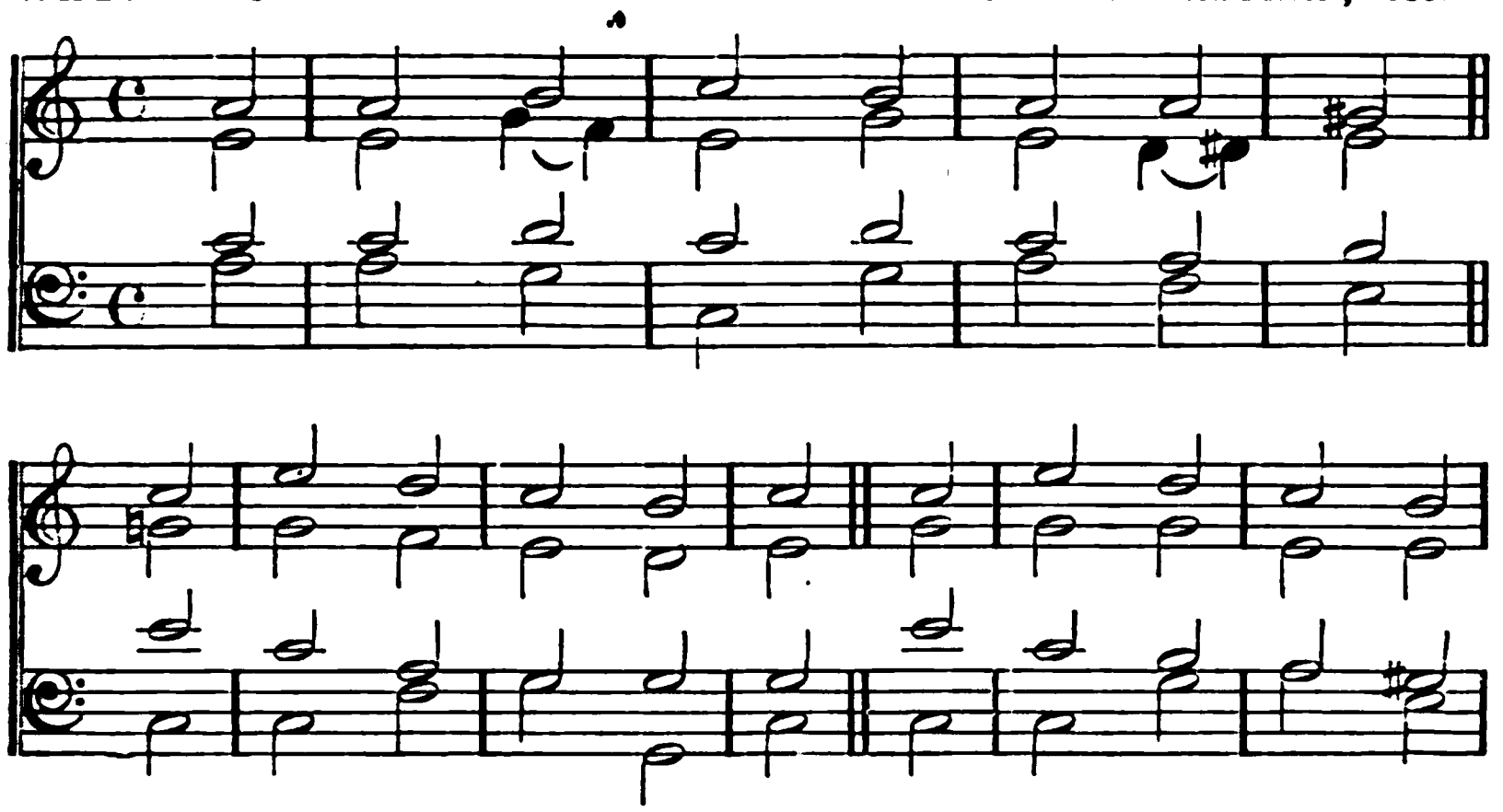
A heart in every thought renew'd,
*And fill'd with love divine;*
*Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,*
*A copy, Lord, of Thine.*

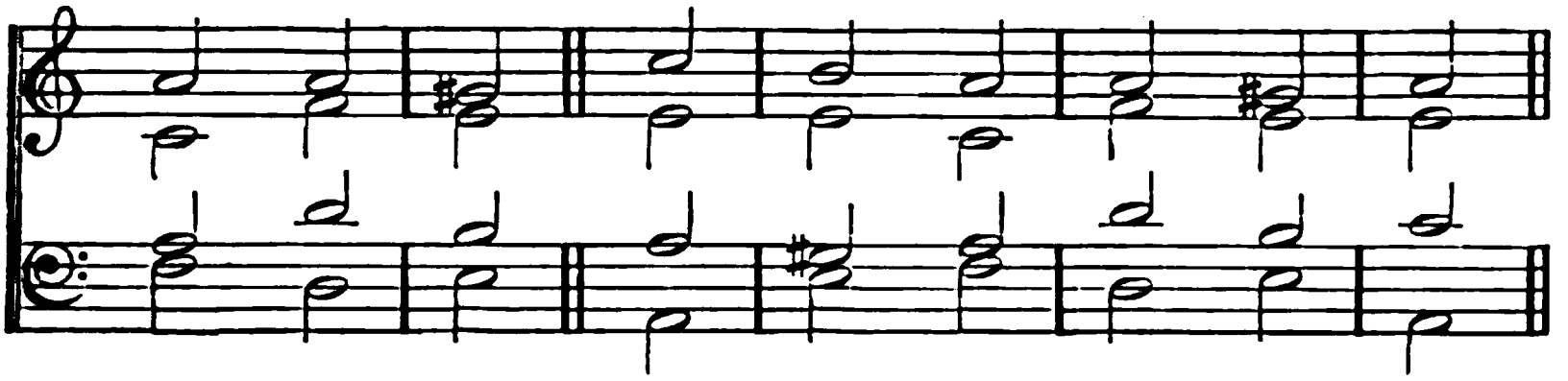
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.



# LENT.

WINDSOR. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter, 1615.





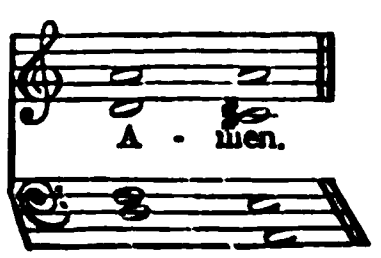
## 49.

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

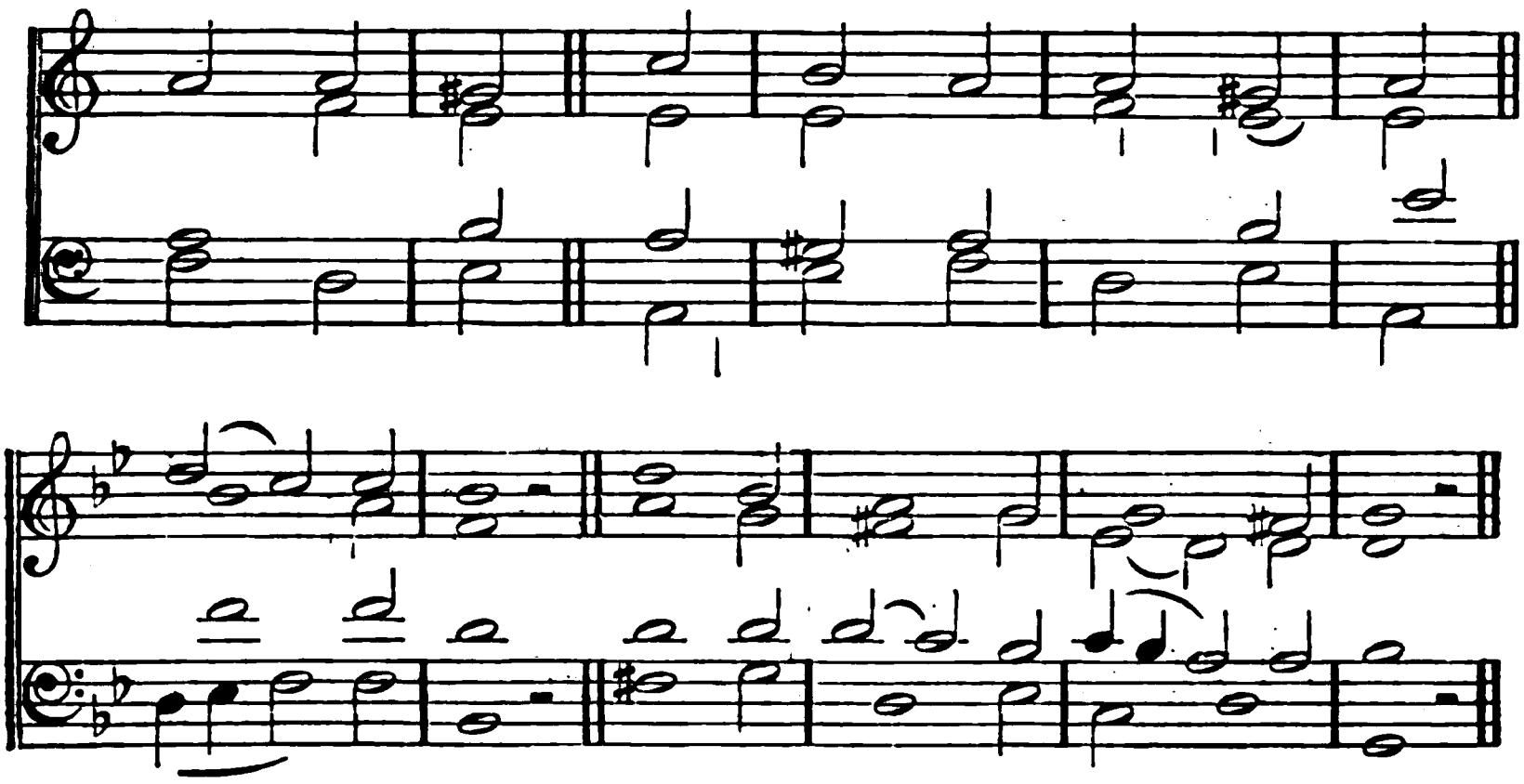
O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, JESUS, from on high;
We know no help but Thee!
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be!



PARACLETE. 7, 7, 7. CRÜGER. 1666.



## 50.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Now, before it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Supplication on us pour,
Let us now kneel at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

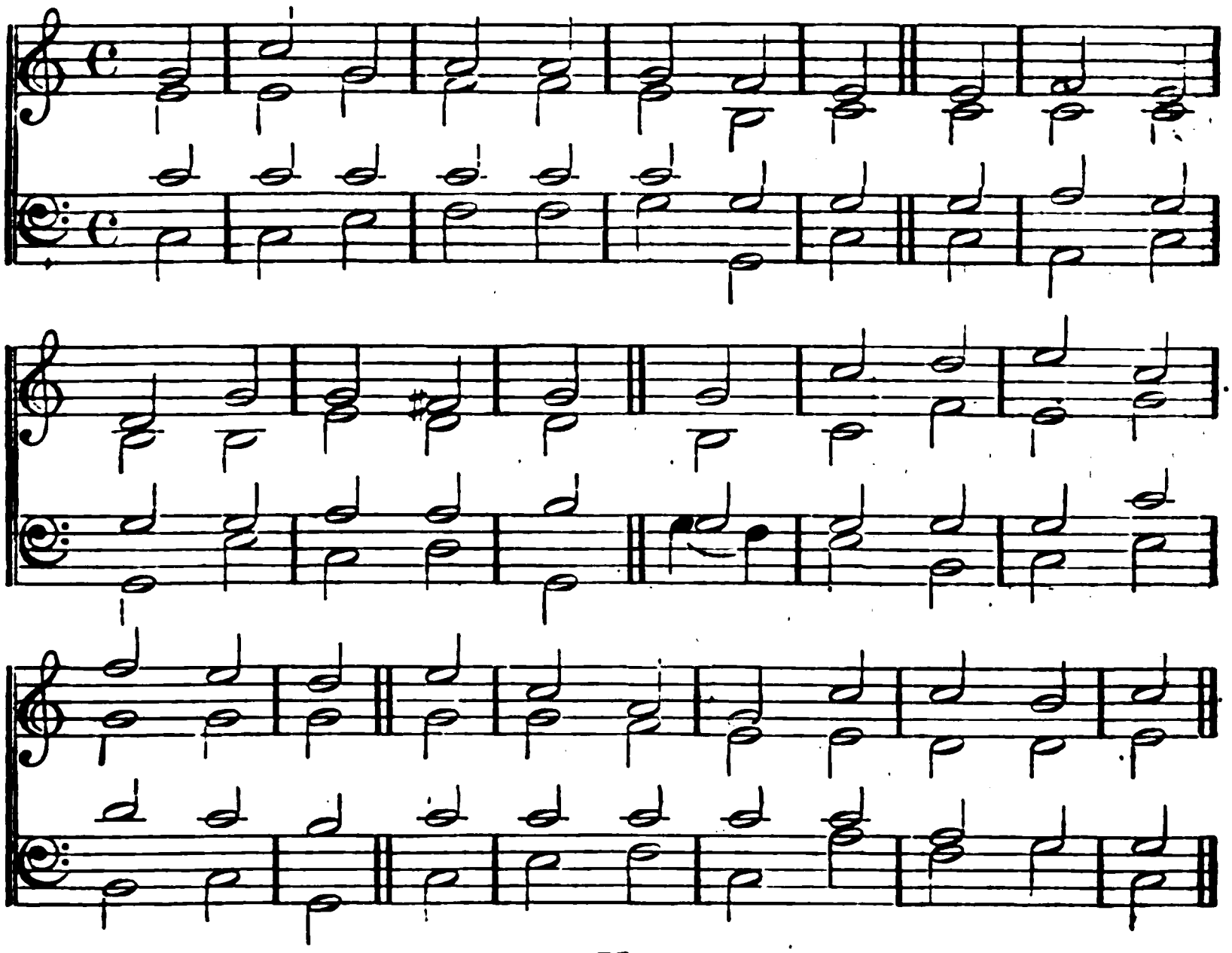
By Thy bitter tears of woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

'Neath Thy wings let us have place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

# LENT.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

An adaptation of a Choral by
BARTHOLOMÄUS CRASSELIUS. 1704.



## 51.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

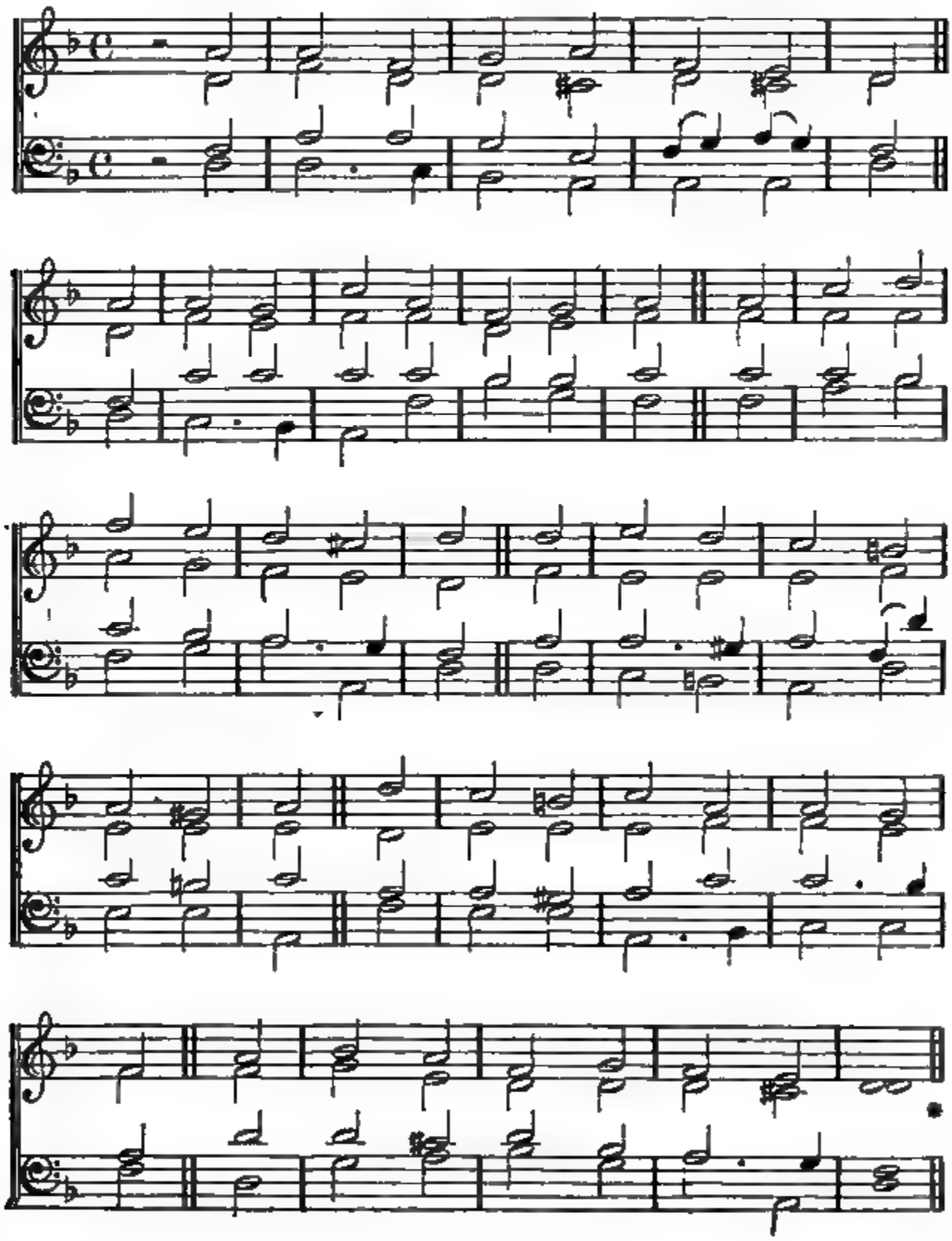
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
*Demands* my soul, my life, my all.

## LENT.

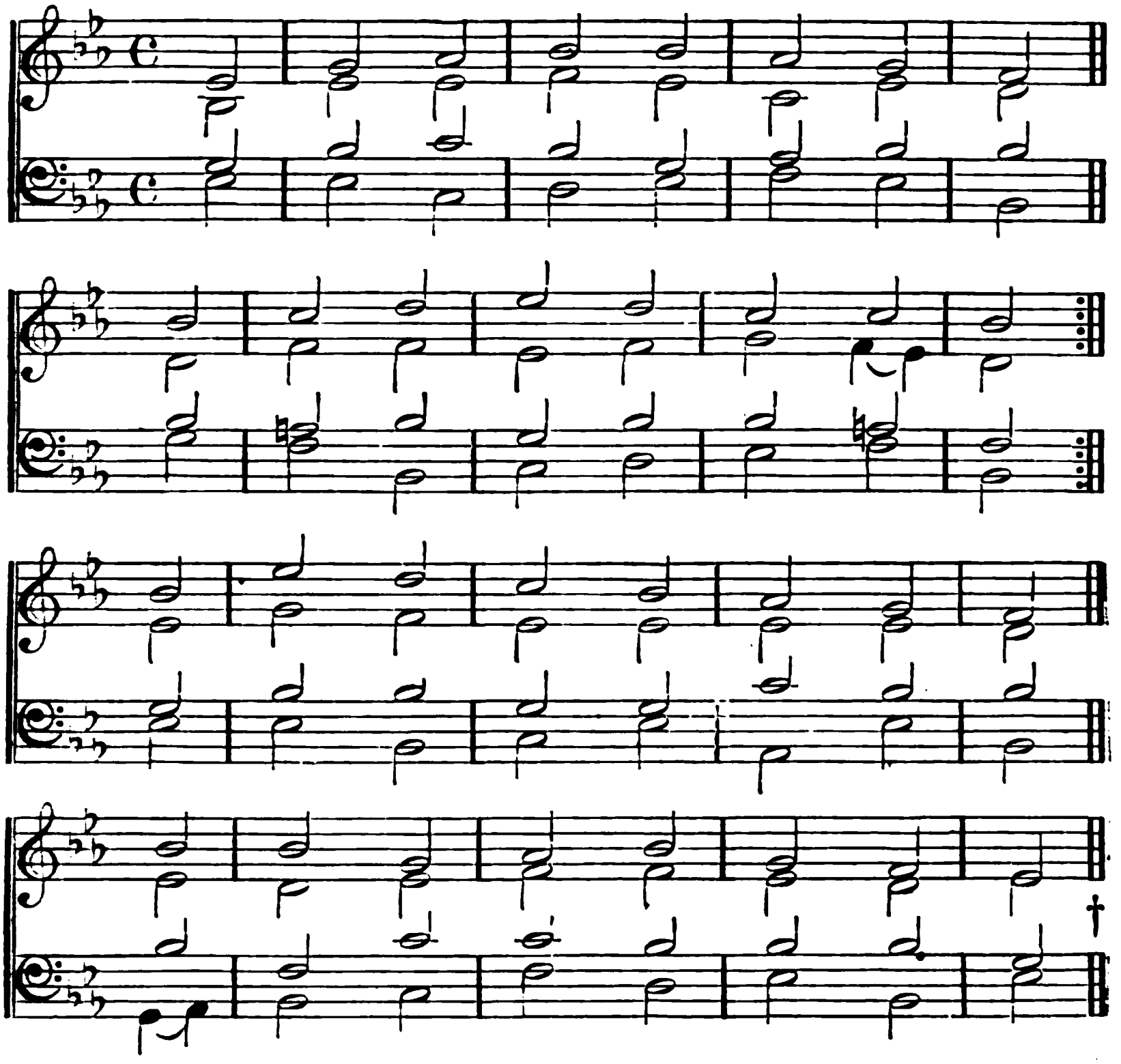
OLD 112TH PSALM. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. LUTHER. Died, 1546.



# LENT.

*Or* LEIPSIG. 8, 8 :‖ 8, 8.

J. HERMANN SCHEIN'S
"Cantional." 1627.

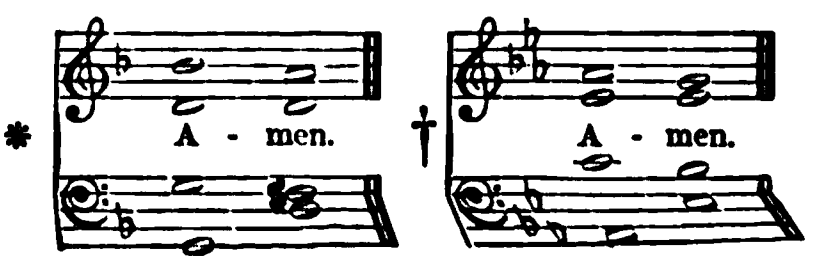


## 52.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

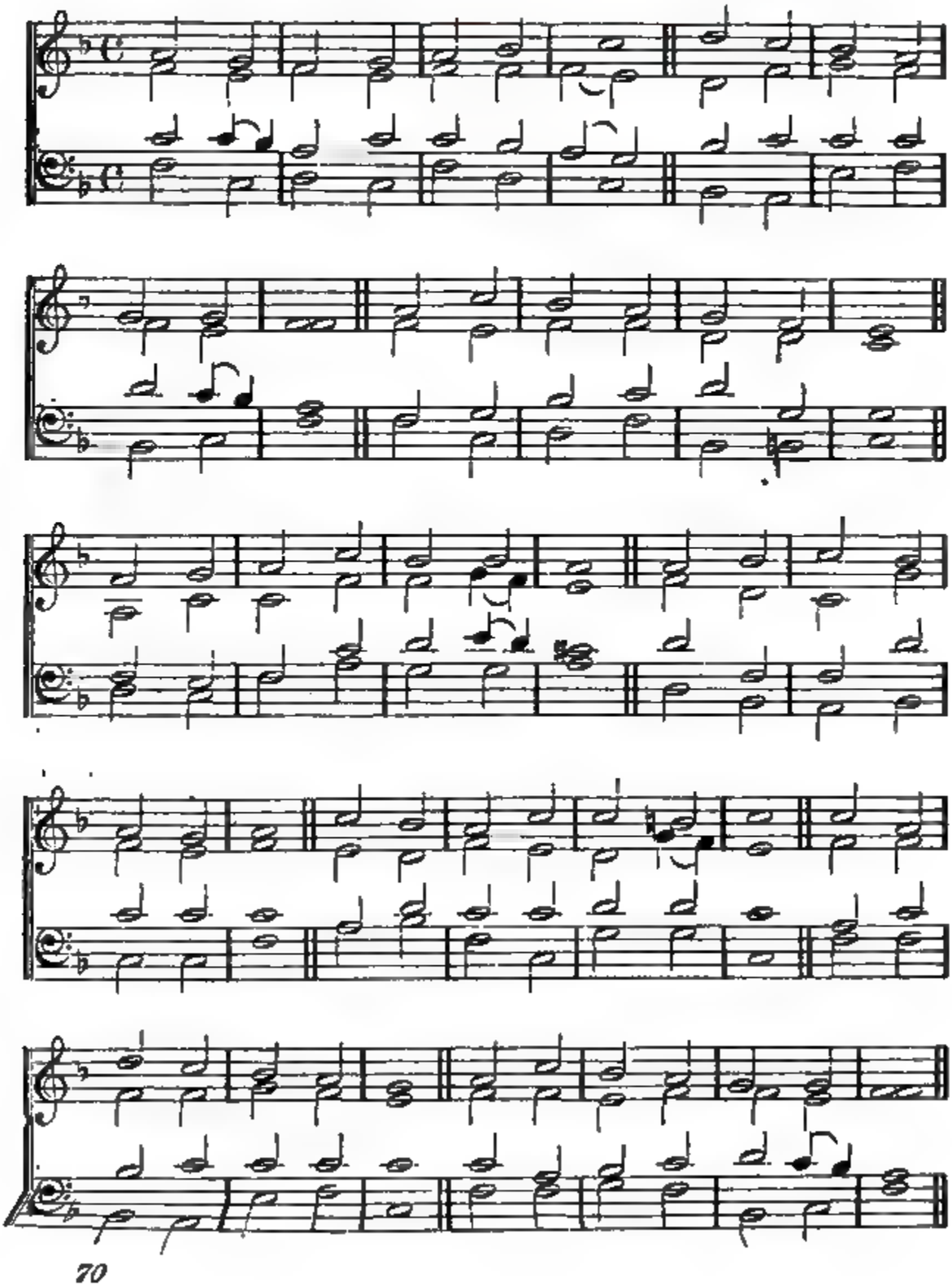
If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall *guard me in that* dangerous hour.

And oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.



## LENT.

WEIMAR. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



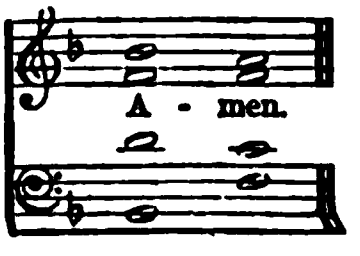
# LENT.

## 53.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

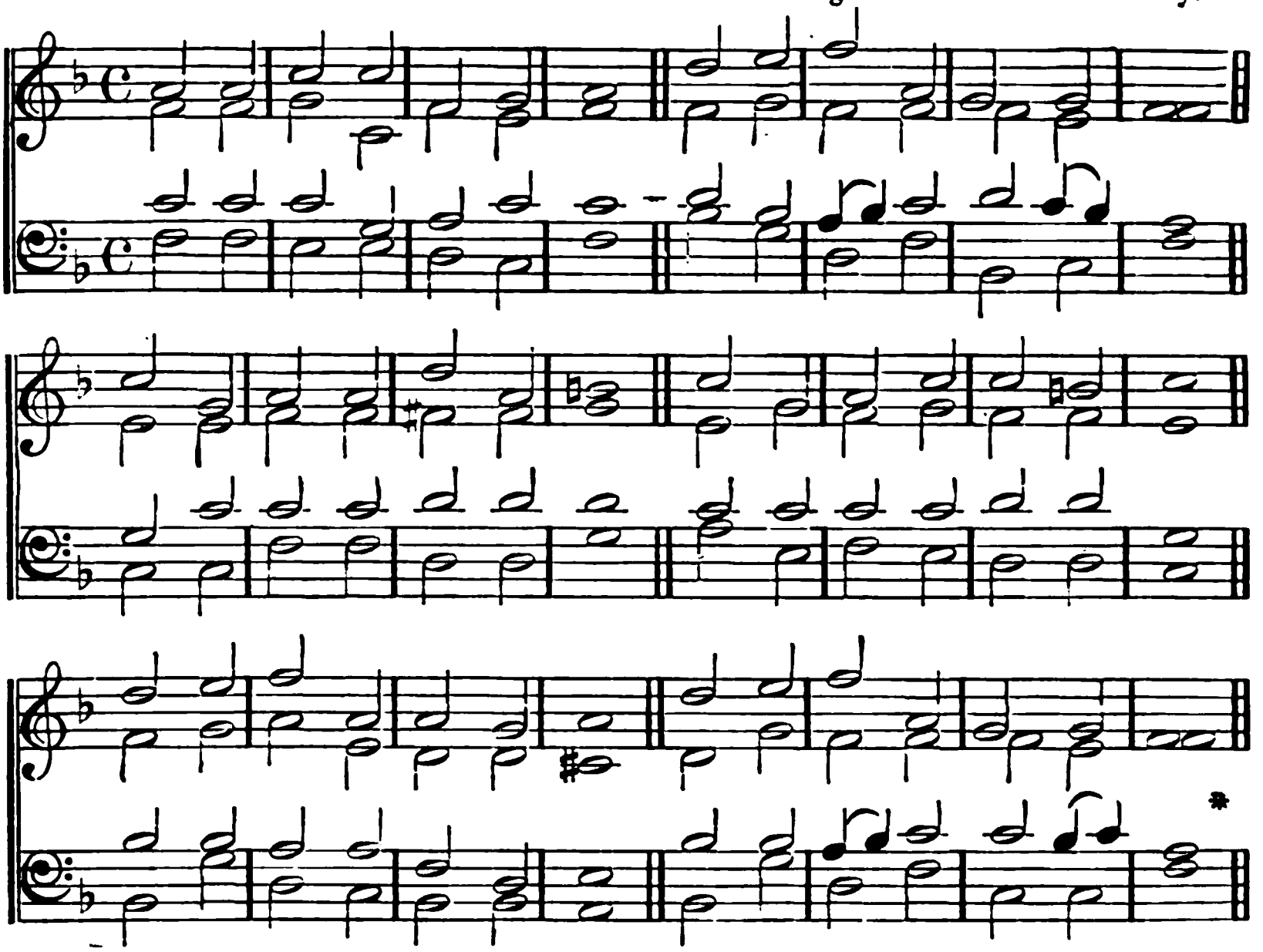
By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!



# LENT.

NASSAU. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

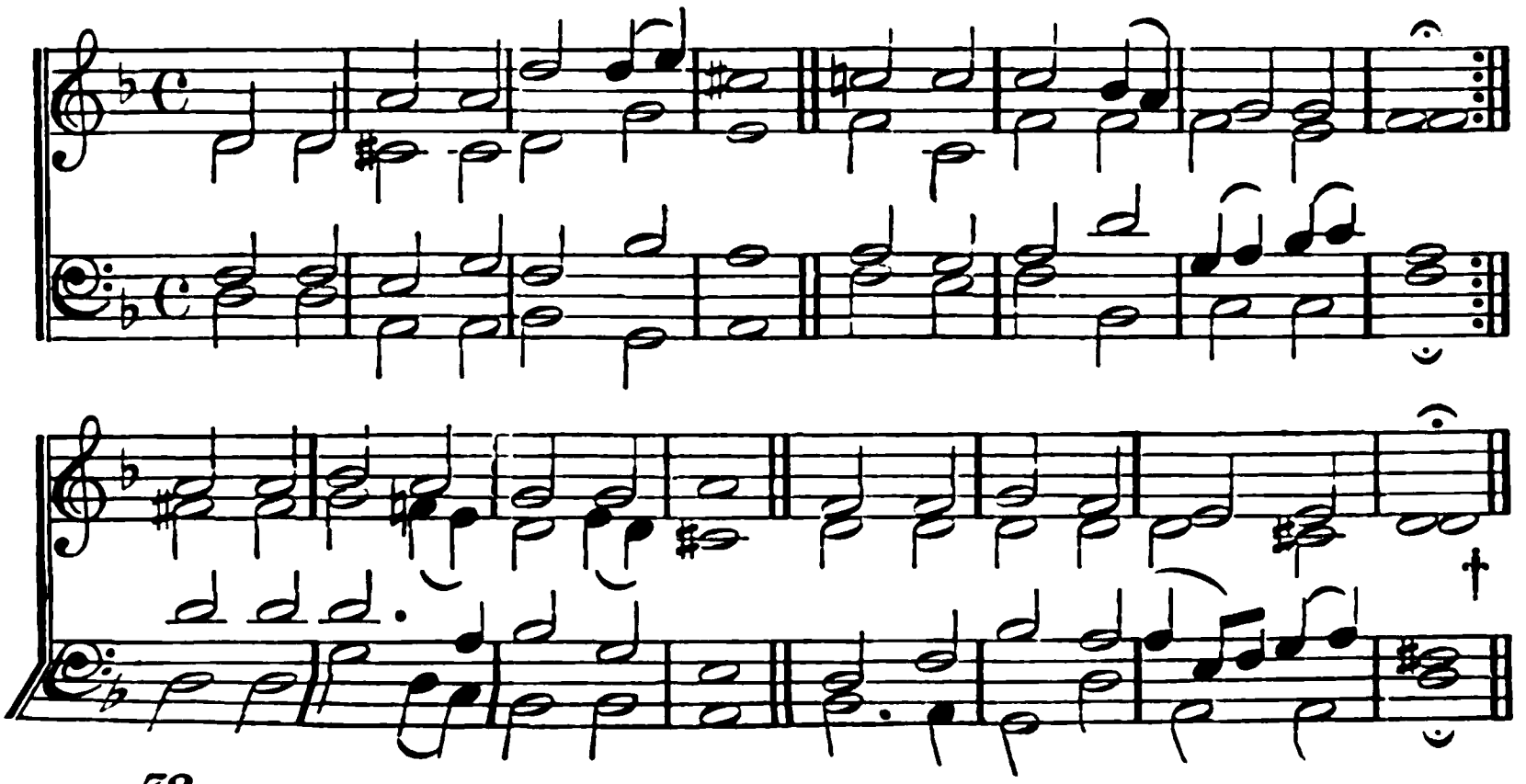
JOH. ROSENMÜLLER,
Director of Music at Leipsig. 1655.
From Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.'



*Or,*

BLOBE. 7, 7 :‖ 7, 7.

STÖRL. 1744.



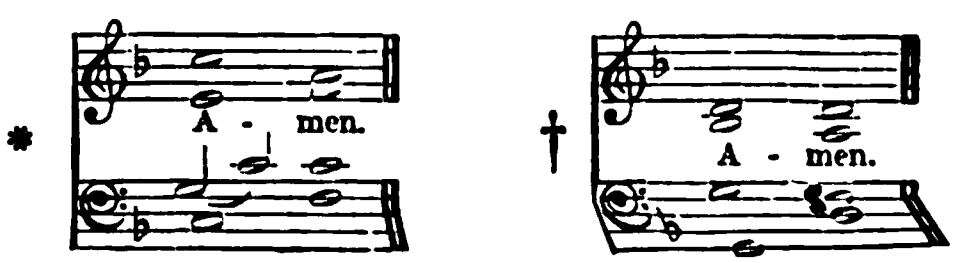
## 54.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

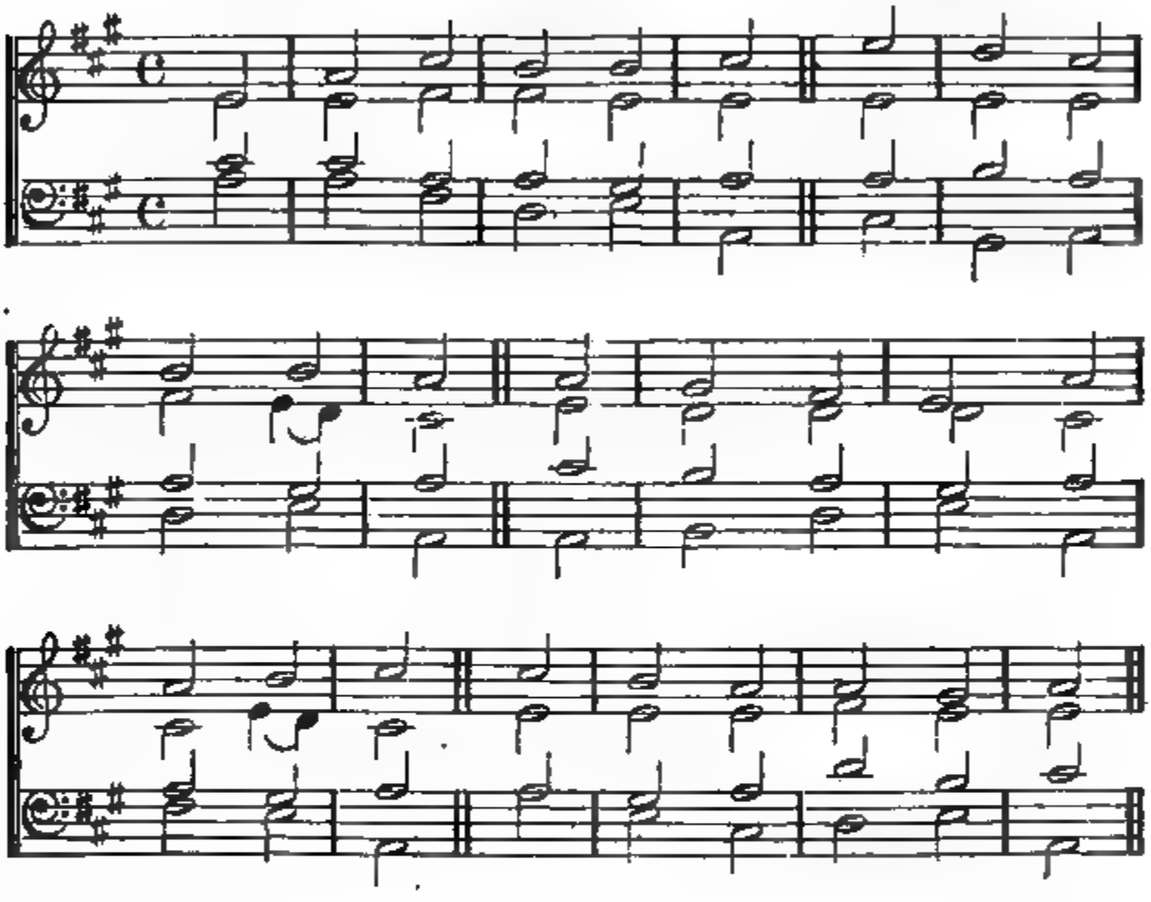
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!



## LENT.

St. Michael's. S. M.

From a Psalter printed for the Assignees of Richard Day, 1588.



### 55.

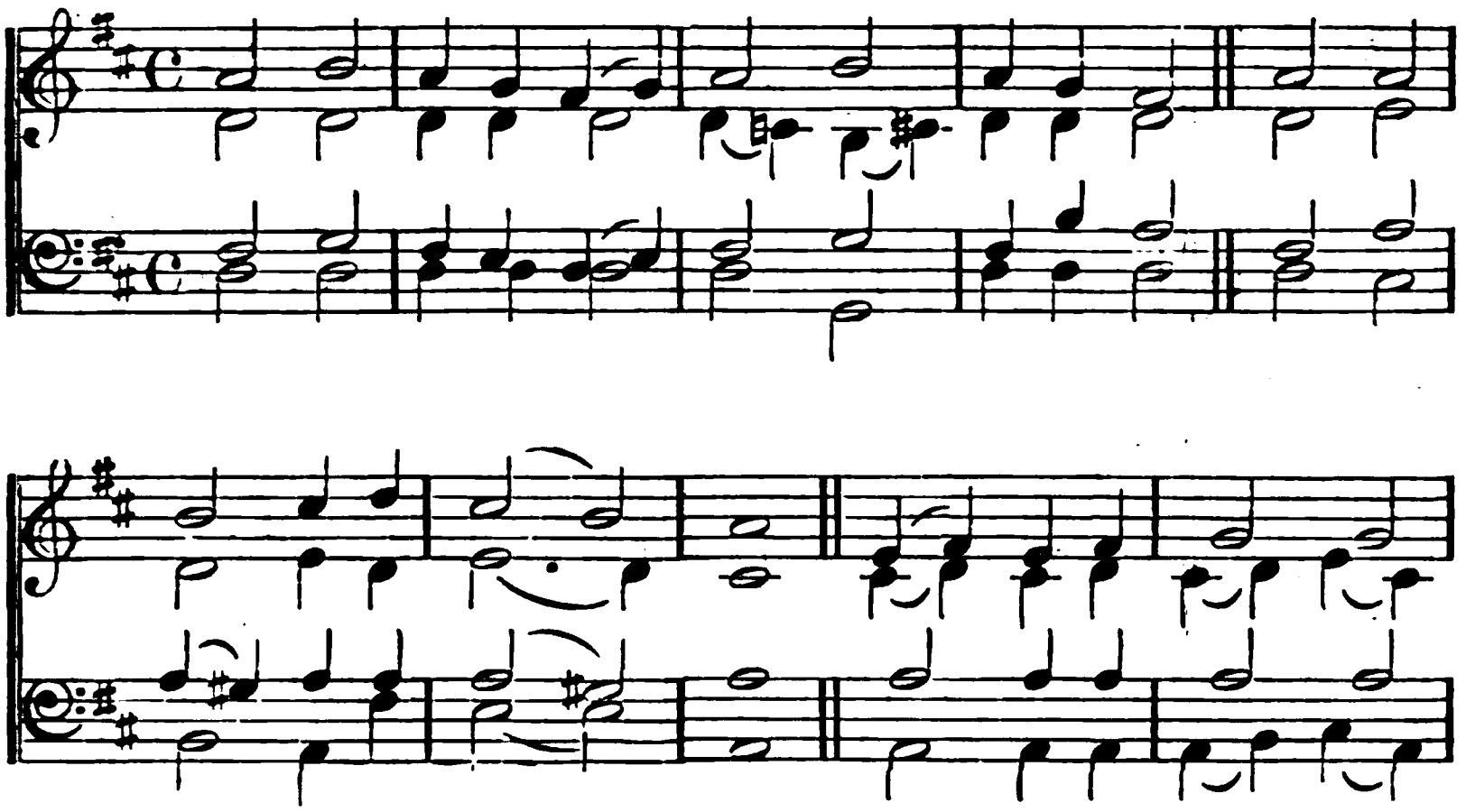
NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

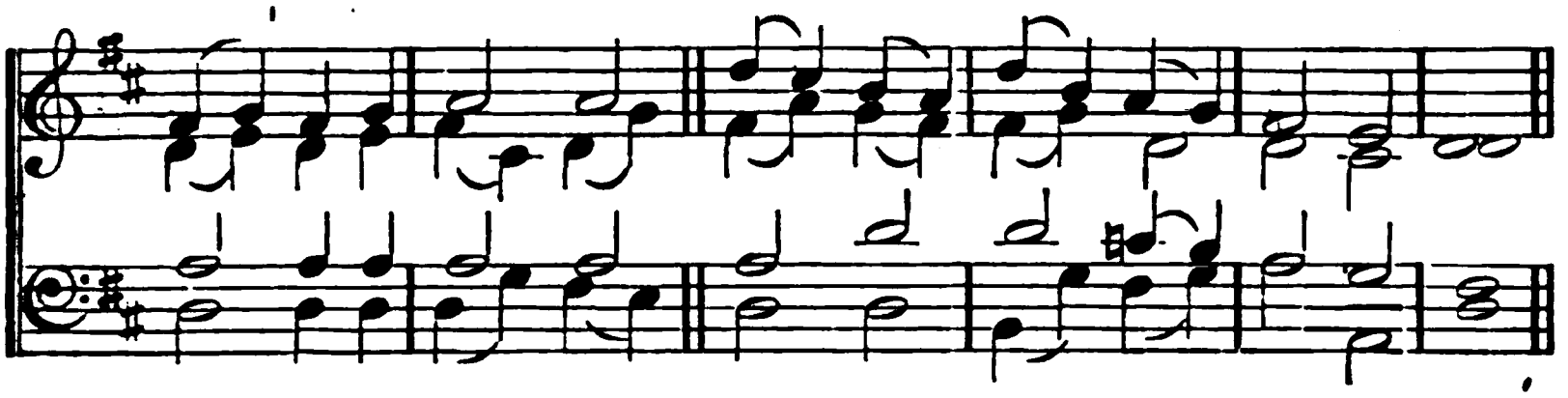
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
*We bless* the Lamb with cheerful voice,
*And sing* His bleeding love.

# LENT.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 5, 5, 7, 5, 5, 7.





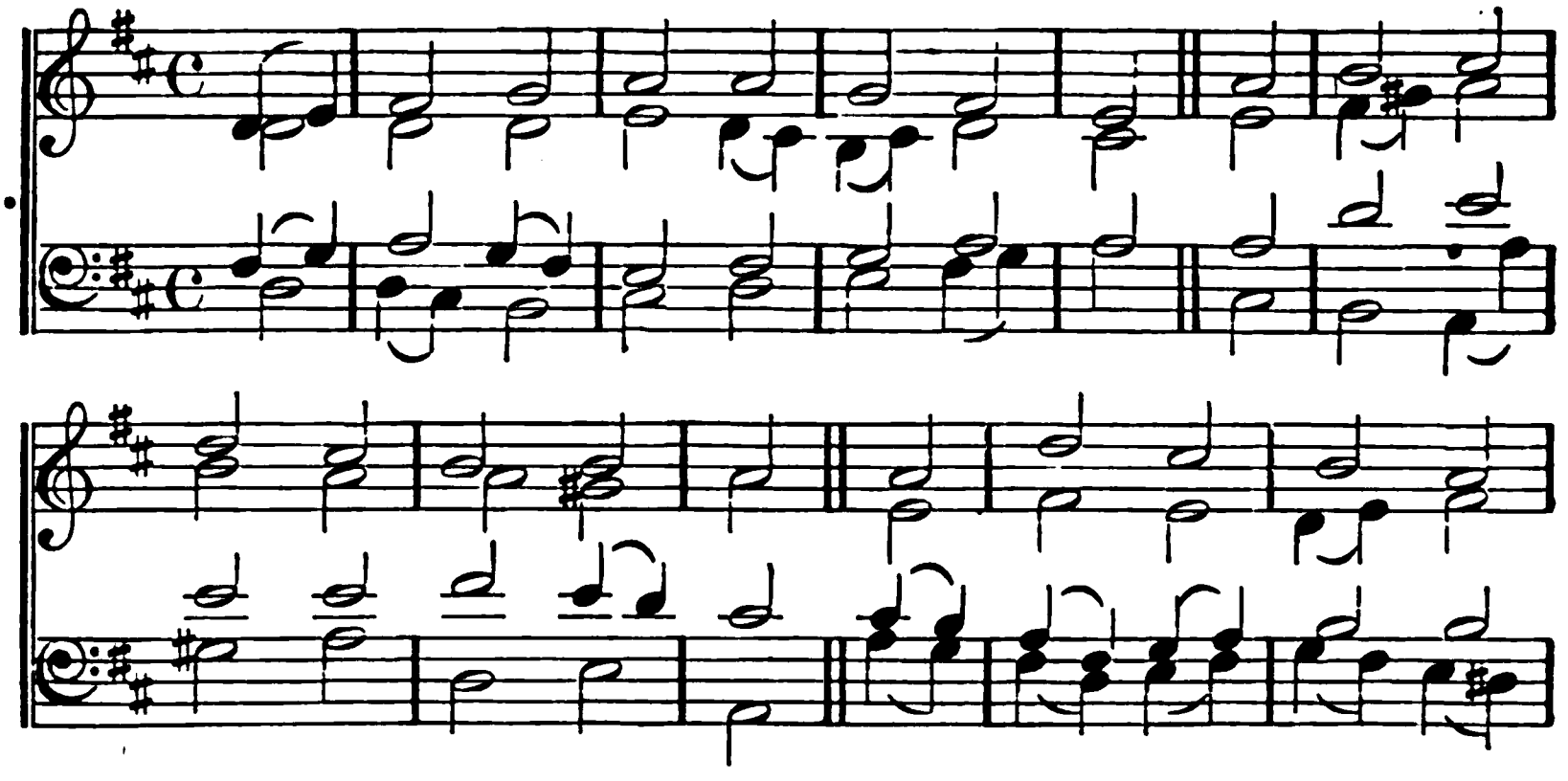
## 56.

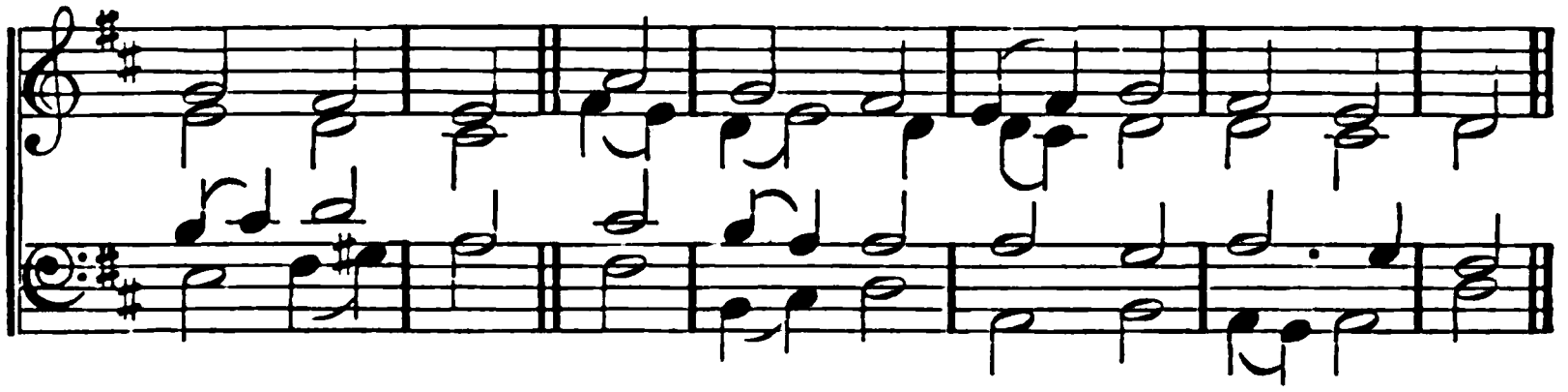
O MOST merciful!
O most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession,
Hear us, help us, when we cry!

# LENT.

FREIBURG. L. M.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH'S
arrangement of LEIPSIG. See Hymn 52.
BACH died 1754.





57.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

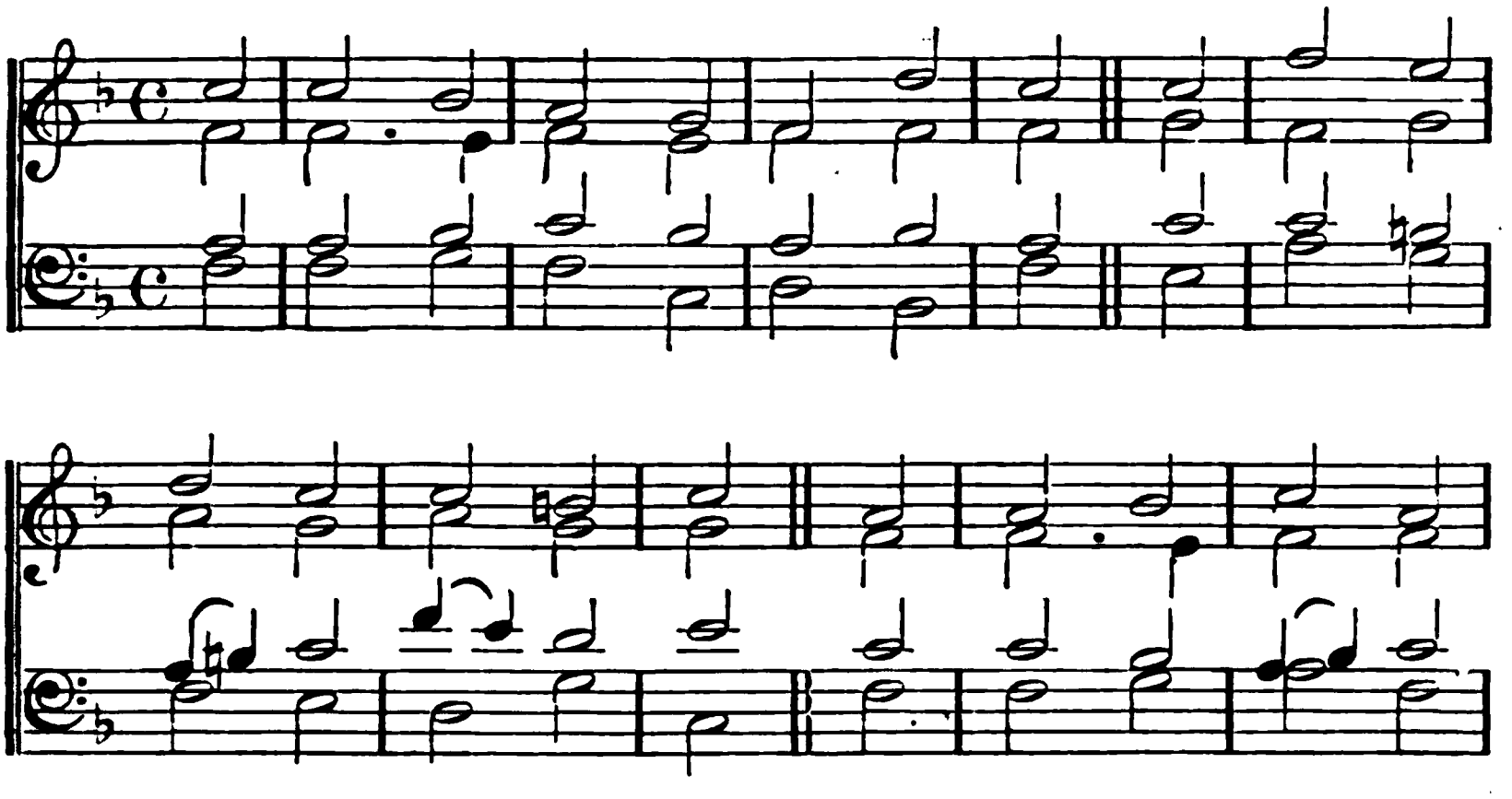
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
*Bow Thy* meek head to mortal pain,
*Then take*, O God, Thy power and reign!

# LENT.

MELCOMBE. L. M. S. WEBBE. Died, 1816.



## 58.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, God is love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

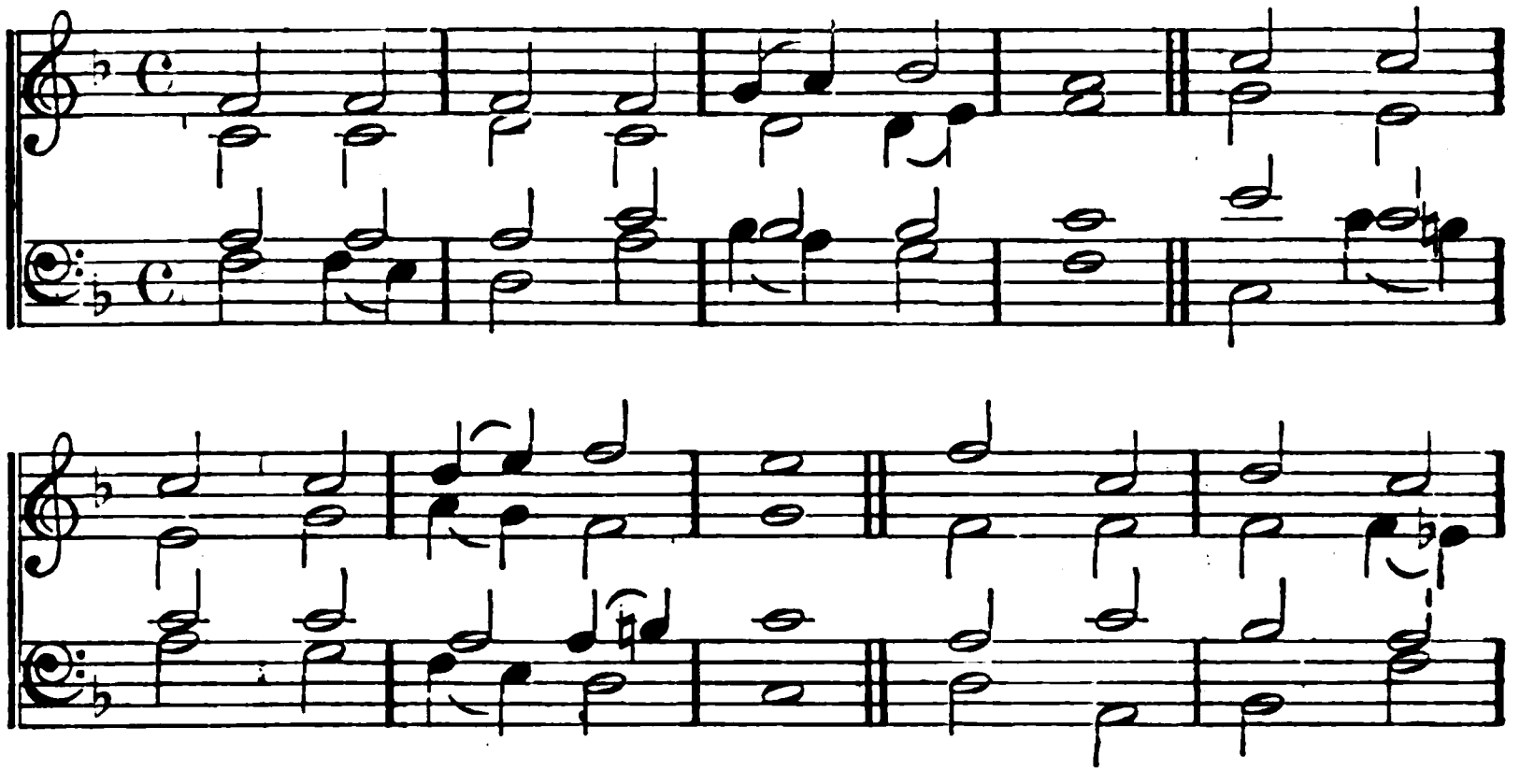
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

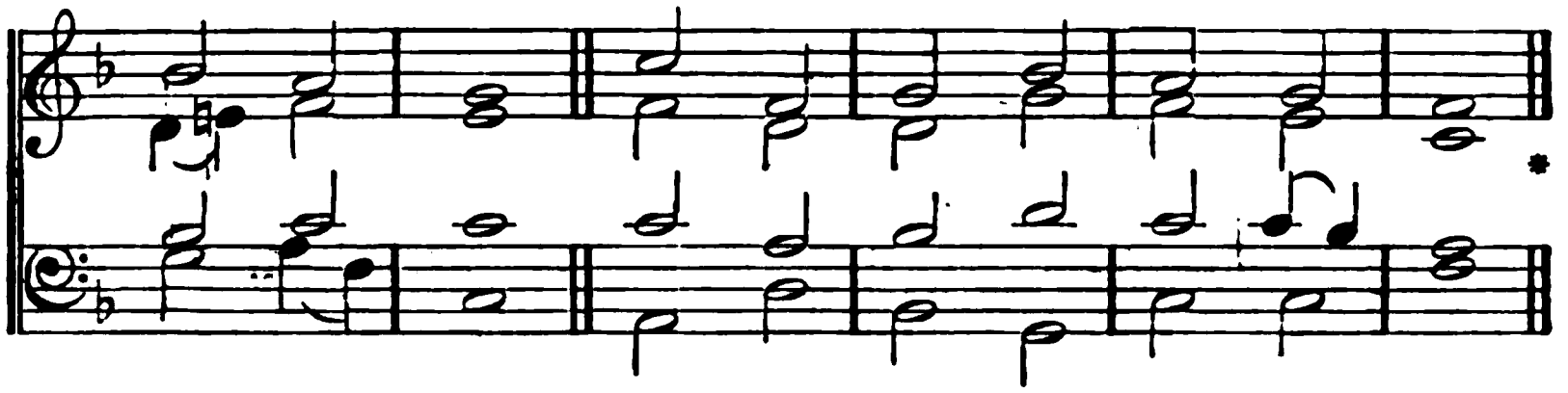
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in heaven above.

# LENT.

GLAUCHA. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Melody by STRATTNER. 1691.
Arranged by Freylinghausen. 1704.

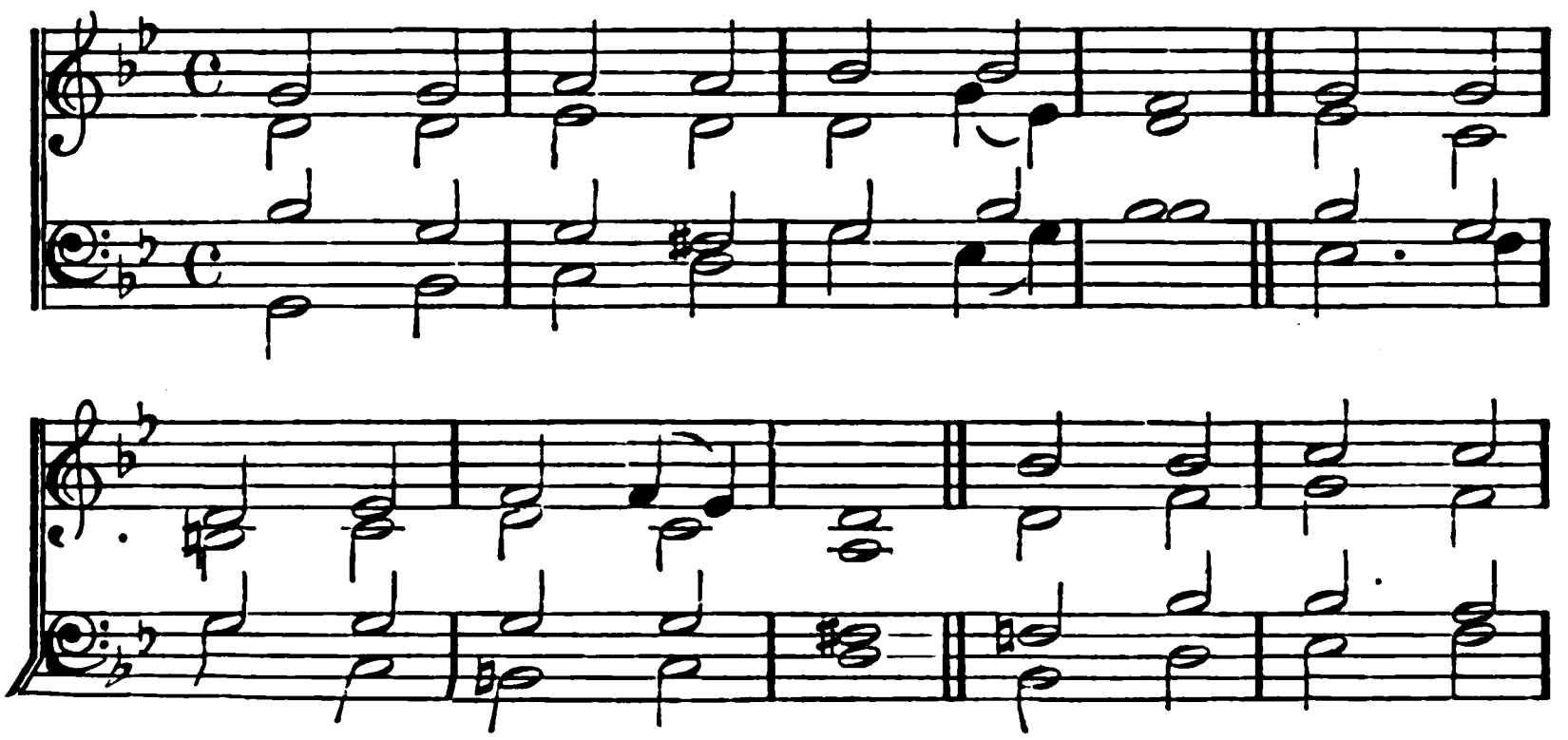




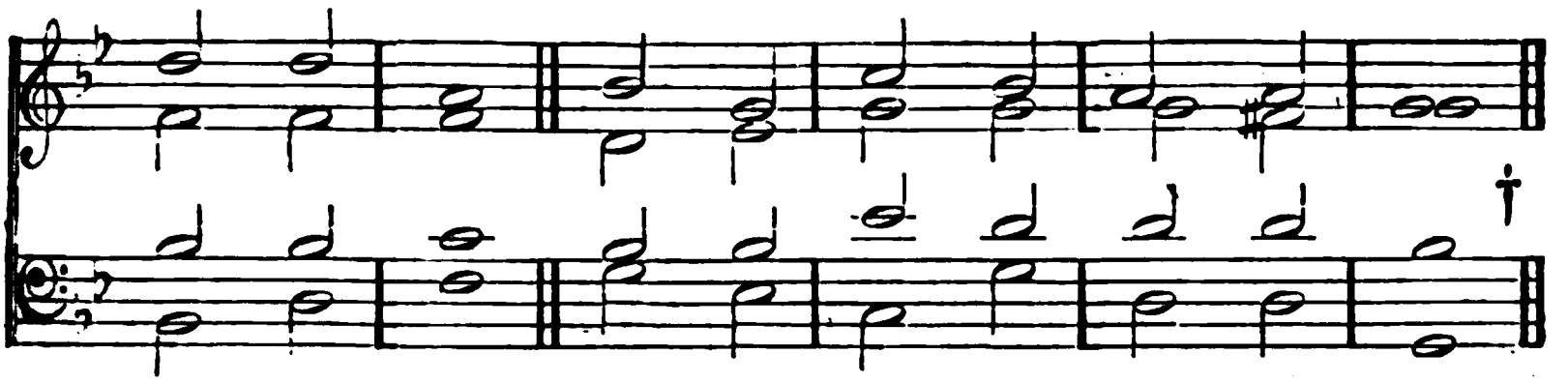
*Or,*

DE PROFUNDIS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

O. W. BRIEGEL. 1698.



## LENT.



### 59.

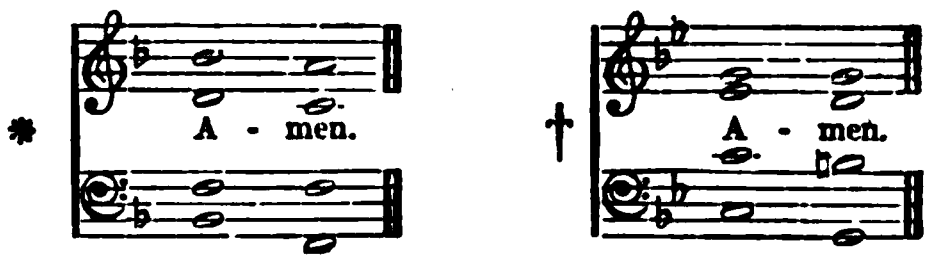
SEE the destined day arise,
See a willing sacrifice,
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

JESUS, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

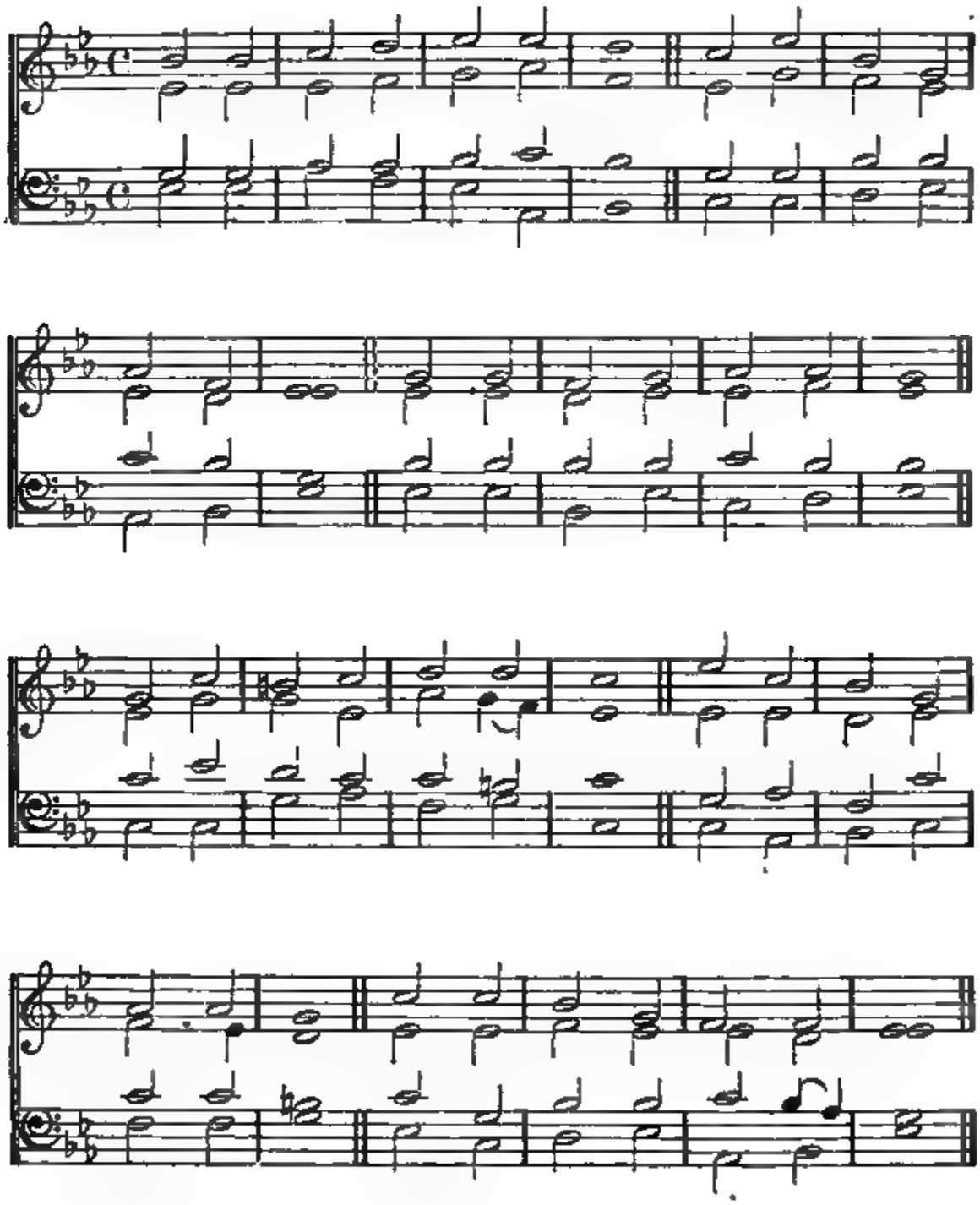
Thence pour'd forth the water flow'd,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finish'd sacrifice.

Holy JESUS, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promised good.



# LENT.

RATISBON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. WERNER'S Choral Book. Leipsig, 1814.



# LENT.

## 60.

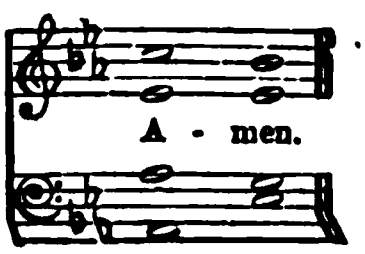
GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd!"—hear the cry;
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is risen!" He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

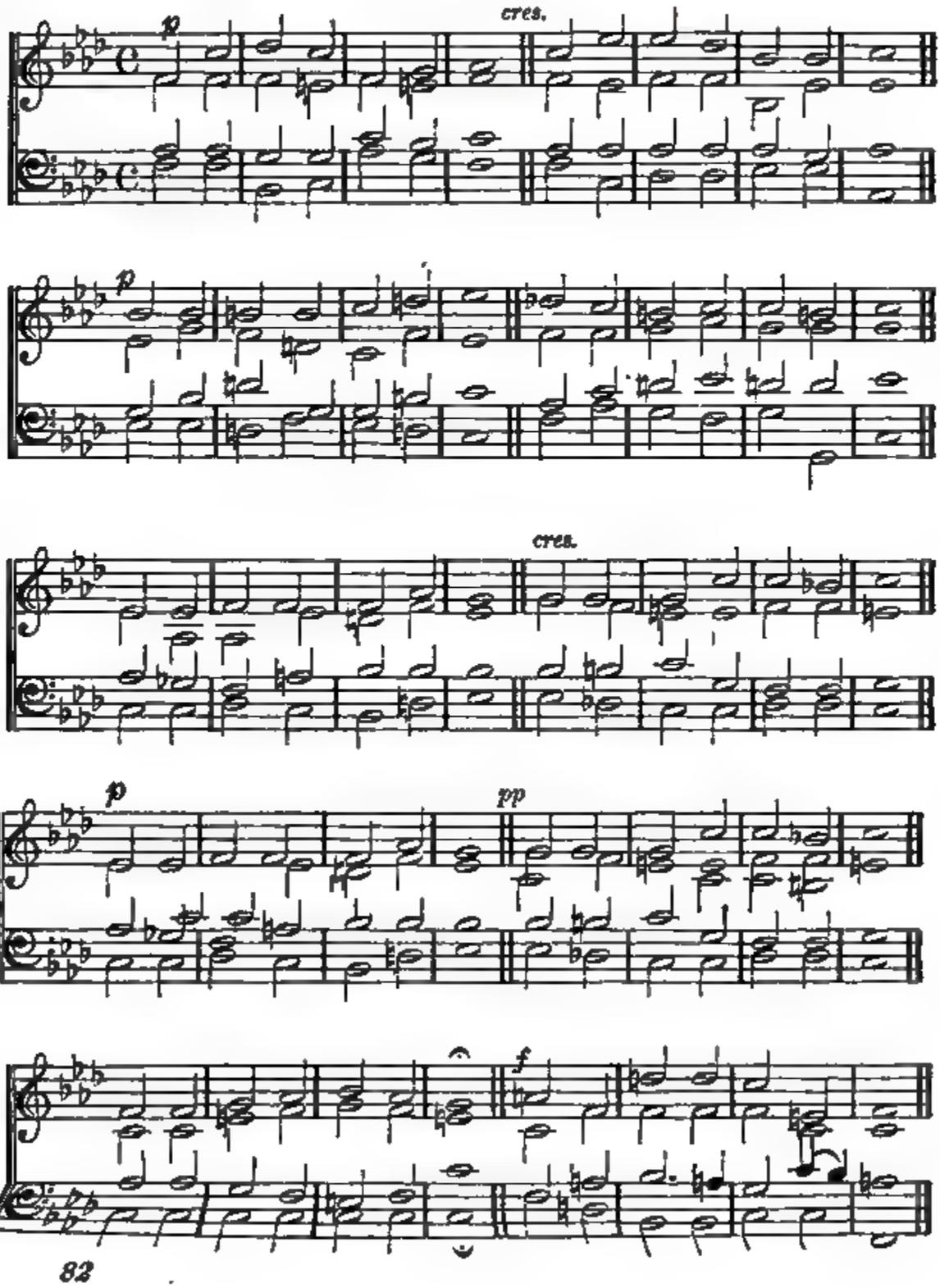
God of everlasting love,
One in coeternal Three,
All the shining Hosts above
Give unceasing praise to Thee:
So we worship Thee and cry,
Glory be to God on high.



# LENT.

**Mount Moriah.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

James Turle, 1862.
Composed for this Work.



# LENT.

## 61.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

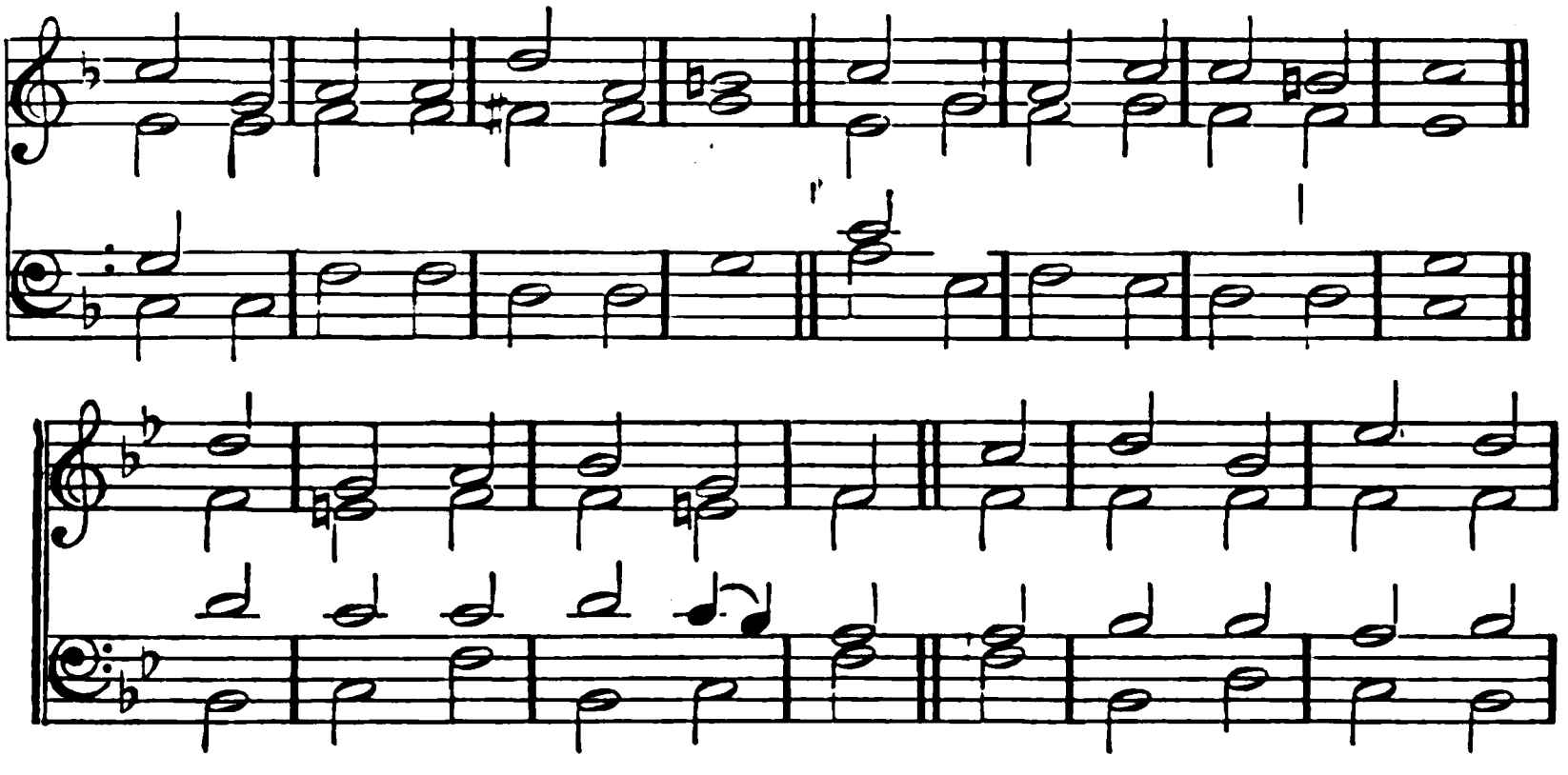
Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep,
Where the bones of JESUS sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
*Son of God!* 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

# EASTER.

ST. JAMES. C. M.

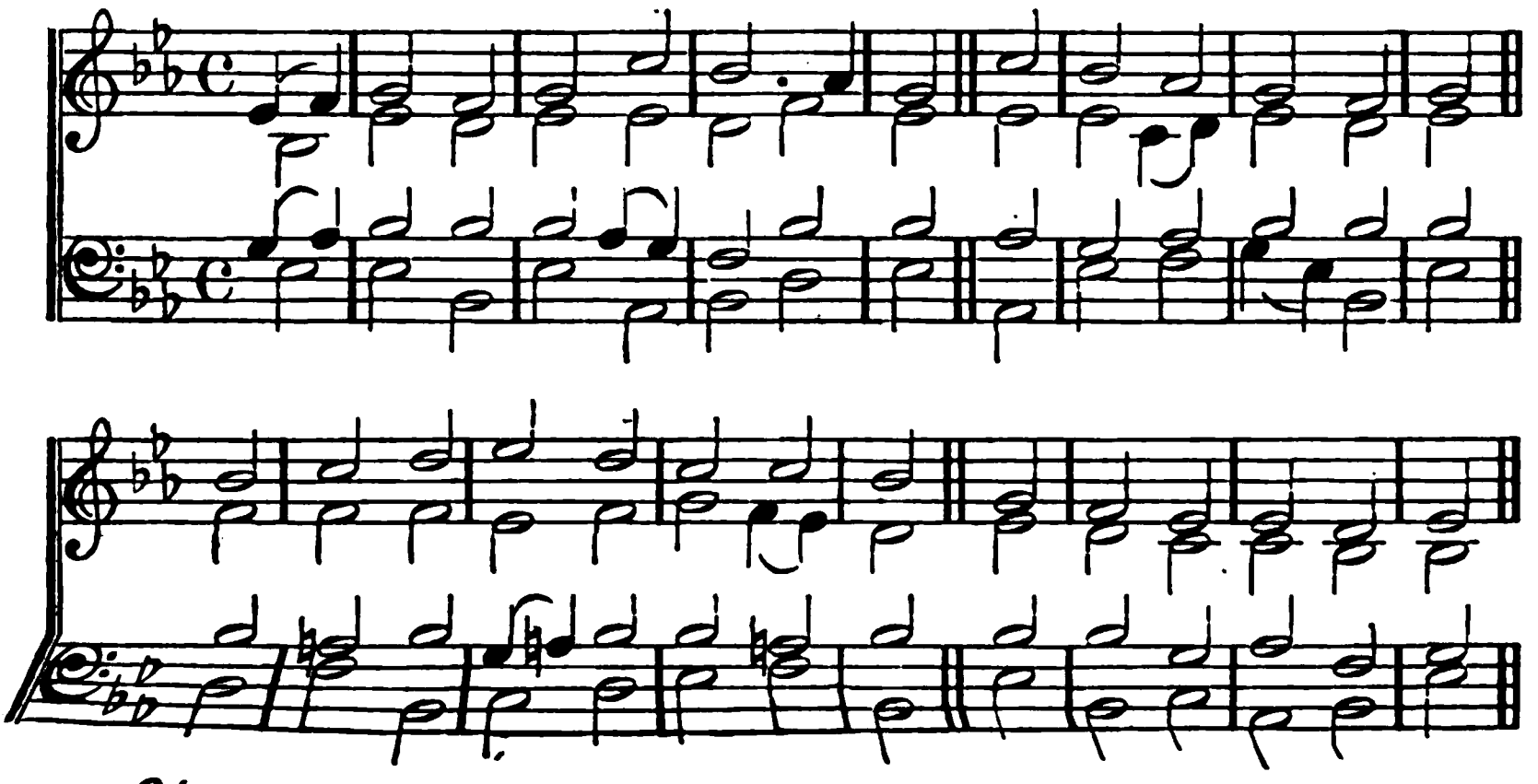
RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE,
Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, about 1680.



*Or,*

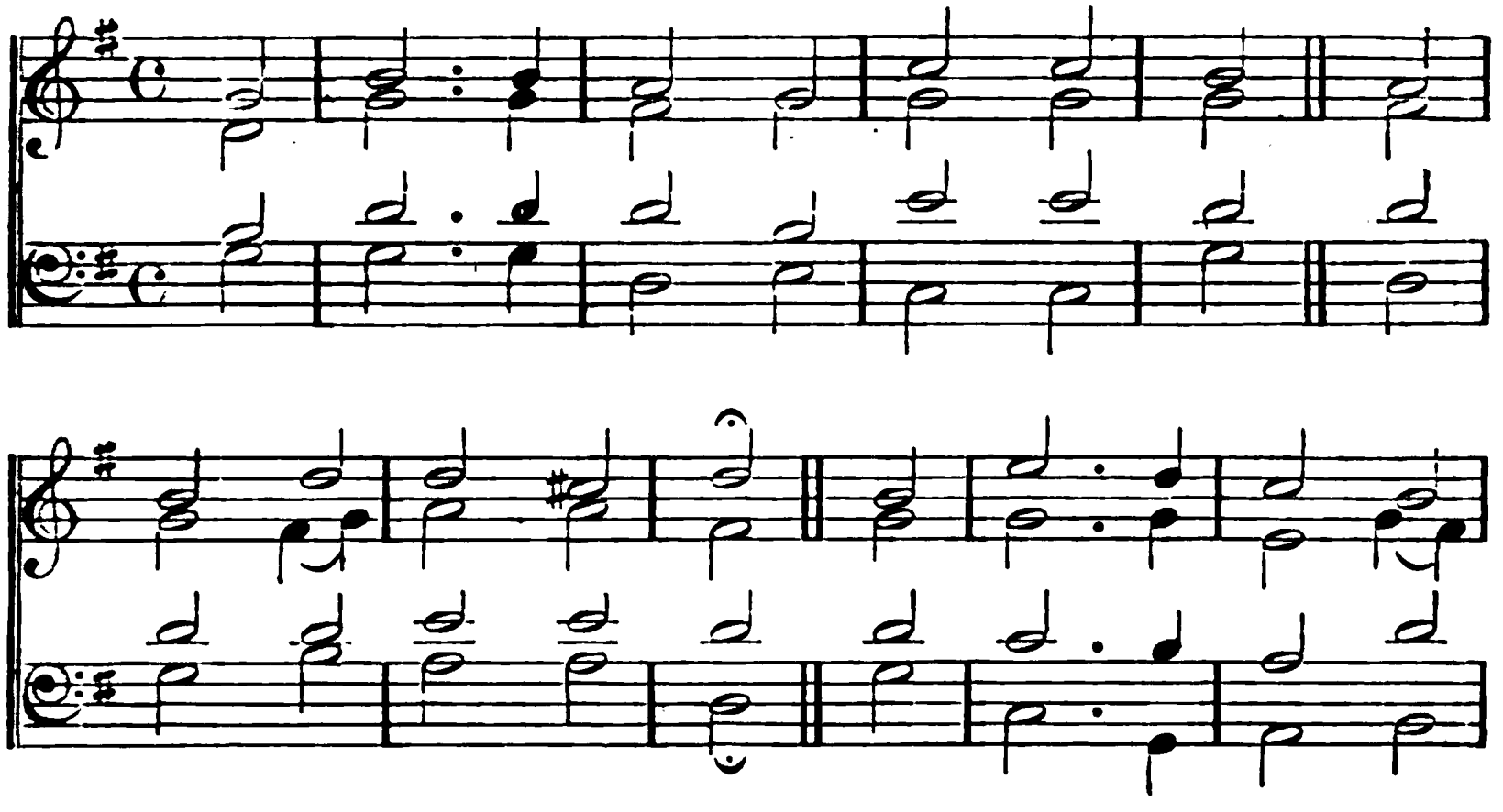
BRAMPTON ASH. C. M.

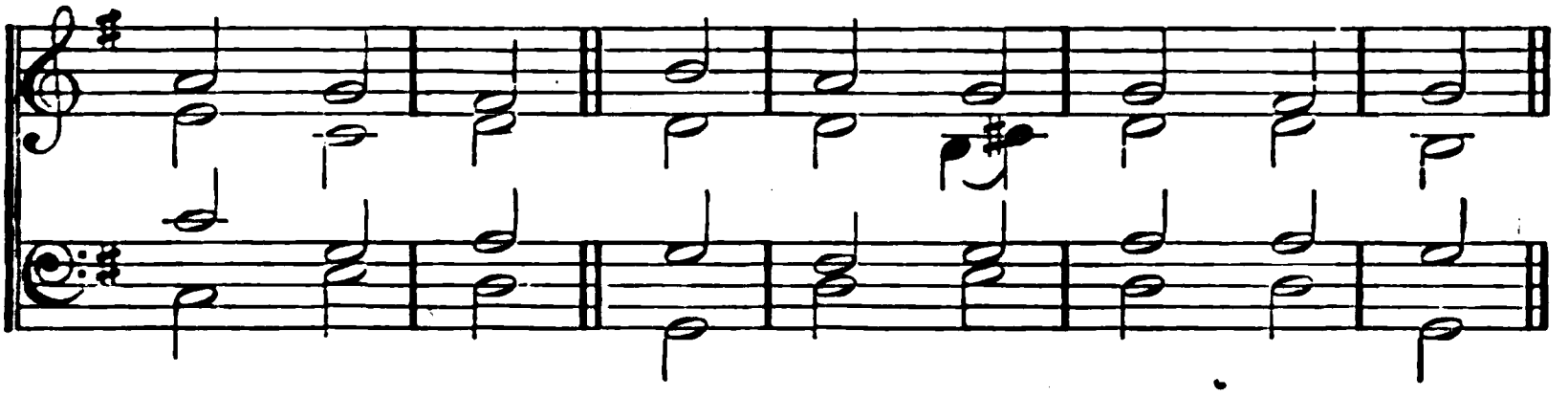
VULPIUS. 1609.



# EASTER.

*Or*, WINCHESTER OLD. C. M. From ALISON'S Psalter, 1599.





## 62.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the festival:

Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

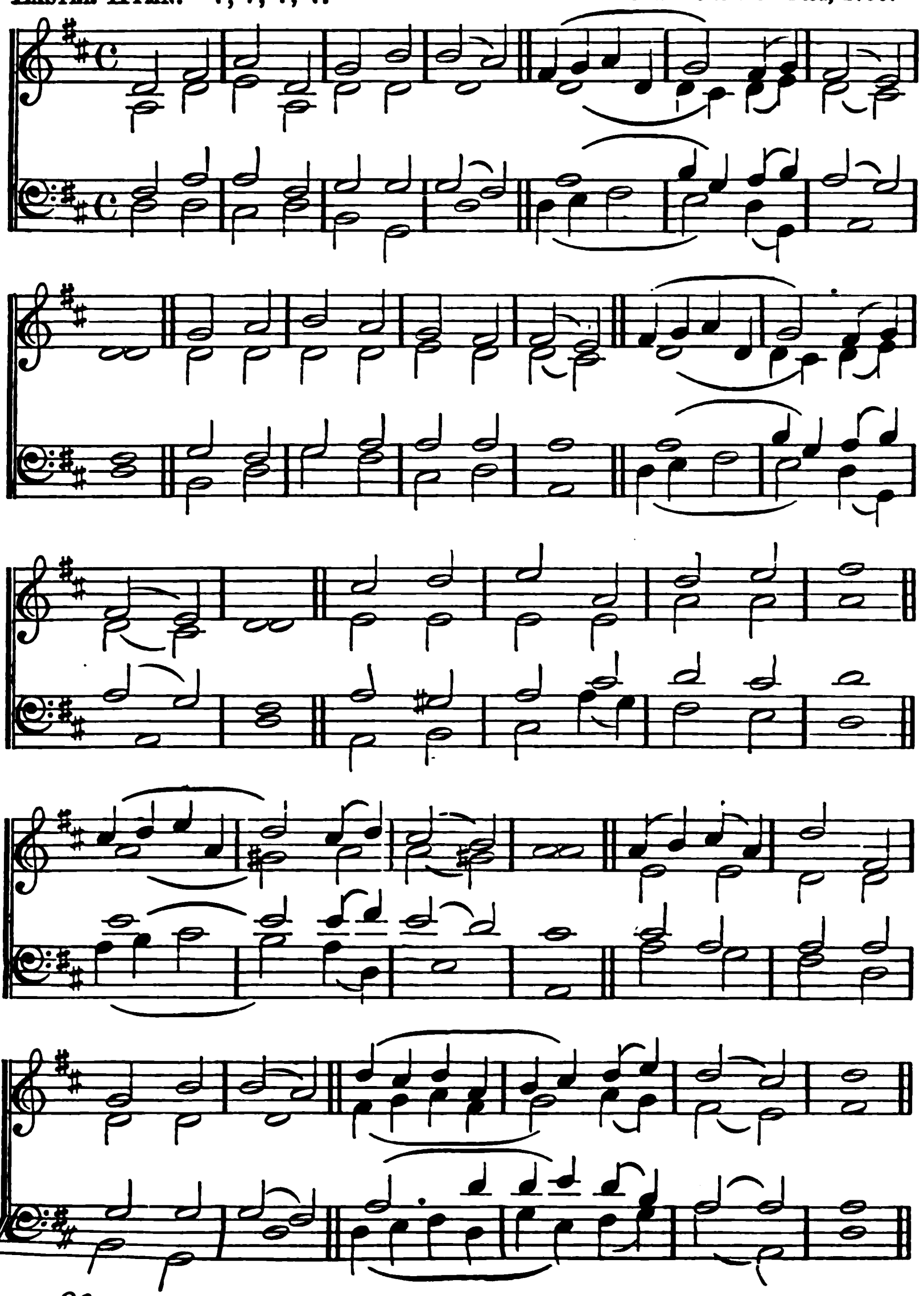
Christ, being raised by power divine
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on Him
No more dominion have.

For that He died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die;
But that He lives, He lives to God
For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

# EASTER.

**Easter Hymn.** 7, 7, 7, 7. Dr. Worgan. Died, 1790.



# EASTER.

## 63.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day; Hallelujah!
Who did once, upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

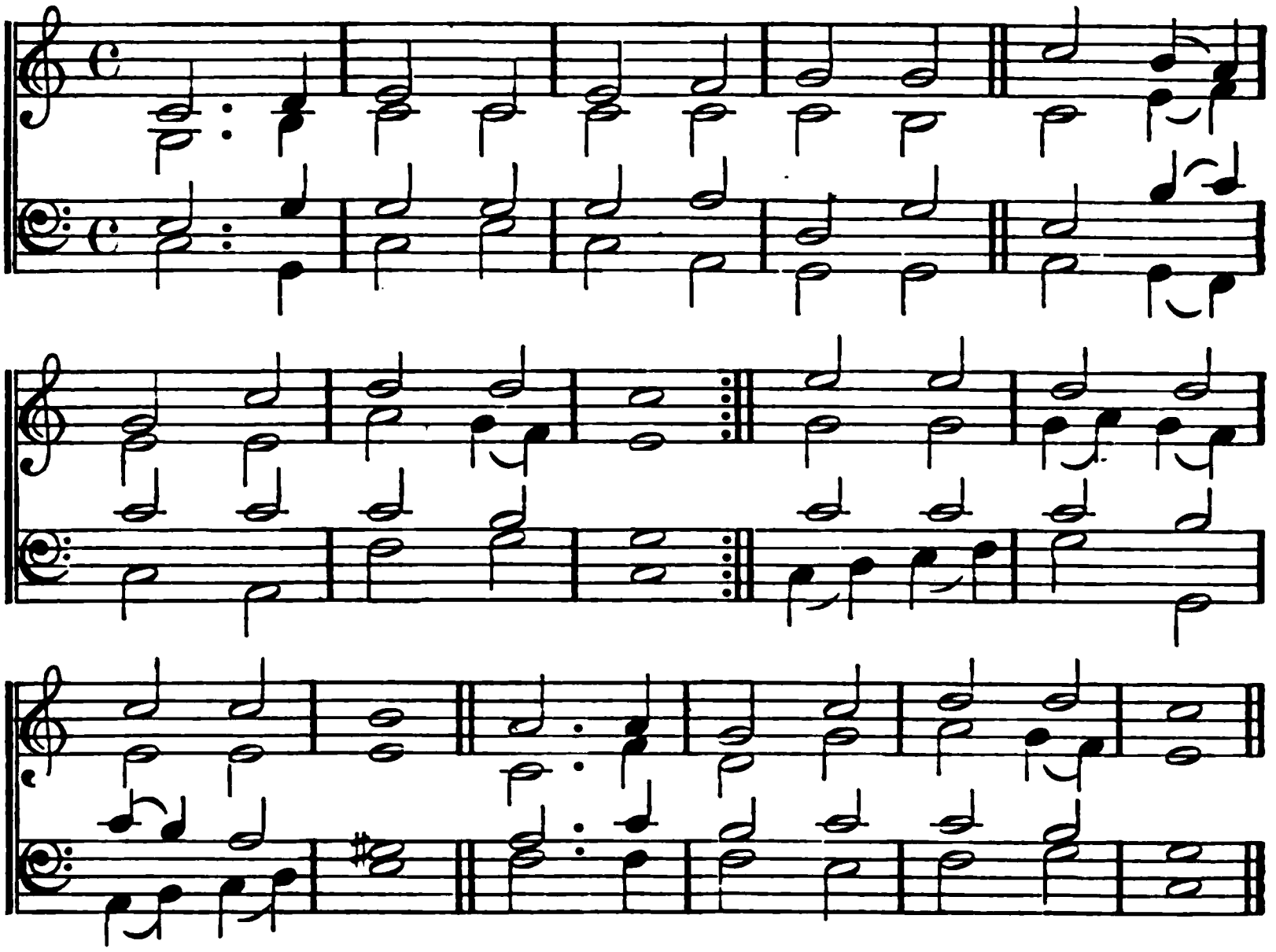
Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King; Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

But the pains which He endured Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured; Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the Angels ever sing Hallelujah!

# EASTER.

NEANDER. 8, 7 : ‖ 7, 7.

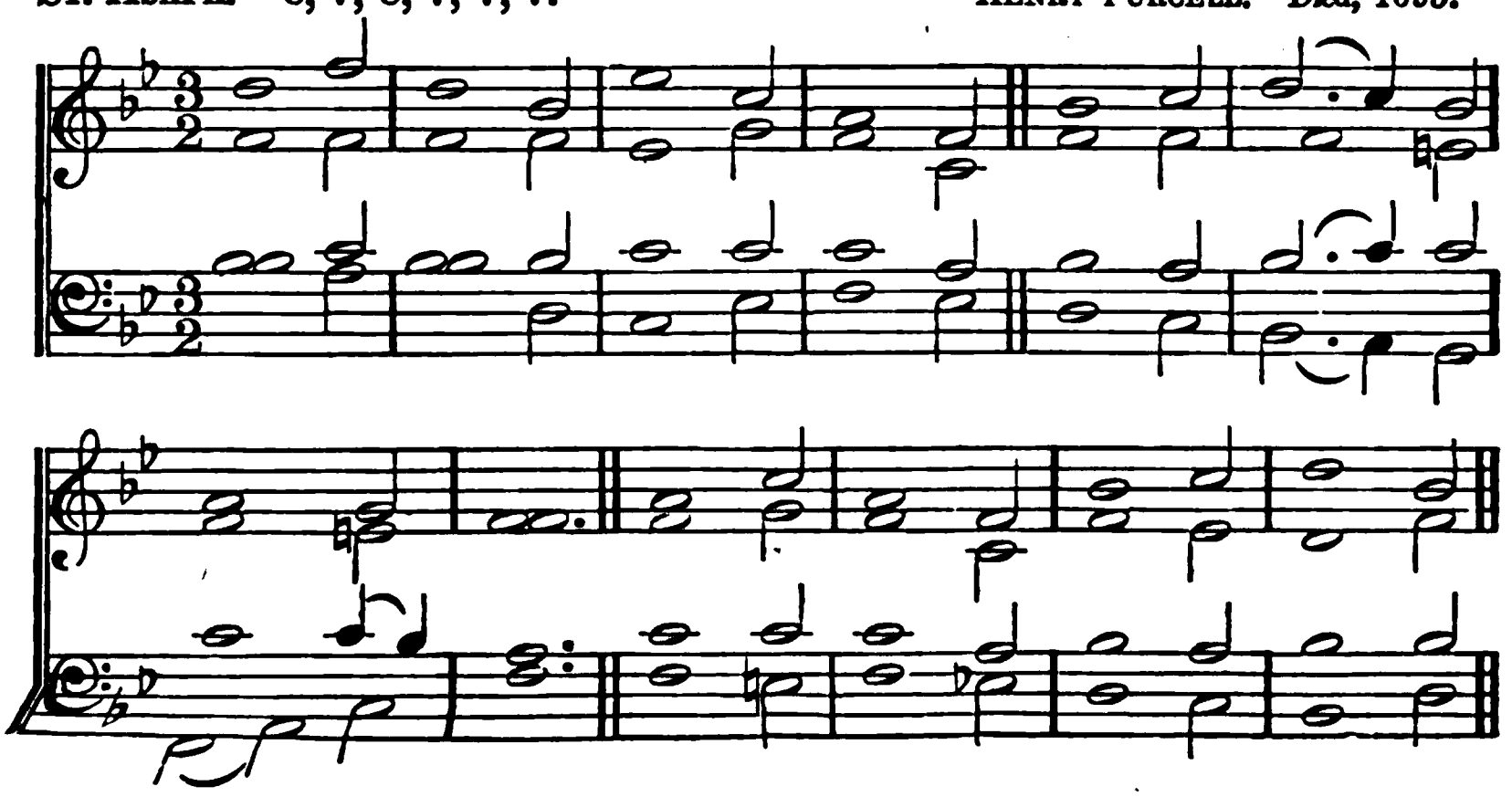
From JOACHIM NEANDER'S "Bundeslieder." Bremen. 1680.



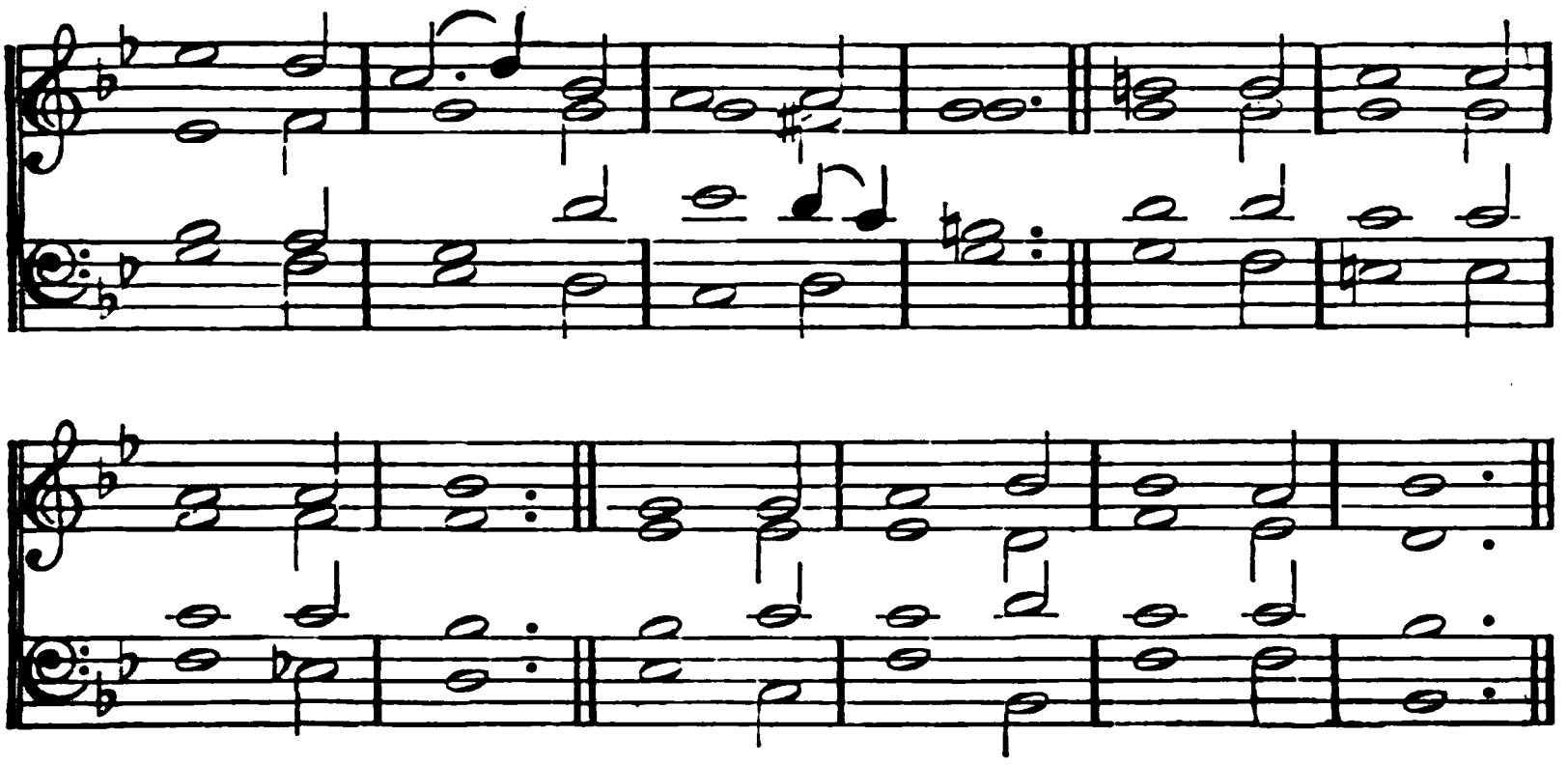
*Or,*

ST. ASAPH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

HENRY PURCELL. Died, 1695.



# EASTER.



64.

HE is risen, He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquer'd, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now;
And the passion that He bore,
Sin and pain, can vex no more.

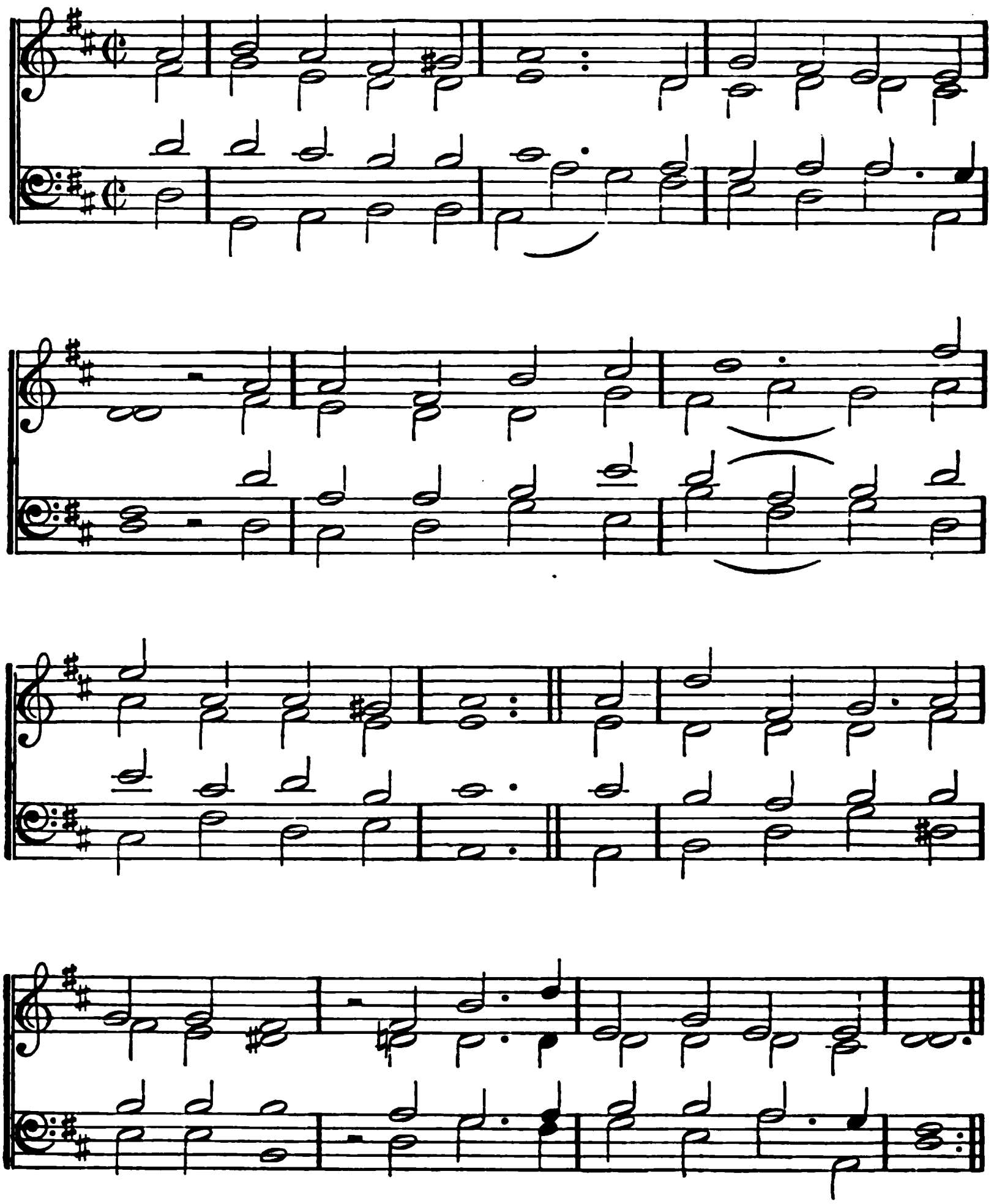
Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East;
Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
*On our longing* eyes shall stream.

# EASTER.

GOPSAL. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HANDEL. About 1742.*
From the Rev. W. H. Havergal's "Old Church Psalmody." By permission.



* See Hymn 80.

# EASTER.

## 65.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

JESUS, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of JESUS' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## 66.

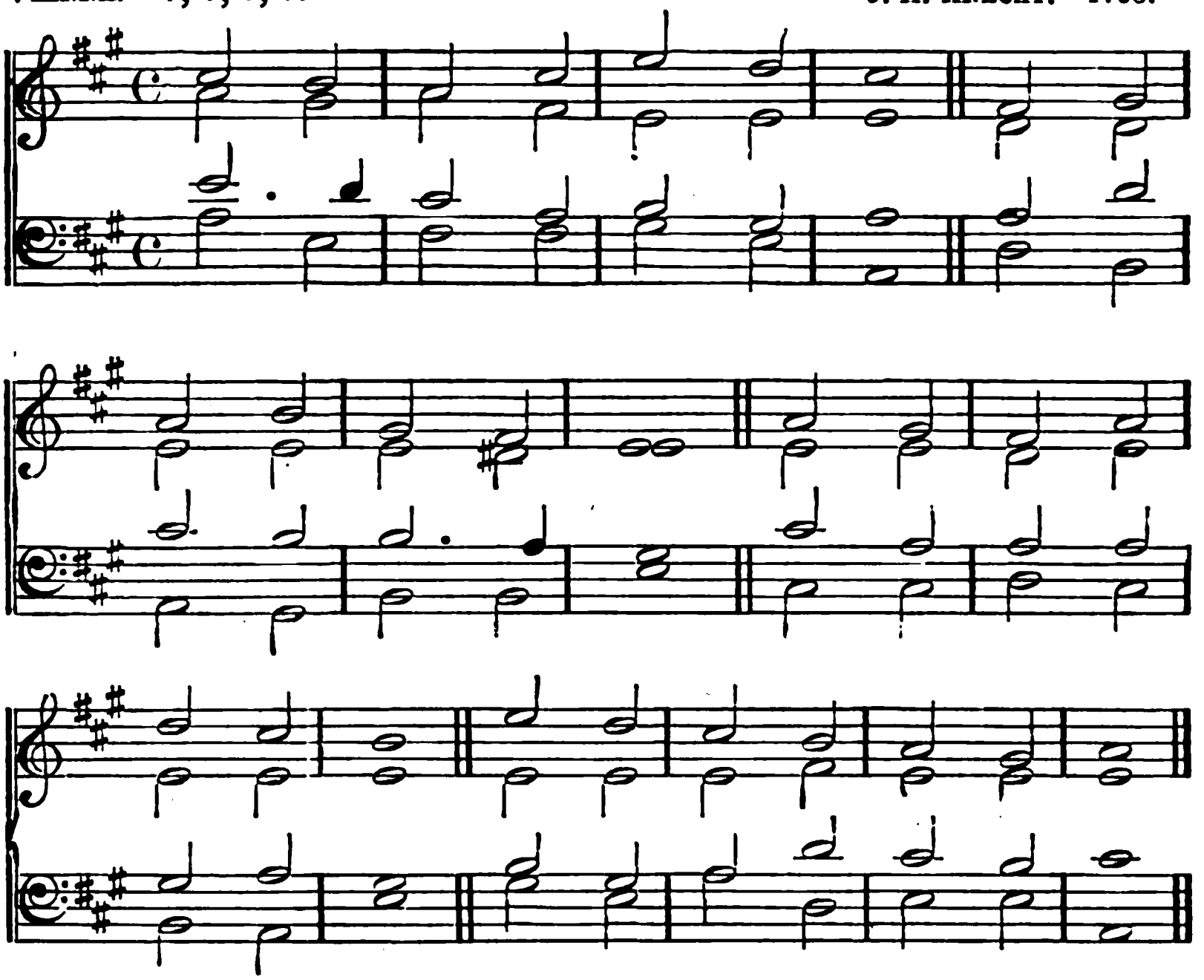
THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them;
For whom their Surety died?
Who shall their souls condemn
Whom God has justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
By Him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led,
For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

# EASTER.

VIENNA. 7, 7, 7, 7. J. H. KNECHT. 1793.



## 67.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and Angels, say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

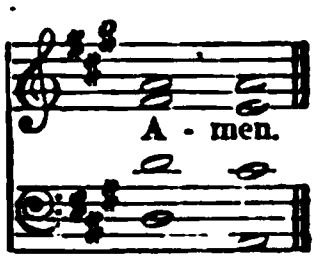
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

*Lives again our glorious* King!
*Where, O Death, is now thy sting?*

Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

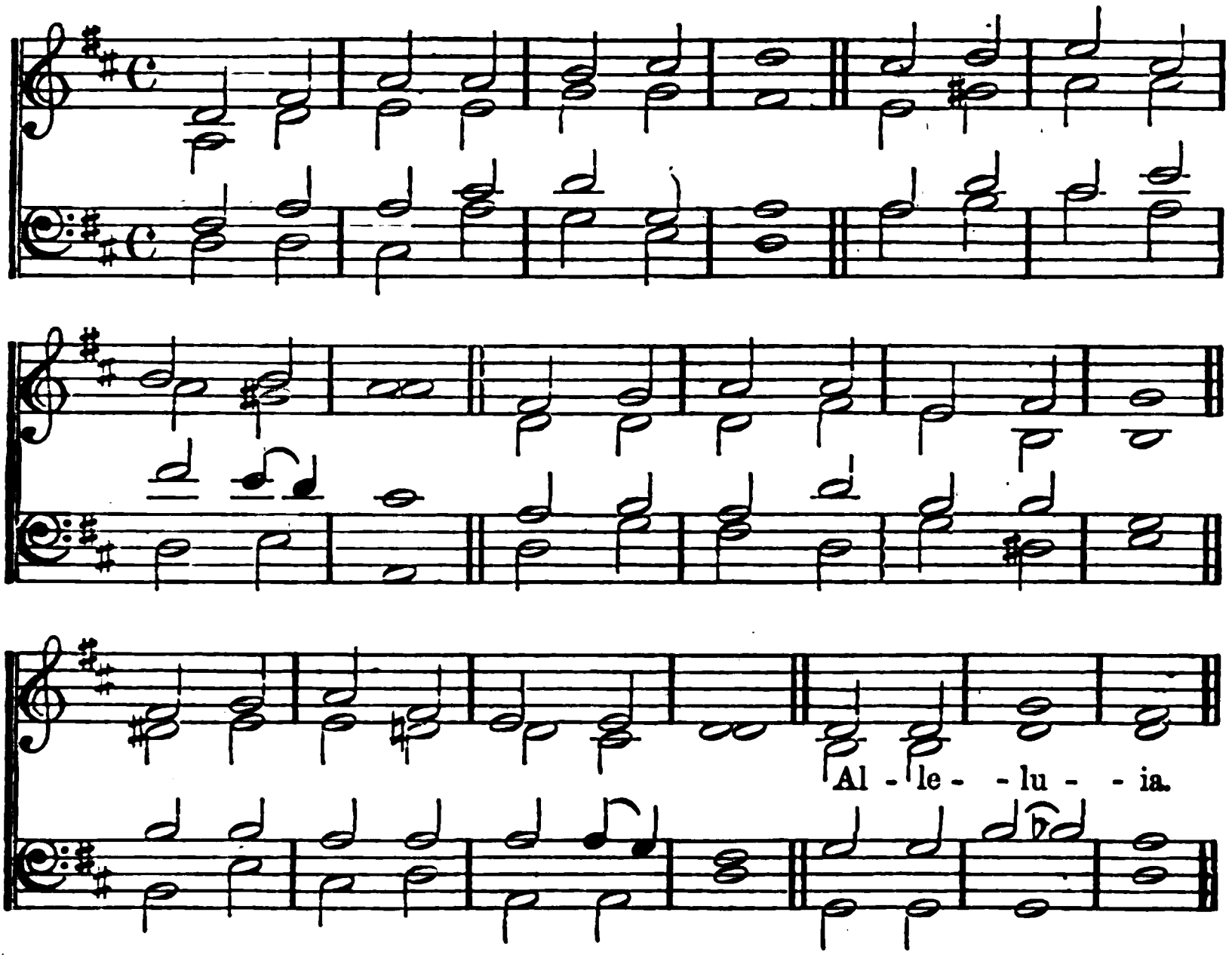
Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As it was, is now, shall be,
In His own eternity.



# EASTER.

LUBECK. 7, 7, 7, 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1704.




## 68.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

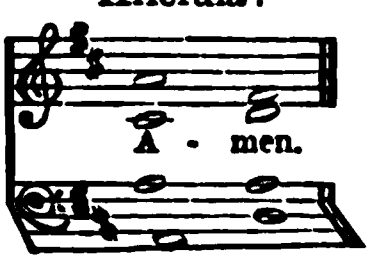
He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

He who slumber'd in the grave,
Is exalted *now to save;*

Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

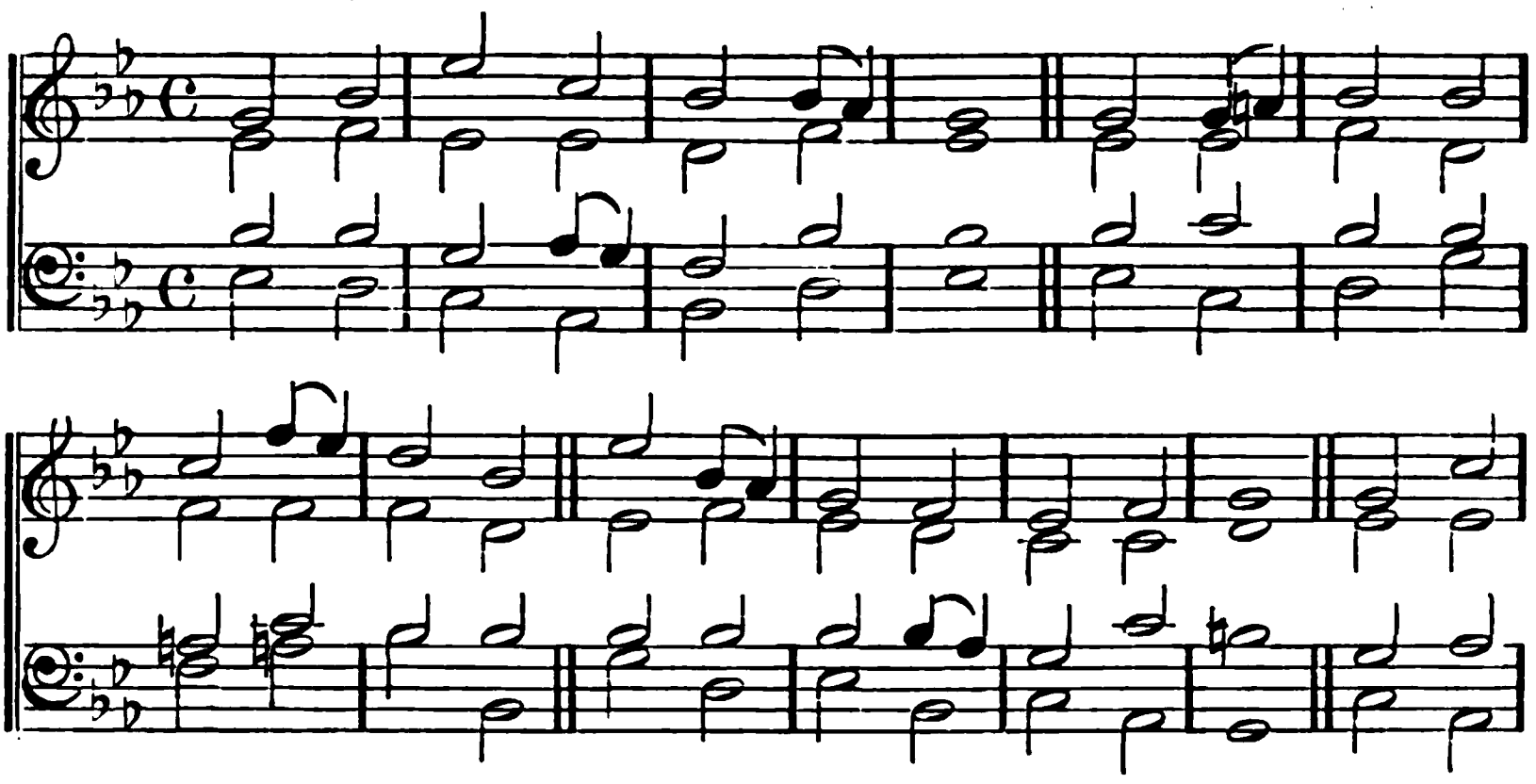
Now He bids His Church record
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

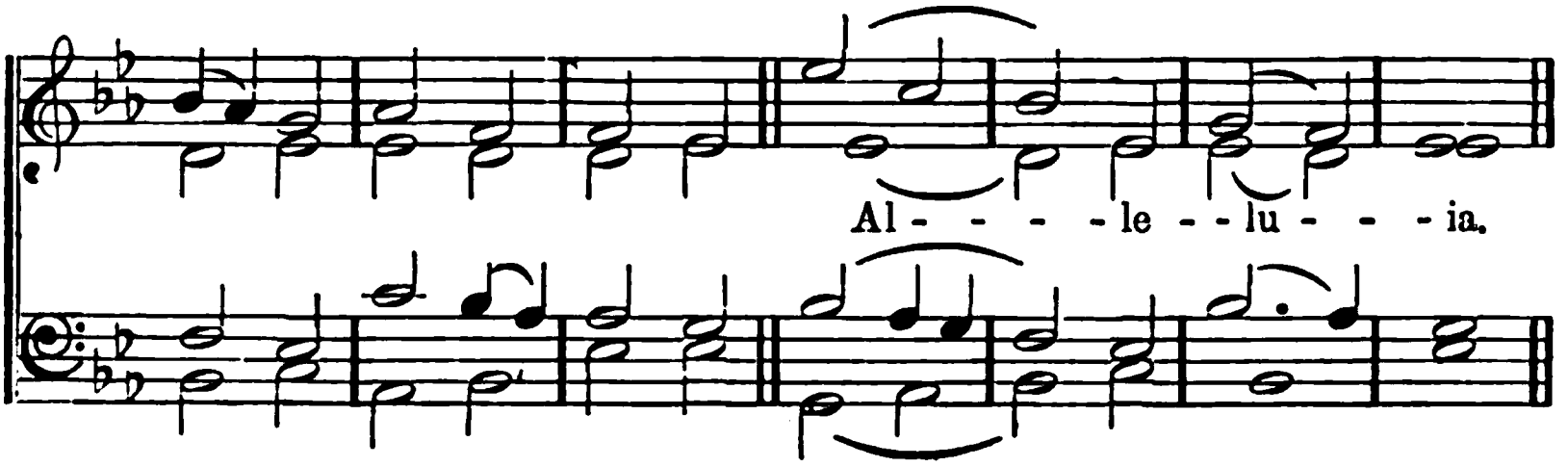
Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransom'd people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia!



# EASTER.

LOUISBURG. 7, 8, 7, 8. FR. SILCHER. About 1780.






## 69.

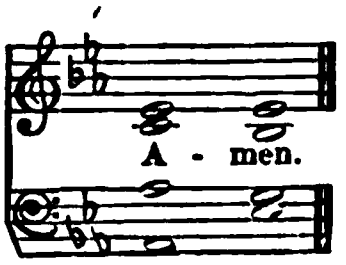
JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
JESUS lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

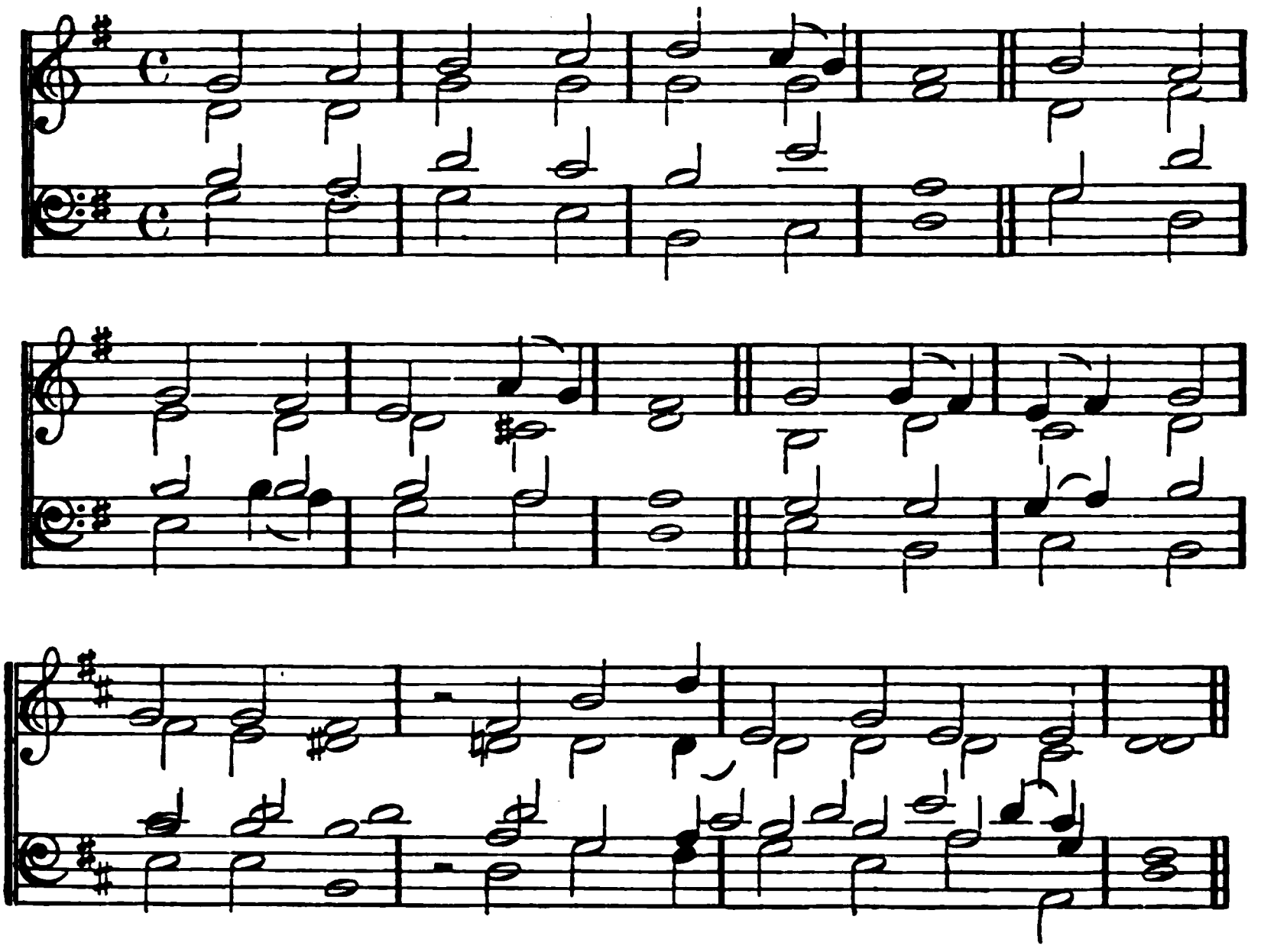
JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
*Rest* and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!



# EASTER.

HALL. 7, 7, 7, 7. Württemberg Melody. 1760.



## 70.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side.

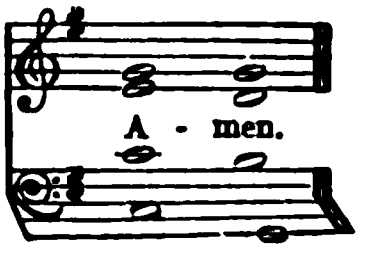
Where the Paschal blood is pour'd,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's host triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce *powers beneath Thee* lie;
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:

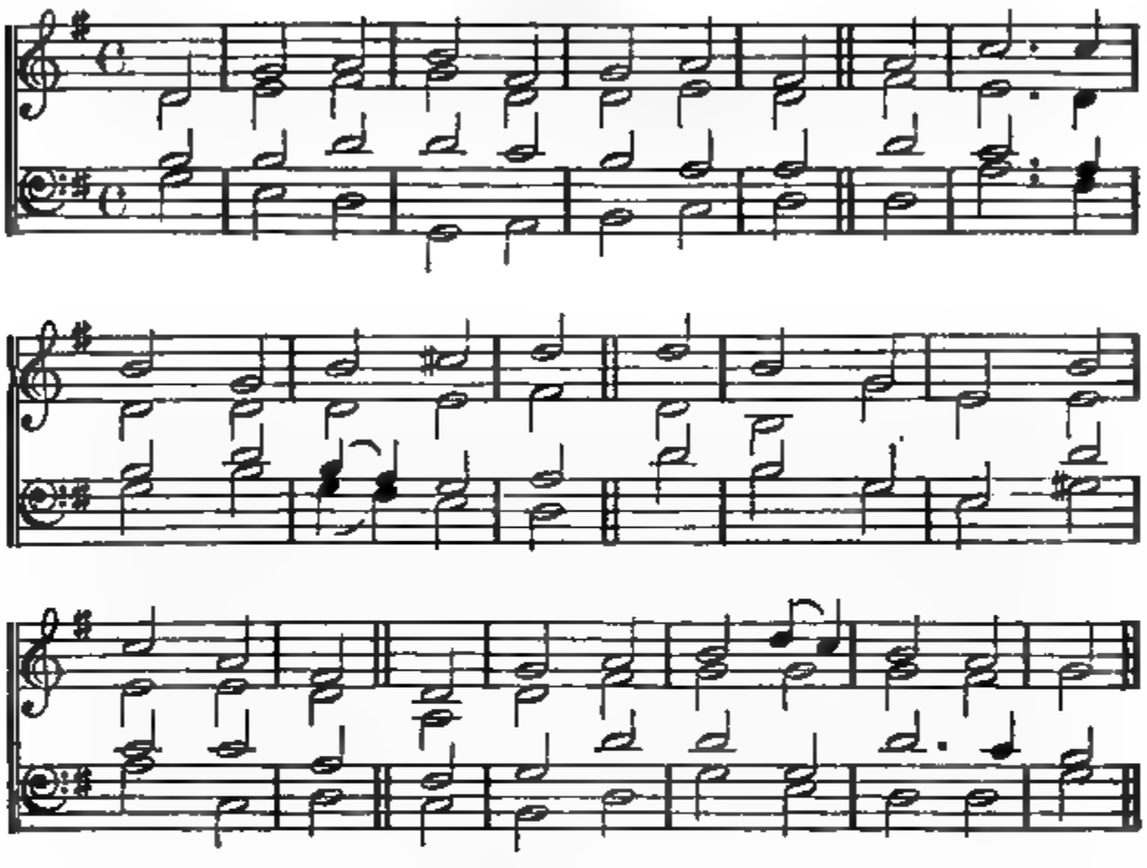
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast open'd paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.



## EASTER.

BROCKHAM. L. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



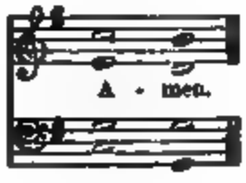
### 71.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high,
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

He lives, to still His people's fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

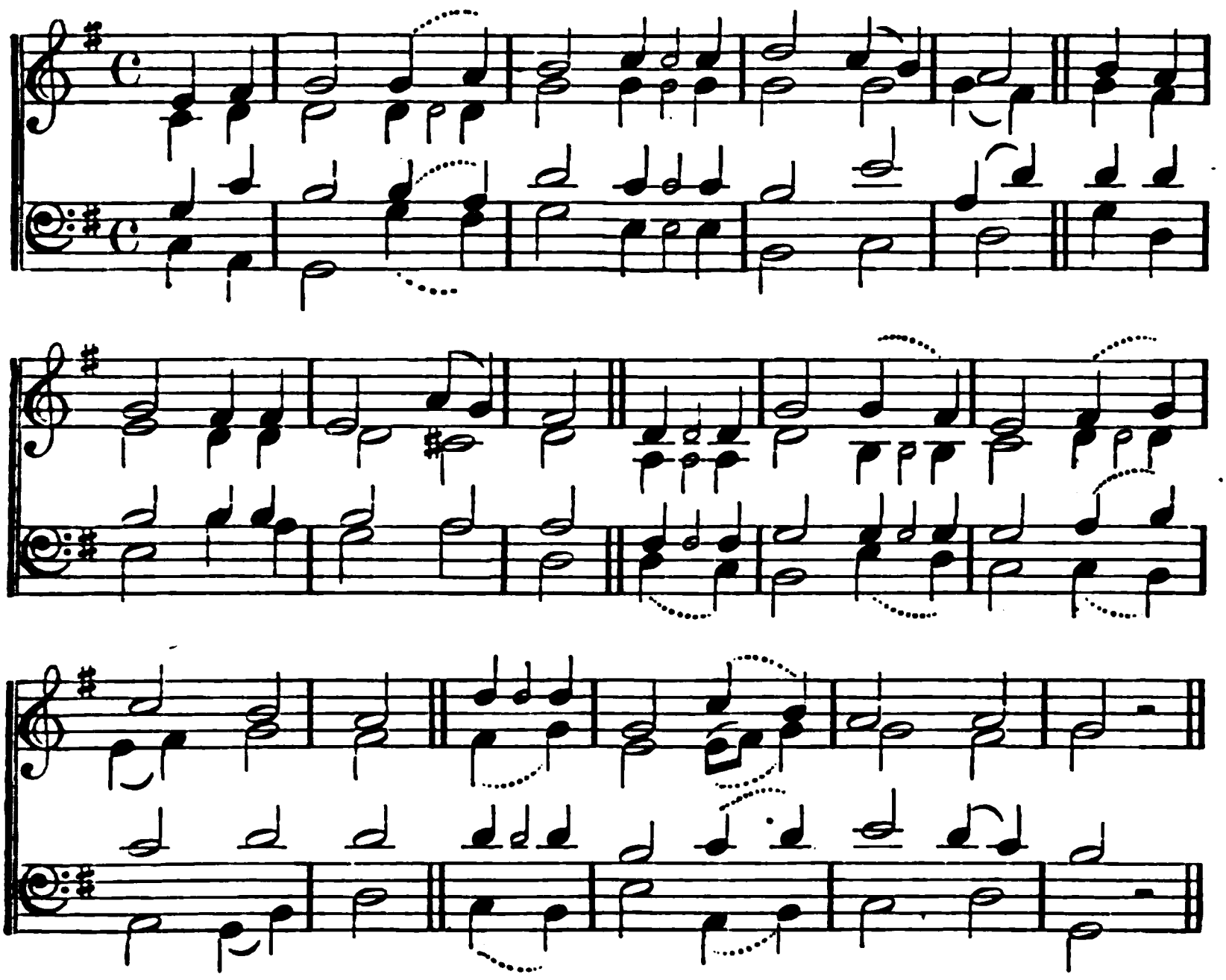
Ye mournful saints, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your unbelieving fears;
And let your hearts with joy revive,
Jesus, your Saviour, is alive.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,
And to the Holy Ghost, be given
*All* praise on earth, all praise in heaven.



# ASCENSION.

**Ascension Hymn.*** 11, 8, 11, 8. Württemberg Melody of the year 1760.



## 72.

CHRIST is gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to His bright abode;
The armies of heaven they throng around,
To hail their ascended God.

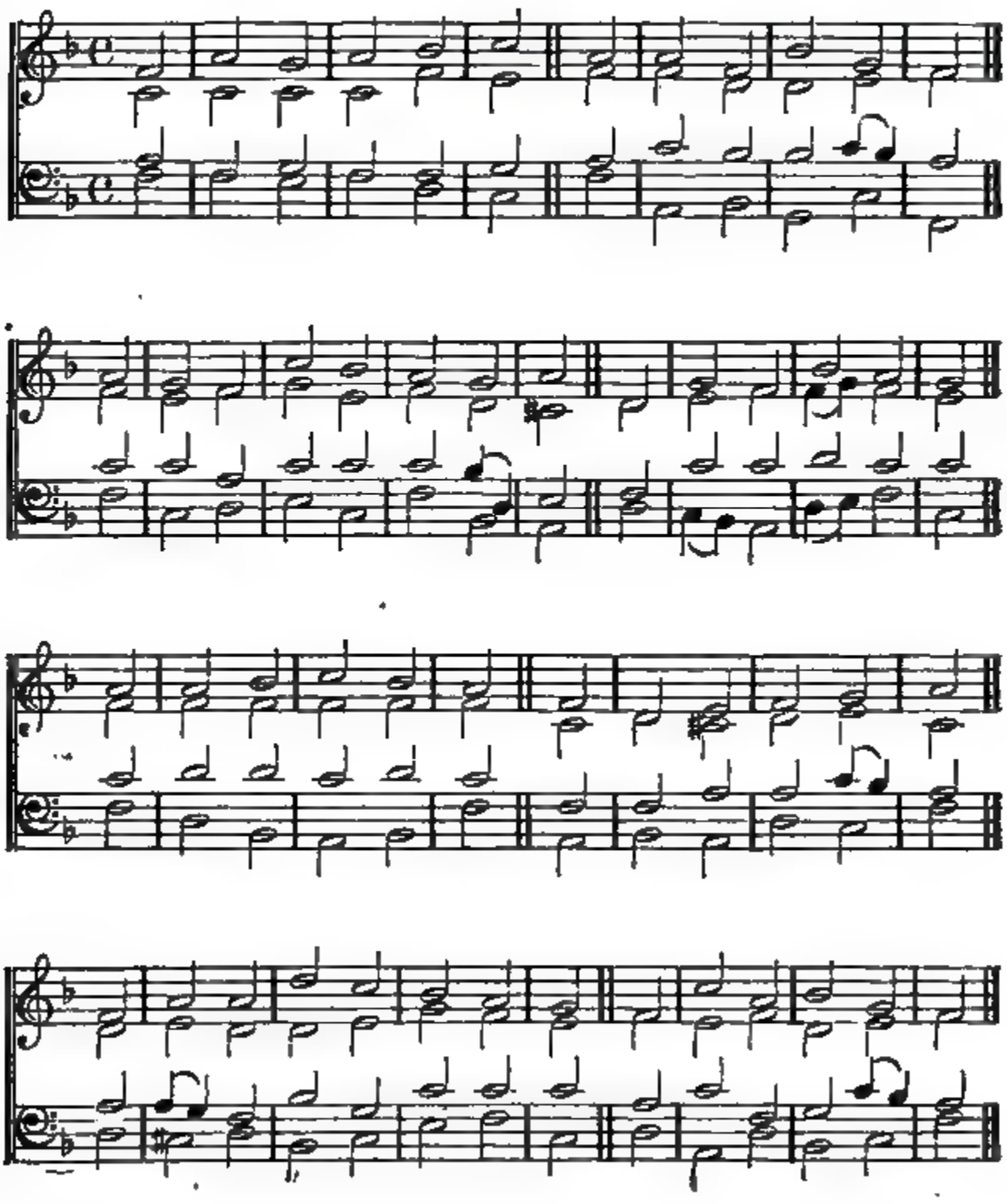
He is gone to His glorious throne on high,
And to claim the victor's crown;
And captive He leads captivity,
And the foe He has overthrown.

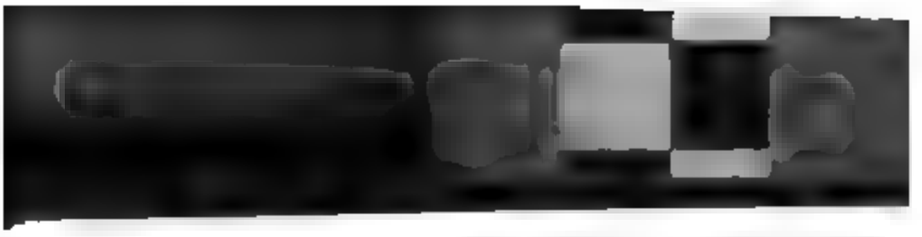
He is gone to pour, from the fount of love,
Rich gifts on a sinful race;
To prepare a place for His saints above,
And to shed the Spirit's grace.

* The tune is printed in the regular form of the metre: but the versification of the Hymn is irregular. For the first stanza, it is necessary to begin with the third note of the tune; and the small notes and dotted slurs show the modifications of the tune which are required to adapt it to other irregular lines of the Hymn.

## ASCENSION.

OLD 25TH PSALM. D. S. M. From Este's Psalter. 1592.





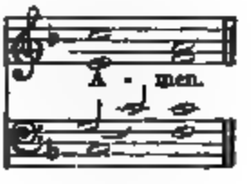
# ASCENSION.

## 73.

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

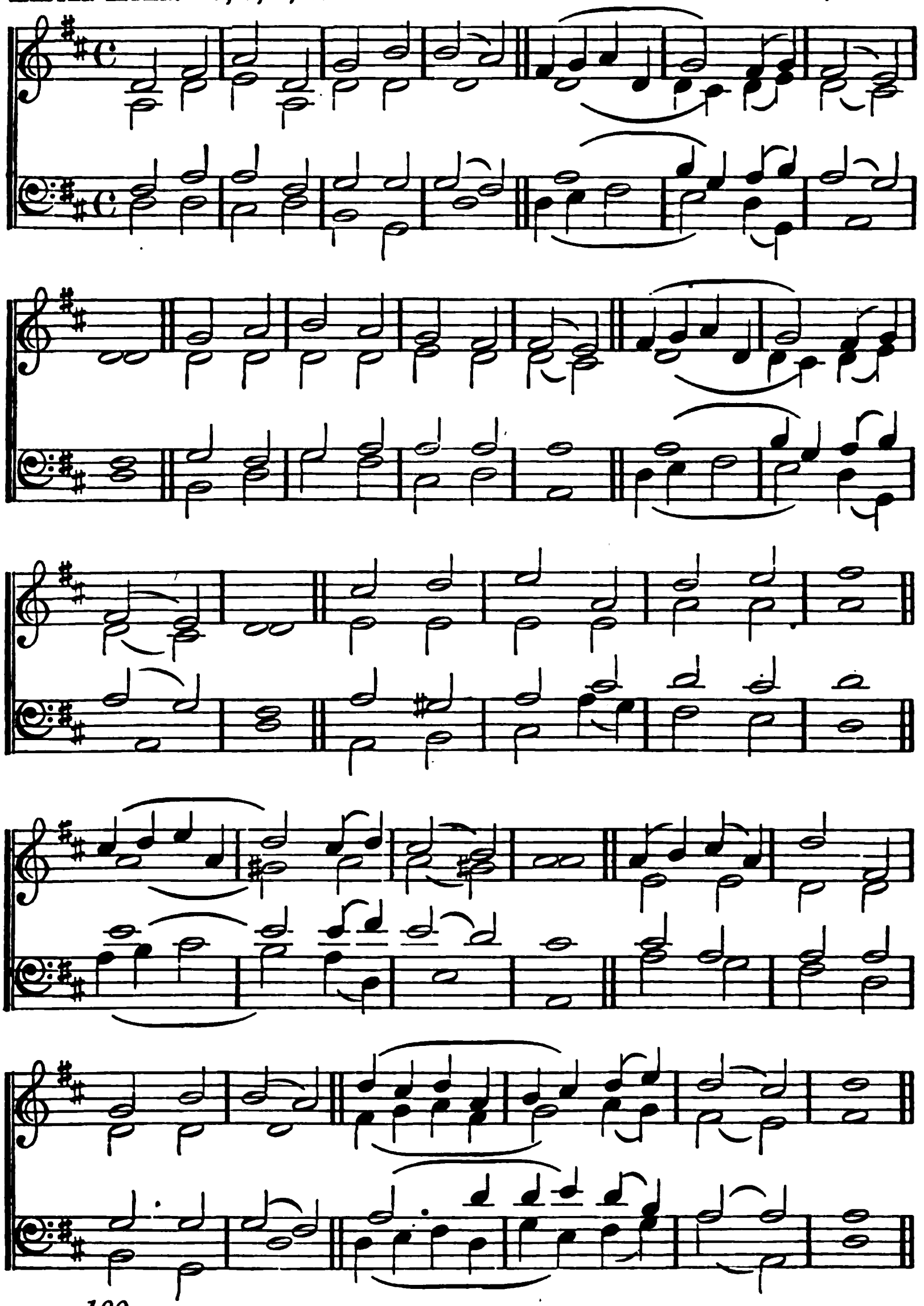
Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.



# ASCENSION.

EASTER HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7. DR. WORGAN. Died, 1790.



# ASCENSION.

## 74.

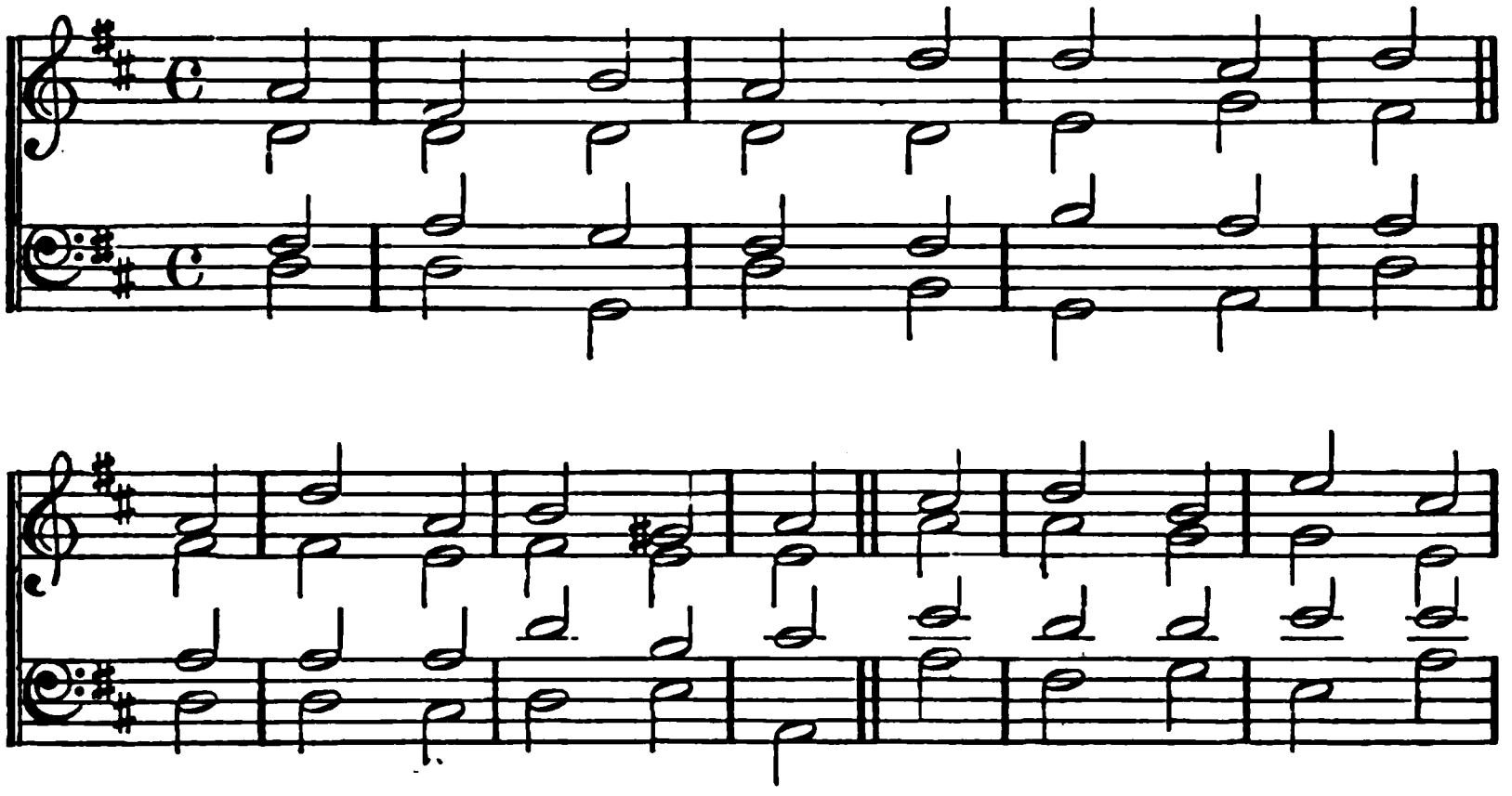
HAIL! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah!
Glorious to His native skies! Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah!
Enters now the highest heaven. Hallelujah!

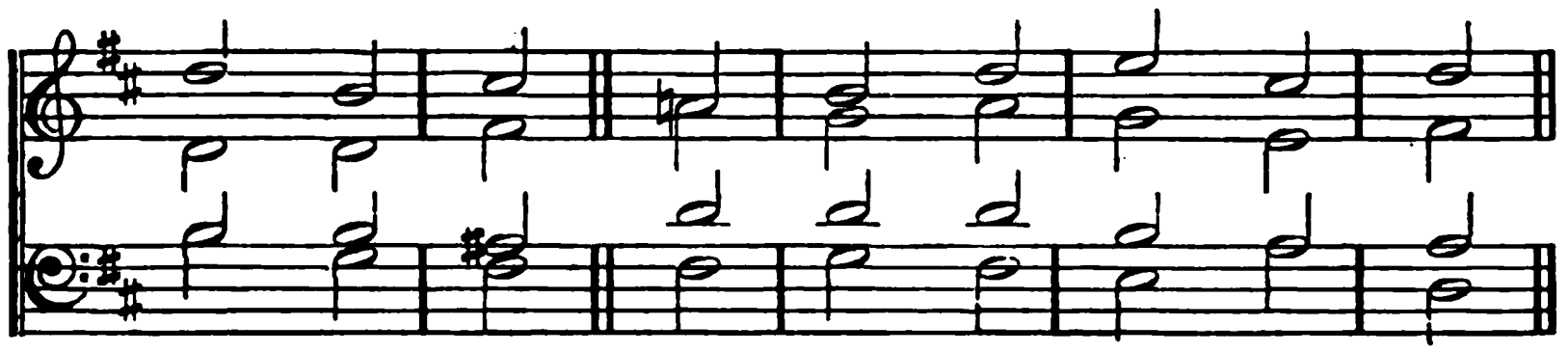
There the glorious triumph waits— Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
Christ has vanquish'd death and sin, Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

# ASCENSION.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. D. Died, 1727.





## 75.

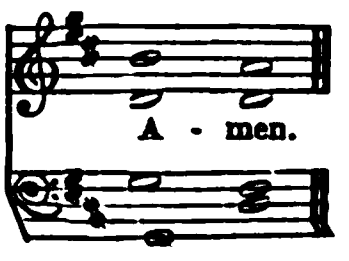
THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our treasure be in heaven.

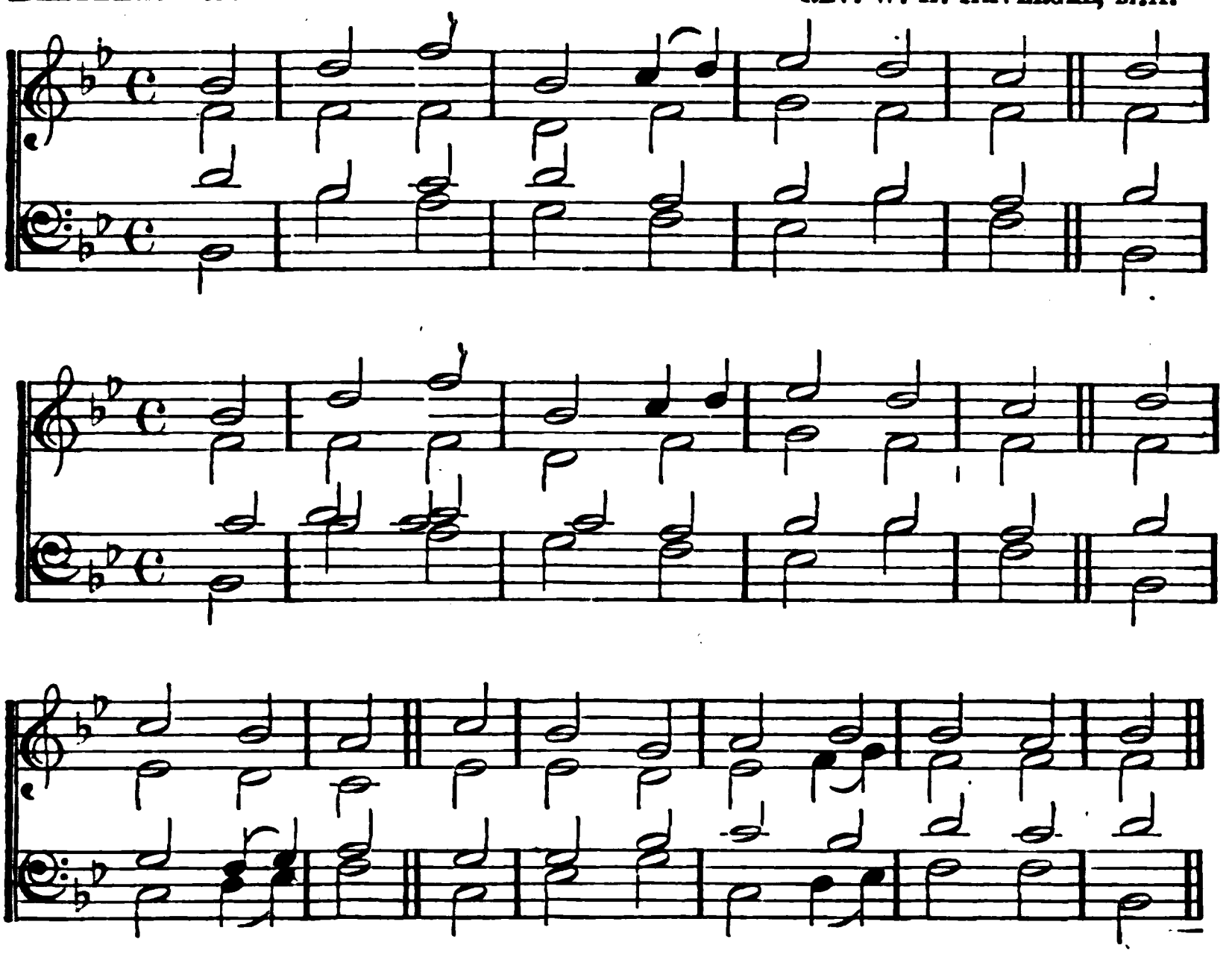
That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
*For* evermore in Thee.



# ASCENSION.

BERTRAM. L. M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.



## 76.

O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

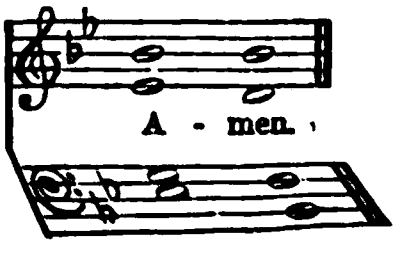
The Angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

Our great High-Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art enter'd now,
To offer there Thy precious blood
Once pour'd on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care,
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

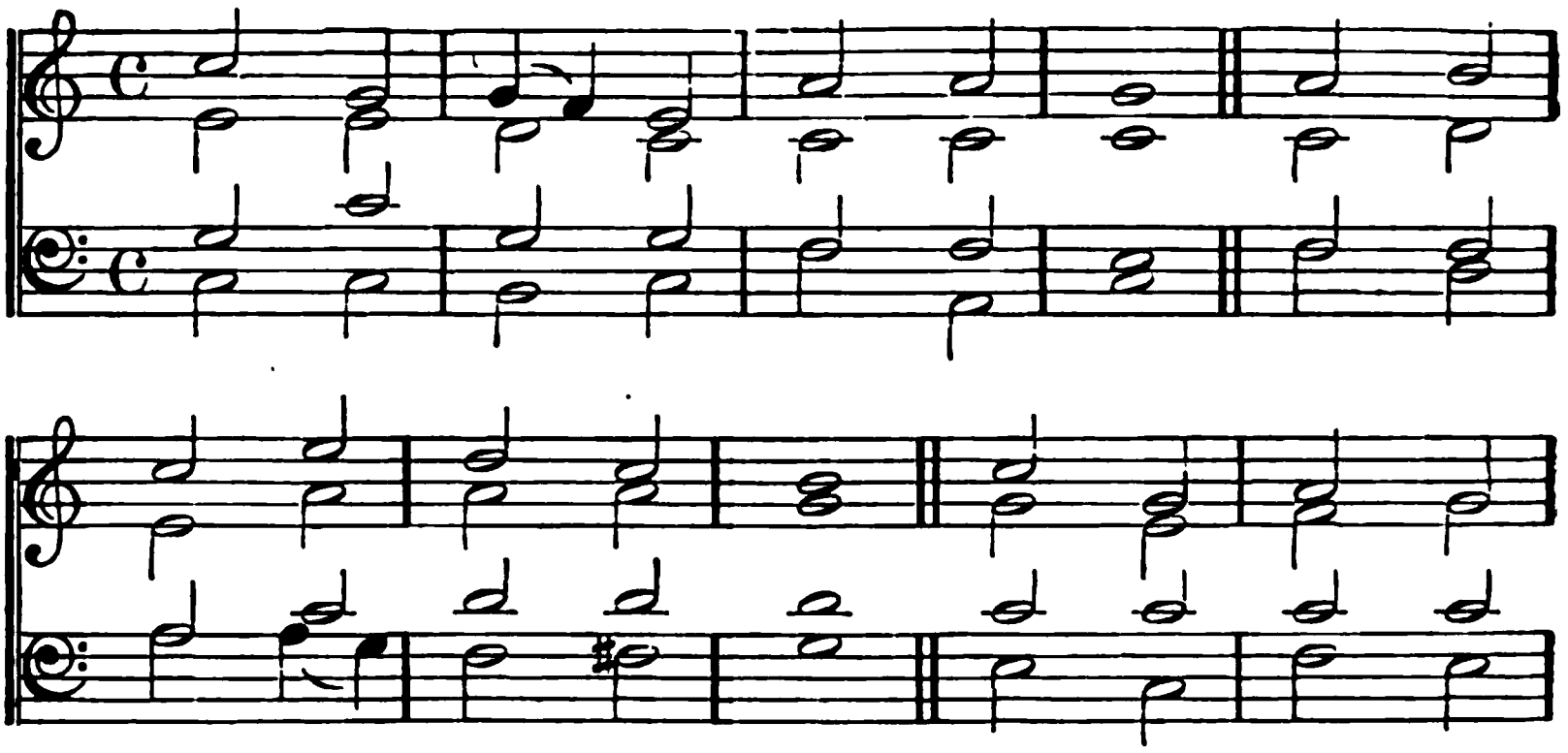
All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

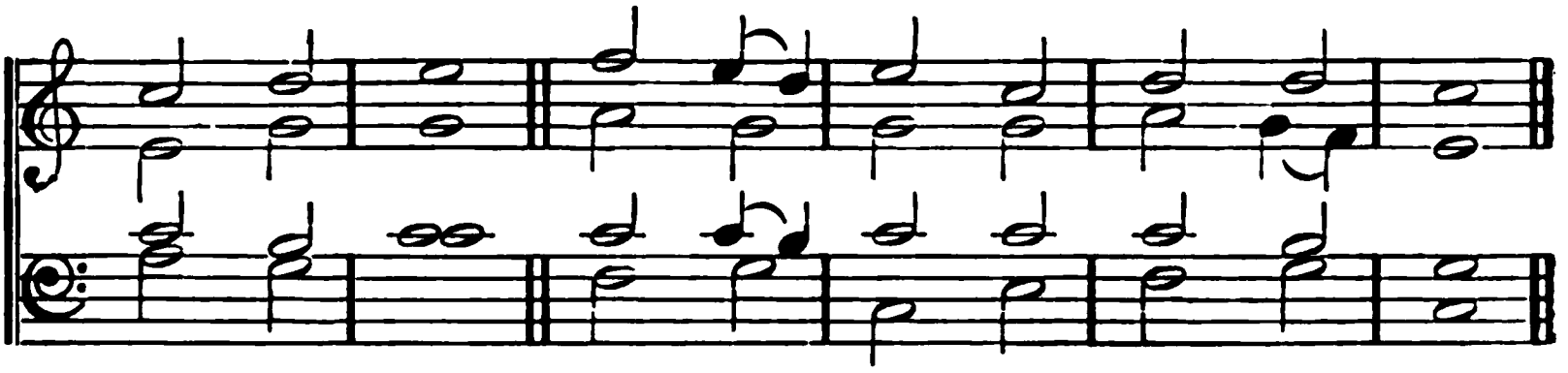


# ASCENSION.

GERMAN CHAPEL ROYAL. 7, 7, 7, 7.

F. WEBER.* 1856. Organist of the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace.





## 77.

MASTER, Lord, to Thee we cry
On Thy throne exalted high;
See Thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to Thee.

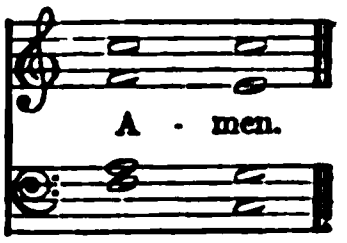
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever may we upwards move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our heavenly home;

There may we with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

There before Thy footstool fall,
There confess Thee Lord of all;
There our crowns before Thee cast,
There proclaim, while heaven shall last,

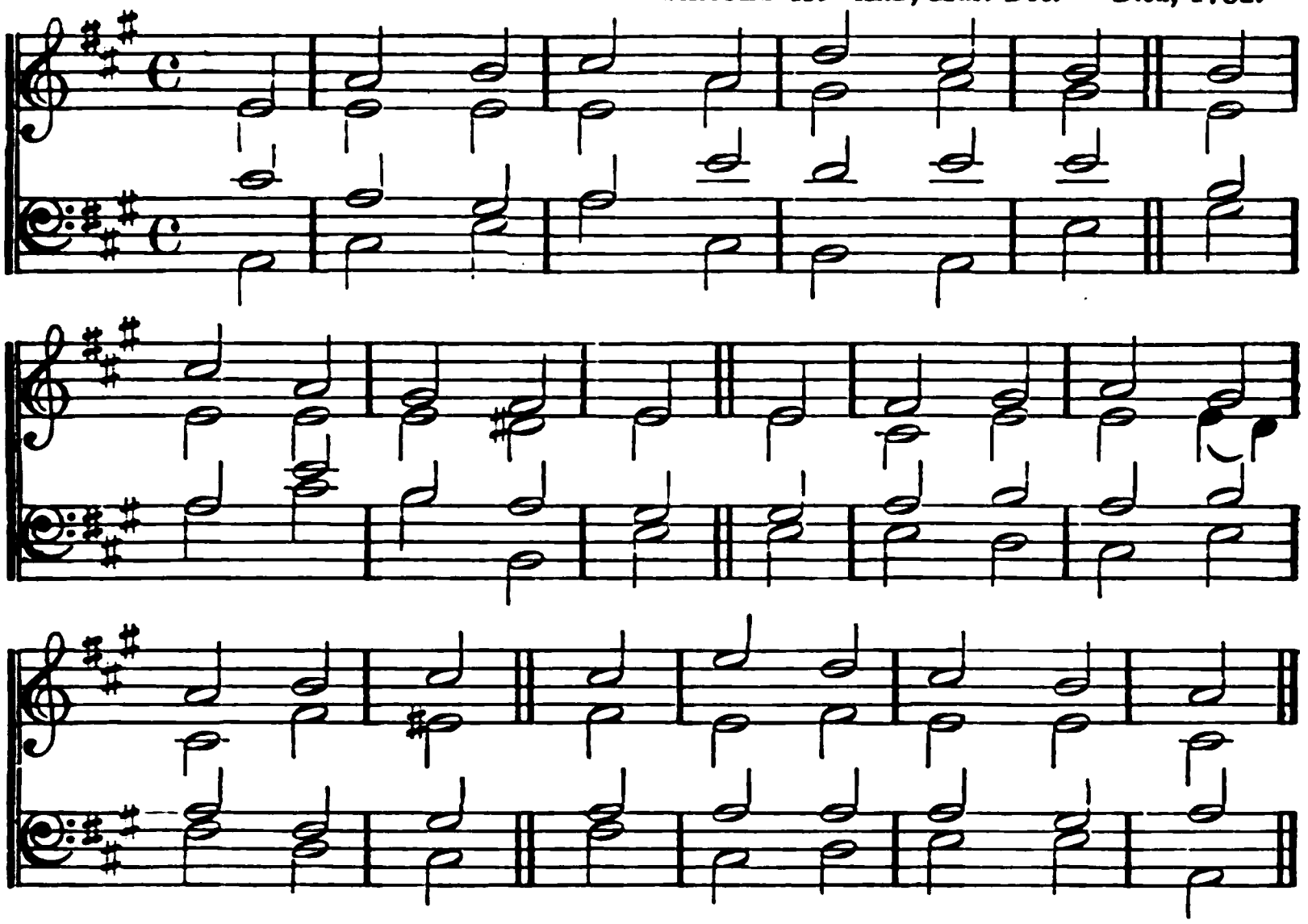
Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As it was, is now, shall be,
In His own eternity.




* *By permission*; from his 'Church of England Choral-book.'

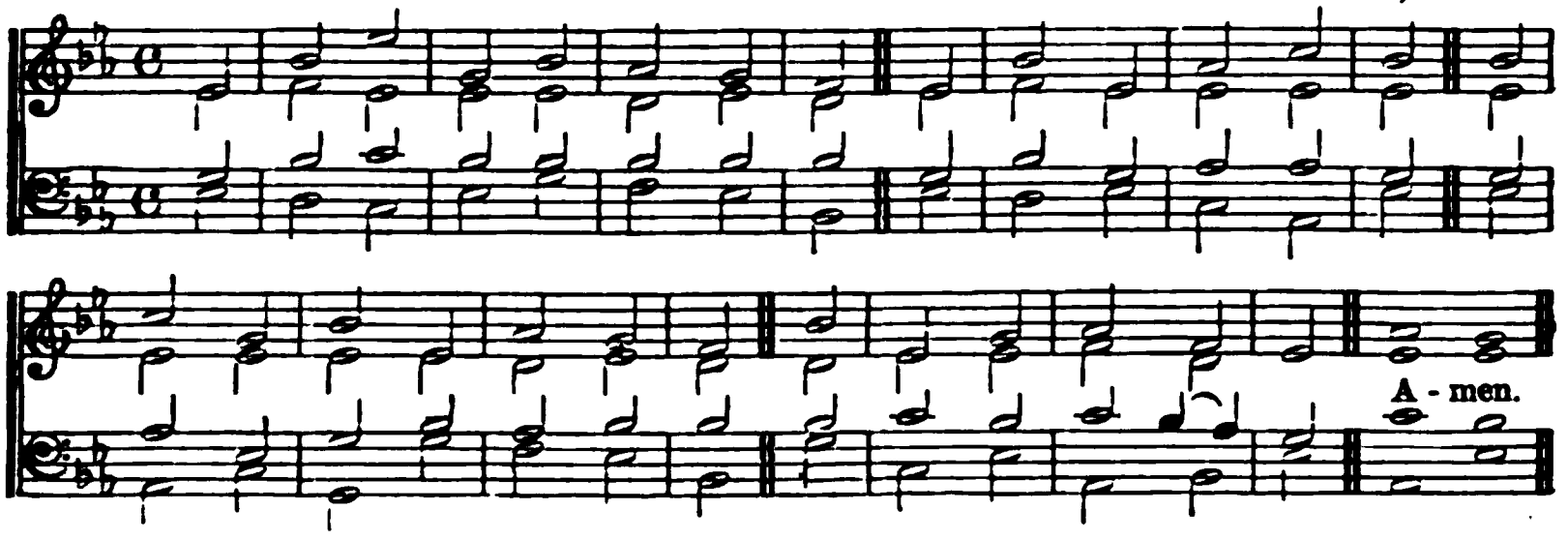
# ASCENSION.

**Lancaster.** C. M. Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc.* Died, 1782.



*Or,*

**St. David's.** C. M. From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.




## 78.

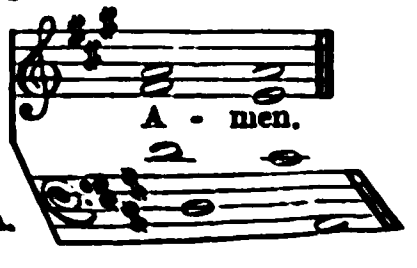
JESU, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes array'd.

O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

All praise to Thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to God the Father's Name,
And Holy Ghost, be given.

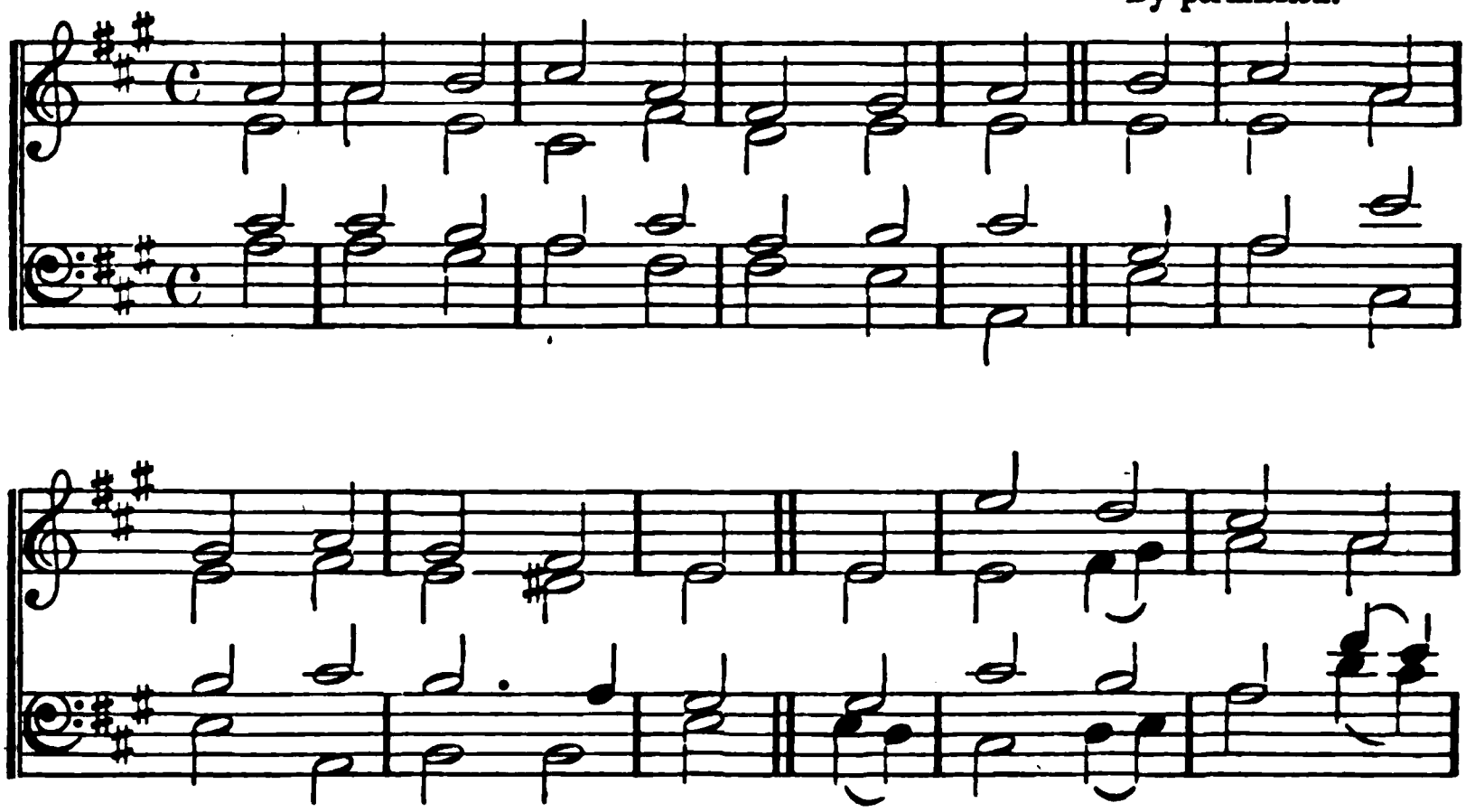


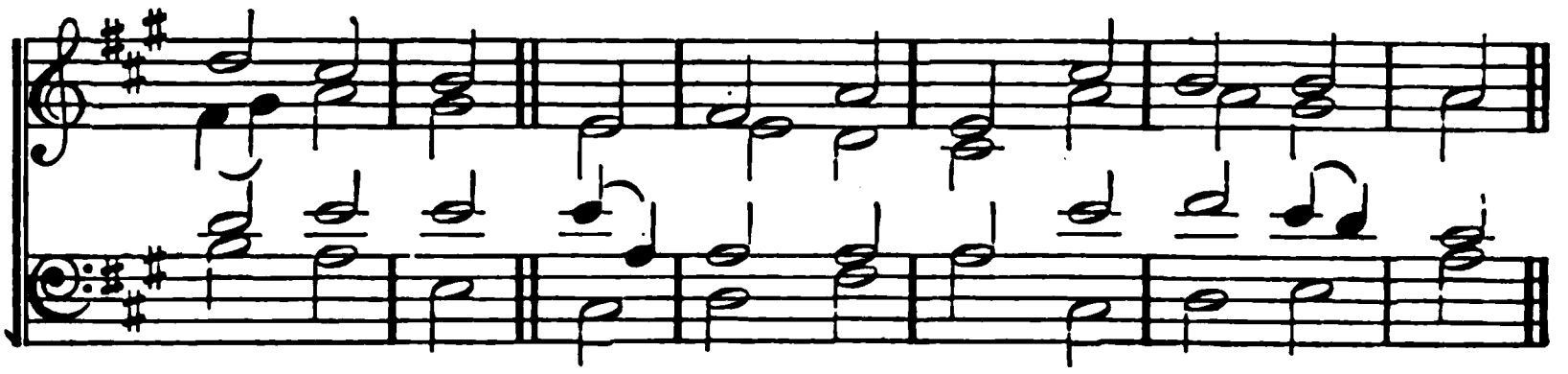

* *Educated in the Chapel Royal, Organist* of St. Clement Danes and St Bride, London.

# ASCENSION.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M.

BISHOP OF ELY. 1844.
By permission.





## 79.

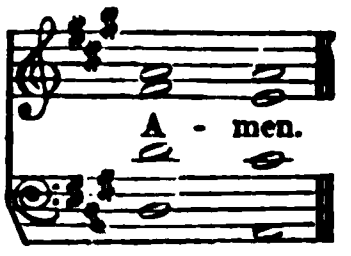
O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

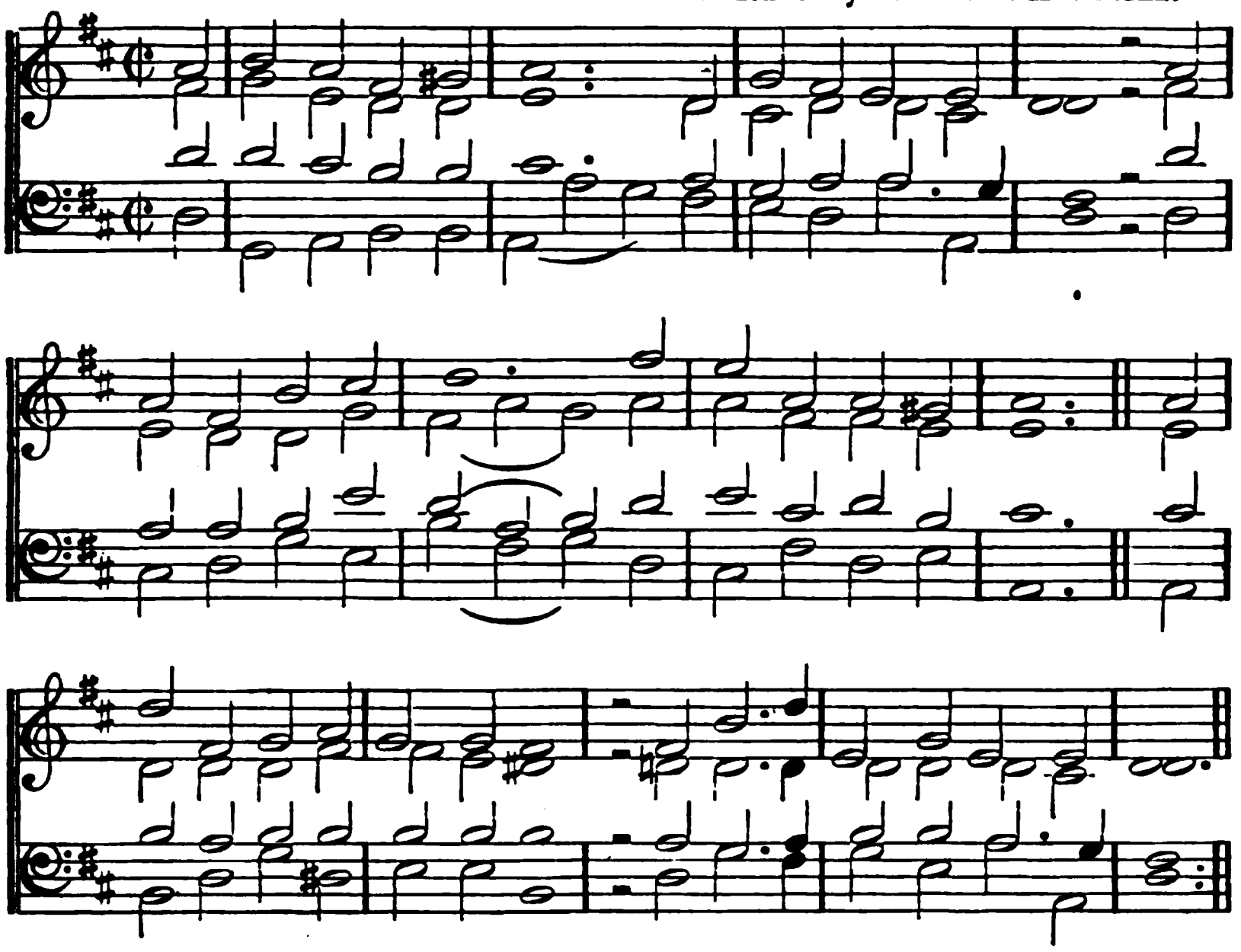
O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallow'd and adored;
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.



# ASCENSION.

GOPSAL. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HANDEL. About 1742.
Harmonized by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.*



## 80.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

JESUS the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

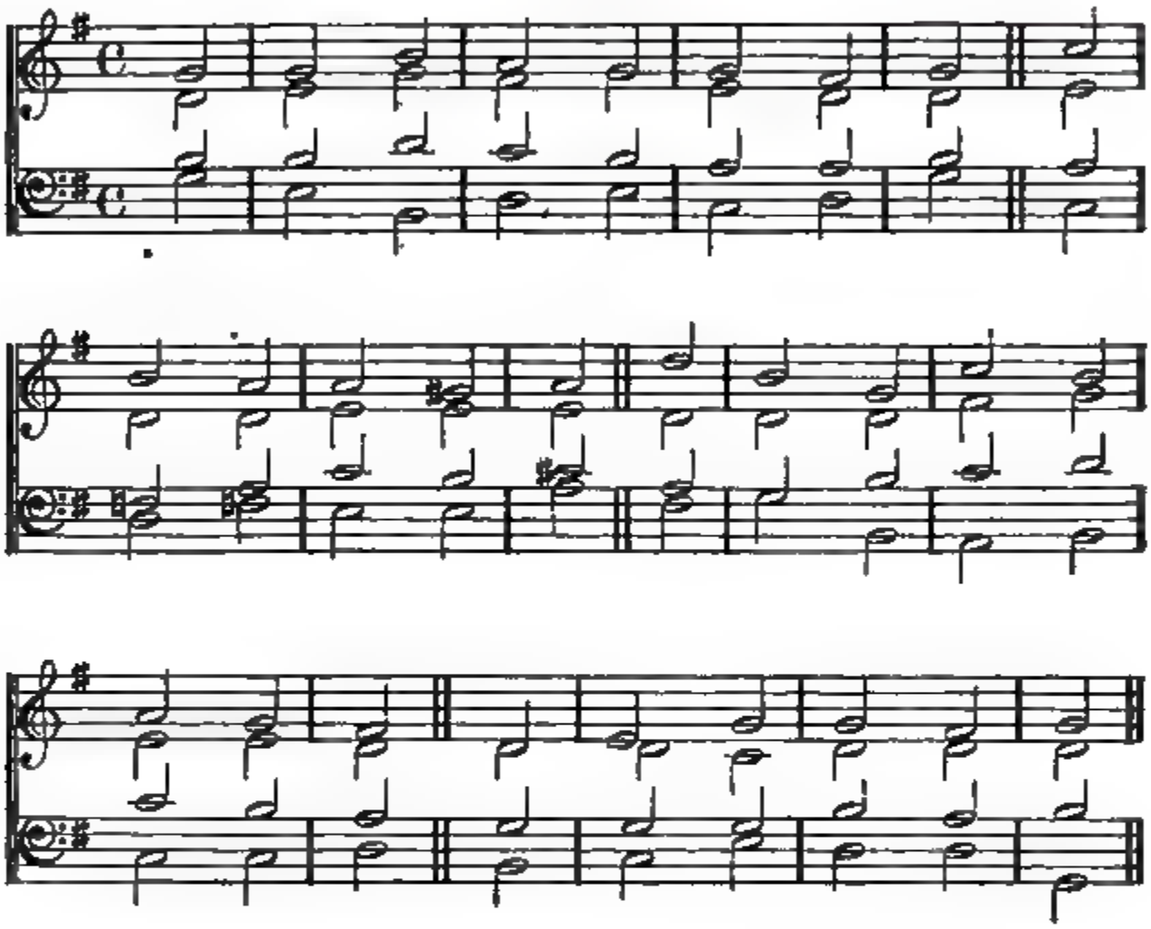
His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ, the Lord, are given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

* Handel set to music, as songs, with organ accompaniment, this and two other of Wesley's hymns. The three, in their original form, were published by Samuel Wesley, the organist, in 1828, from the Fitzwilliam MSS. Mr. Havergal *has slightly altered* the melody of the above tune.

## WHITSUNTIDE.

ABBEY TUNE. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.



### 81.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

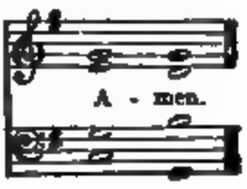
The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
*Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;*

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

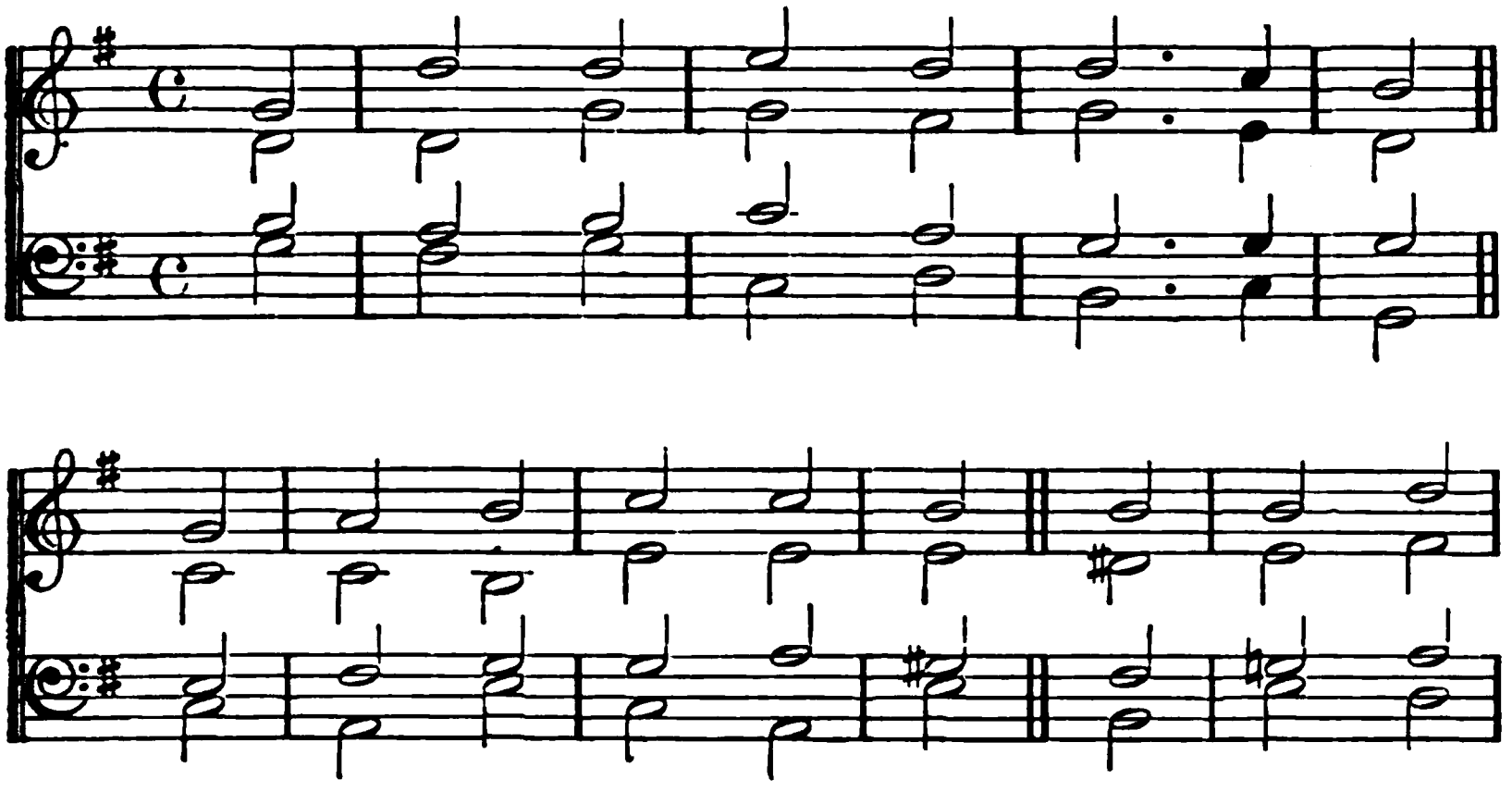
It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.



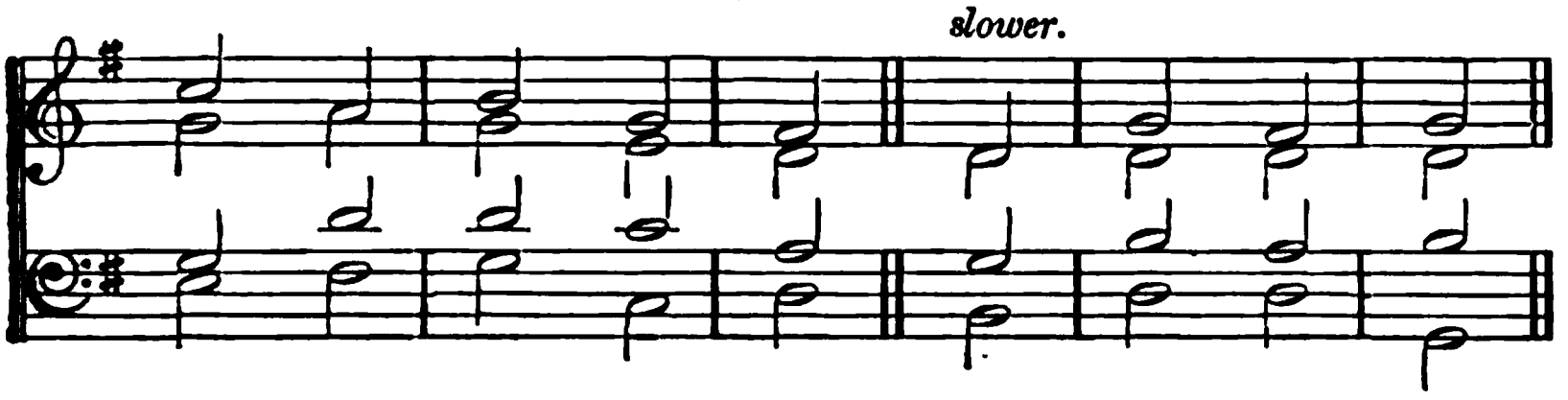
# WHITSUNTIDE.

**Alt-Bremen.** 8, 6, 8, 4. **Mich. Praetorius.** 1609.





*slower.*



## 82.

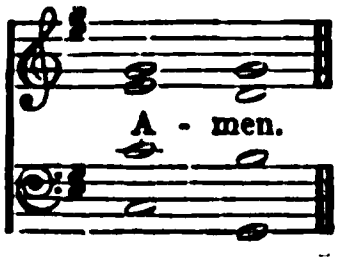
OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

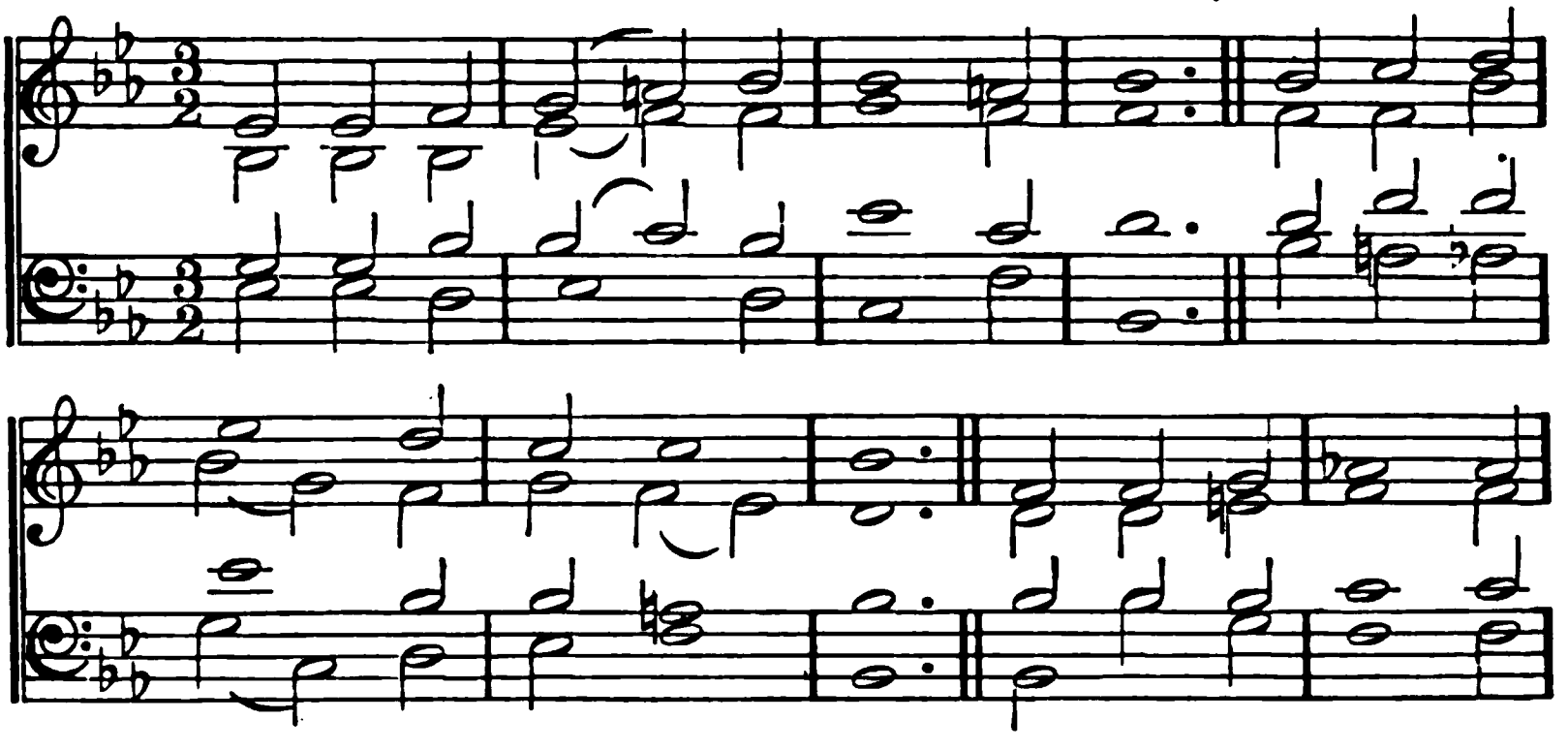
Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

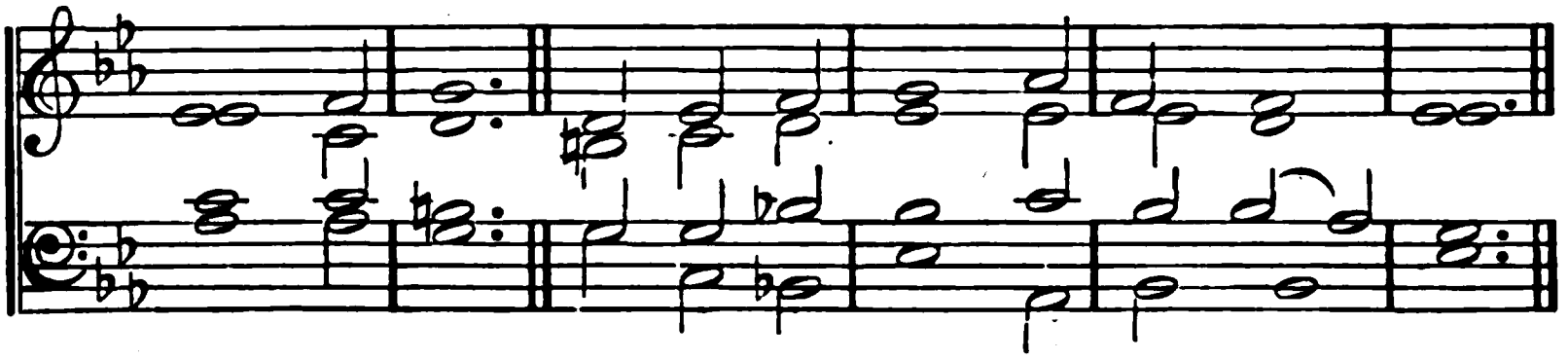


# WHITSUNTIDE.

ANGELUS (*or* WHITSUN HYMN). L. M.

JOHANNES SCHEFFLER,
Med. Doc., Breslau. 1657.





## 83.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness,—the road,
The narrow road which leads to God;
Bring us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from Him ever stray.

Lead us to God, our only rest,
To be with Him for ever bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

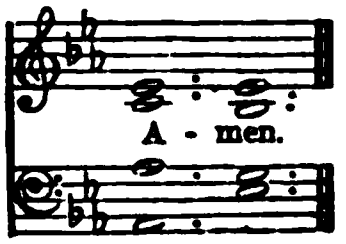
## 84.

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darken'd face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove;

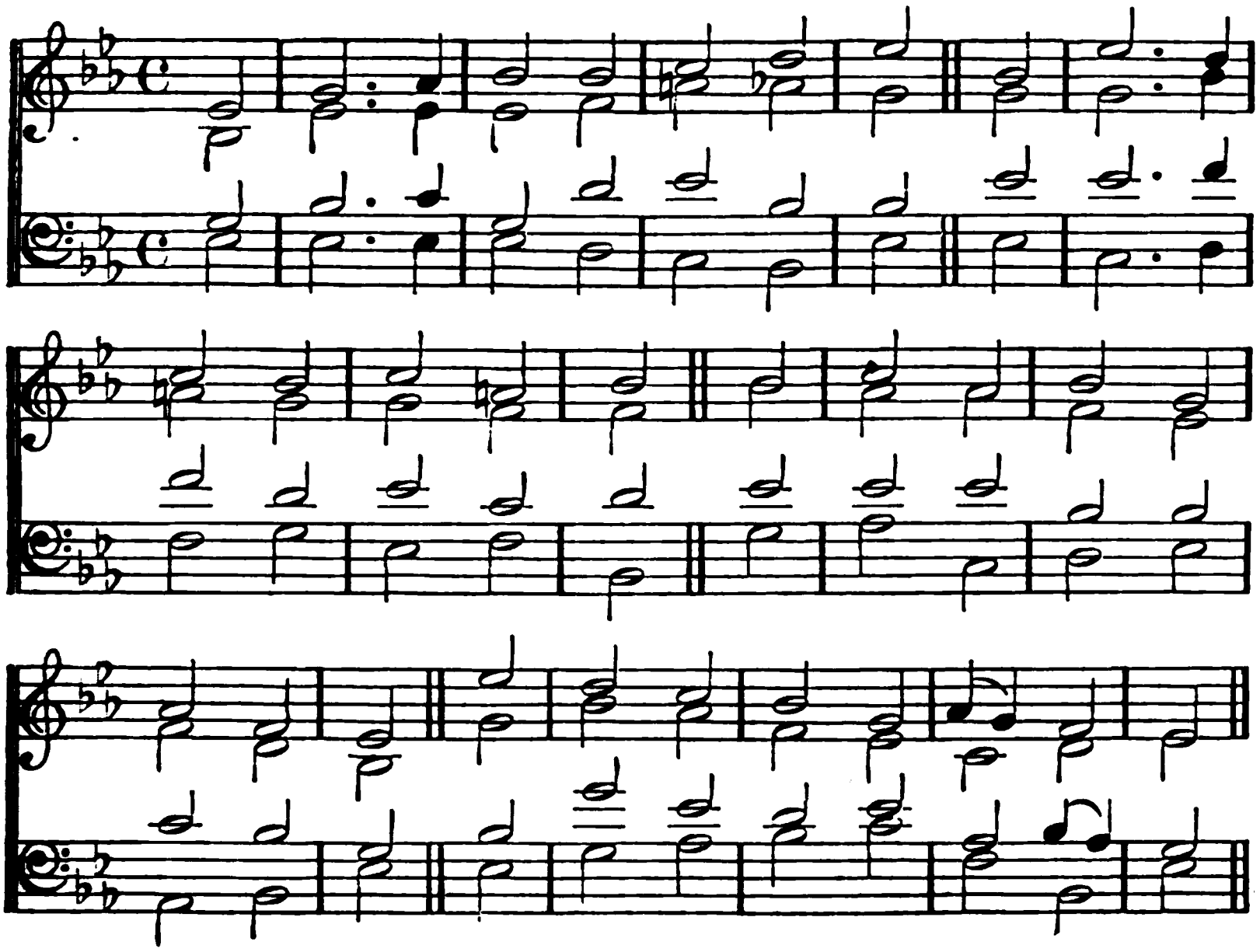
Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts, that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine:

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter!



# WHITSUNTIDE.

ANDERNACH. L. M. Brotherhood of St. Cecilia. 1608.



## 85.

COME, Holy Ghost; Creator, come,
And visit all the souls of Thine:
Thou hast inspired our hearts with life;
Inspire them now with life divine.

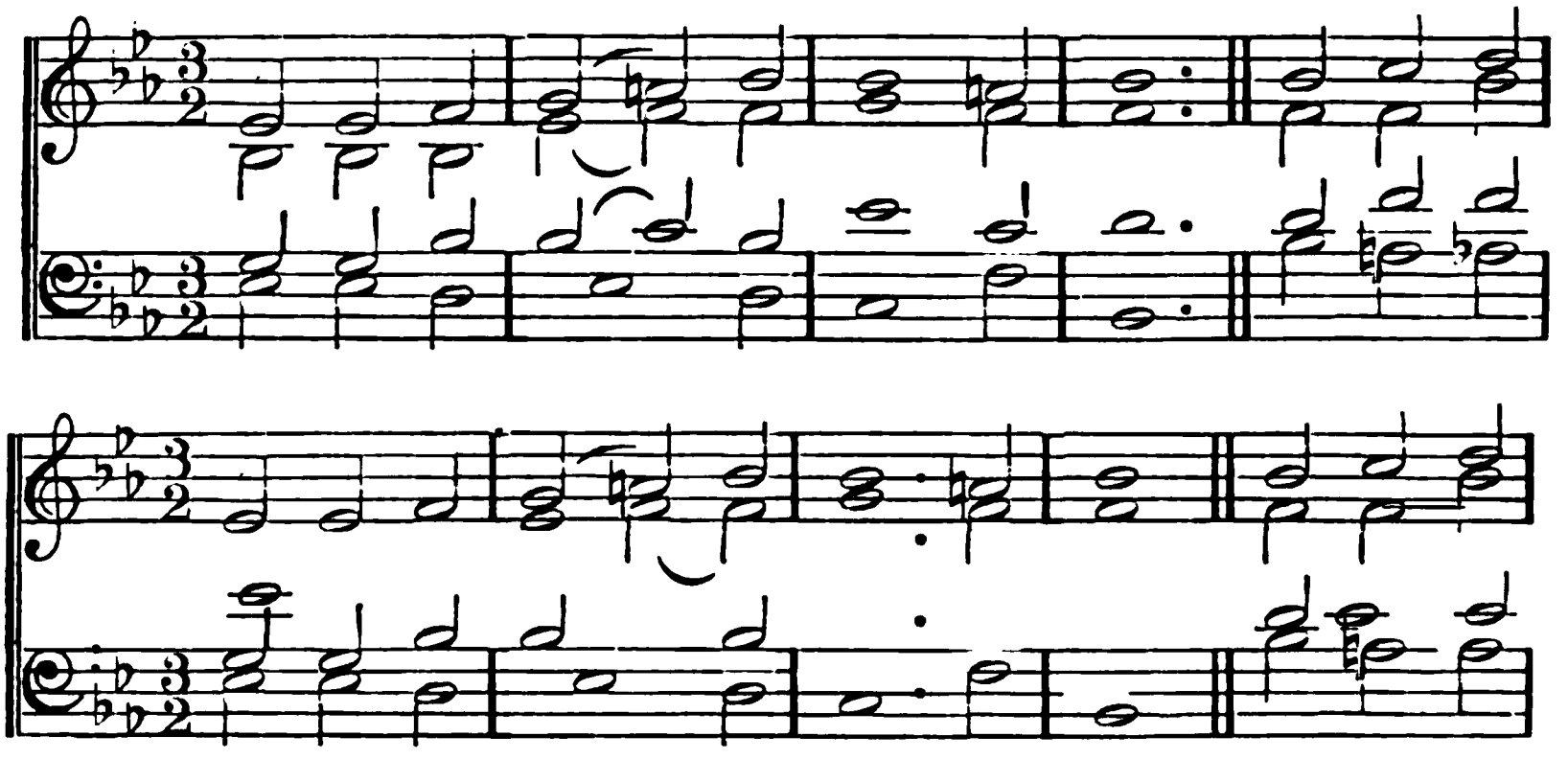
Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
Of God most high, the Fire of love,
The everlasting Spring of joy,
And Holy Unction from above.

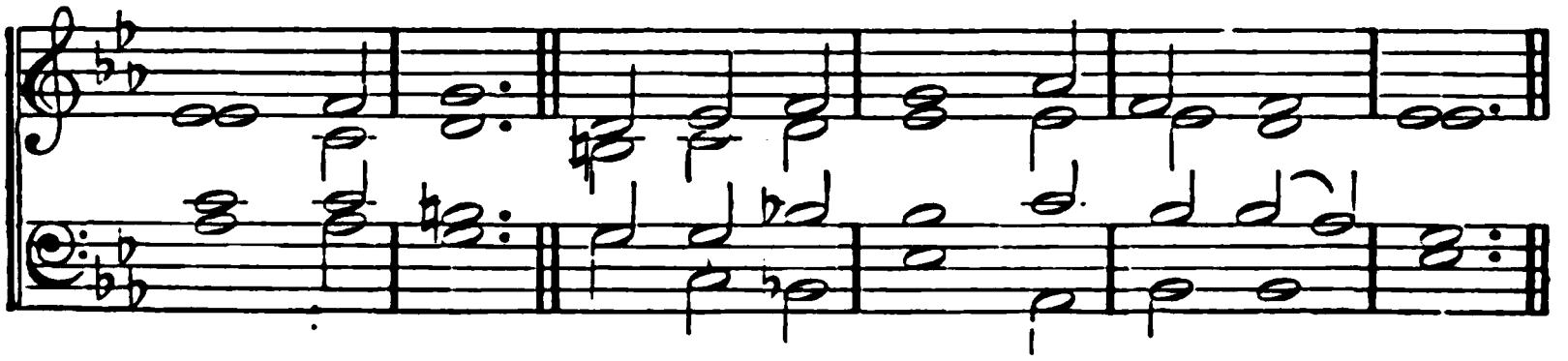
Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writ'st
God's laws in every faithful heart;
The Promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy love, Thy heavenly love, embrace;
And, since we are by nature frail,
Assist us with Thy saving grace.

# WHITSUNTIDE.

ANGELUS. L. M. From 'Spiritual Pastorals.' Breslau, 1657.*



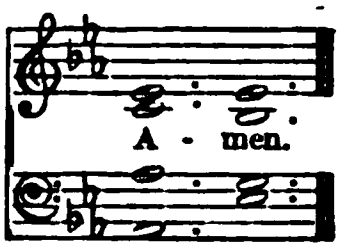


## 86.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

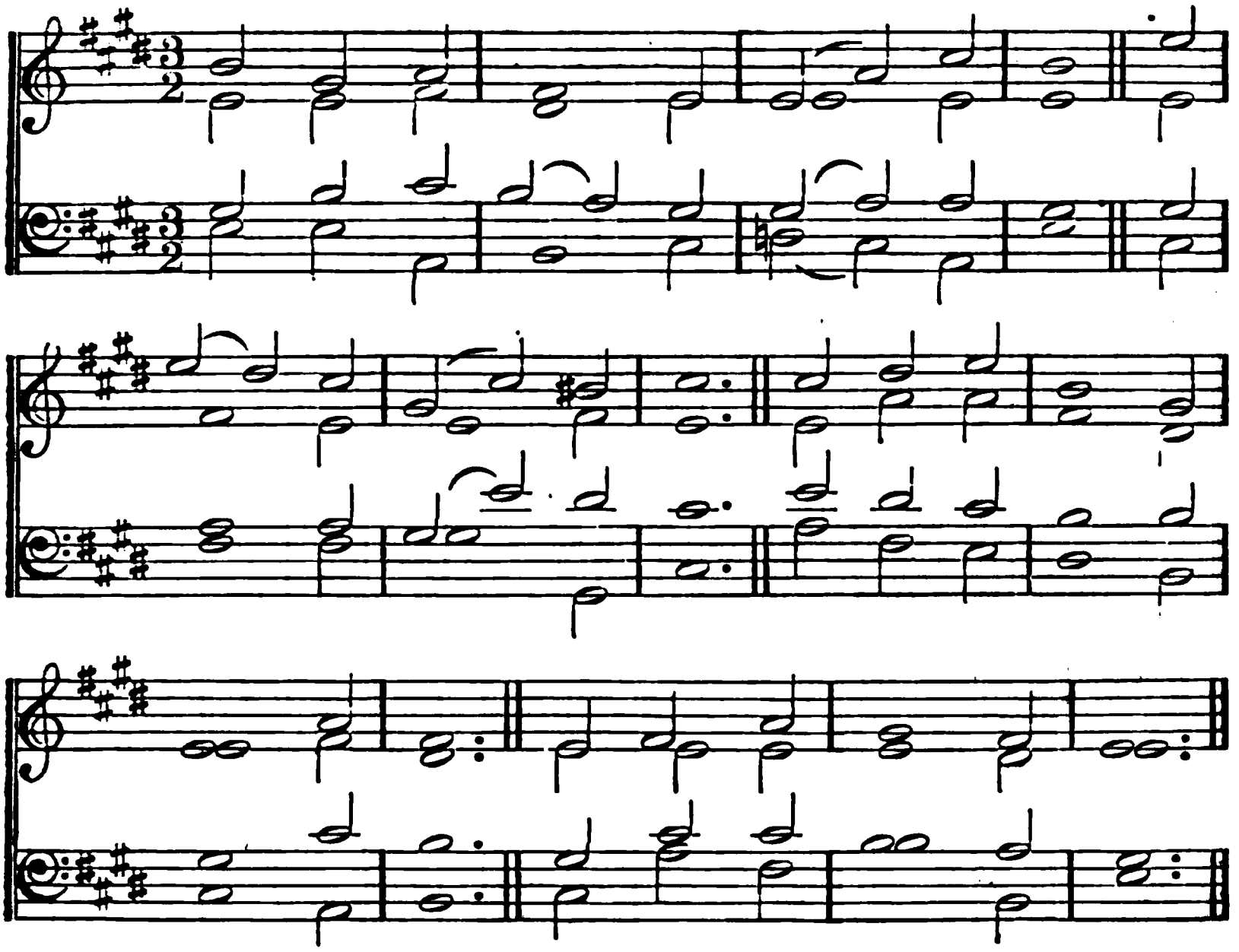
Unfailing comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth and love.




* *By Dr. Johannes Scheffler, who wrote under the name of Angelus Silesius.*

# WHITSUNTIDE.

ARMAGH. C. M. JAMES TURLE, 1862.



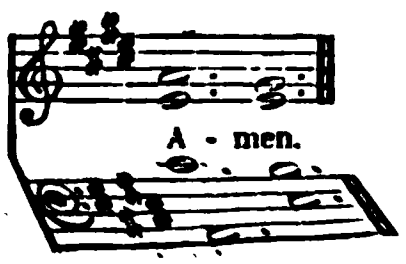
## 87.

SPIRIT of truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour, in our own.

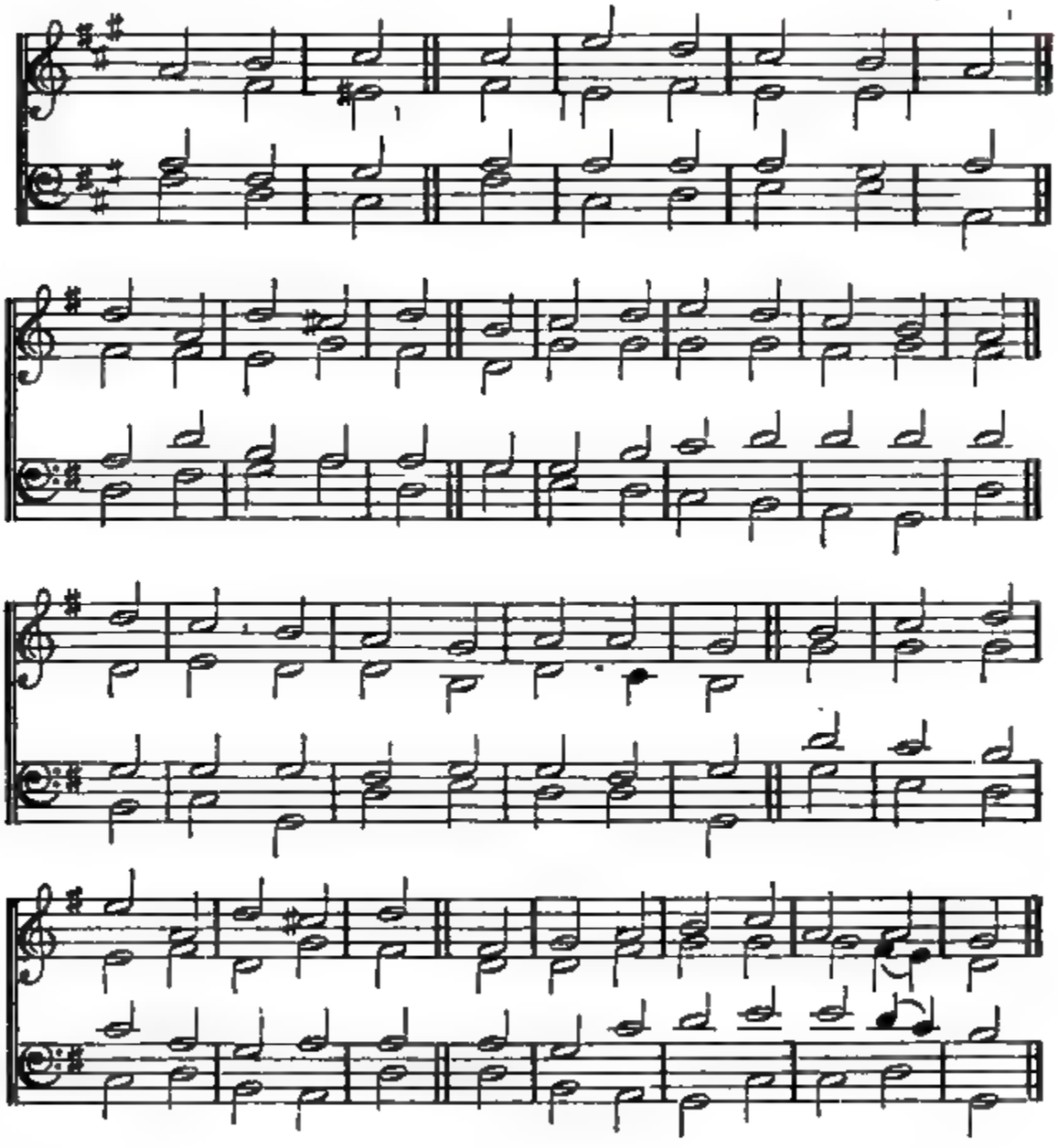
No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
*With faith*, with hope, with love.



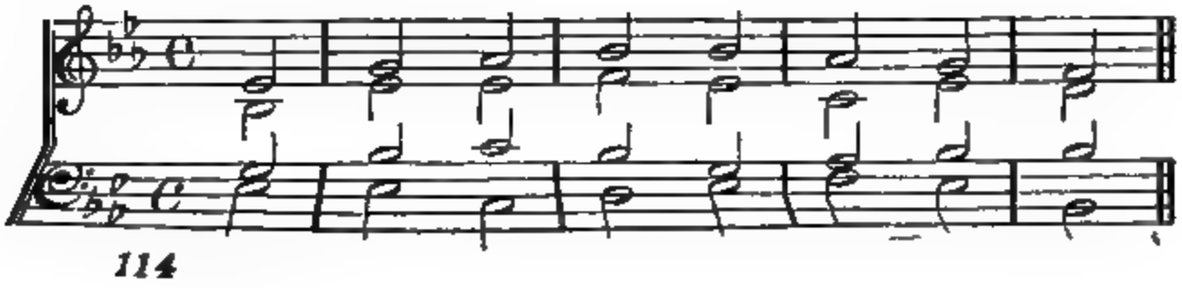
# WHITSUNTIDE.

**Angels' Song.** 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. — Orlando Gibbons. Died, 1625.

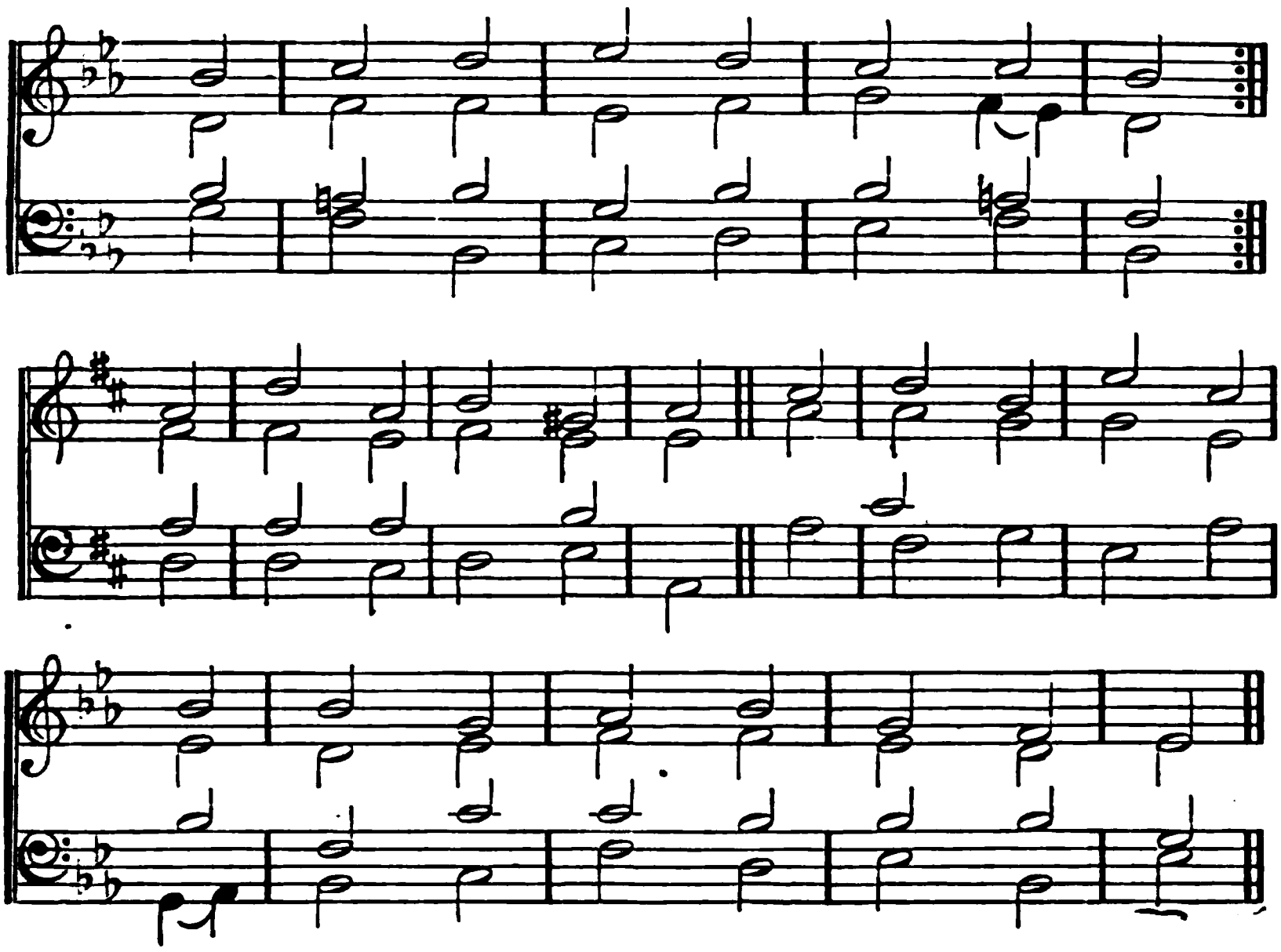


*Or,*

**Leipsic.** 8, 8 :‖ 8, 8. — J. Hermann Schein's 'Cantional.' 1627.



# WHITSUNTIDE.



## 88.

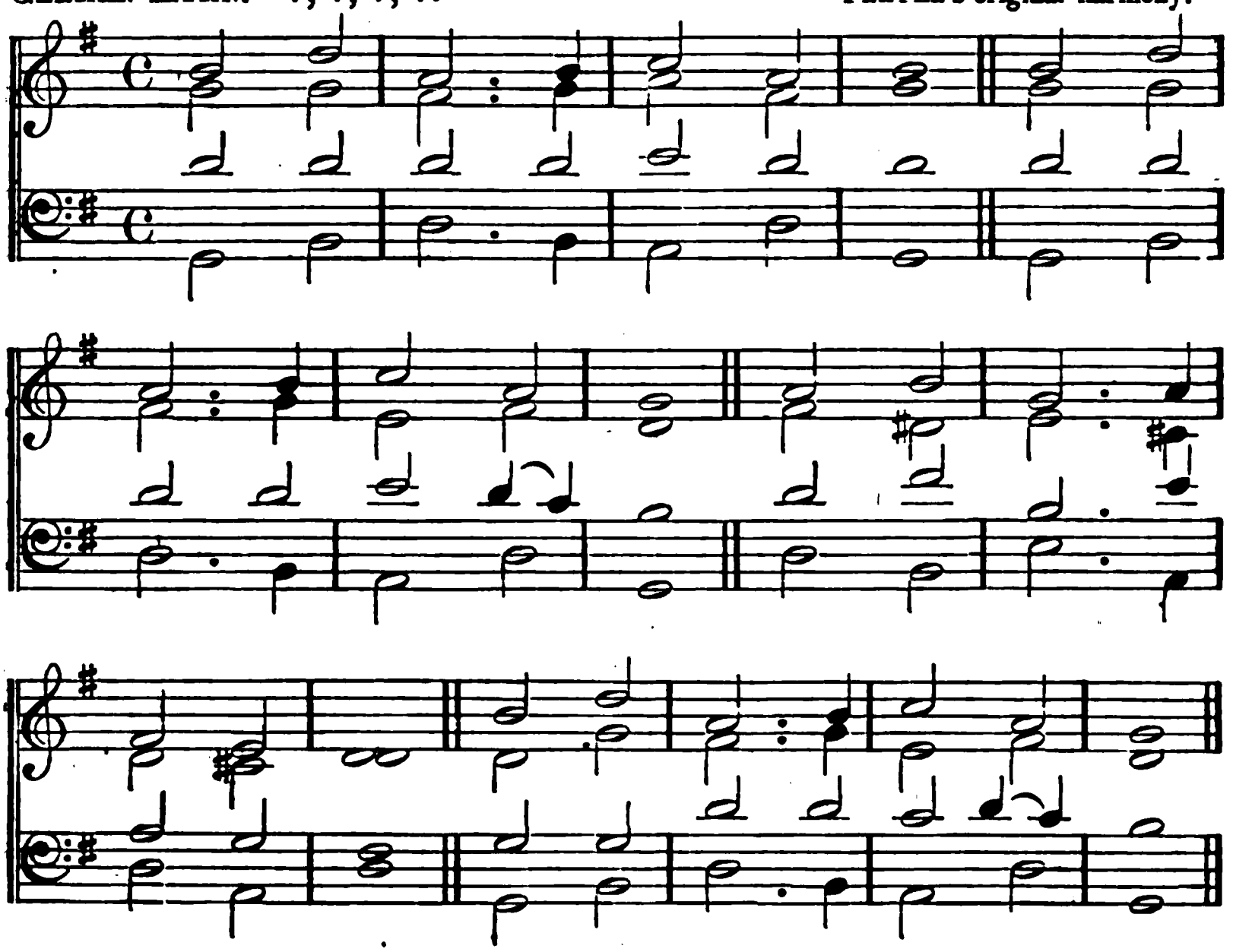
CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind,
And pour Thy joy on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Our frailty help, our vice control,
And calm the passions of the soul:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's Name
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for the world's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
*O blessed Comforter*, to Thee.

# WHITSUNTIDE.

GERMAN HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7. PLEYEL'S original harmony.



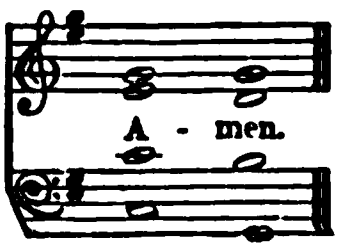
## 89.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let Thy light around us shine:
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

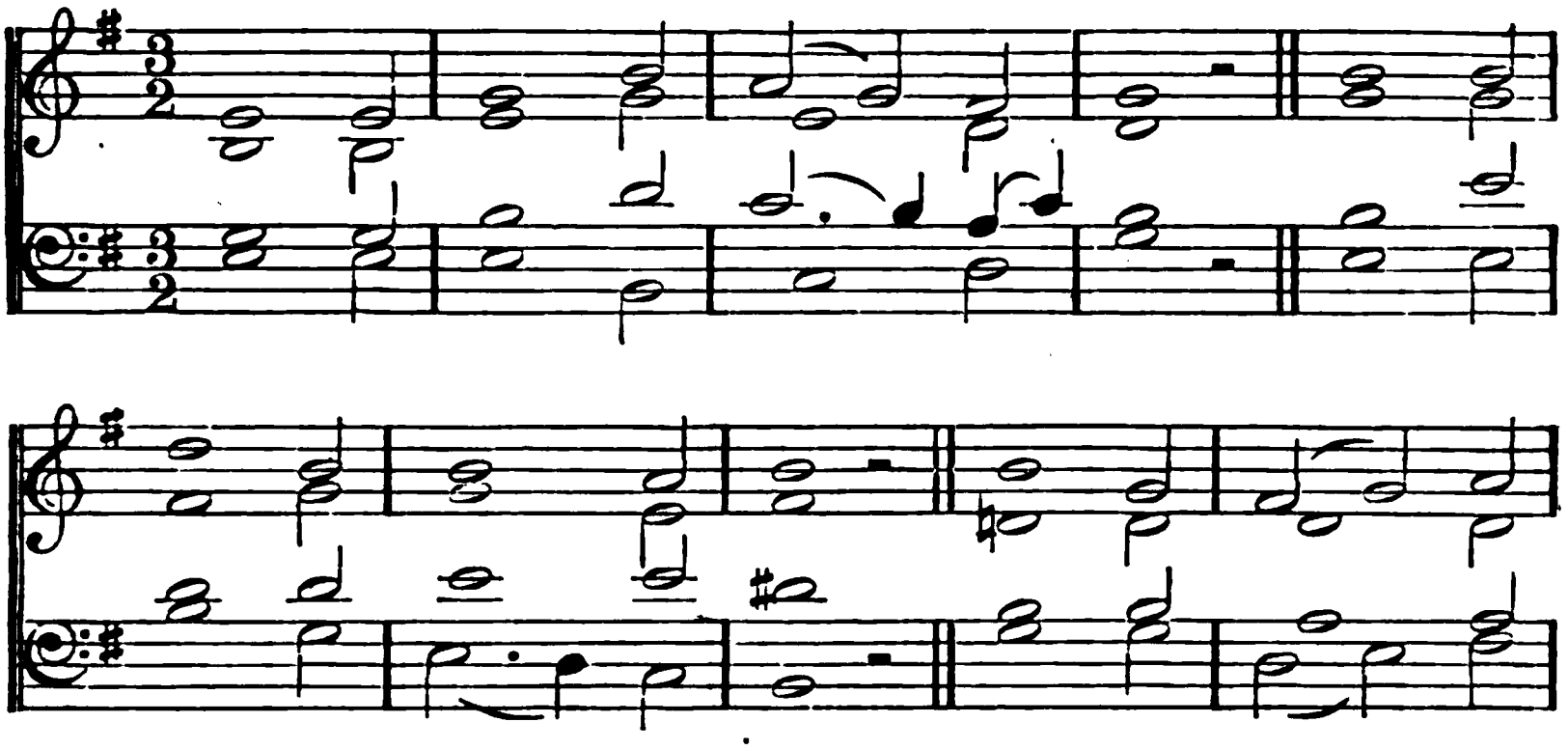
Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

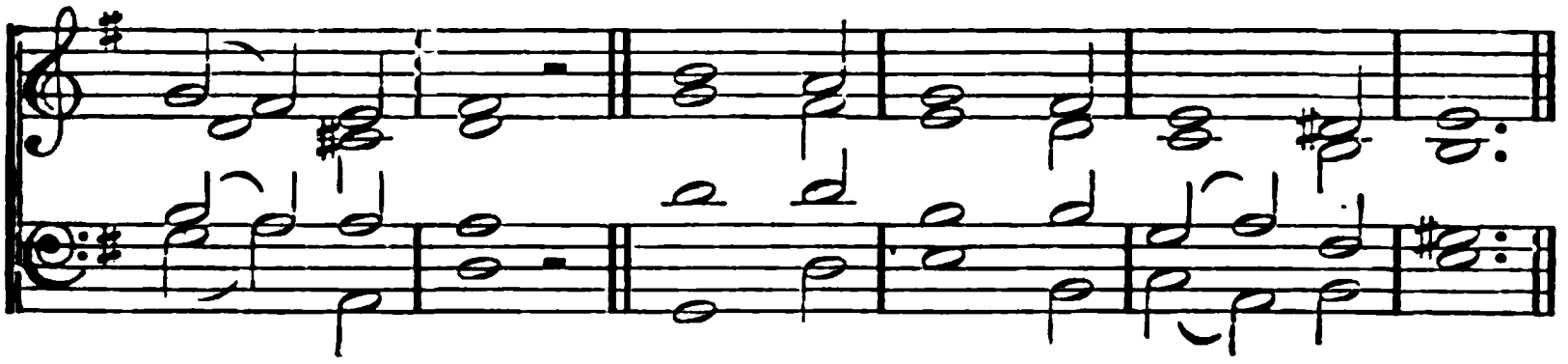
Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
*Bring* us to Thy courts above,
*Realms* of light and endless love.



# WHITSUNTIDE.

**PENTECOST.** 7, 7, 7, 7. From CORNER'S 'Spiritual Nightingale.' 1616.





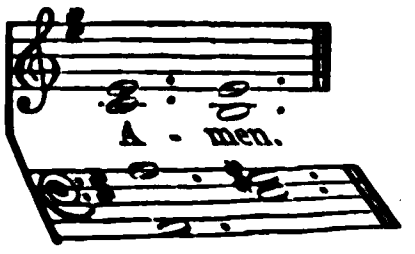
## 90.

HOLY Spirit, from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

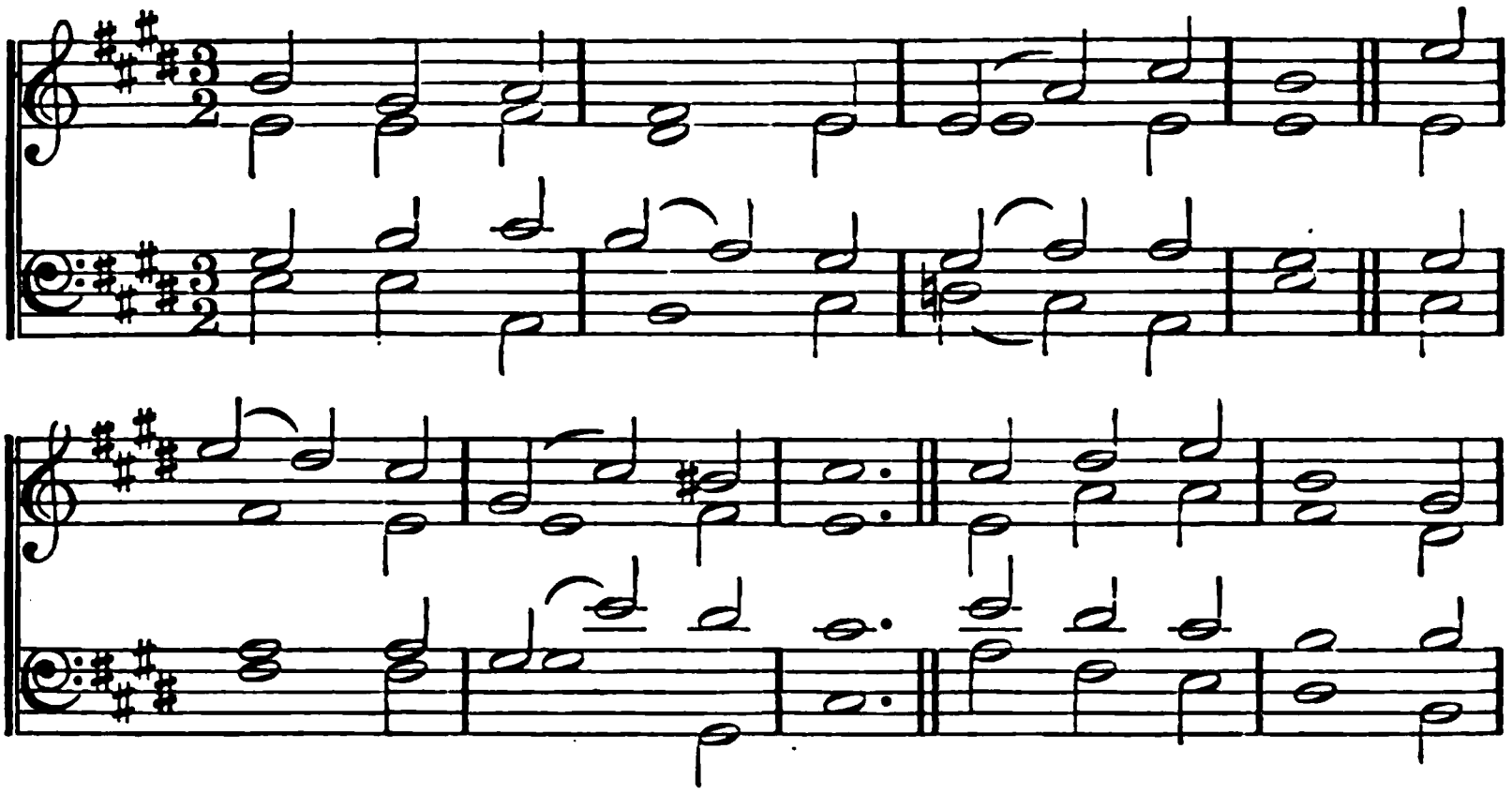
Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

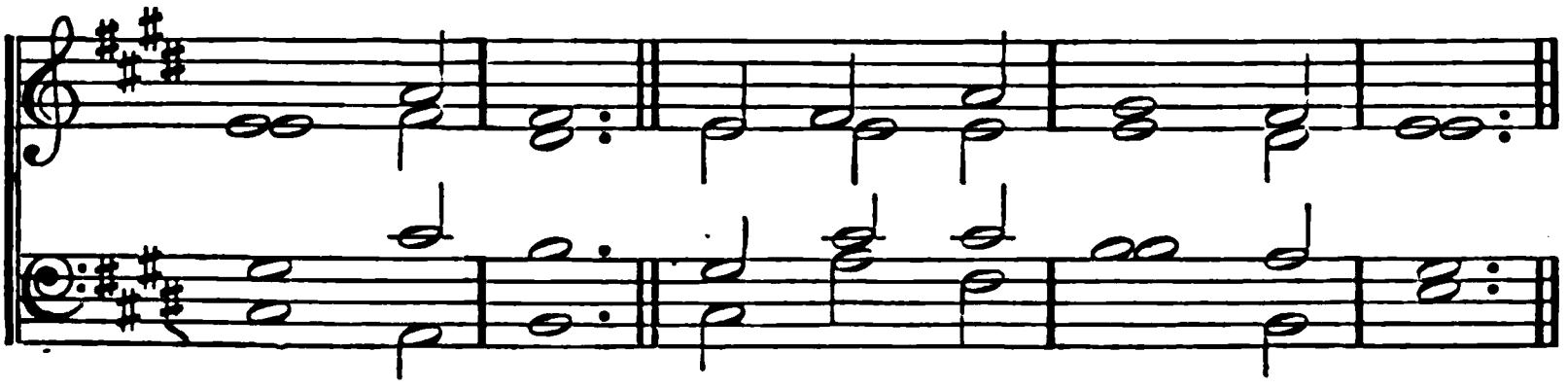
May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
*Till* we reach our rest above.



# WHITSUNTIDE.

ARMAGH. C. M. JAMES TURLE, 1862.





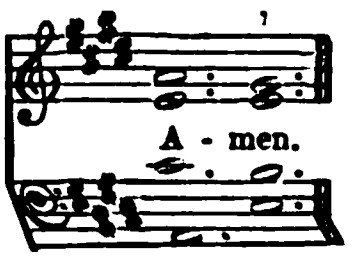
## 91.

SPIRIT of truth, Thy grace impart,
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy beams shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

Light in Thy light O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived and cheer'd and bless'd by Thee,
Spirit of peace and love!

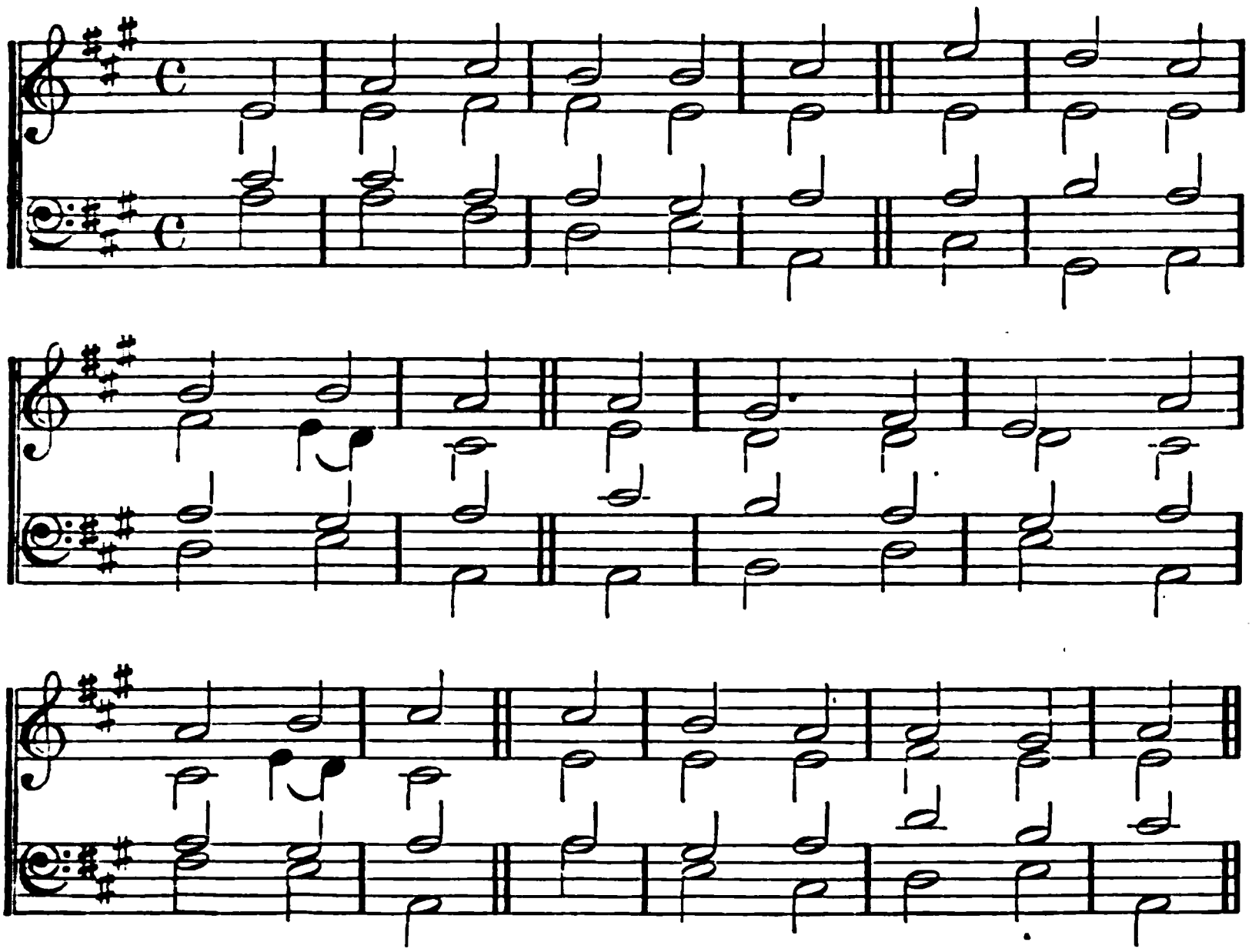
'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppress'd;
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
*That* we, in singleness of heart,
*May* worship only Thee.



# WHITSUNTIDE.

**St. Michael's. S. M.** From a Psalter printed in 1588.



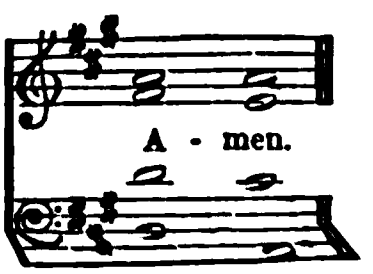
## 92.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead us to the Lord,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of Thy Word.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove:
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

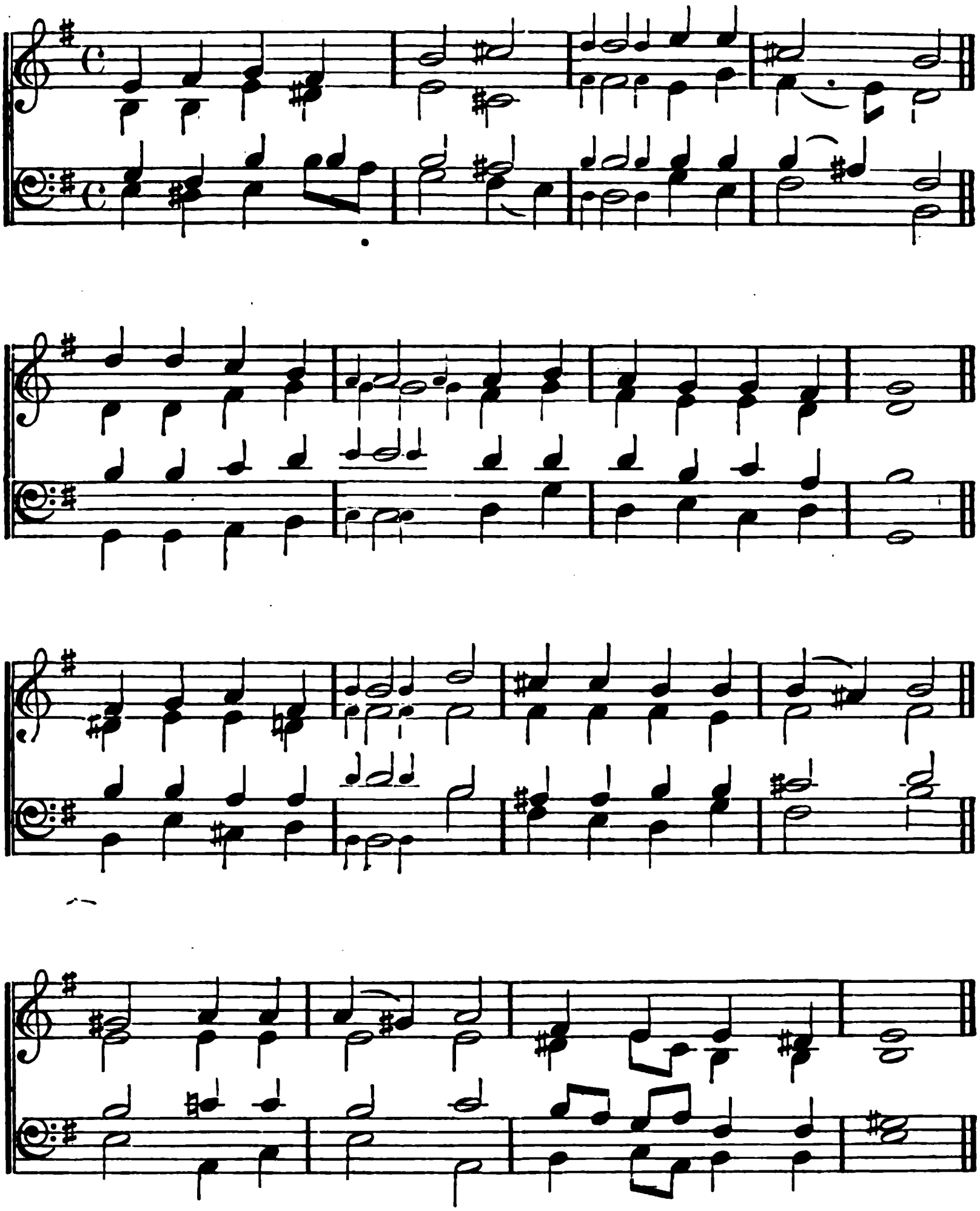
Dwell Thou within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
So shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.



# TRINITY SUNDAY.

TRINITY HYMN.*—12, 13, 12, 10.

Adapted from a Choral by
APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN. 1644.



* *The lines of the Hymn* are irregular. The tune is arranged for the first Stanza; the small notes adapt it *to the other Stanzas.*

# TRINITY SUNDAY.

## 93.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

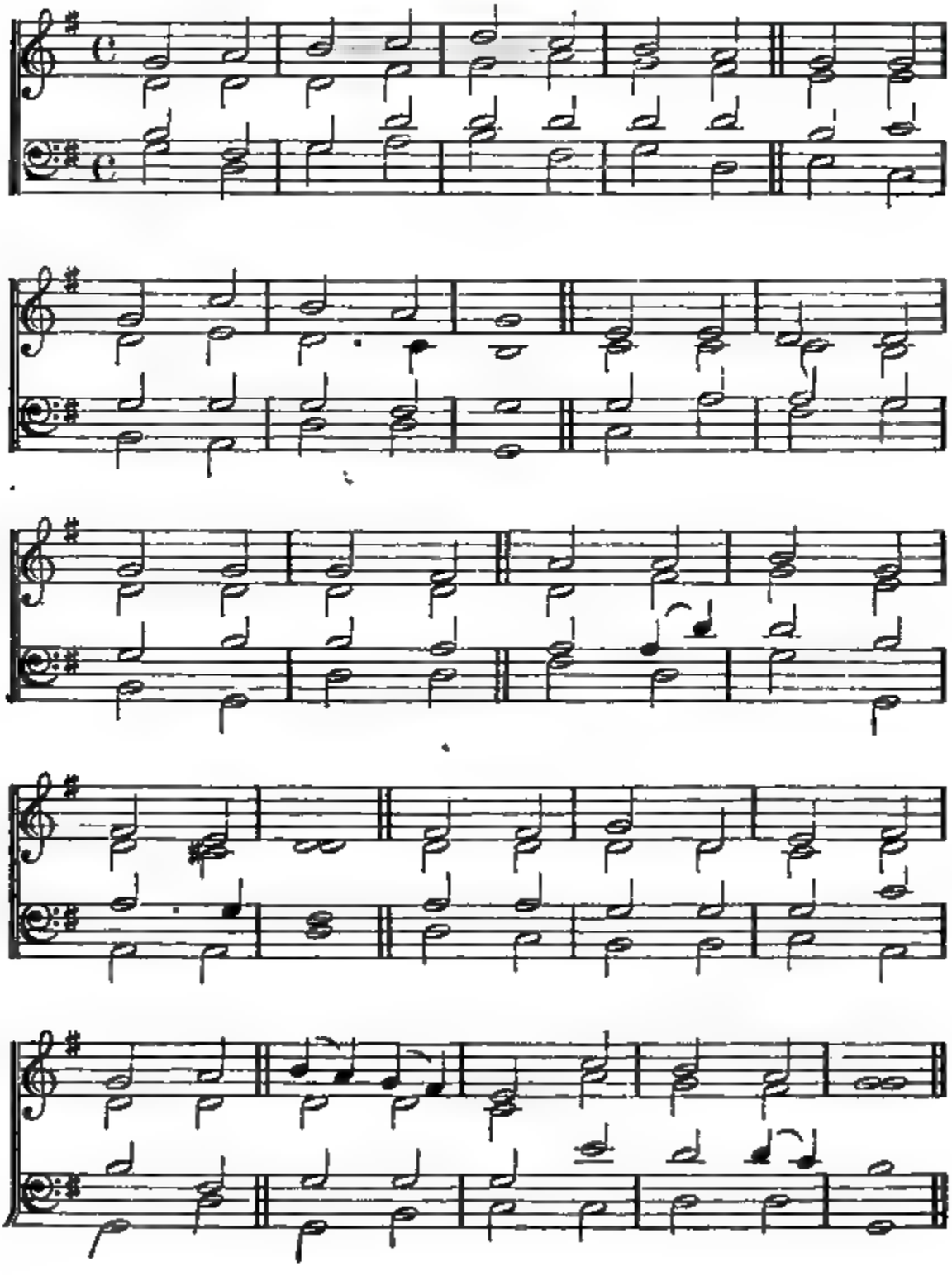
Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea,
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

# TRINITY SUNDAY.

SALZBURG. (*Tantum ergo.*) 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. MICHAEL HAYDN. 1800.



# TRINITY SUNDAY.

## 94.

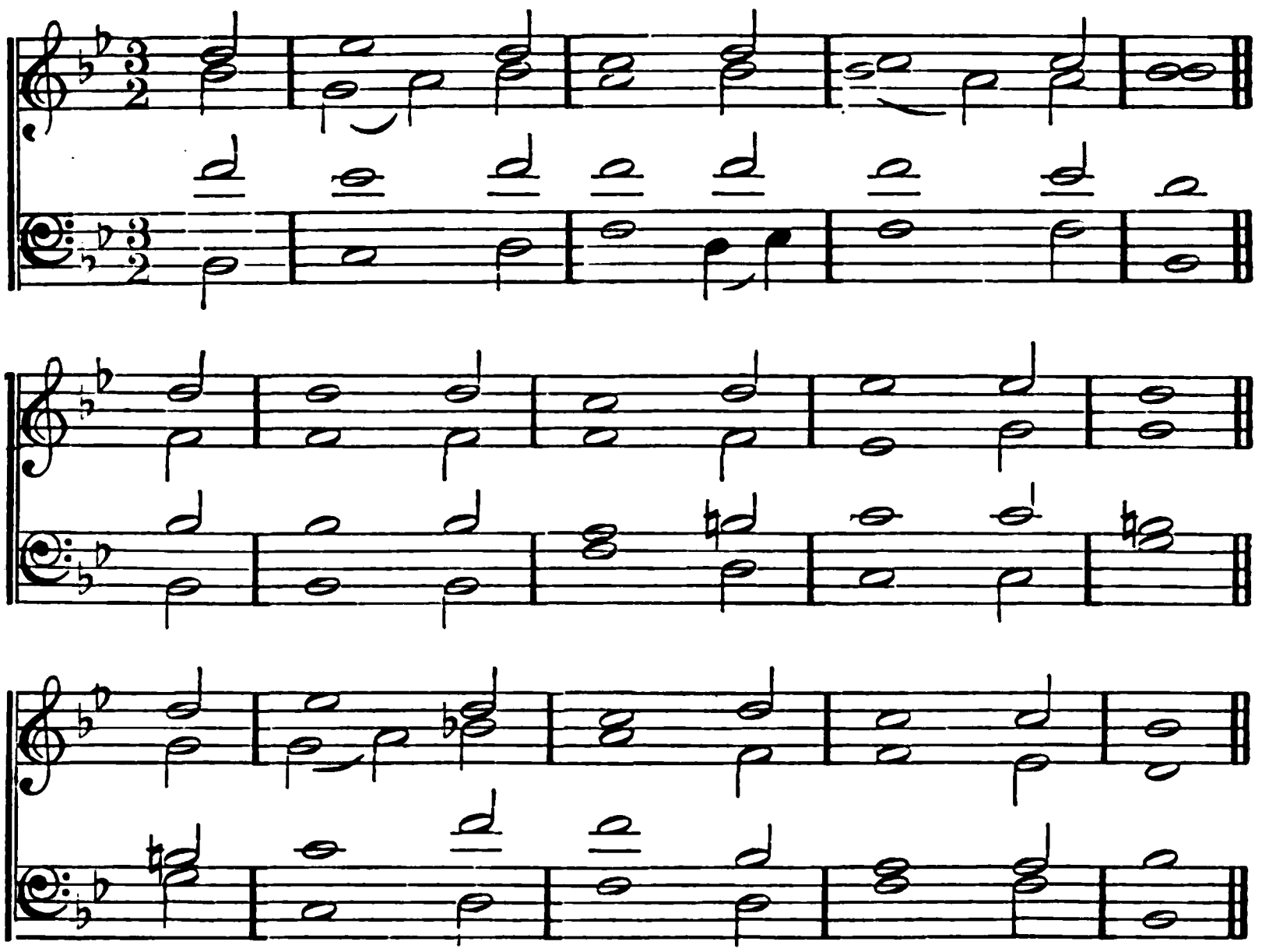
LEAD us! Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

# TRINITY SUNDAY.

ST. CROSS. 8, 8, 8. Brotherhood of St. Cecilia, Andernach, 1608.



95.

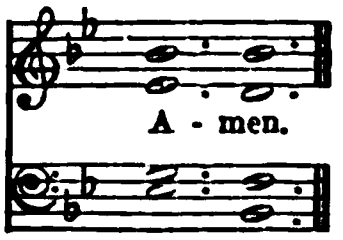
O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored;
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

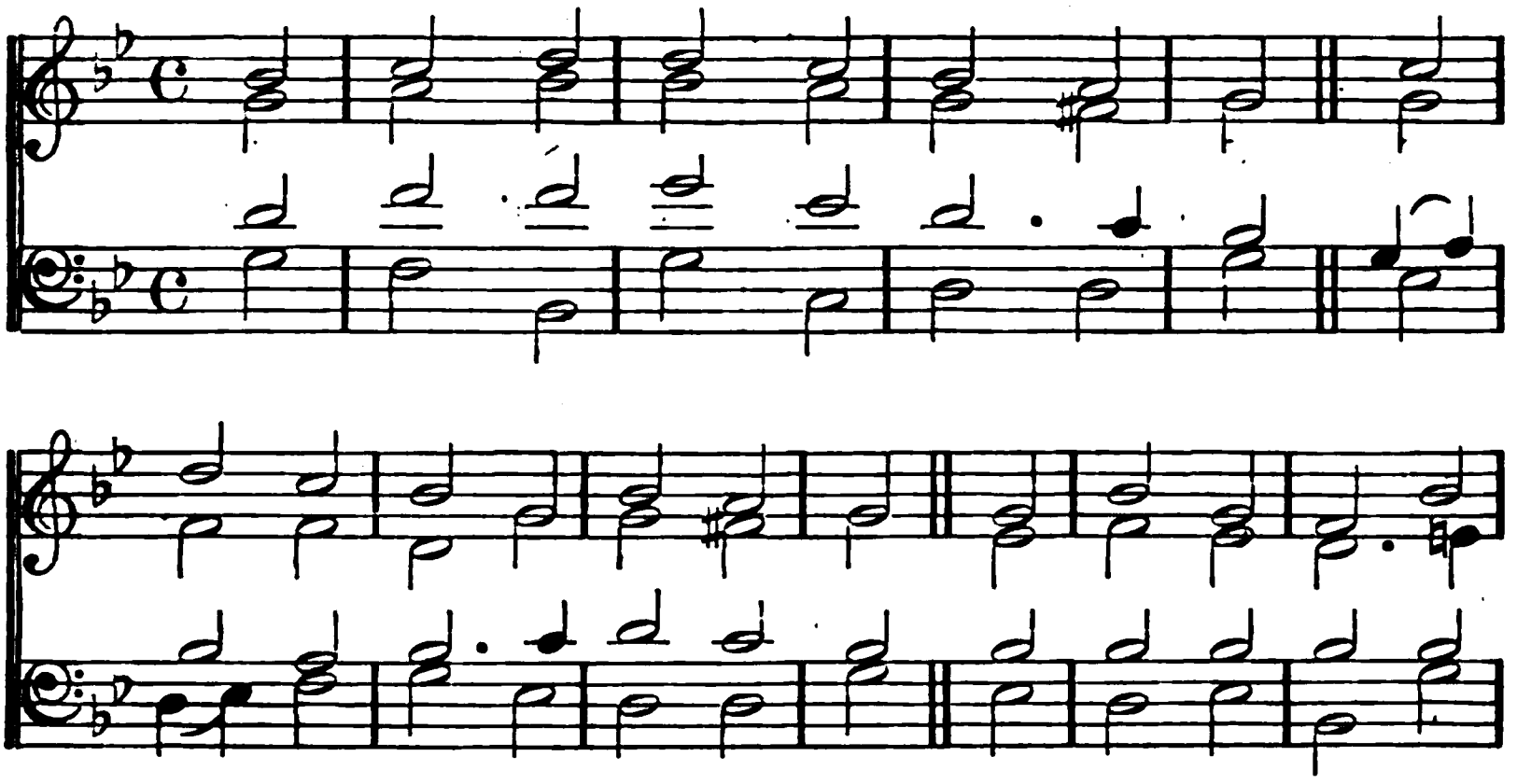
O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

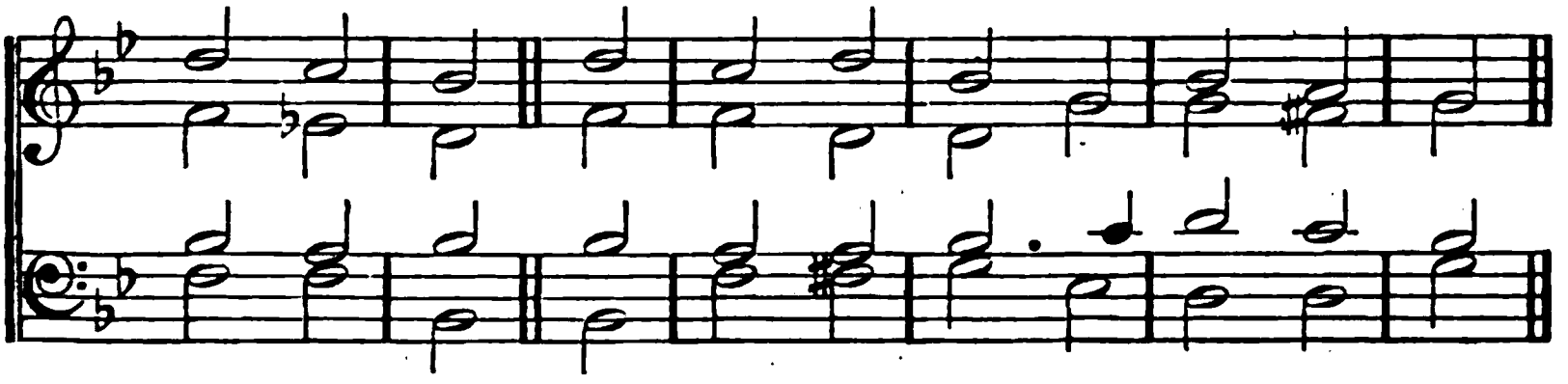
O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
*In us*, O God, exalted be.



# TRINITY SUNDAY.

OLMÜTZ. L. M. LEISENTRITT. 1573.





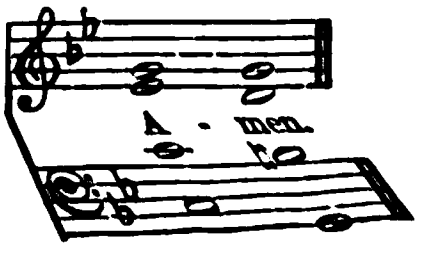
## 96.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

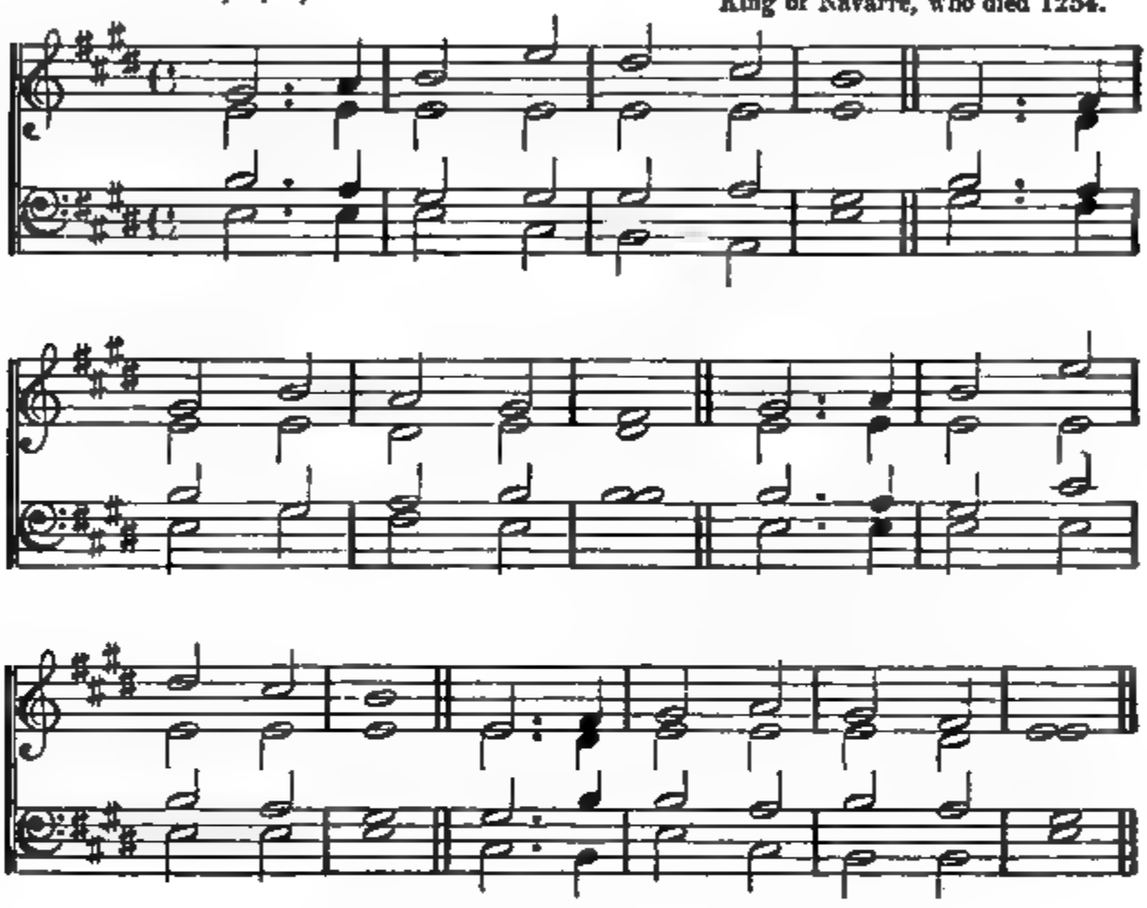
Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
*Grace, pardon,* life to us extend.



## TRINITY SUNDAY.

INNOCENTS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Part of a Song by THIBAUT, King of Navarre, who died 1254.



### 97.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.

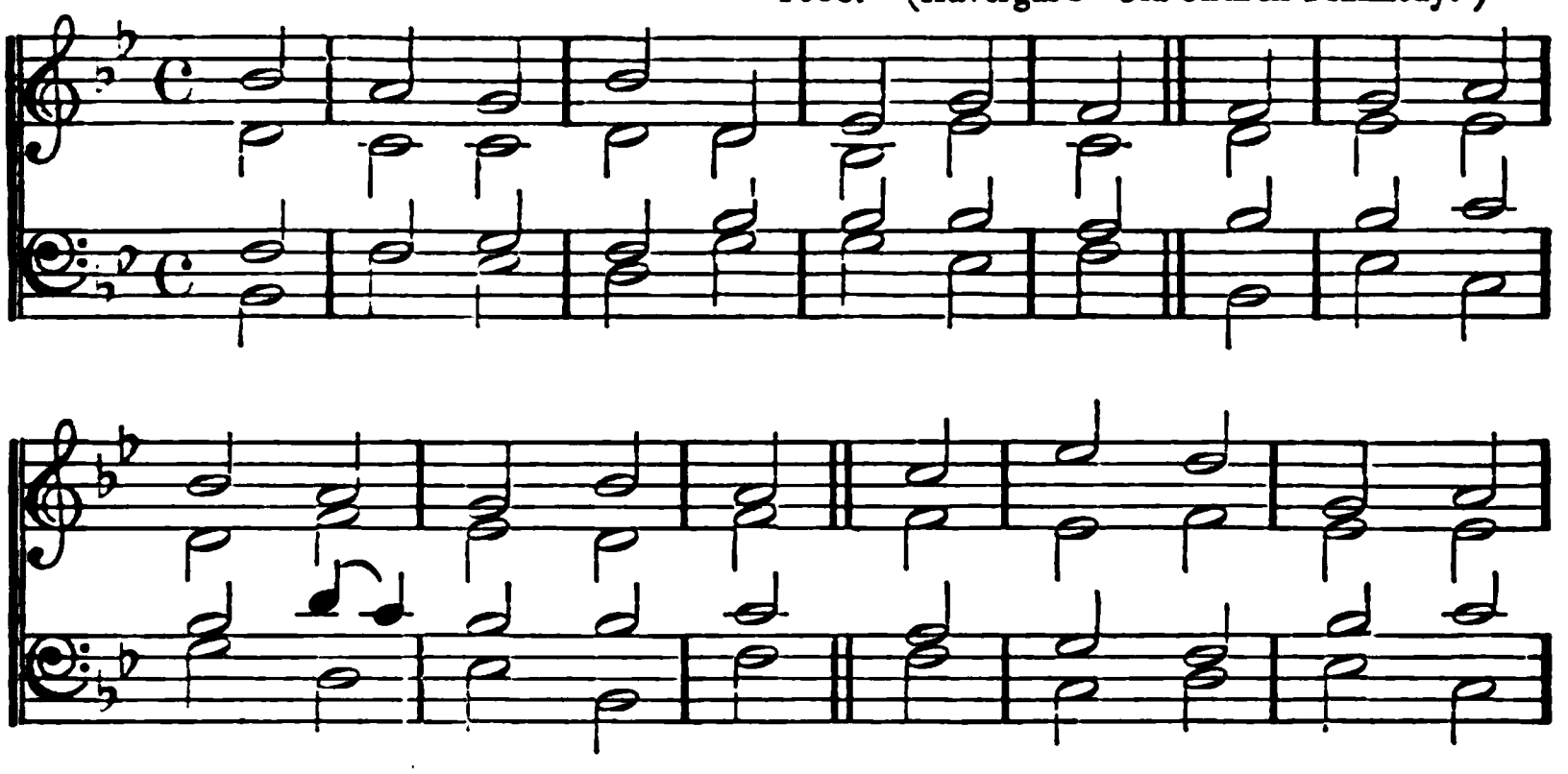
Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

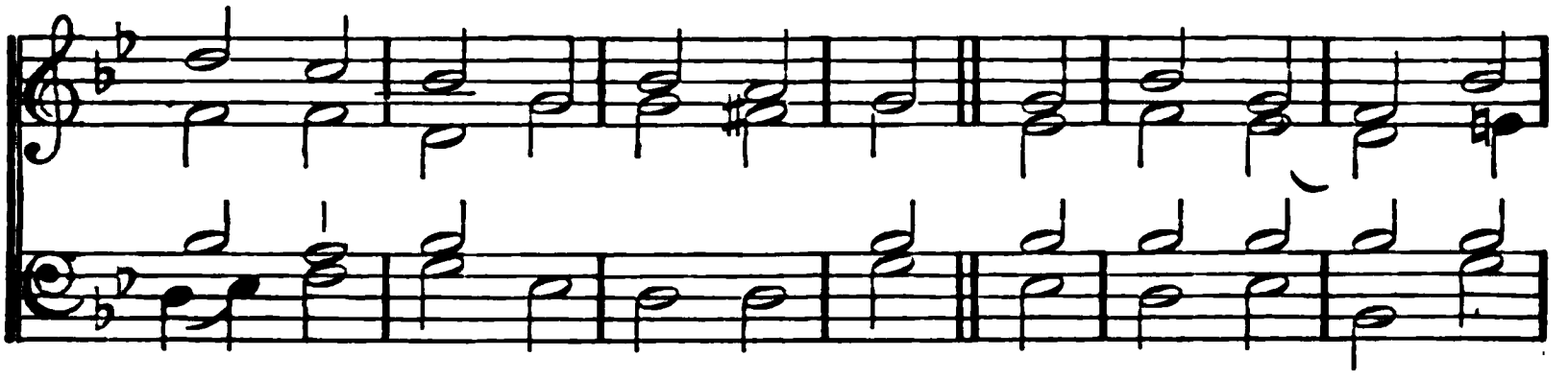
Praise the Name of God Most High;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# TRINITY SUNDAY.

**WHITEHALL. L. M.**

HENRY LAWES, Gentleman Musician to Charles I.
1638. (Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.')





## 98.

PARENT of all, whose love display'd
Still rules the world Thy bounty made,
Fain would we raise the hymn to Thee,
In substance One, in person Three.

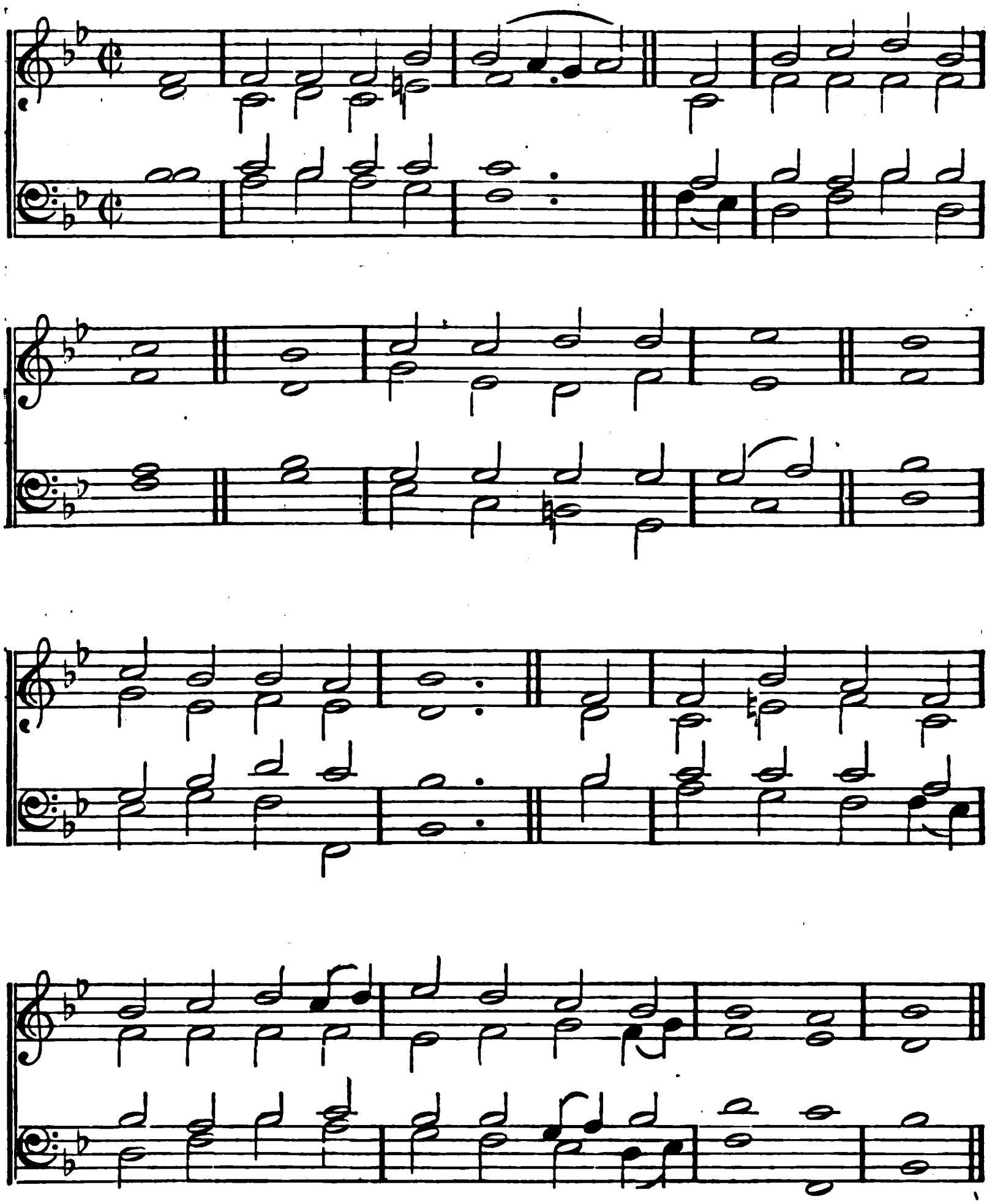
Fain would we chant to Thee the song,
Which through the ages all along
Is chanted by Thy heavenly train,
And earth resounds to heaven again.

Taught by Thy Word this festal day
Our homage of true faith we pay:
O in that faith preserve us still,
And shield us evermore from ill:

That still our lips Thy praise may show,
And with Thy holy Church below,
Above with Thy angelic host,
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# TRINITY SUNDAY.

ST. PETER'S, MANCHESTER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4. R. R. ROSS. 1851.



# TRINITY SUNDAY.

## 99.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own
Eternal Son,
To die for sin
That man had done.

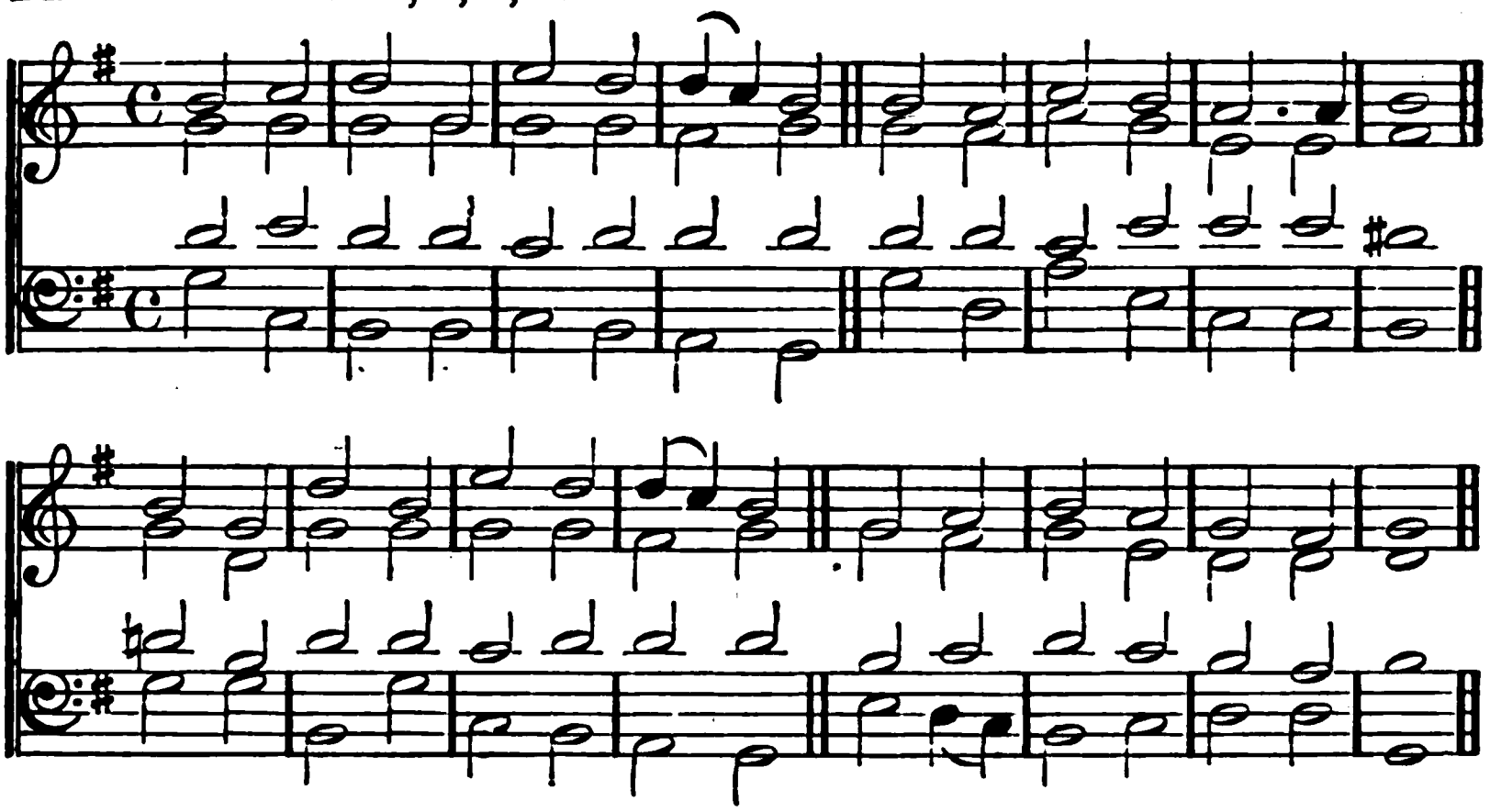
To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives,
And now He reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honour done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails
And love adores.

# TRINITY SUNDAY.

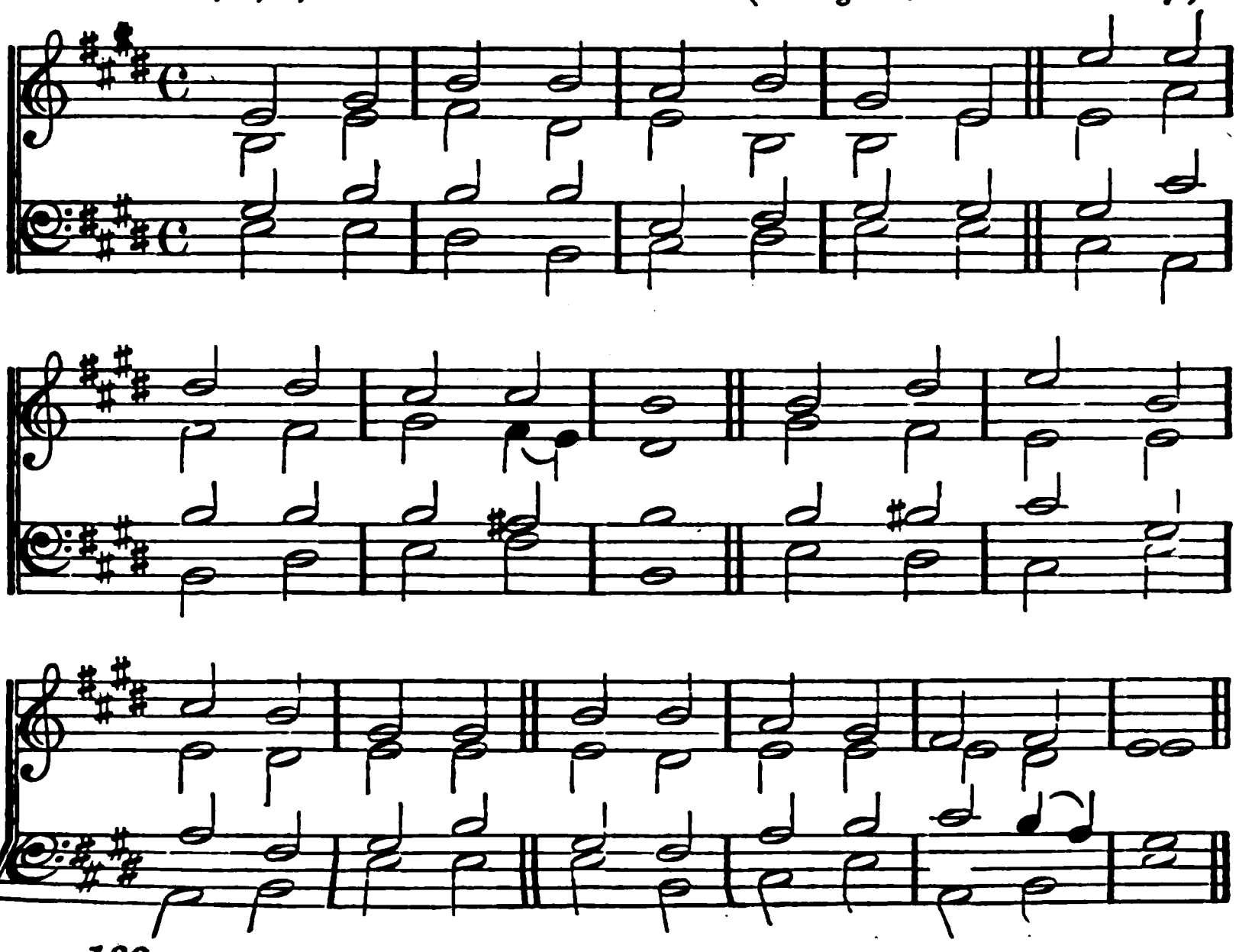
**Frankfort New.** 8, 7, 8, 7. **Winter.**



**Culbach.** 8, 7, 8, 7.

*Or,*

**From Töpler's Old Choral Melodies.**
**(Havergal's Old Church Psalmody.)**



# TRINITY SUNDAY.

## 100.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

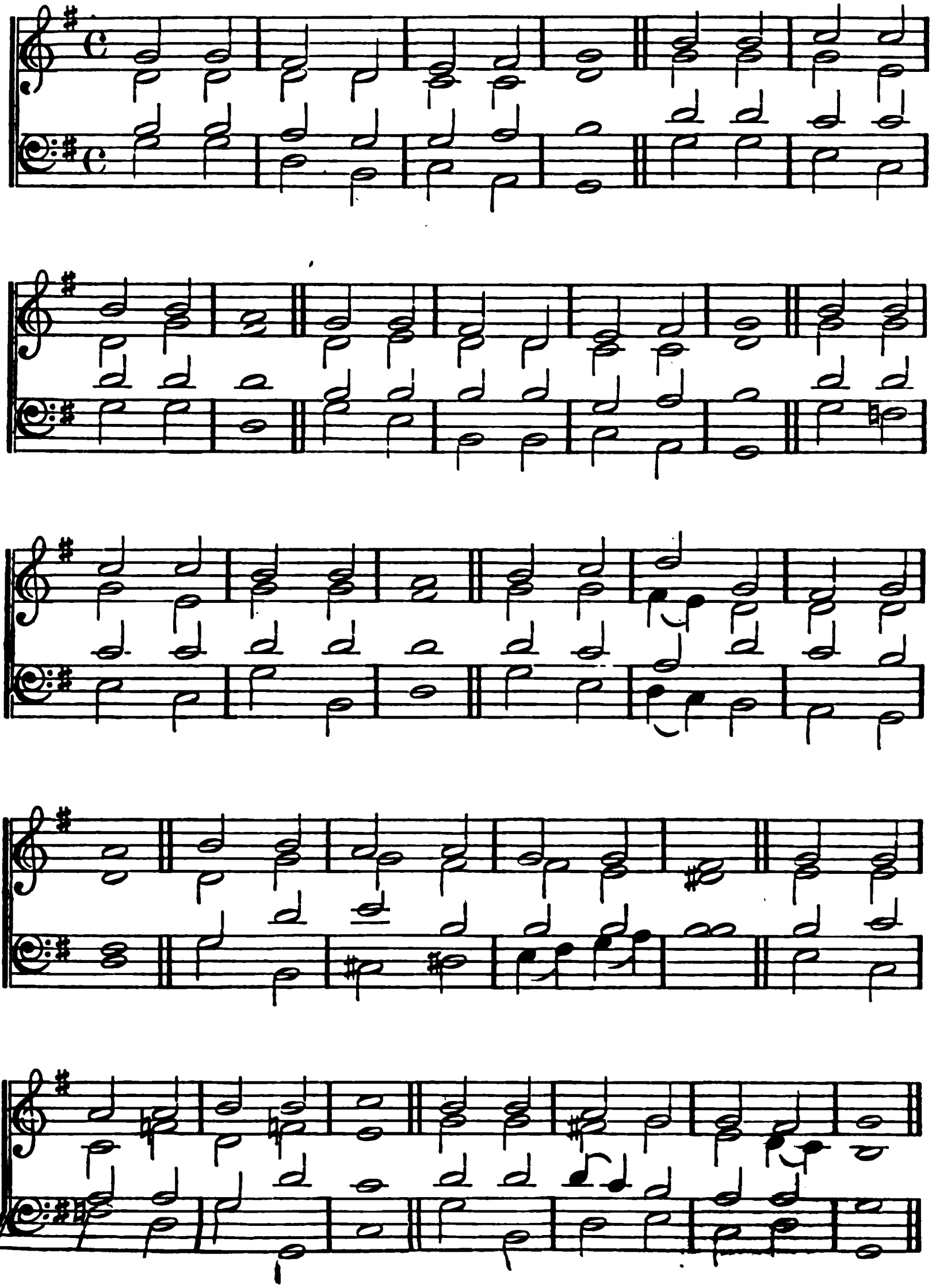
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

# SAINTS' DAYS.

ZURICH. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. I. SCHOPPE. 1642.



## 101.

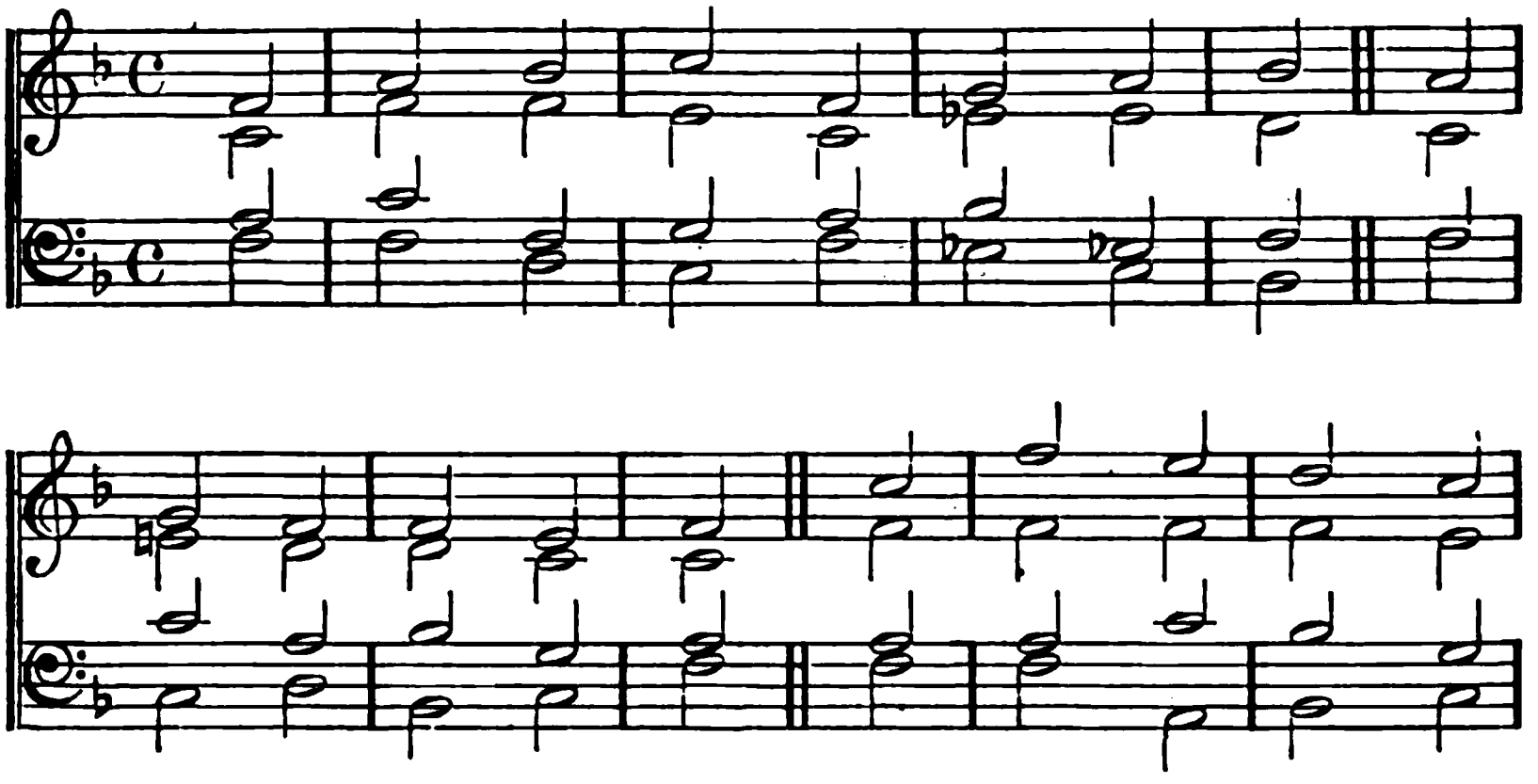
WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Christ of God.

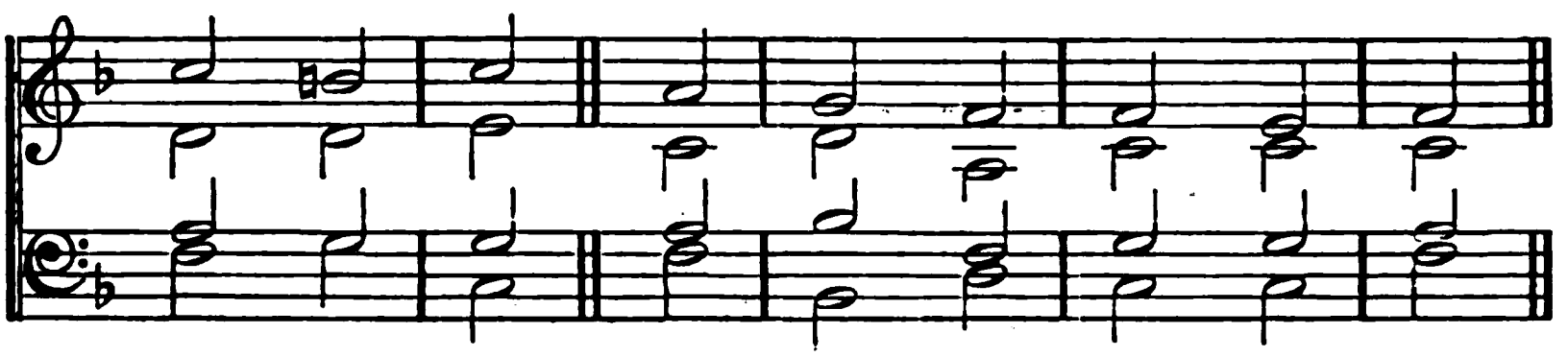
Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God doth dwell among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God Himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

# SAINTS' DAYS.

**DUNDEE. C. M.** Scotch Psalter. 1615.





## 102.

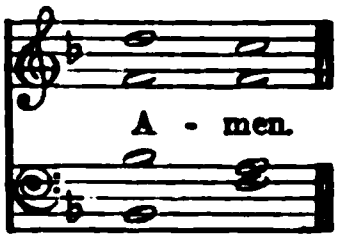
THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family we dwell in Him:
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
*And part are crossing* now.

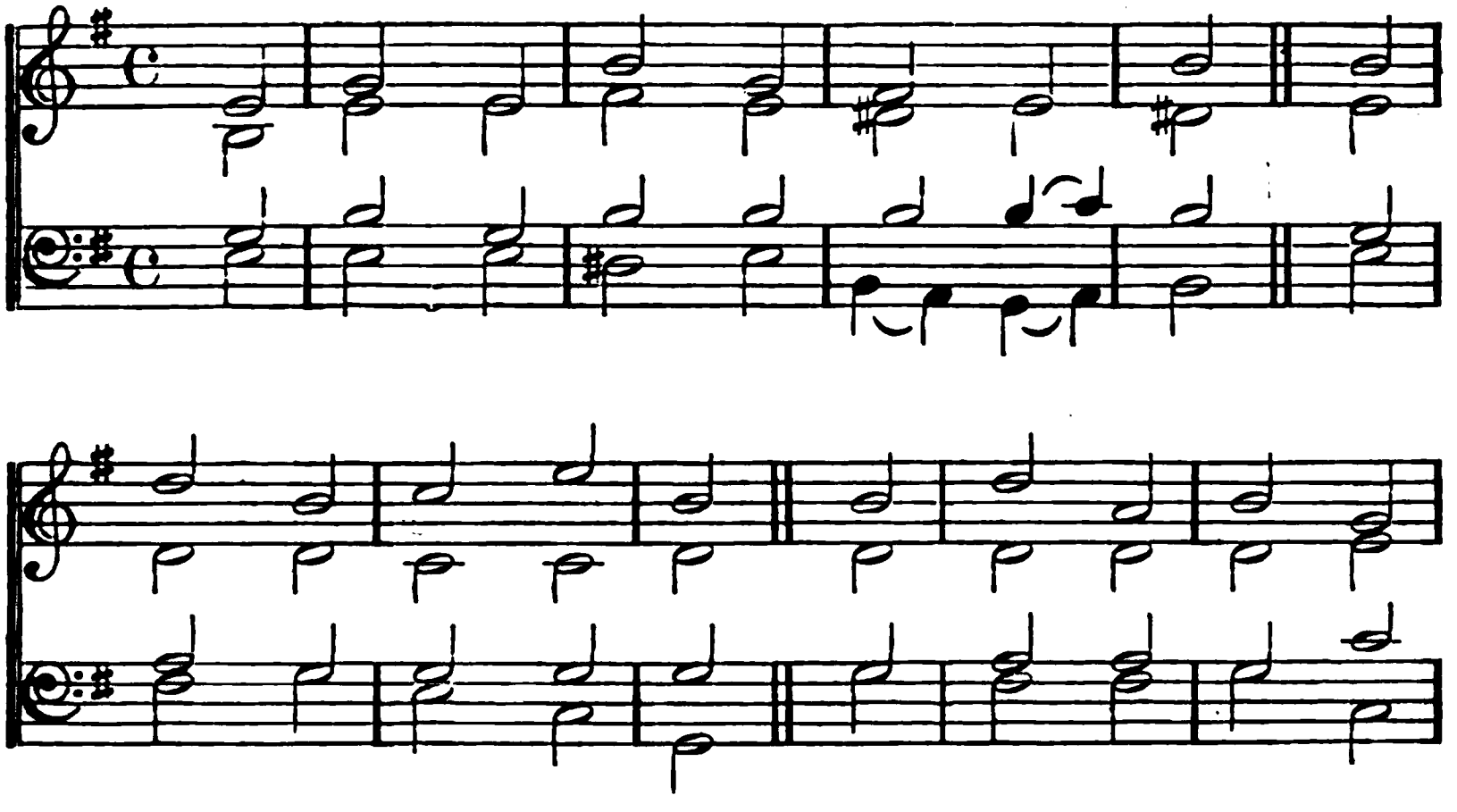
Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

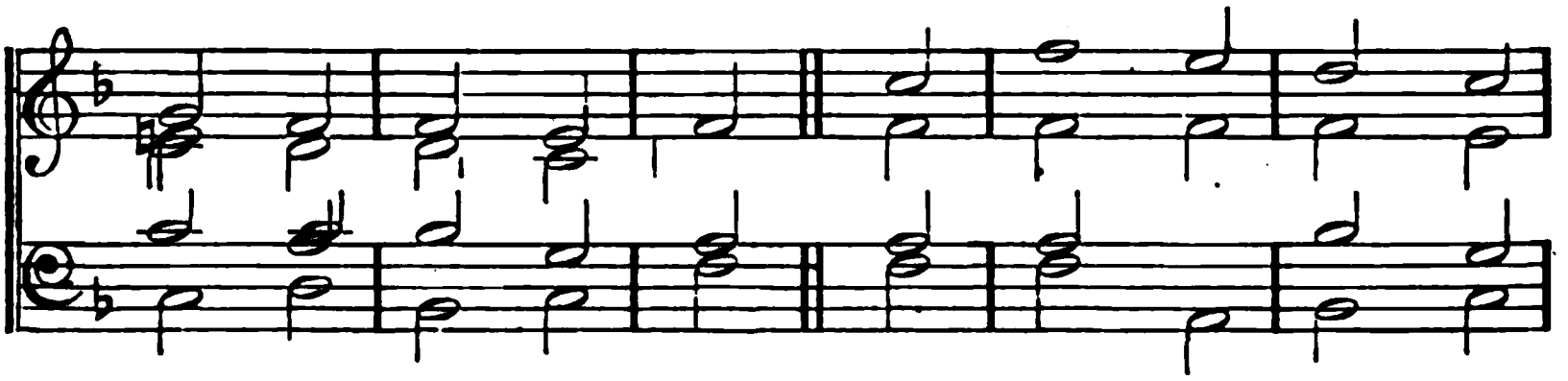
Lord JESUS! be our constant Guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And show the path to heaven.



# SAINTS' DAYS.

**Old Martyrs. C. M.** Scotch Psalter. 1611.





## 103.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

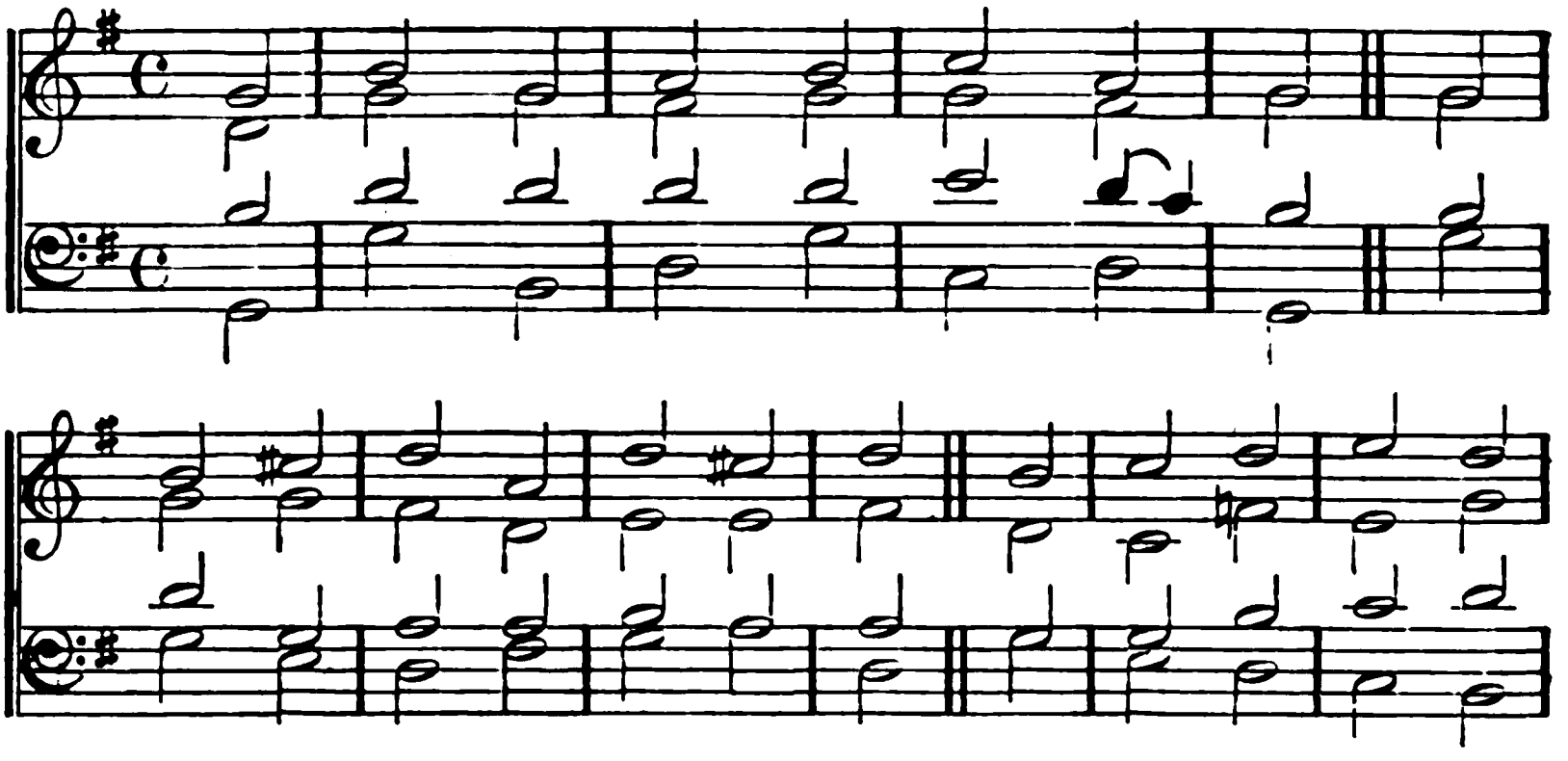
A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

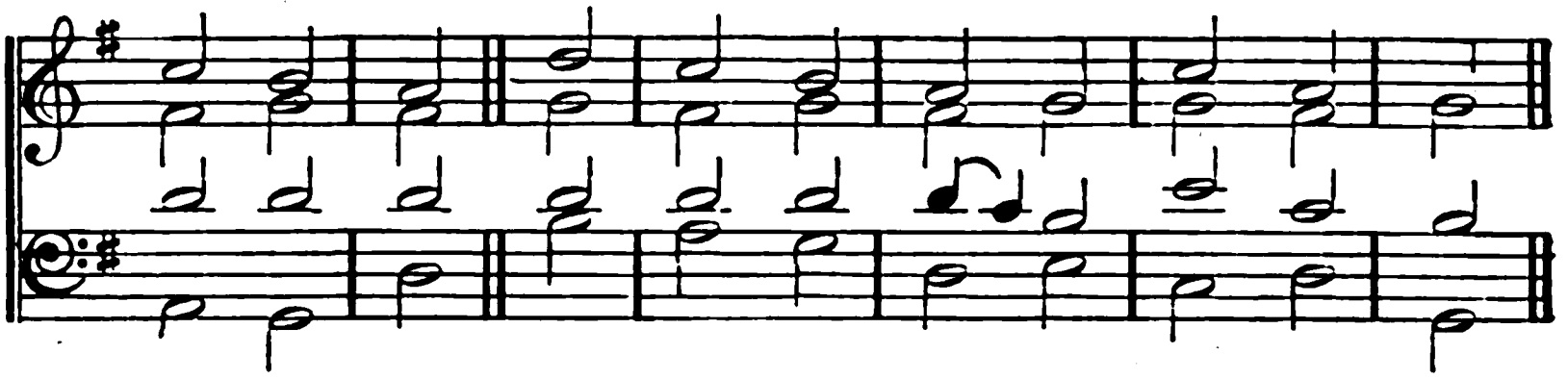
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

# SAINTS' DAYS.

ANGELS'. L. M.

An abridgment of 'Angels' Song.'
ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.





104.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

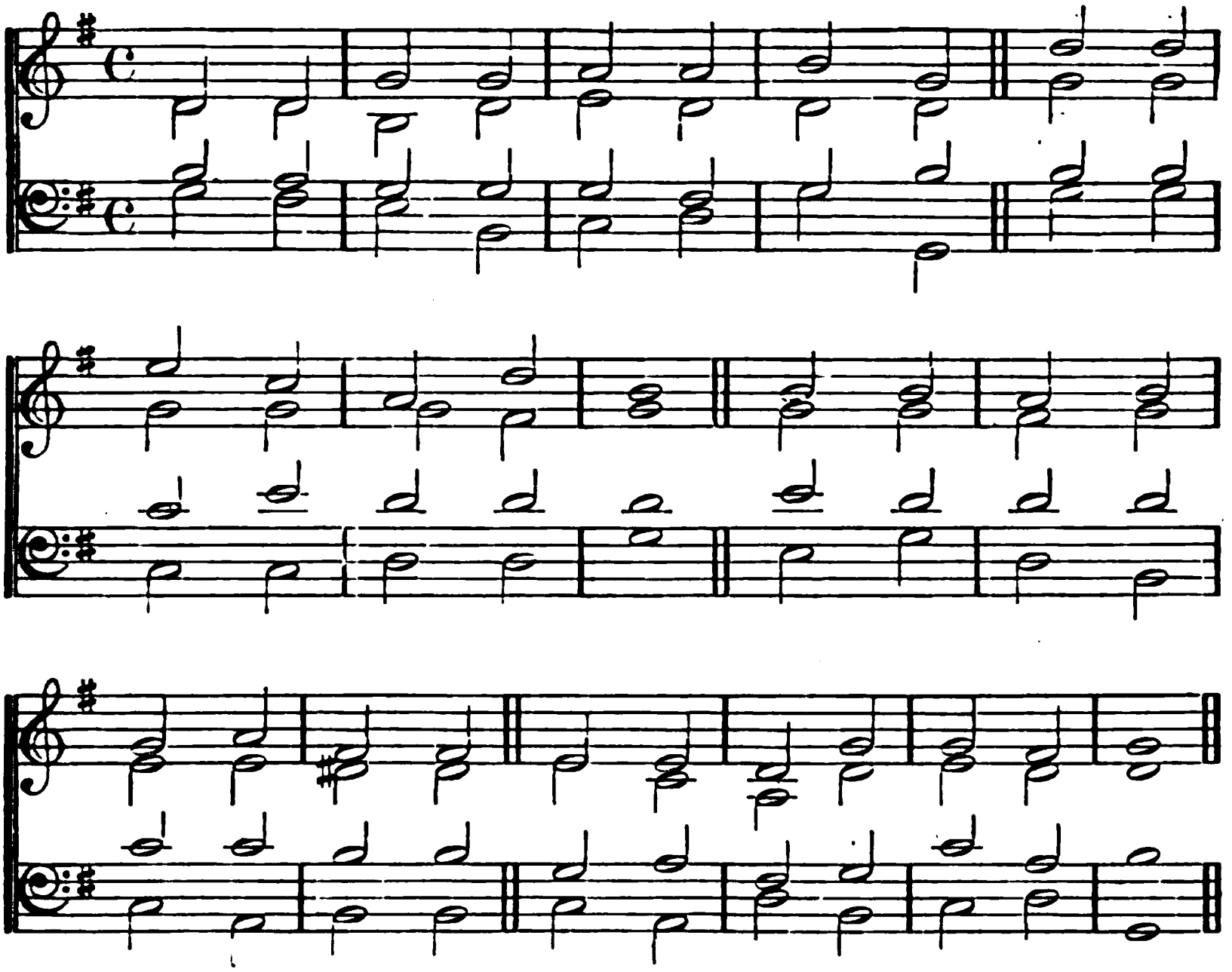
To Thee aloud all Angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both Cherubin and Seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell the immortal song;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

Thee, Holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, Lord of Sabaoth, they sing:
*Thus* earth below, and heaven above,
*Resound* Thy glory and Thy love.

# SAINTS' DAYS.

STUTTGART. 8, 7, 8, 7. German Choral.



## 105.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

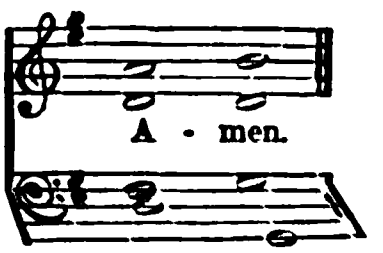
JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As, of old, St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

JESUS calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, *love Me more.*"

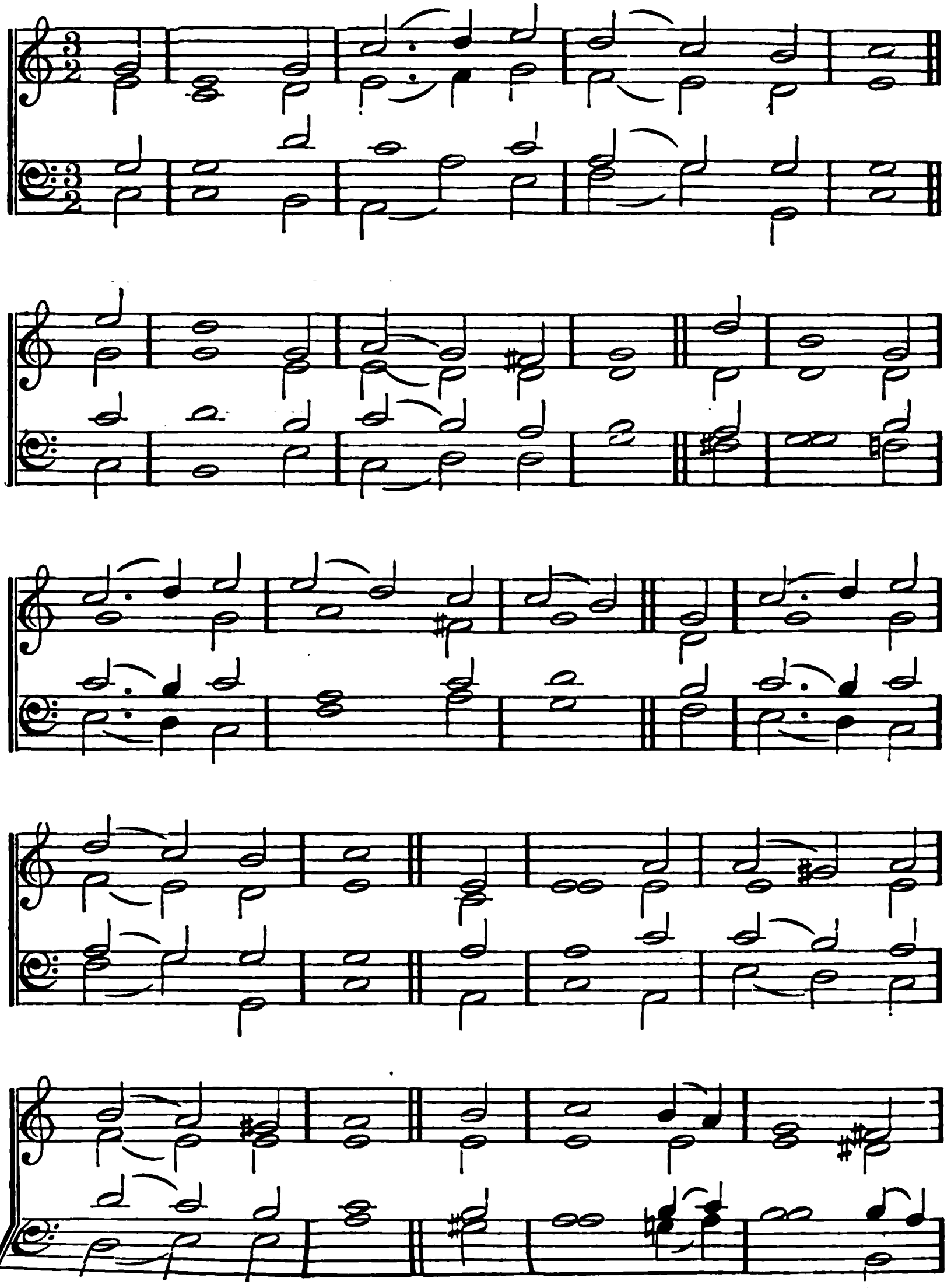
In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

JESUS calls us—By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee, best of all.

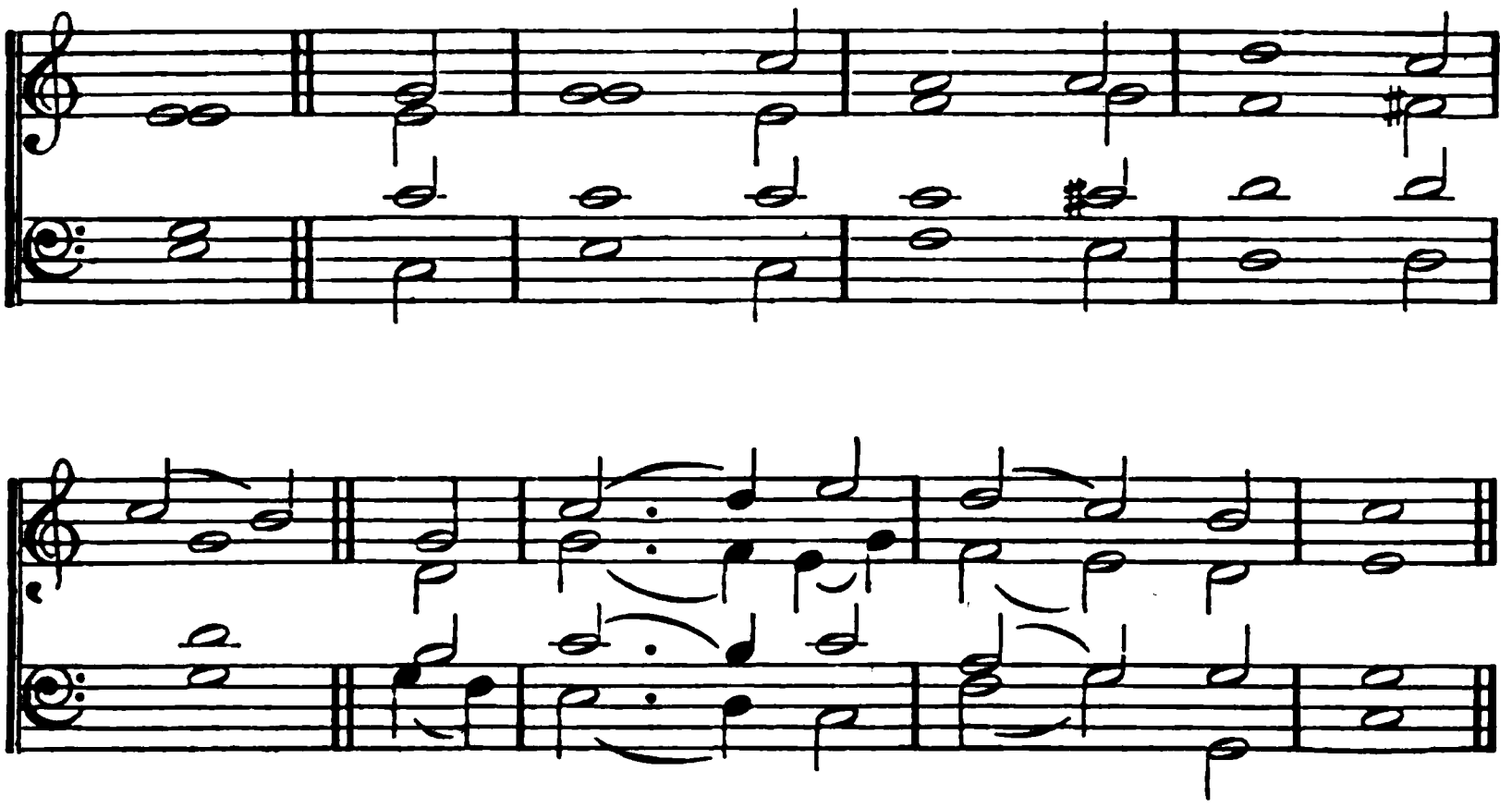


# SAINTS' DAYS.

ST. MATTHEW'S. D. C. M. Dr. CROFT. Died, 1727.



# SAINTS' DAYS.



106.

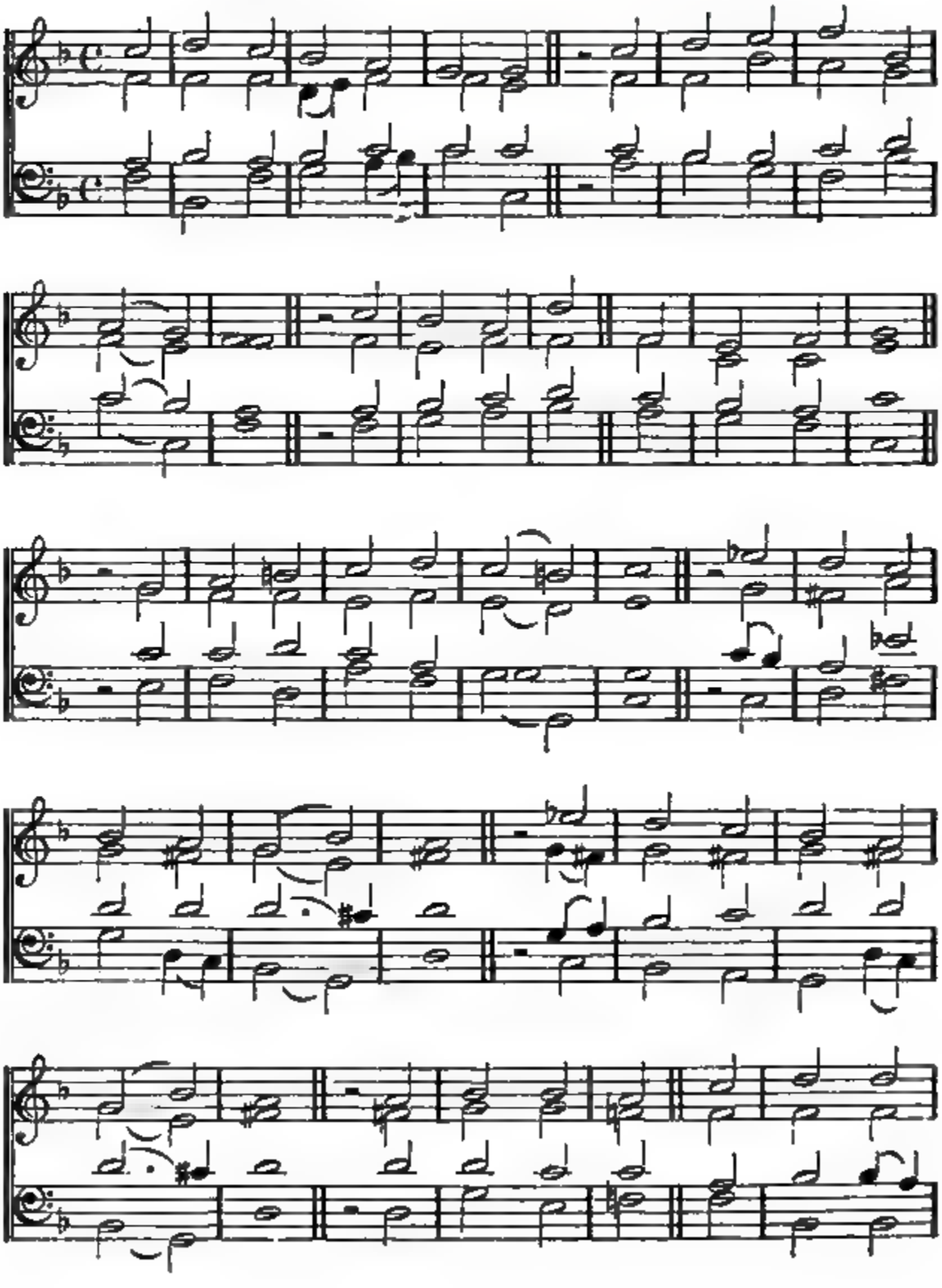
## ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

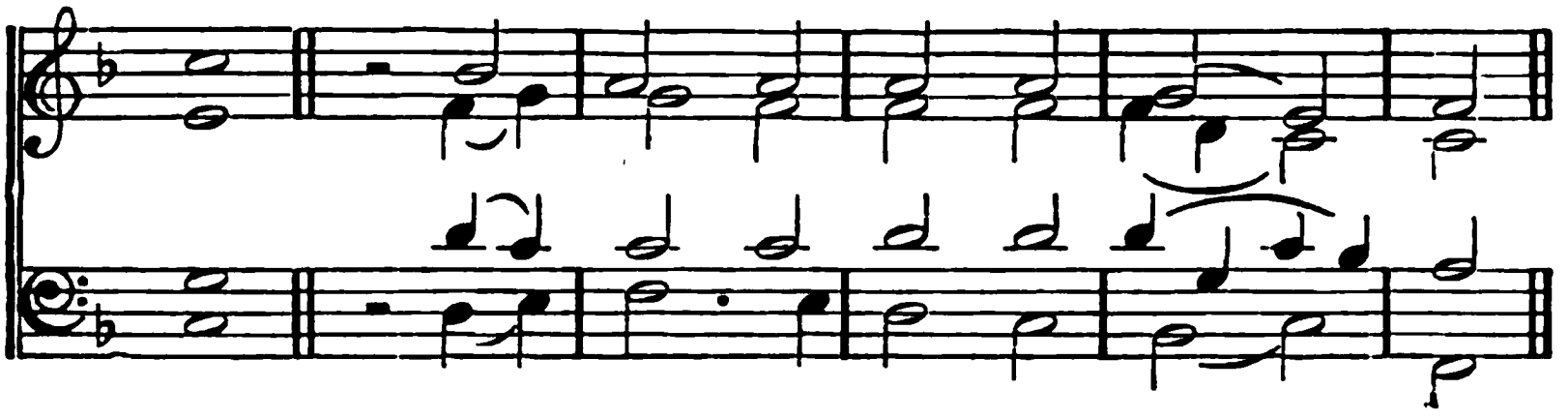
O THOU, who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant cheer,
And bade the eye of sense behold
What faith should have made clear,
Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward!

And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh! let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;
And pray that we may never dare
Thy Spirit so to grieve;
But, at the last, their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

## SAINTS' DAYS.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. 7,7,4,4,7,7,7,4,4,7. From the 'Daughter of Zion.' 1741.





## 107.

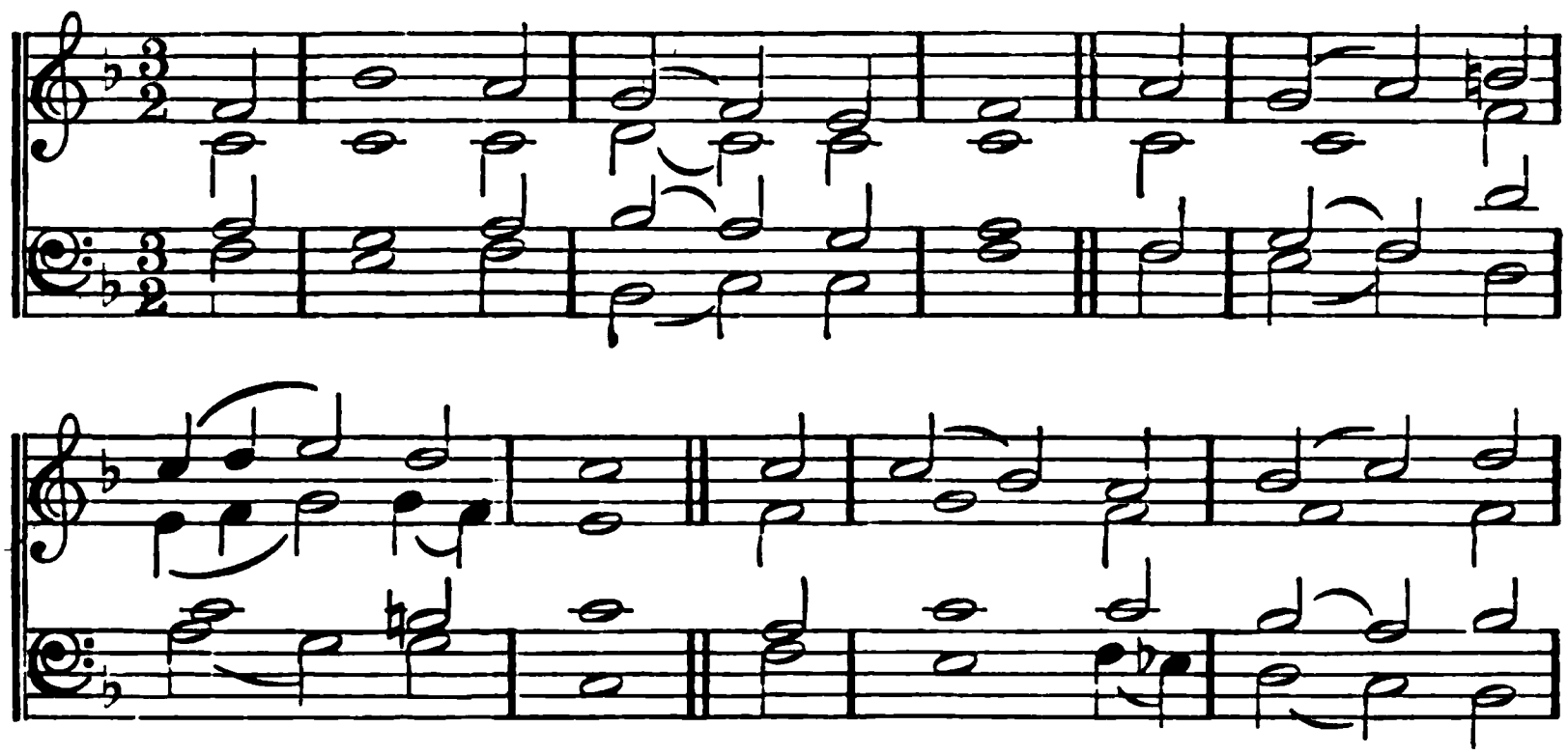
ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

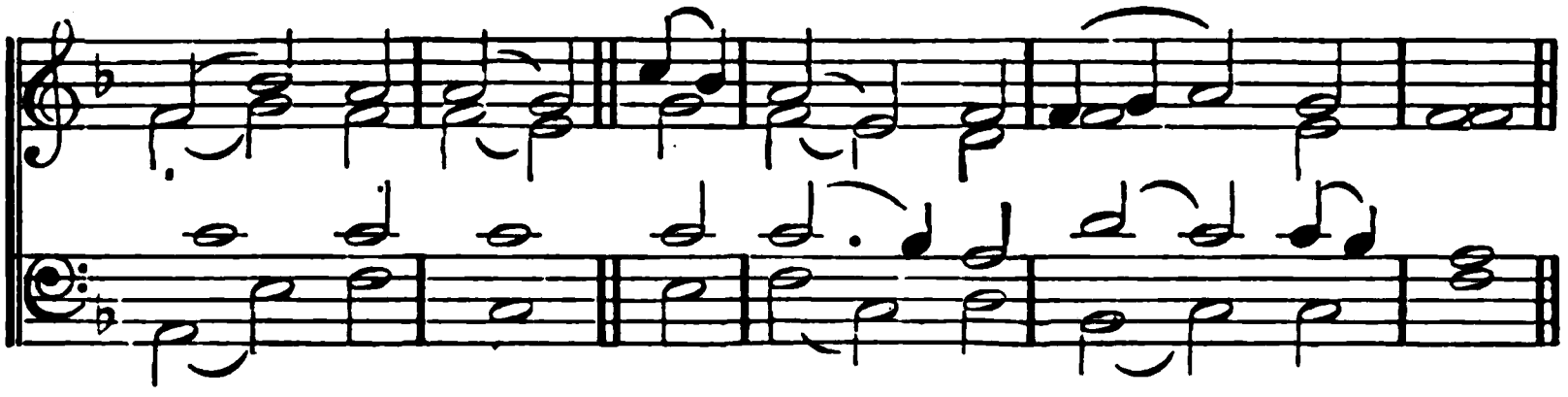
HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes:
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us:
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

GALWAY. S. M. EDWARD MILLER, Mus. D. Died, 1807.





## 108.

### THE HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord!
Who, from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win!

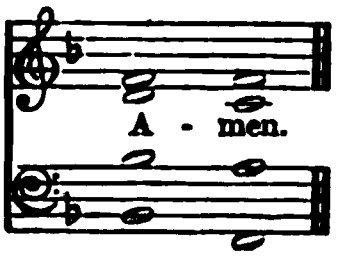
Glory to Thee, O Lord!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown!

Baptized in their own blood,—
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,
And safely gain'd the shore.

*Glory to Thee! for all*
*The ransom'd infant band,*
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land!

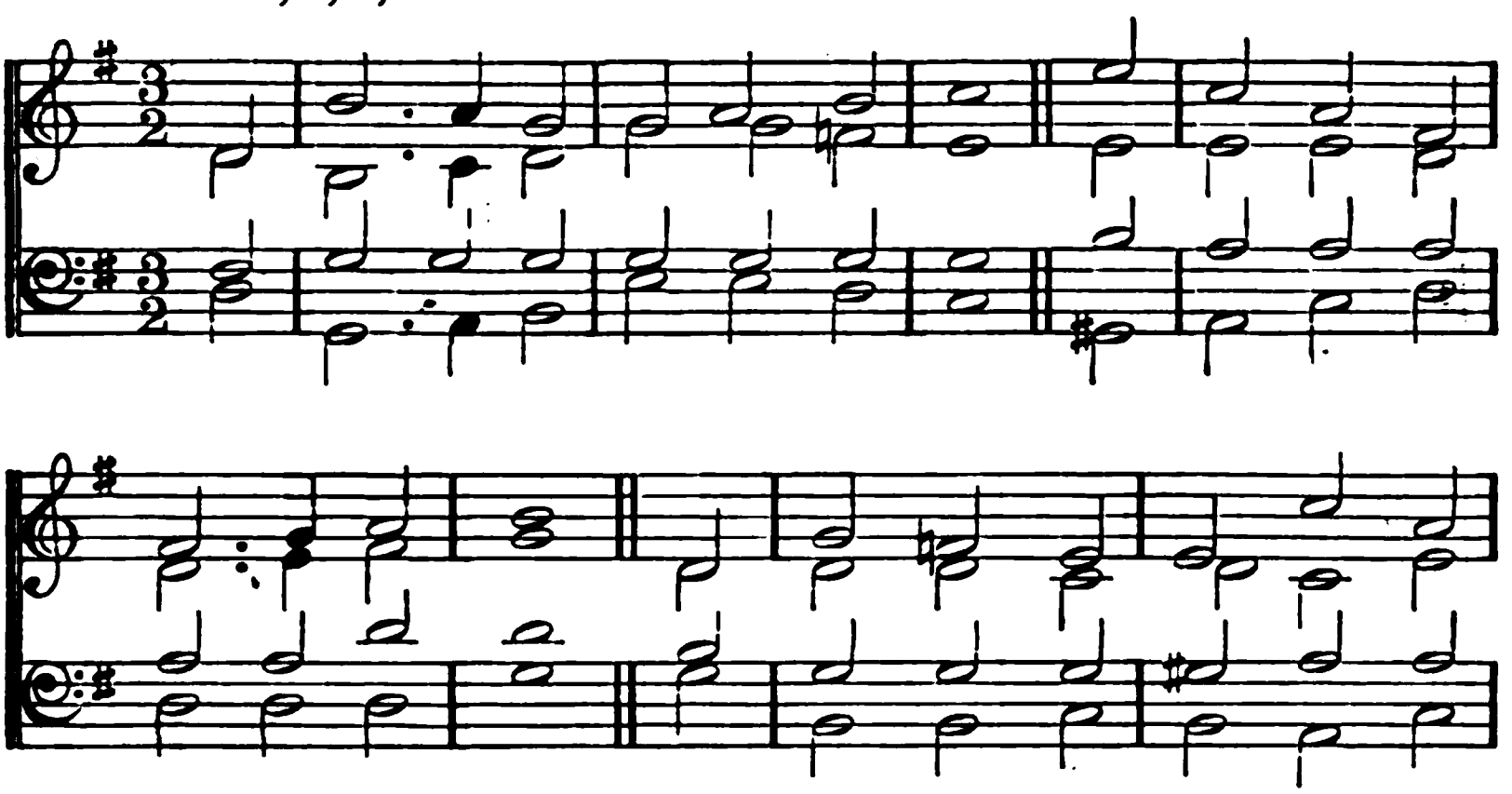
Oh! that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh! that as free from wilful sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord! help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name!



# SAINTS' DAYS.

SANDGATE. 8, 8, 8, 8.



## 109.

### ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign:

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:

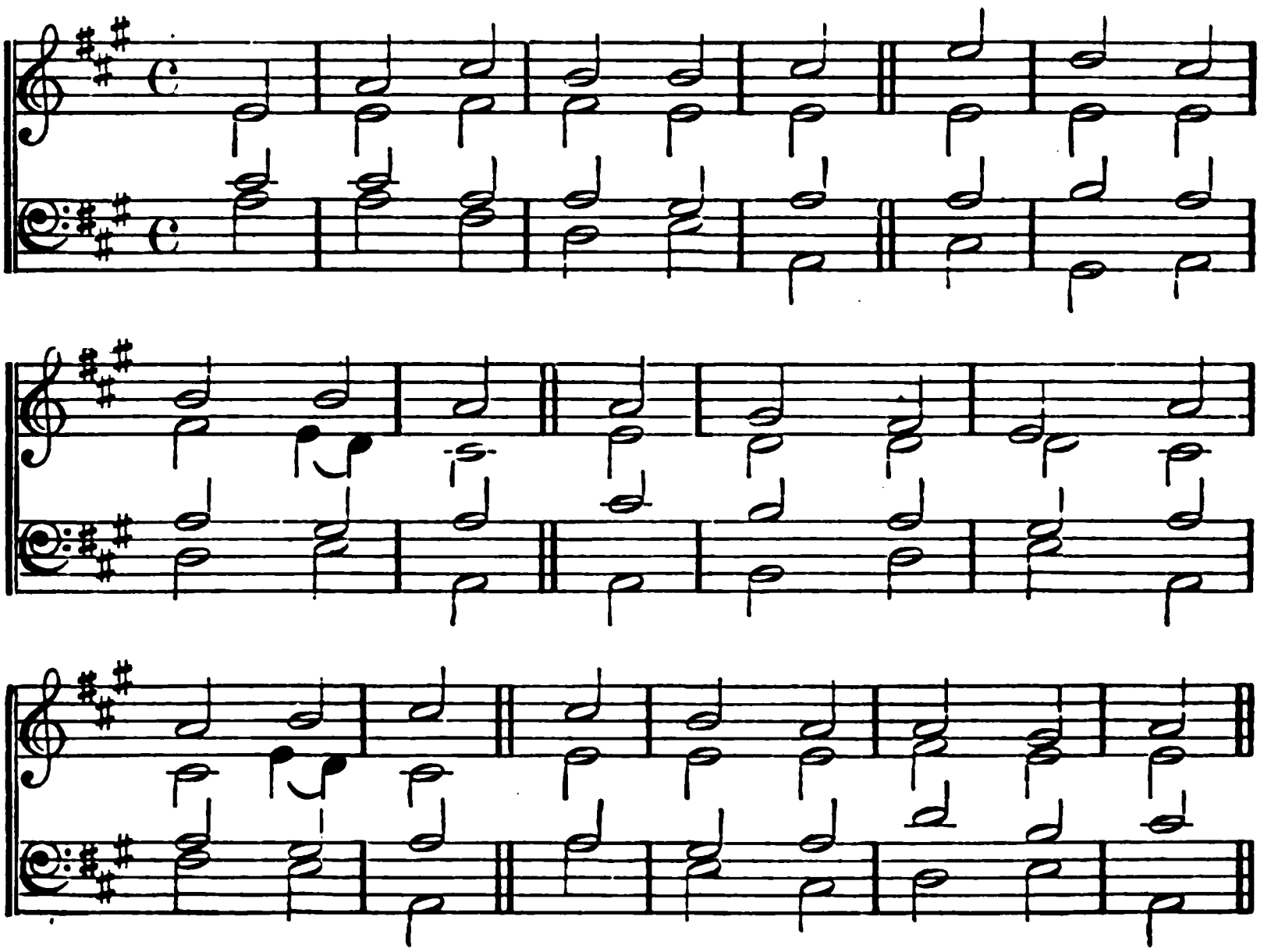
Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore without end
*Their* faithful Creator, and mine.

# SAINTS' DAYS.

ST. MICHAEL'S. S. M.

From a Psalter printed in 1588.



## 110.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fix'd His throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
And all beneath the sky.

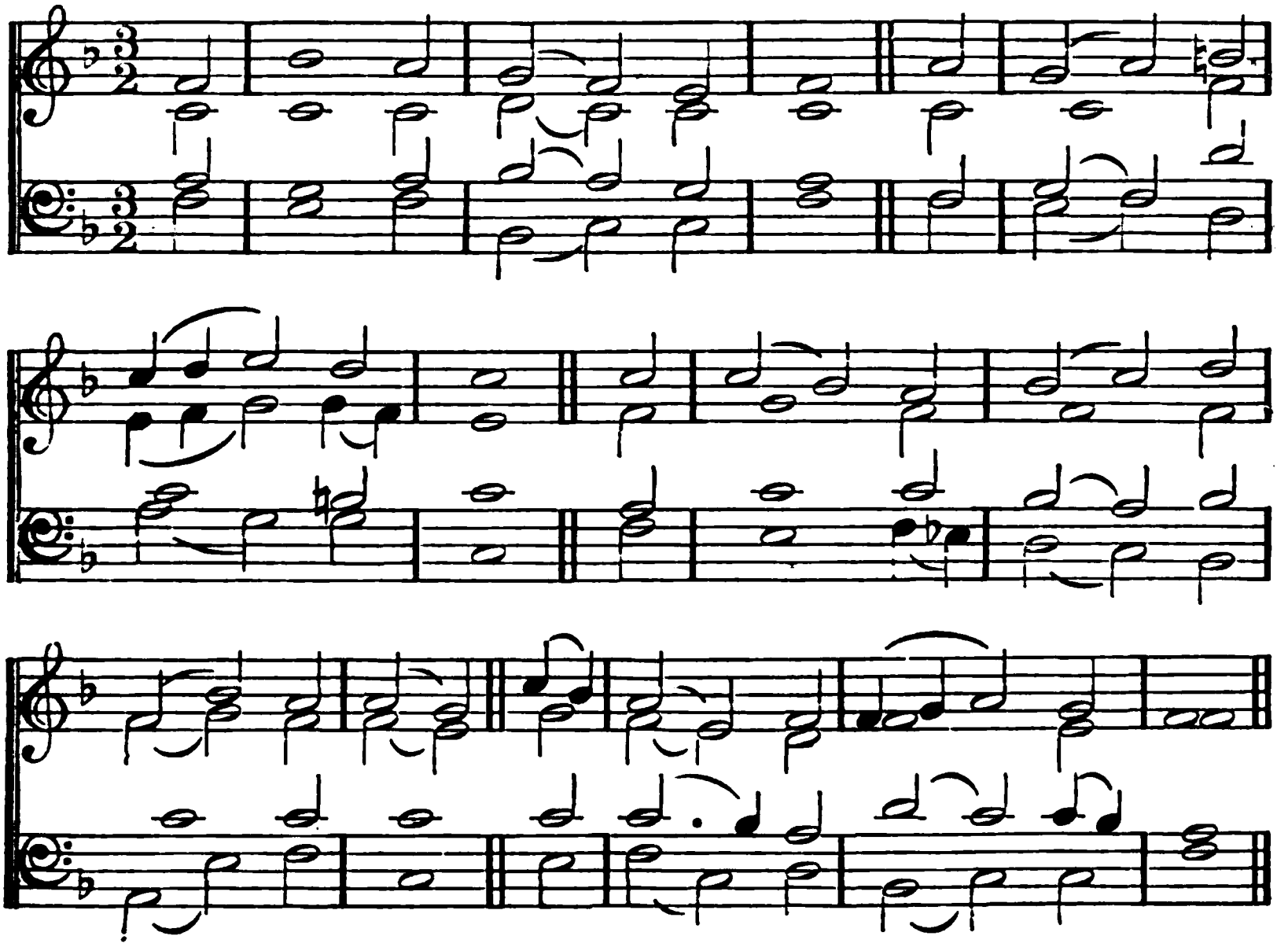
Ye Angels, great in might,
And swift to do His will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard His people when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

While all His wondrous works
Through His vast kingdom show
*Their* Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
*Shalt* sing His praises too.

# ALL SAINTS' DAY.

GALWAY. S. M. EDWARD MILLER, Mus. D. Died, 1807.



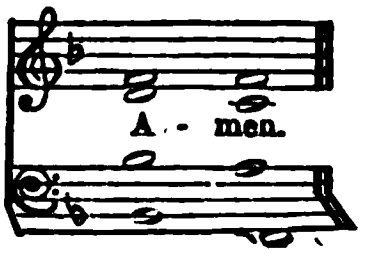
## 111.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obey'd, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learn'd from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

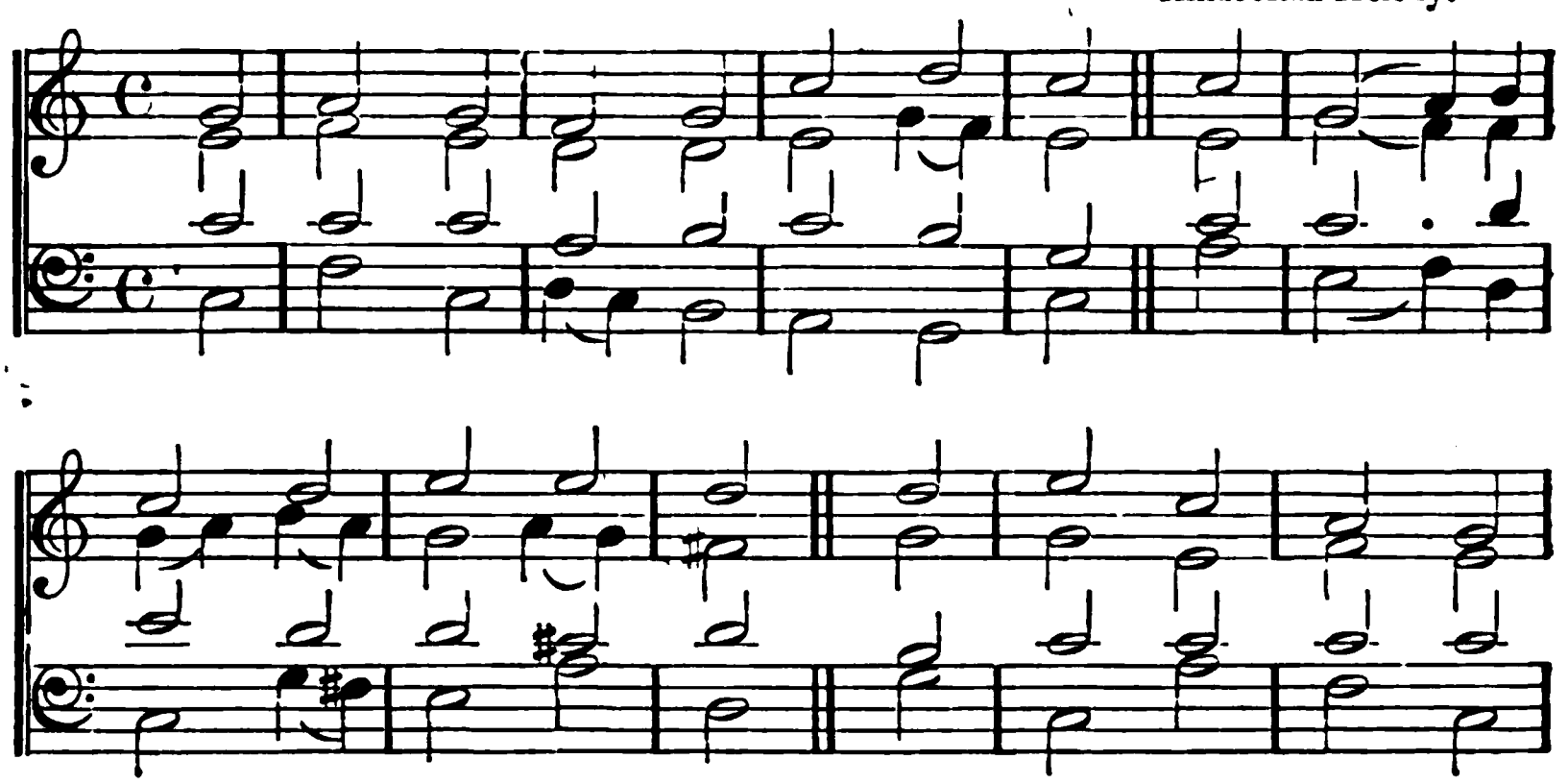
For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

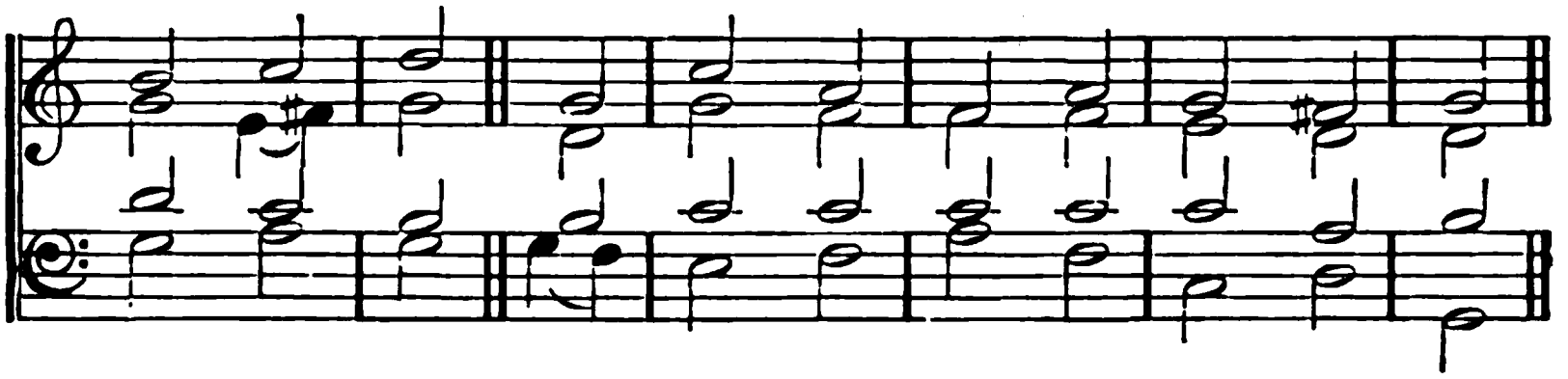


# EMBER DAYS.

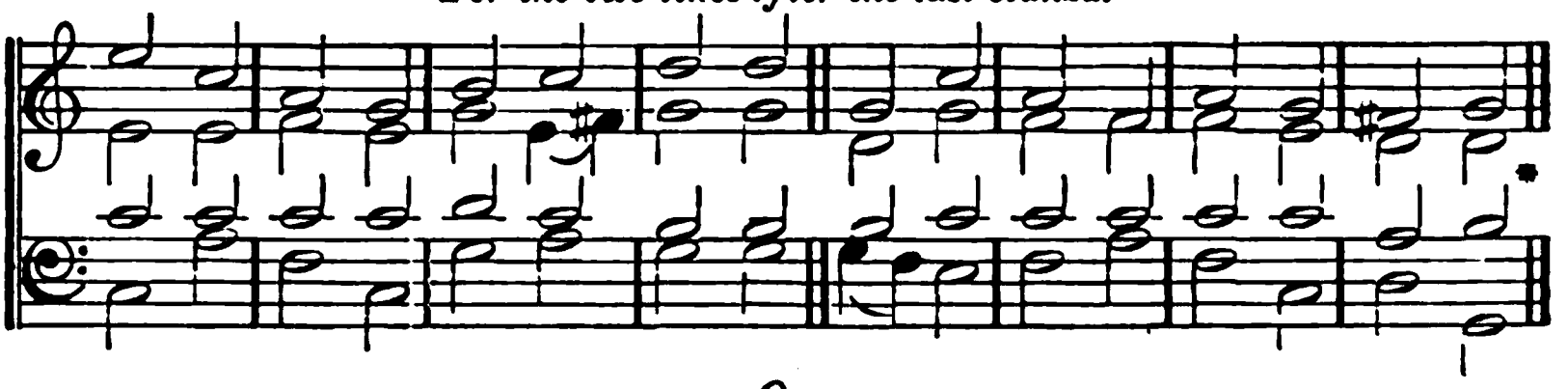
**VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS. L. M.**

Adapted from the original Ambrosian Melody.





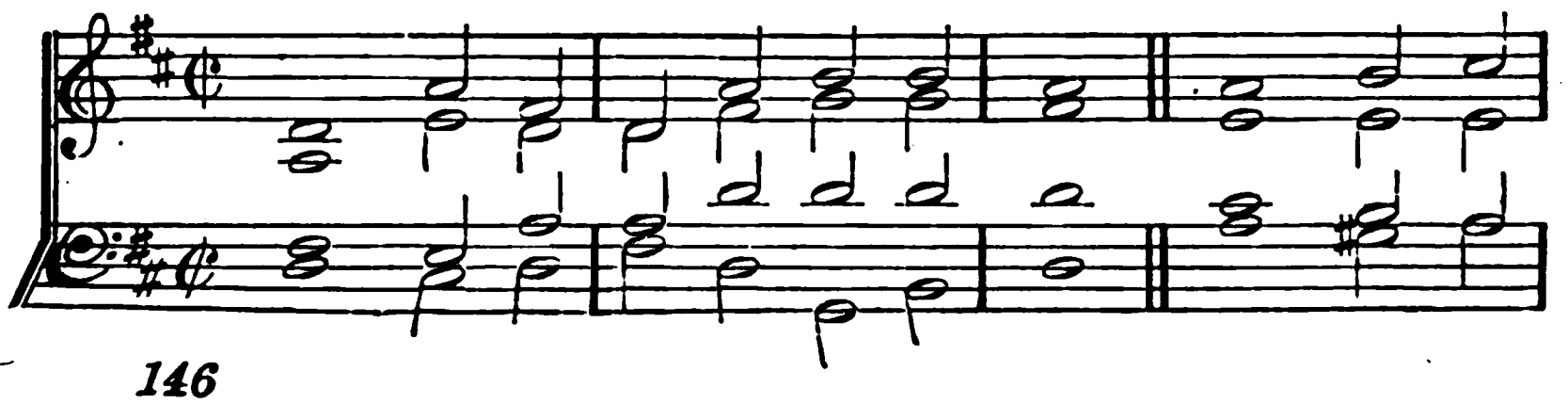
*For the two lines after the last stanza.*



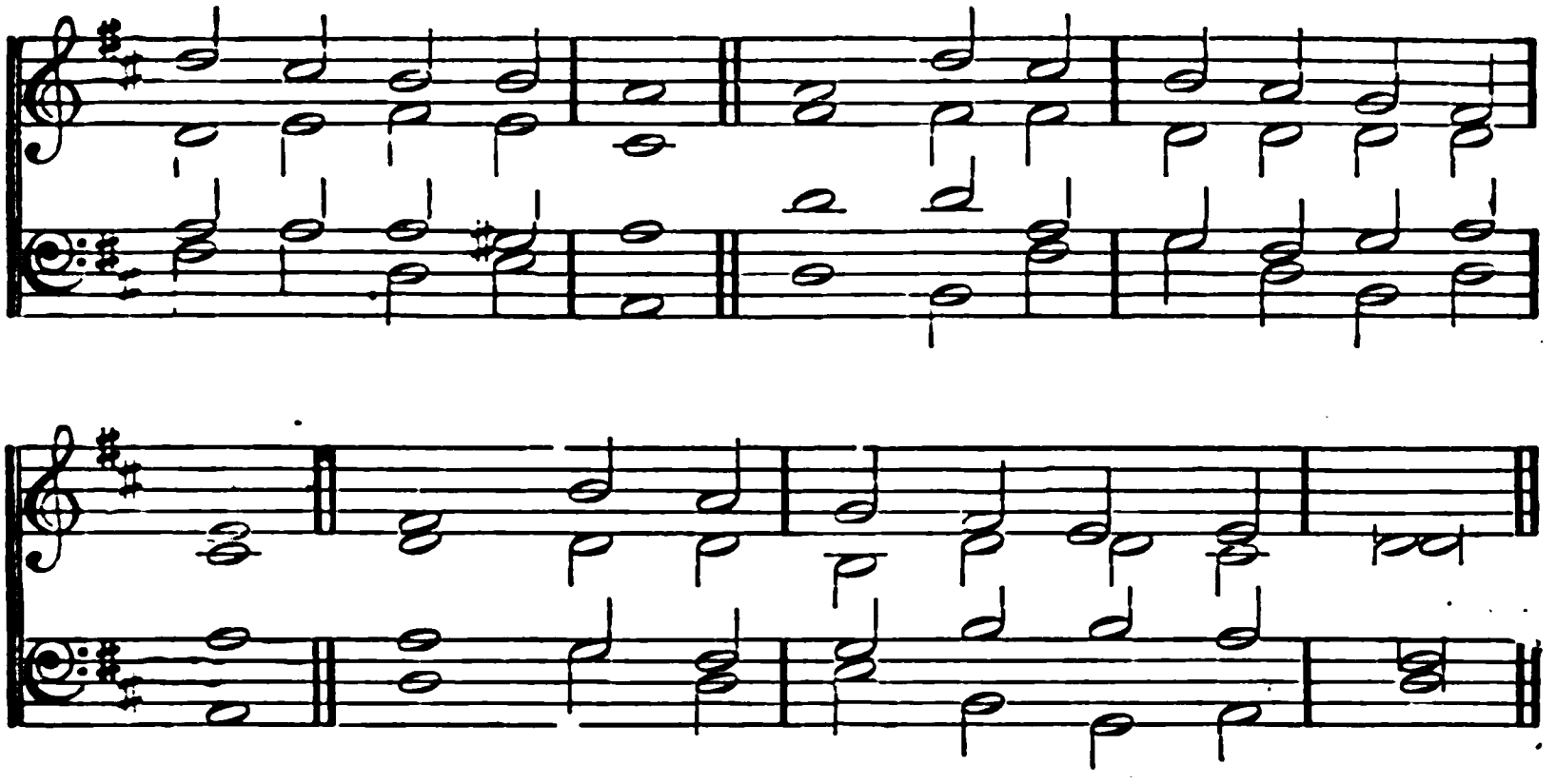
*Or,*

**DORTMUND. L. M.**

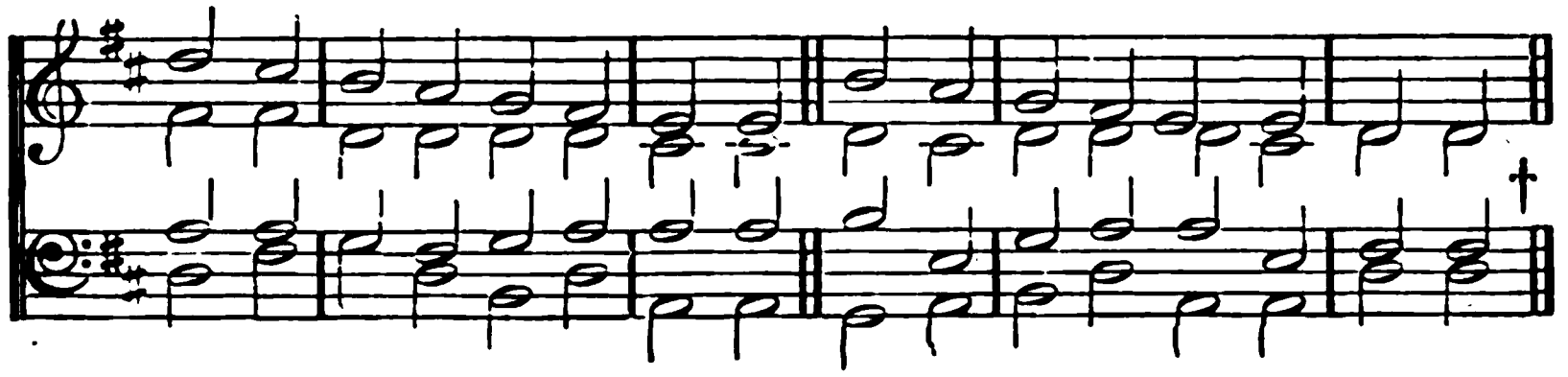
From the Hamburg Choral Book.
(Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.')



# EMBER DAYS.



*Doxology.*



## 112

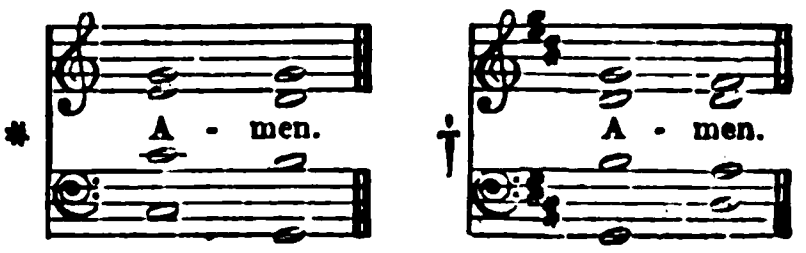
COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

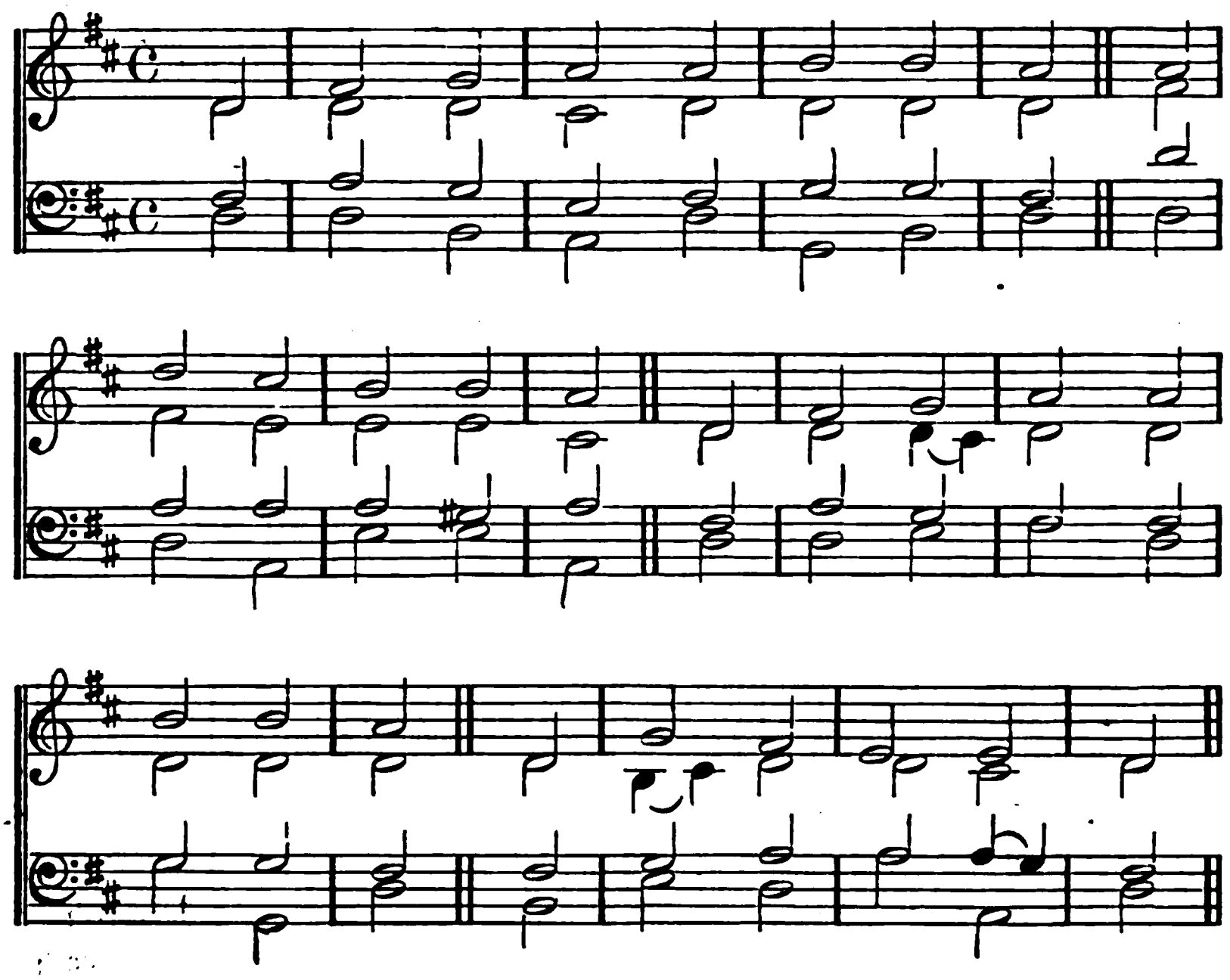
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.



# EMBER DAYS.

TALLIS. (*Ordination Hymn.*) C. M. THOS. TALLIS. About 1565.



## 113.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love;

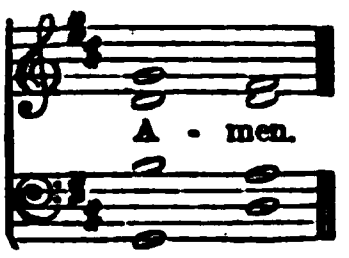
Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand:
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The Finger of God's hand.

*According to* Thy promise, Lord,
*Thou givest speech* with grace;
That through Thy help, God's praises may
Resound in every place.

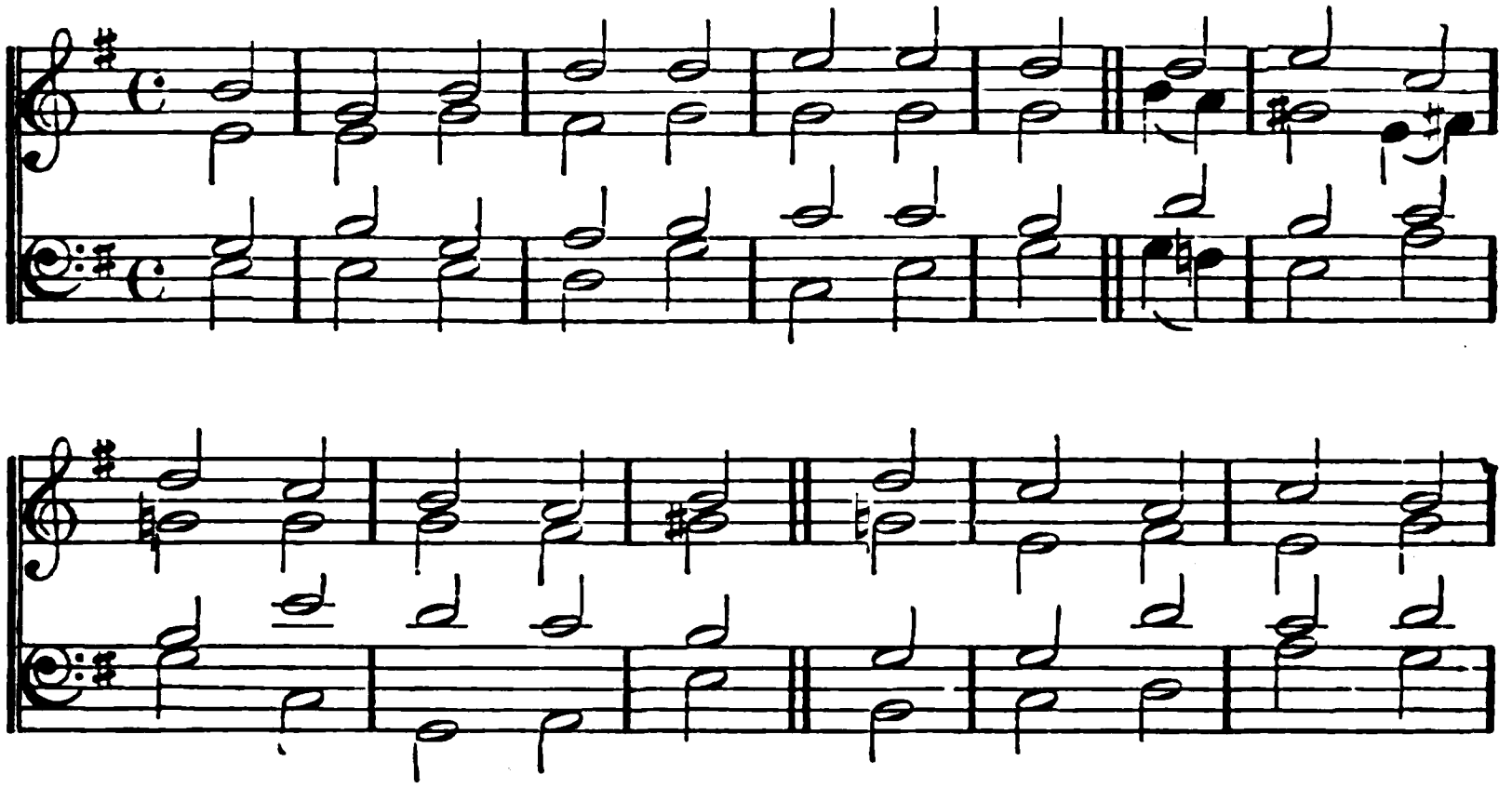
O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light;
Kindle our hearts with faithful zeal,
To serve God day and night.

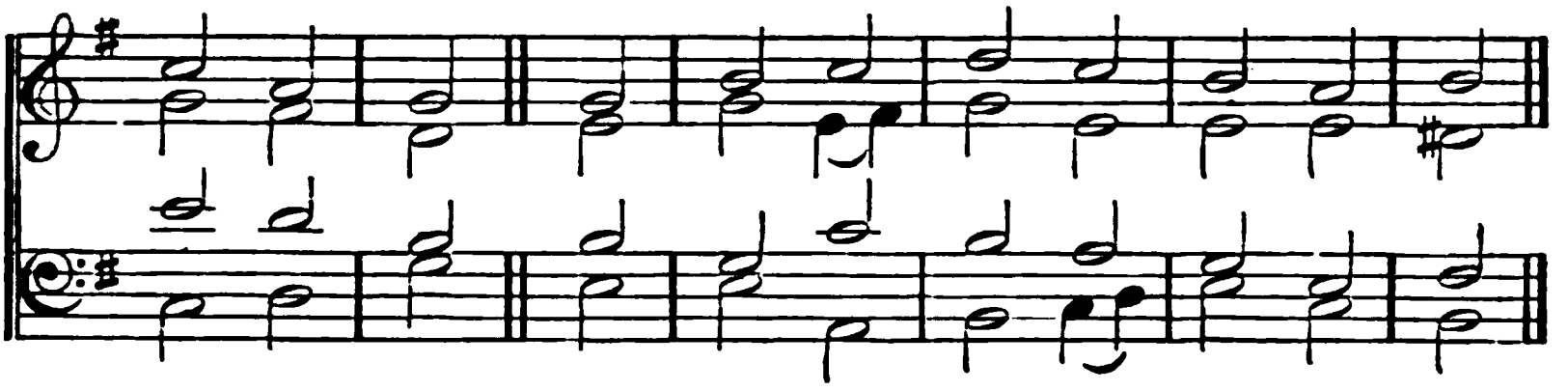
Our weakness strengthen and confirm;
For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail;
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.



# EMBER DAYS.

**Hereford.** (*Conditor alme siderum.*) **L. M.** From an Ambrosian Hymn.





## 114.

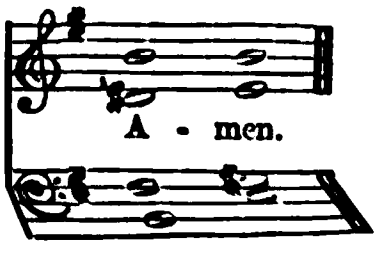
POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled people bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

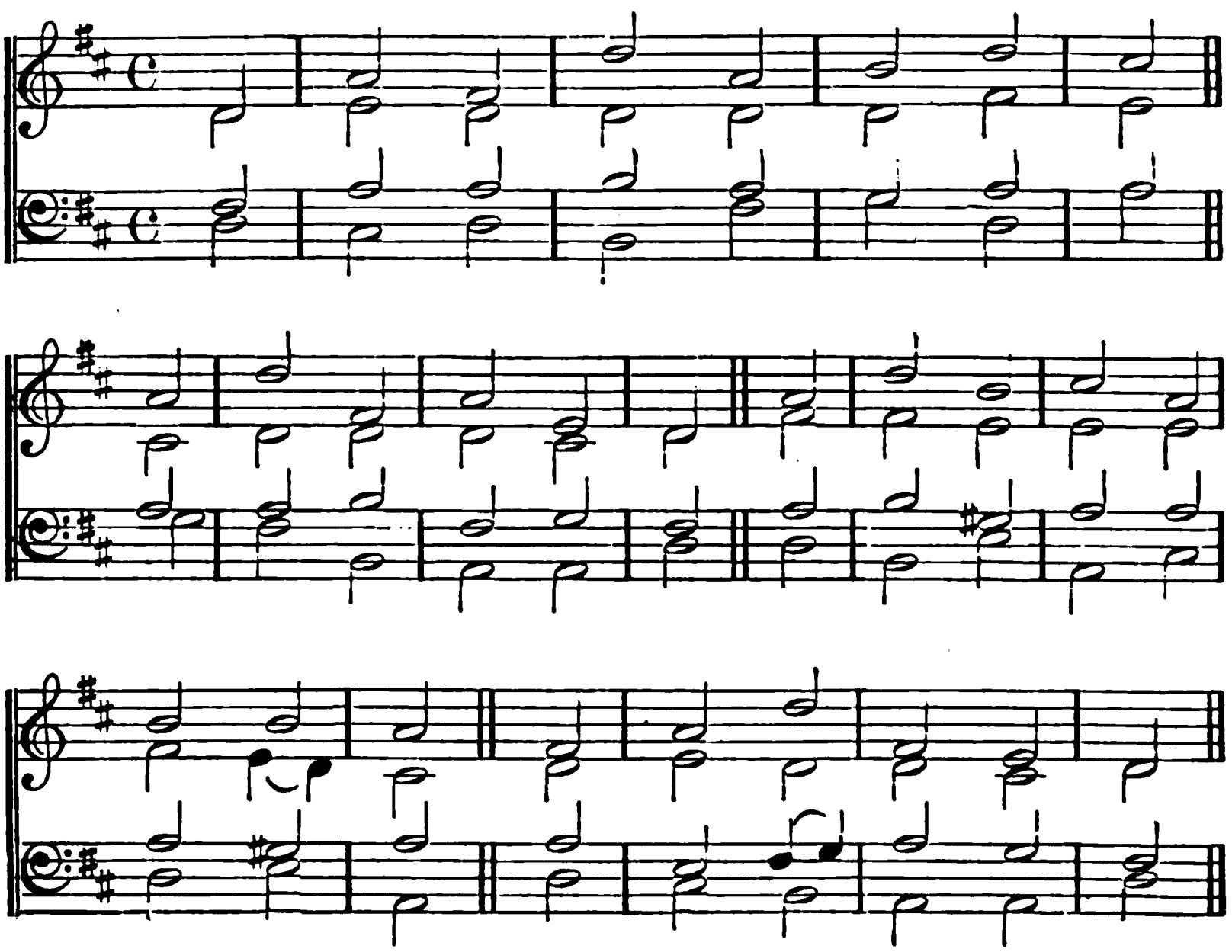
To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finish'd here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.



# HOLY BAPTISM.

LONDON NEW. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1635.



## 115.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee His alone.

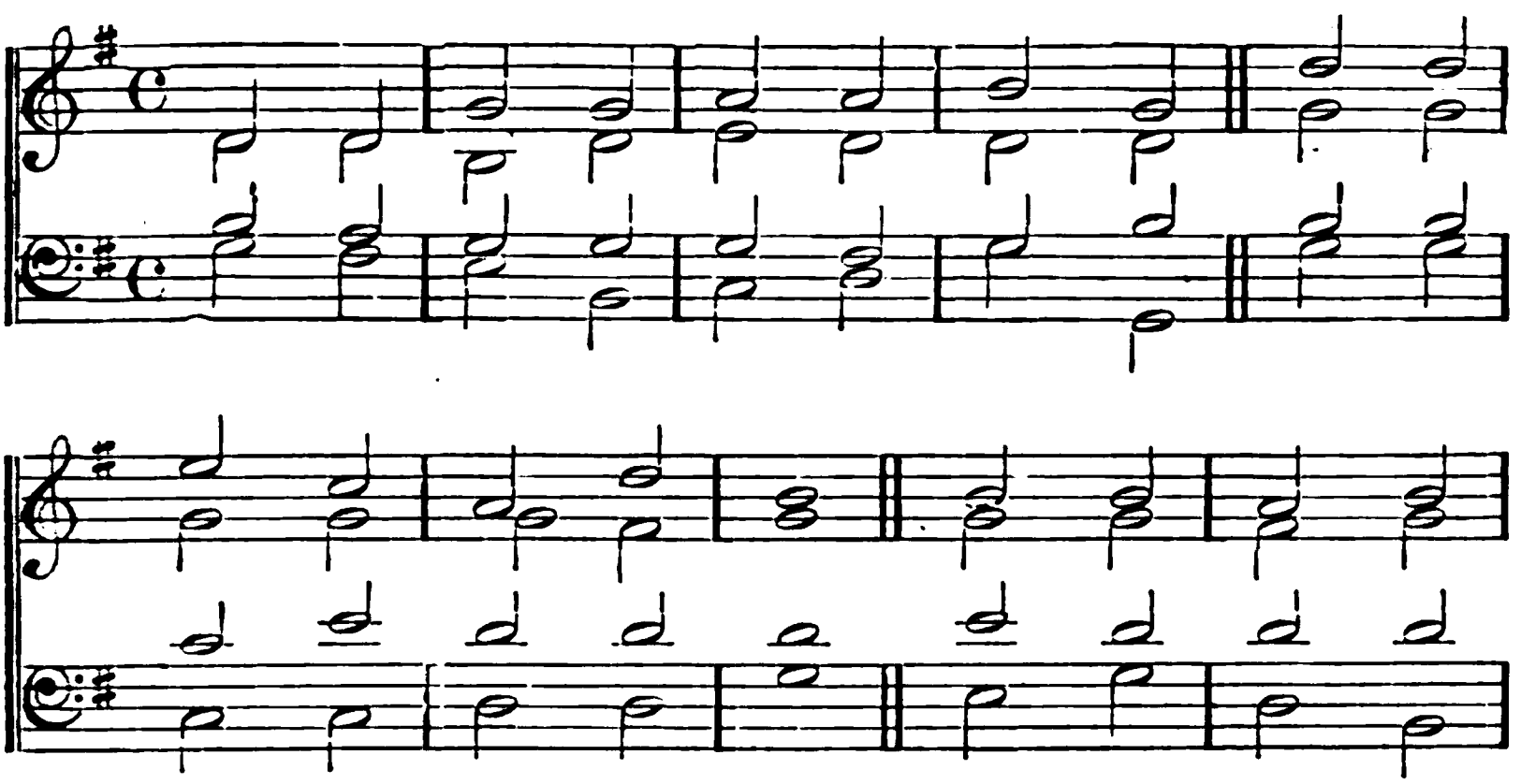
In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

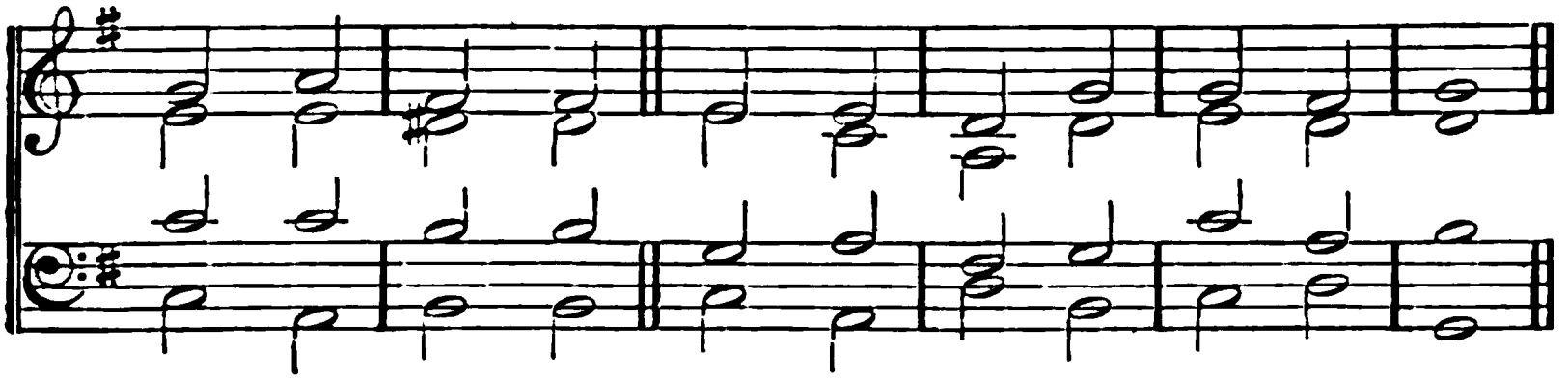
In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travell'd by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

# HOLY BAPTISM.

STUTTGART. 8, 7, 8, 7. German Choral.





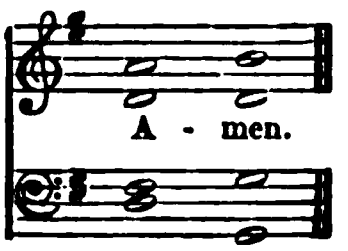
## 116.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

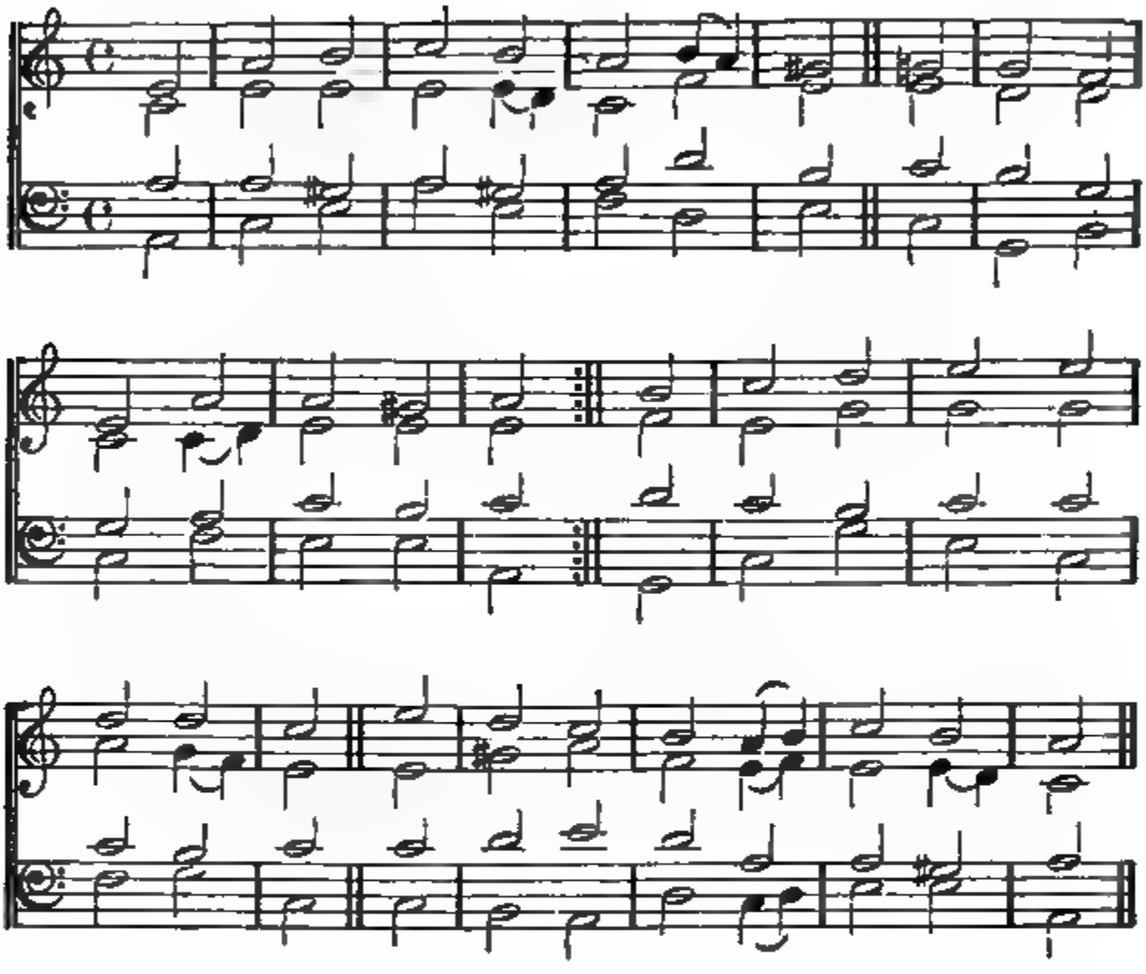
Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.



## HOLY BAPTISM.

BREMEN. 8, 8, :‖ 8, 8. G. NEUMARK. 1657.



### 117.

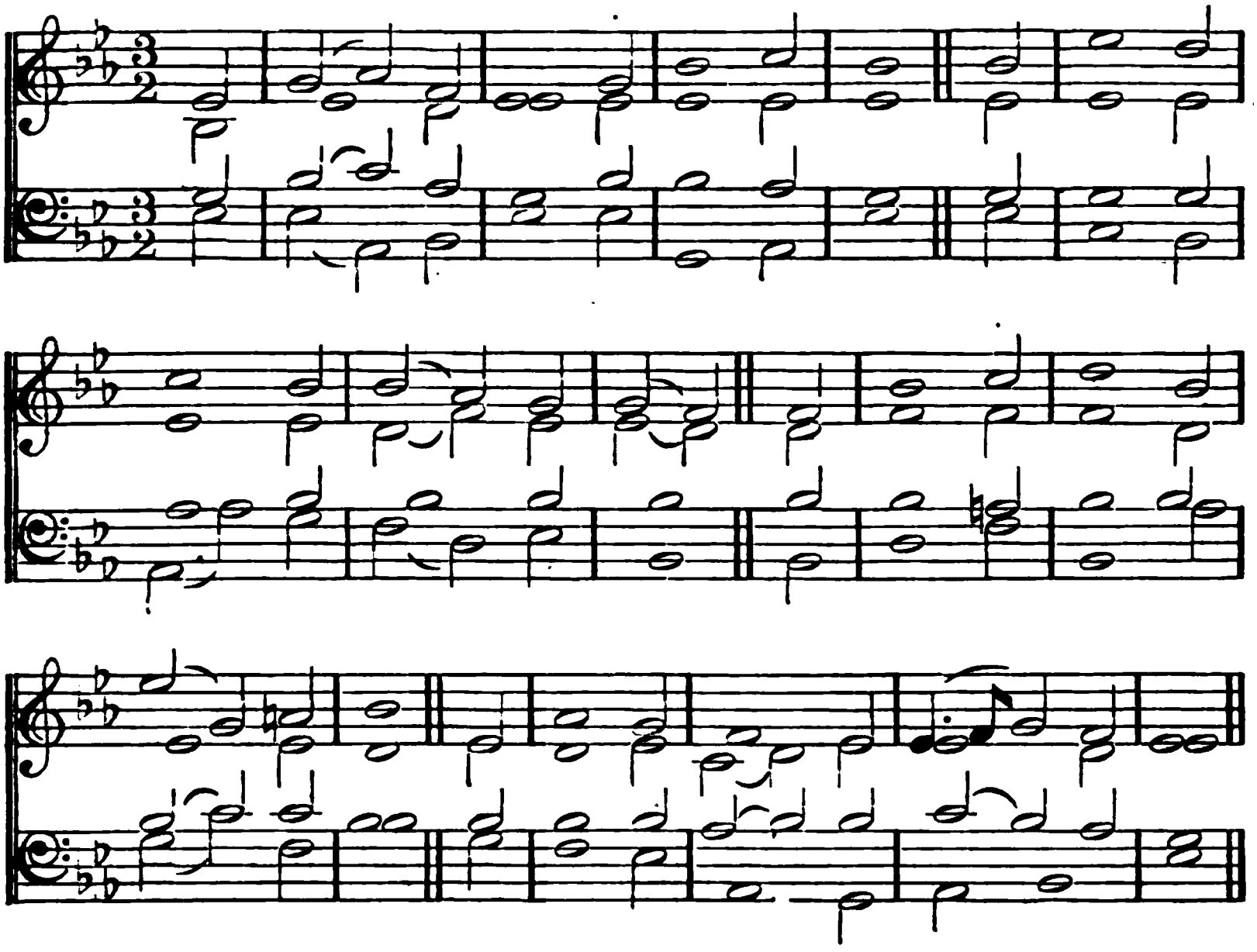
CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to Thee,
And fit for Thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in Thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of Thy cross:
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.

Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim Thy Word,
Thy Gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive, to give,
And preach the Death by which we live!

# HOLY COMMUNION.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. EDWARD MILLER, Mus. D. Died, 1807.



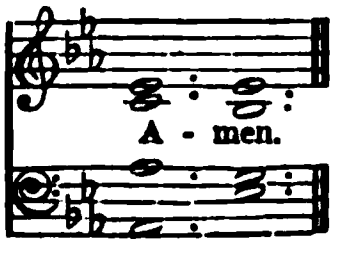
## 118.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

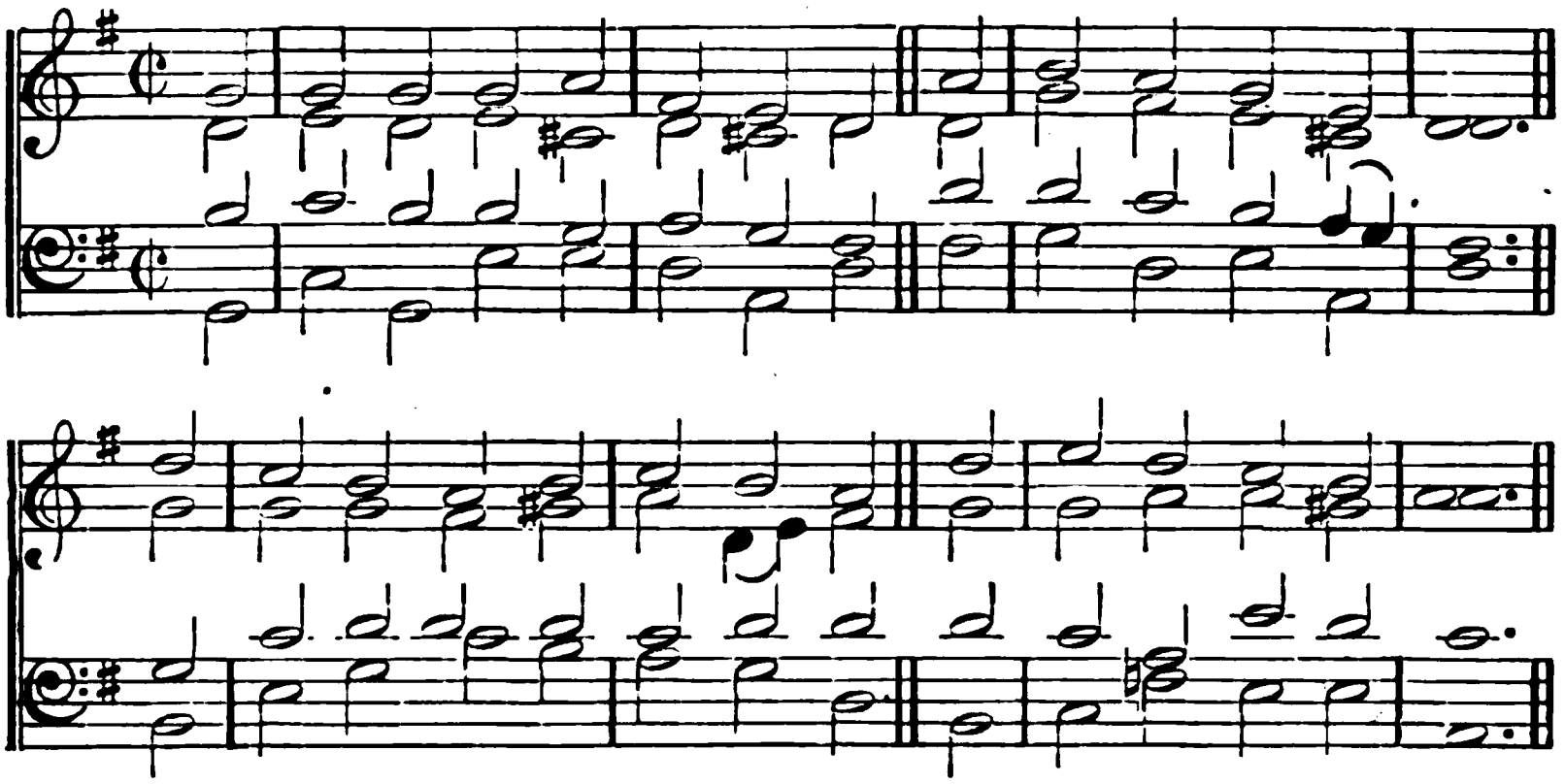
Oh! let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.



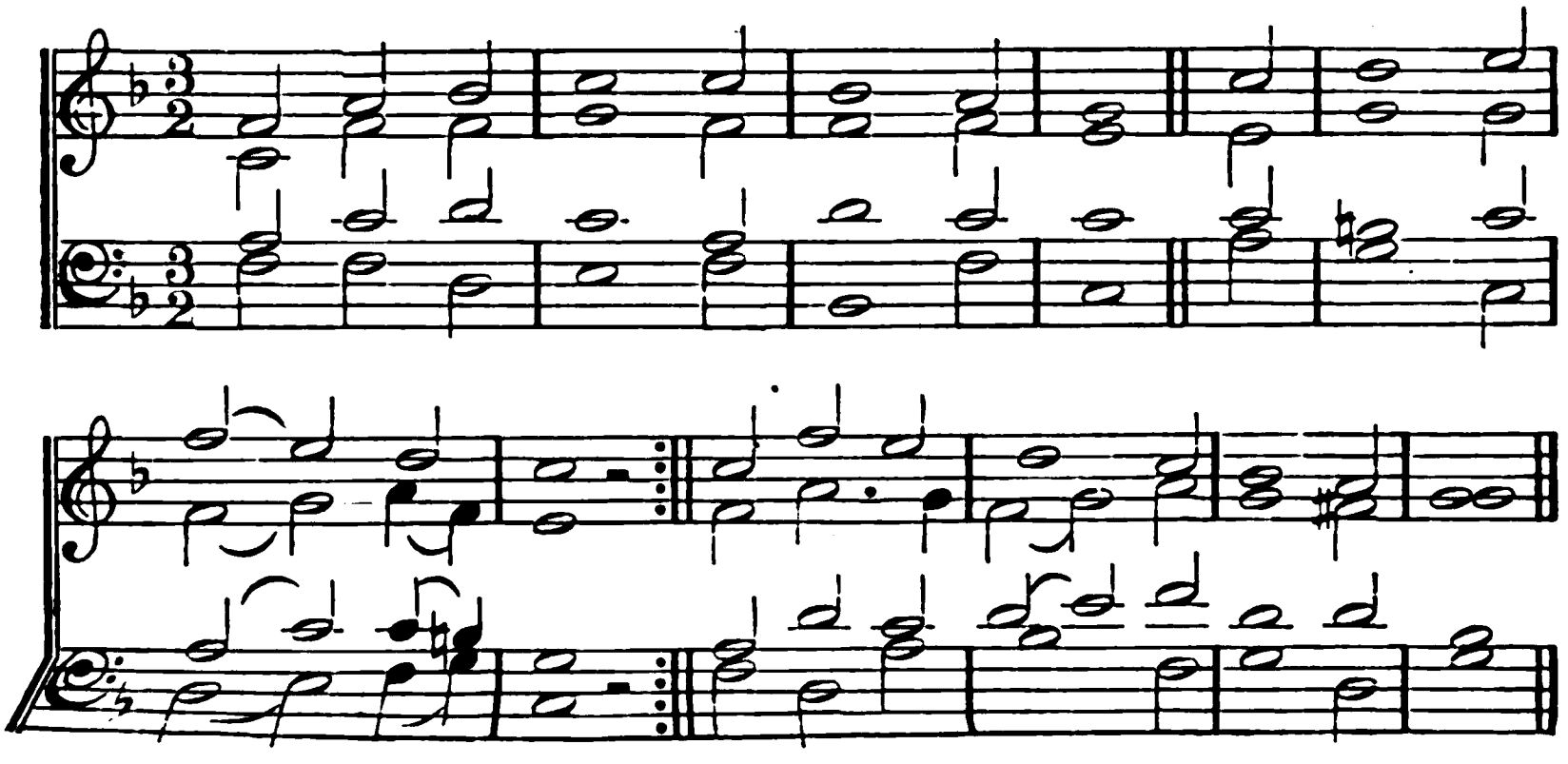
# HOLY COMMUNION.

DANZIG. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. From MARTALL'S Choral Book.

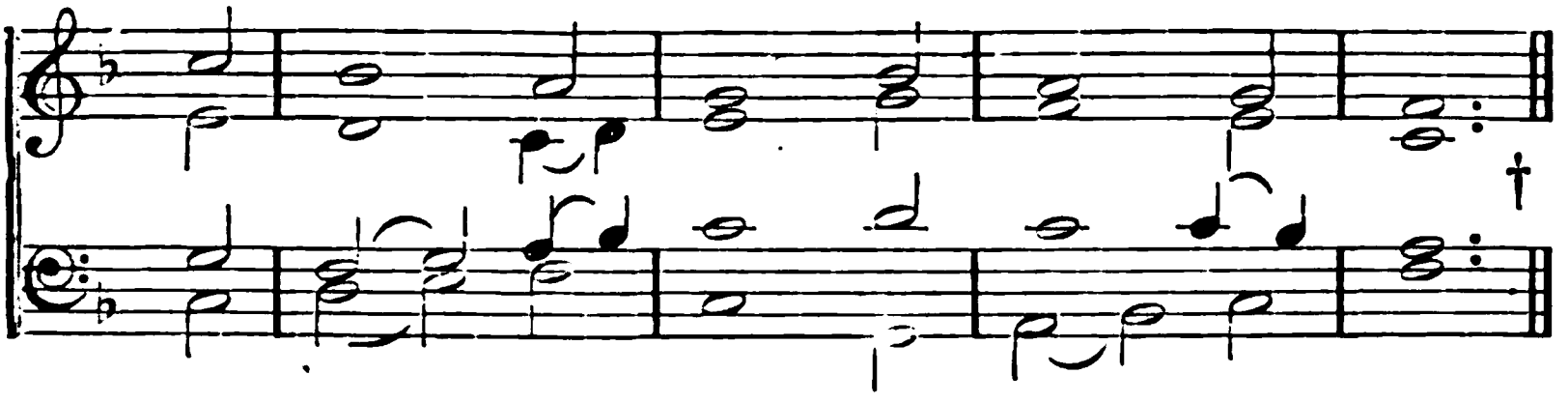


*Or,*

OXENDON. 8, 6, :‖ 8, 8. Modified version of LEIPSIG, Hymn 127.



## HOLY COMMUNION.

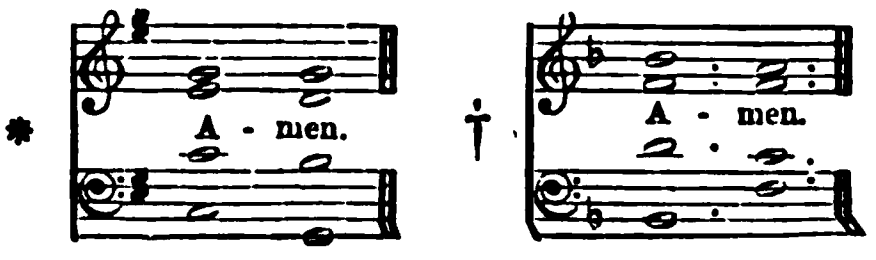


### 119.

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessing pour;
And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation meet for Thee.

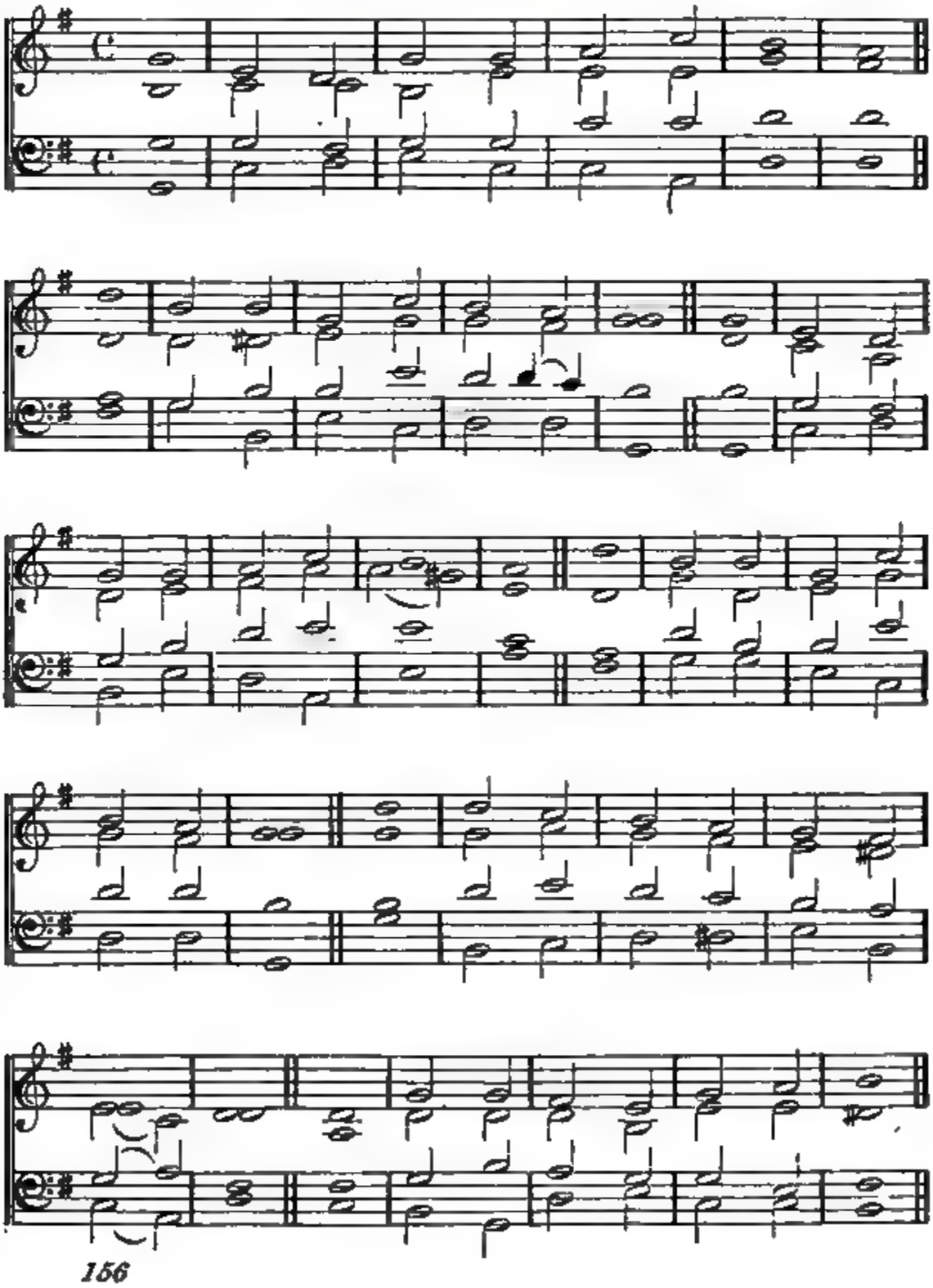
The body for our ransom given,
The blood in mercy shed!
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round Thy table kneel,
Help us Thy quick'ning grace to feel.

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh!
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

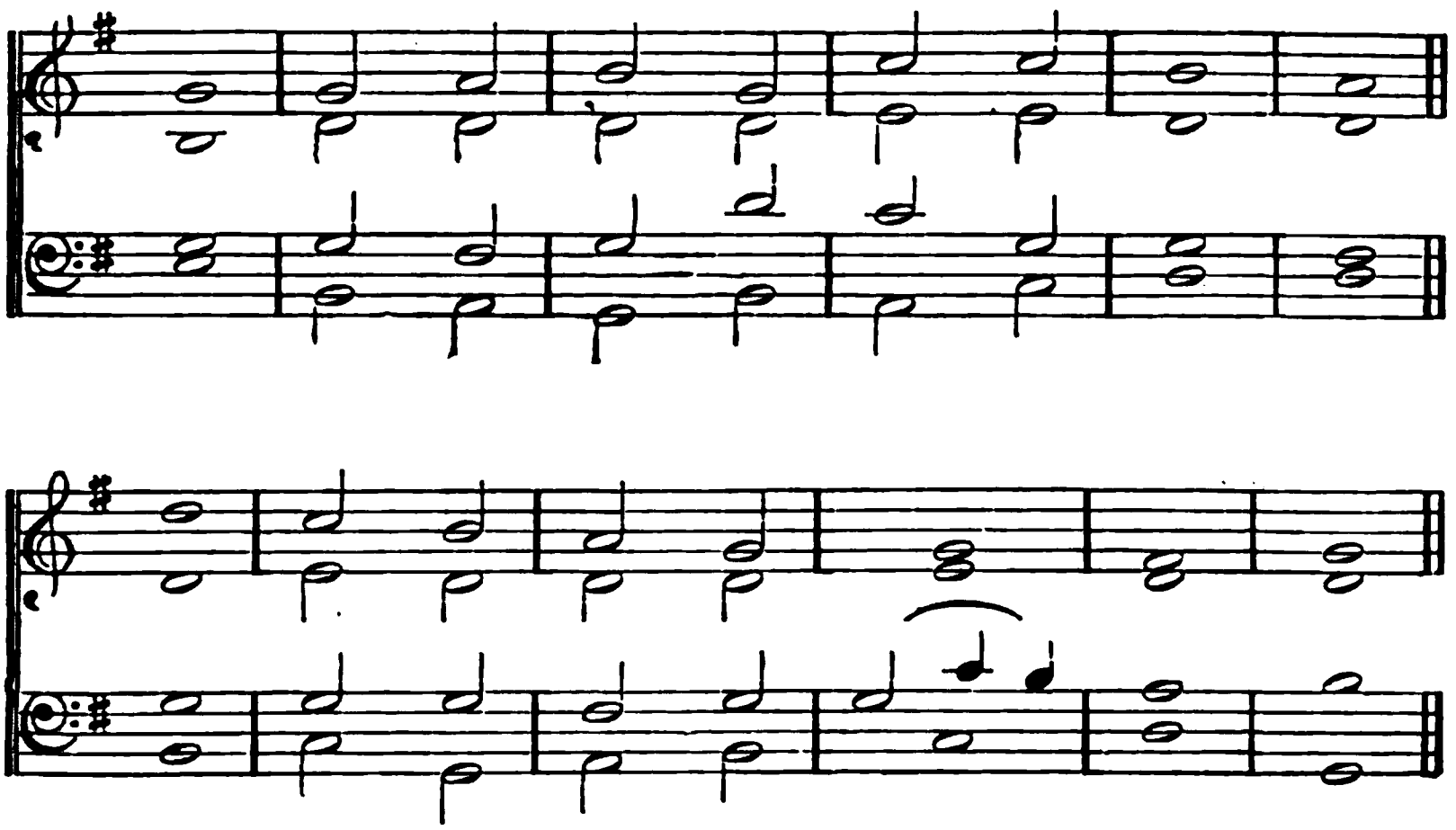


# HOLY COMMUNION.

EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8. GOUDIMEL'S 66th Psalm. 1565.

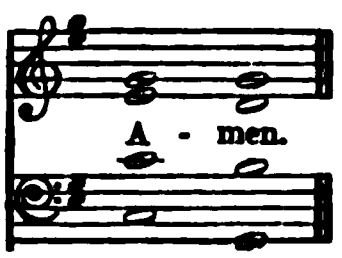


# HOLY COMMUNION.



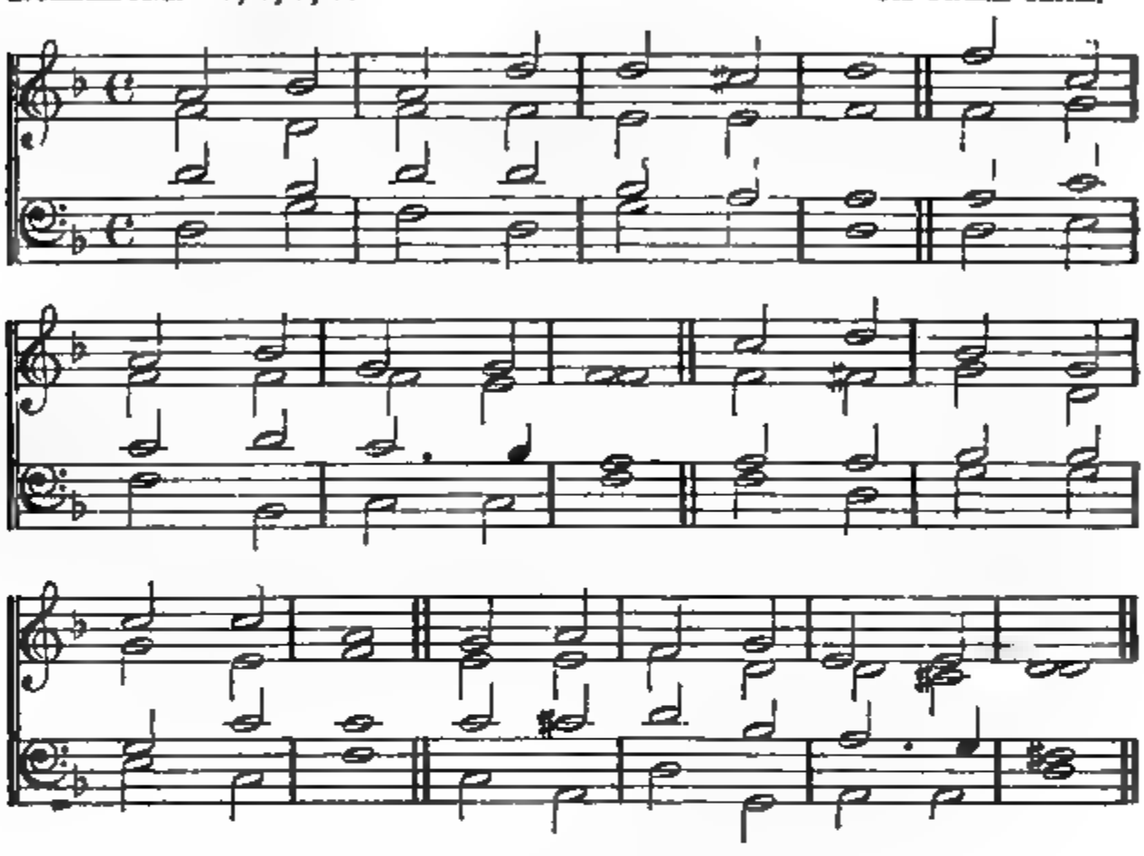
## 120.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.



## HOLY COMMUNION.

LUXEMBURG. 7, 7, 7, 7. Old German Choral.



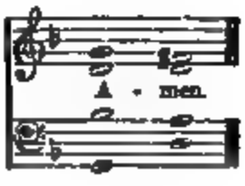
### 121.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
Thus Thy saints recall to mind,
Hear us, bless us from above;
Let us all Thy mercy find.

Let Thy blood, to us applied,
Every sinner's pardon seal;
All in Thee be justified,
Every soul Thy comfort feel.

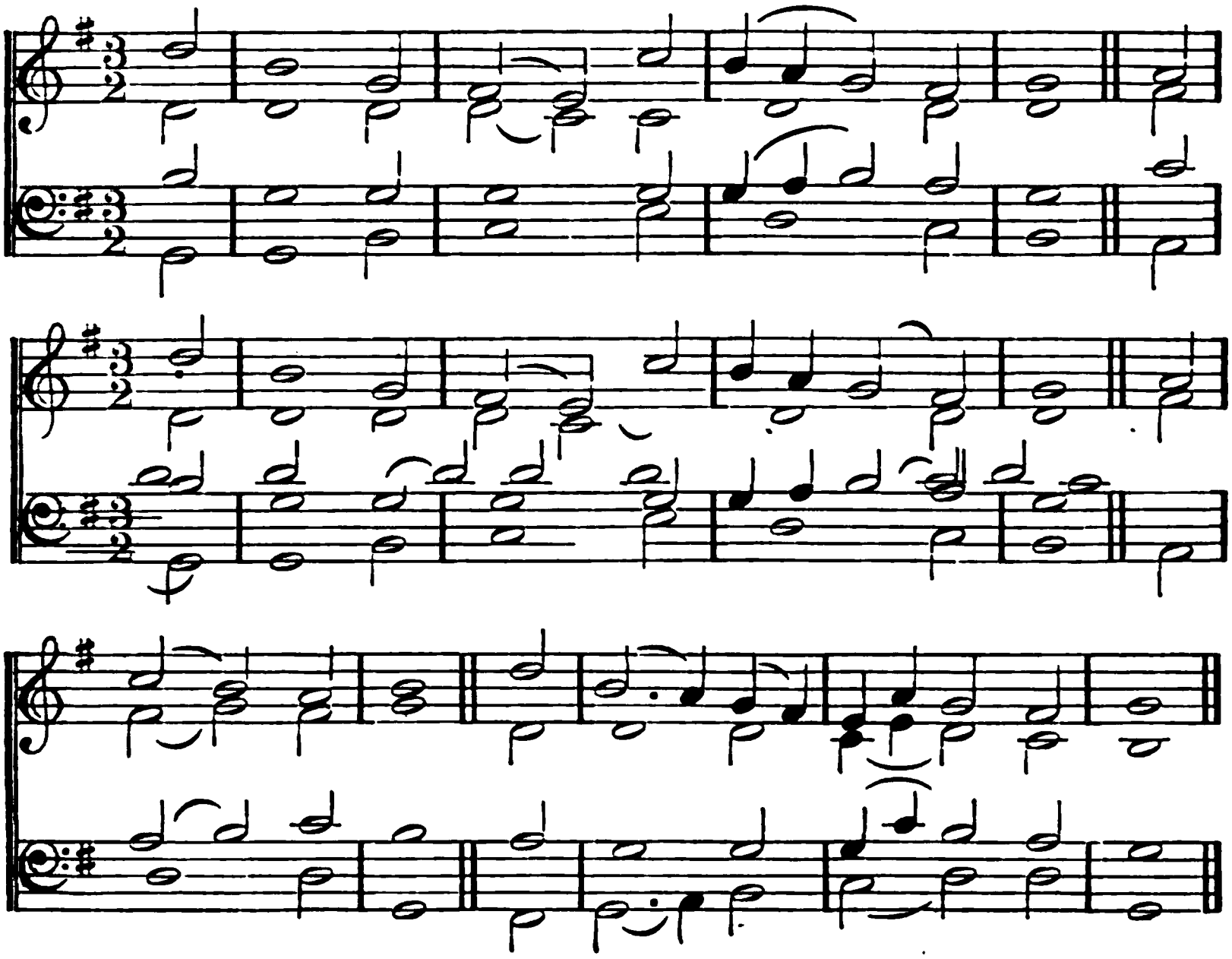
By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious blood, we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from every stain;
Take our load of guilt away.

Burst our bonds and set us free;
Bid our fear and sorrow cease;
O remember Calvary!
Saviour! bid us go in peace.



# HOLY COMMUNION.

BISHOPTHORPE. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



## 122.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine altar kneel!

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow
The manna from above!

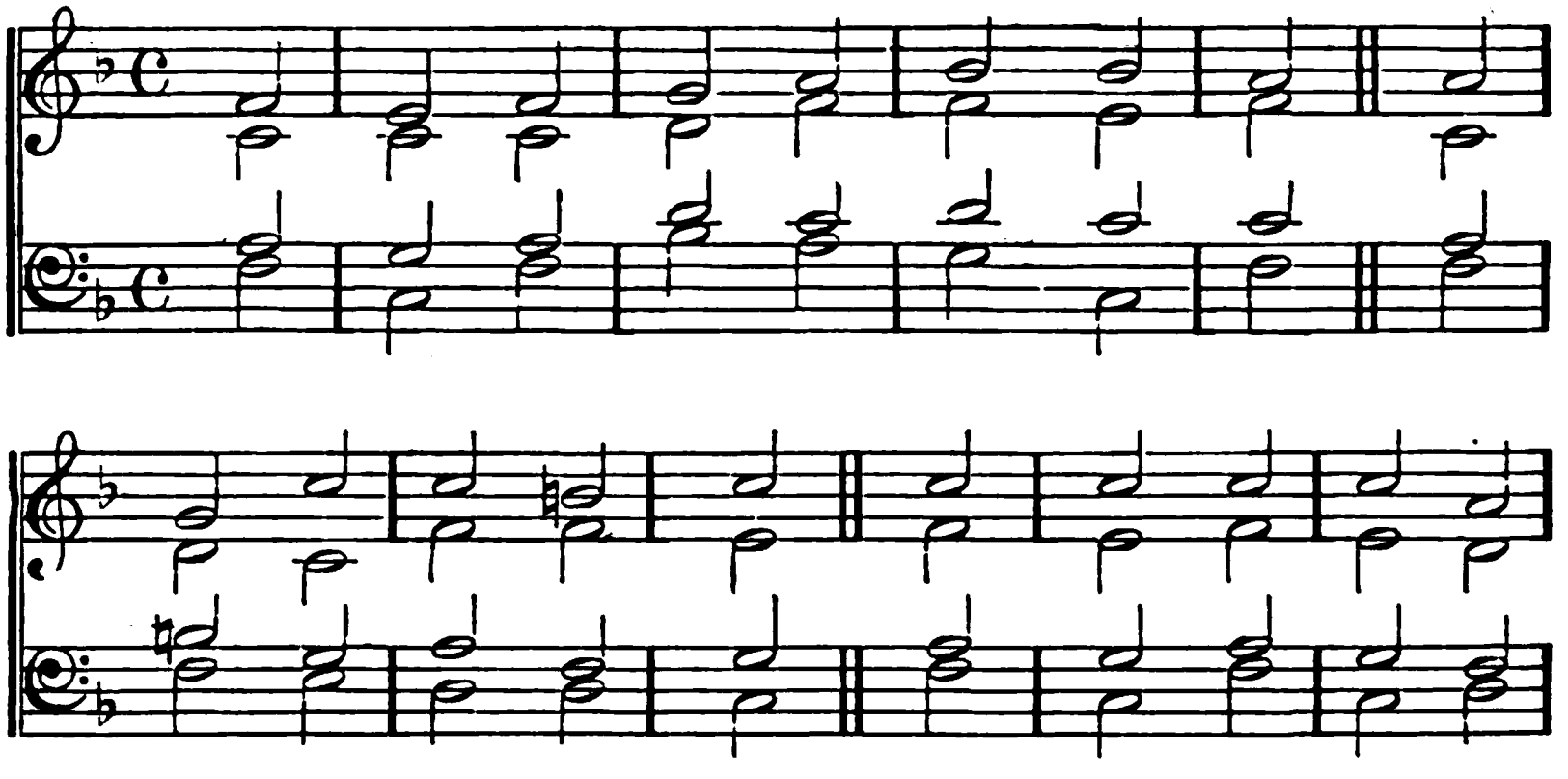
We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious blood.

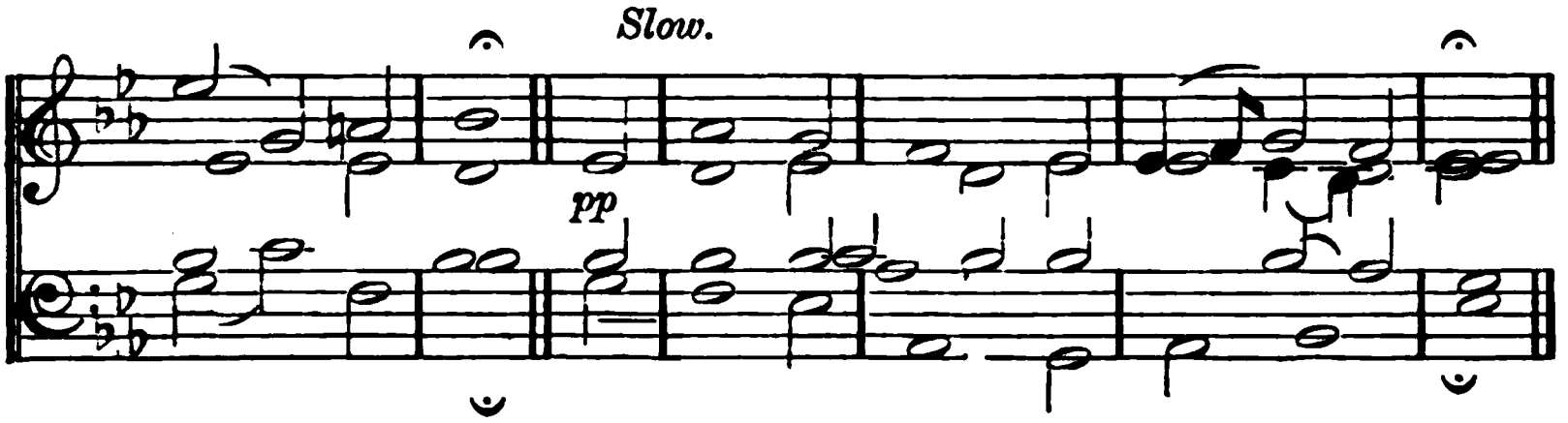
Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER. C. M.

JAMES TURLE. 1862.
Composed for this work.






## 123.

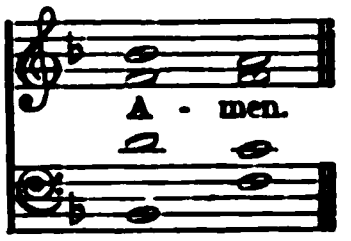
ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup of blessing I will take,
And thus remember Thee.

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

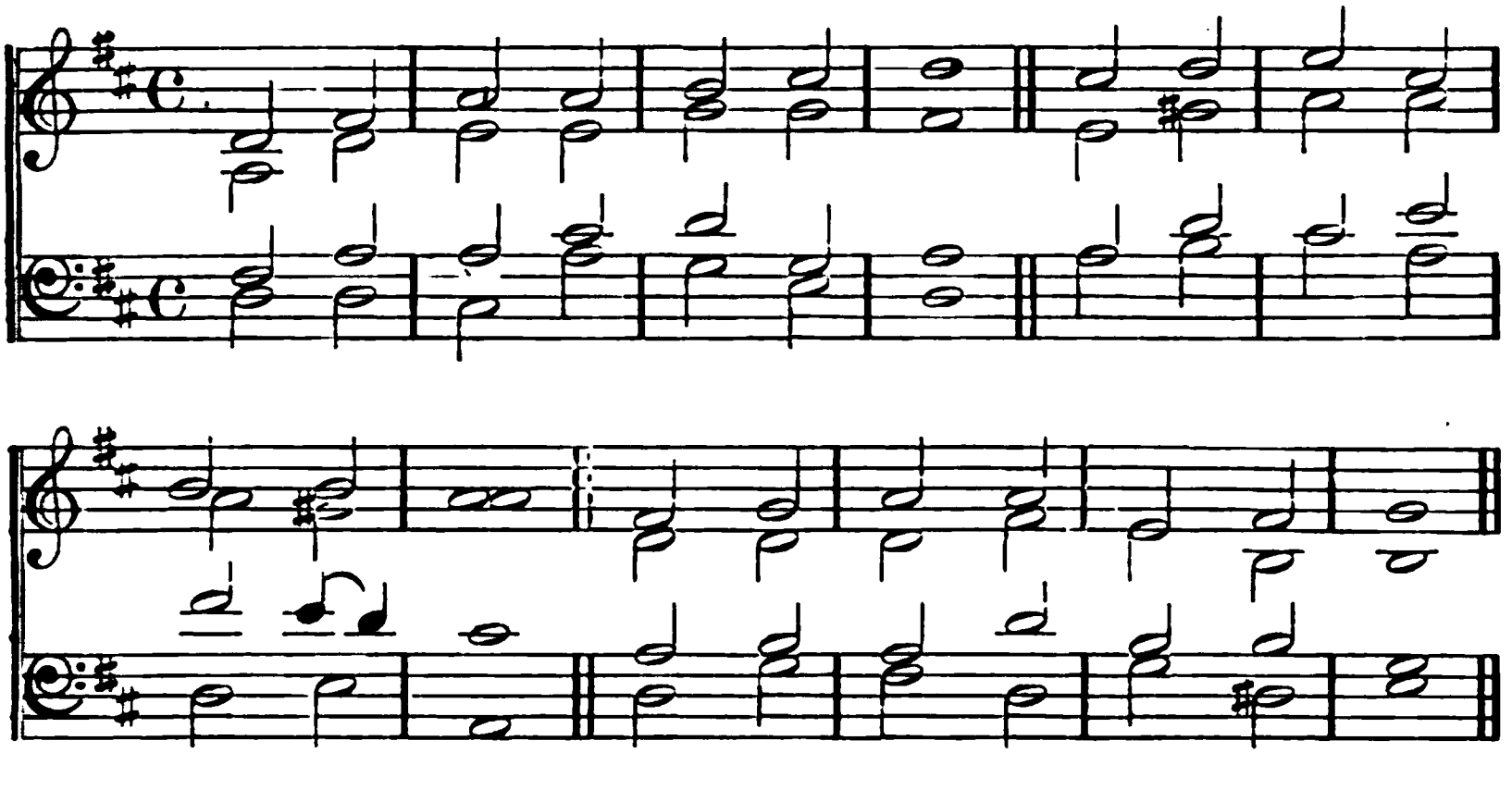
Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

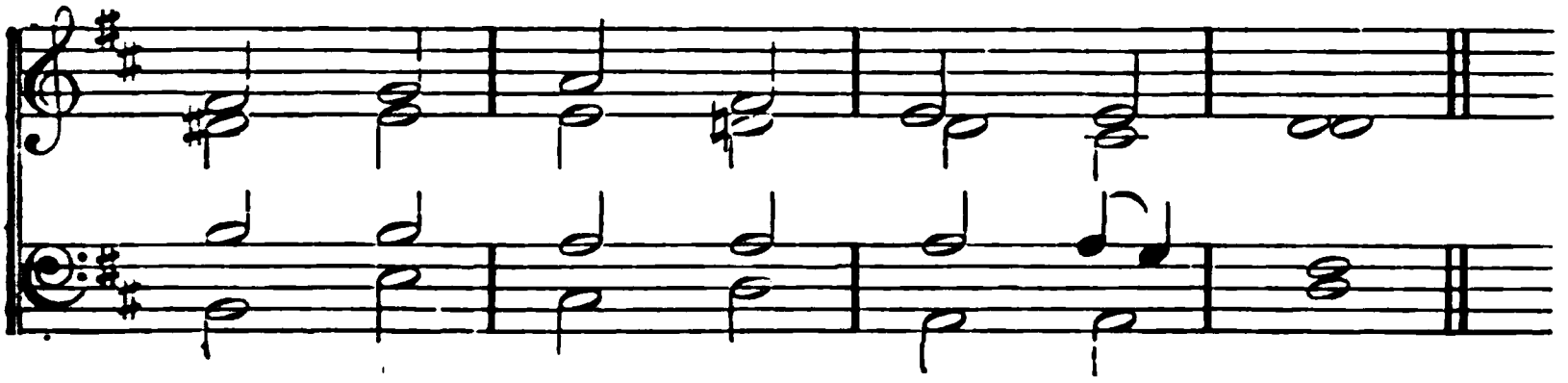
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!



# HOLY COMMUNION.

LUBECK. 7, 7, 7, 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1704.





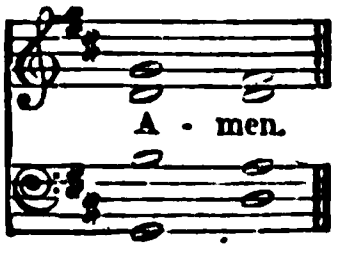
## 124.

BREAD of heaven! on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread!

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This bless'd cup of sacrifice:
Lord! Thy wounds our healing give;
To Thy cross we look and live.

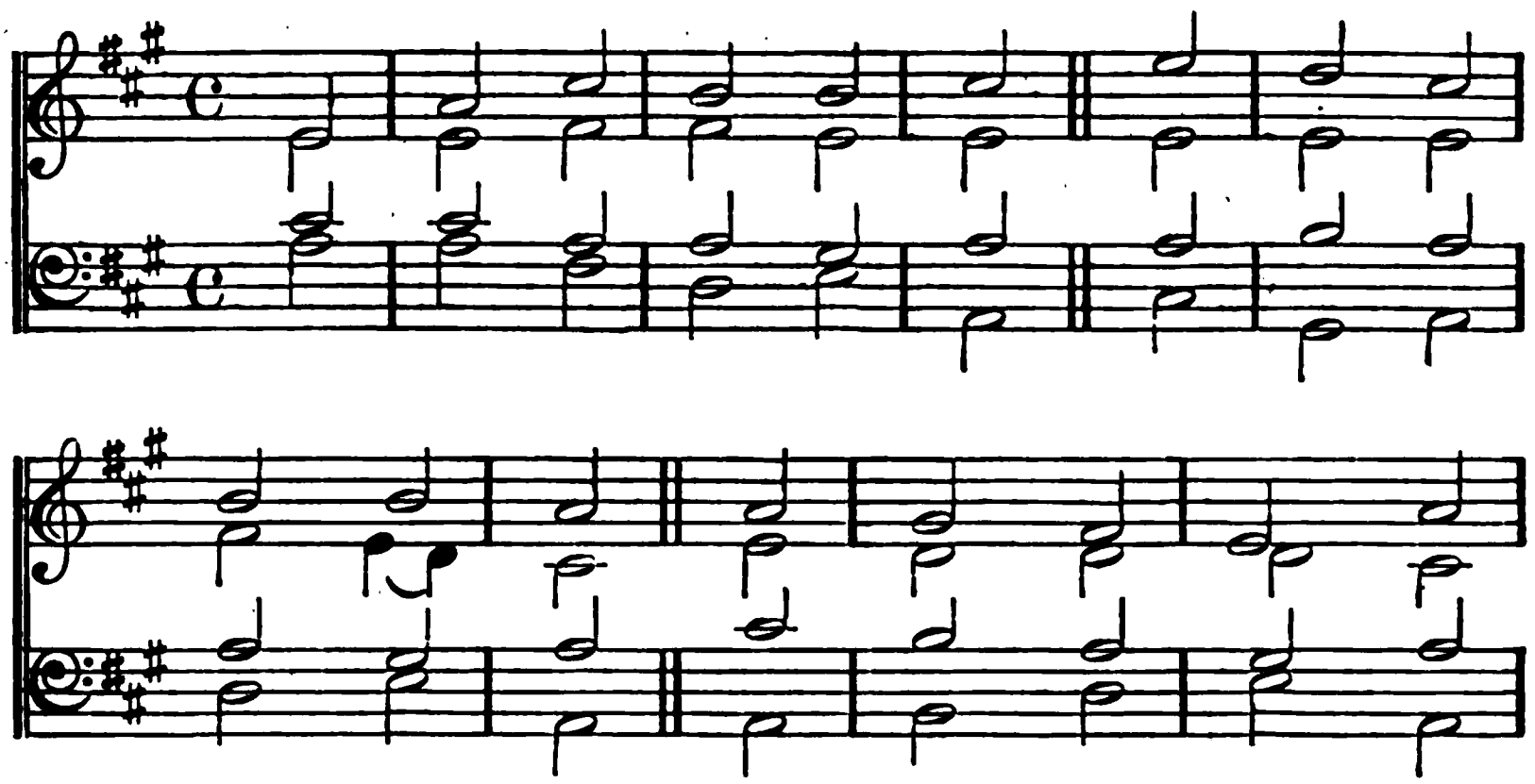
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died:
Lord of life! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

Honour, glory, might, and praise
Be through never-ending days
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.



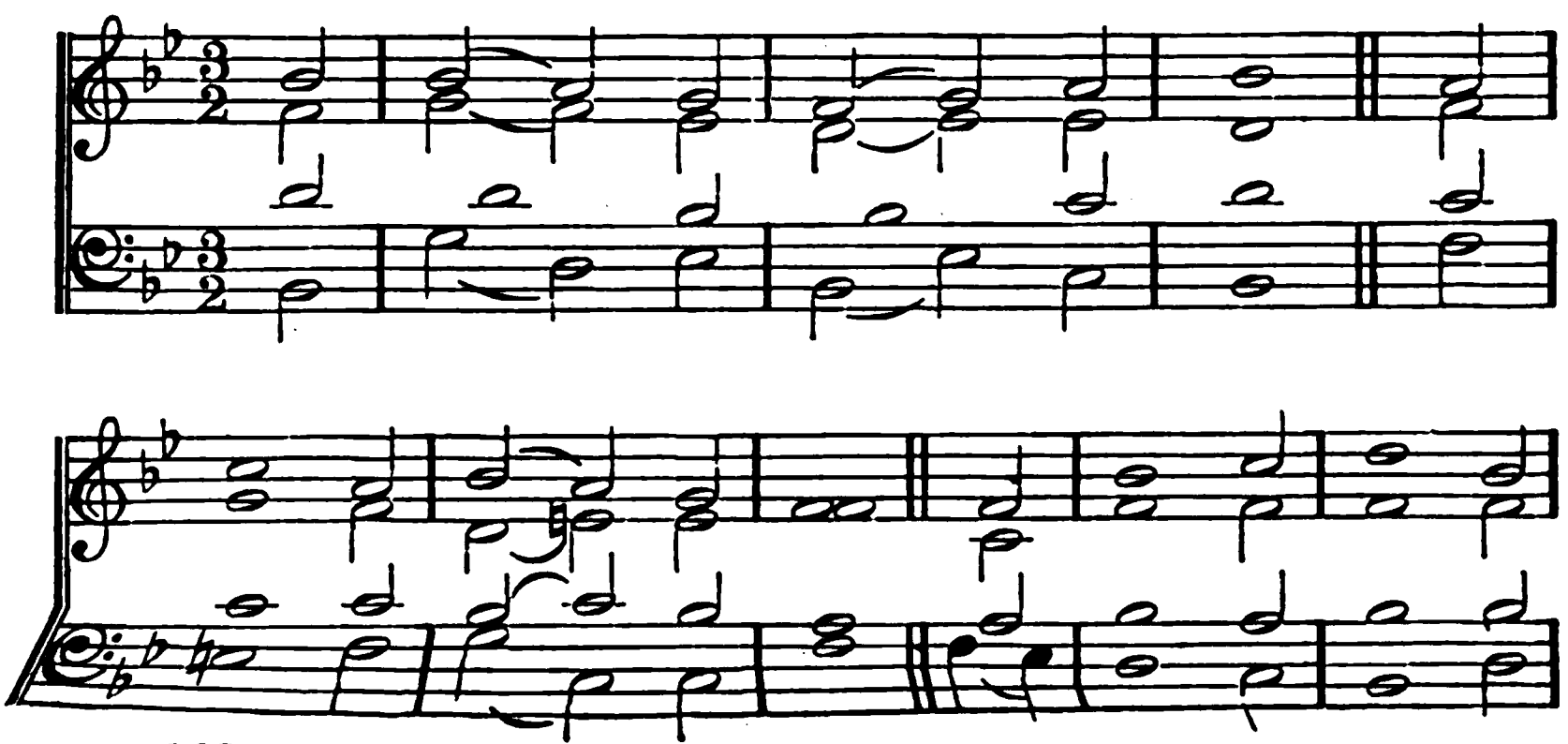
# CONFIRMATION.

**St. Michael's. S. M.** From a Psalter printed in 1588.

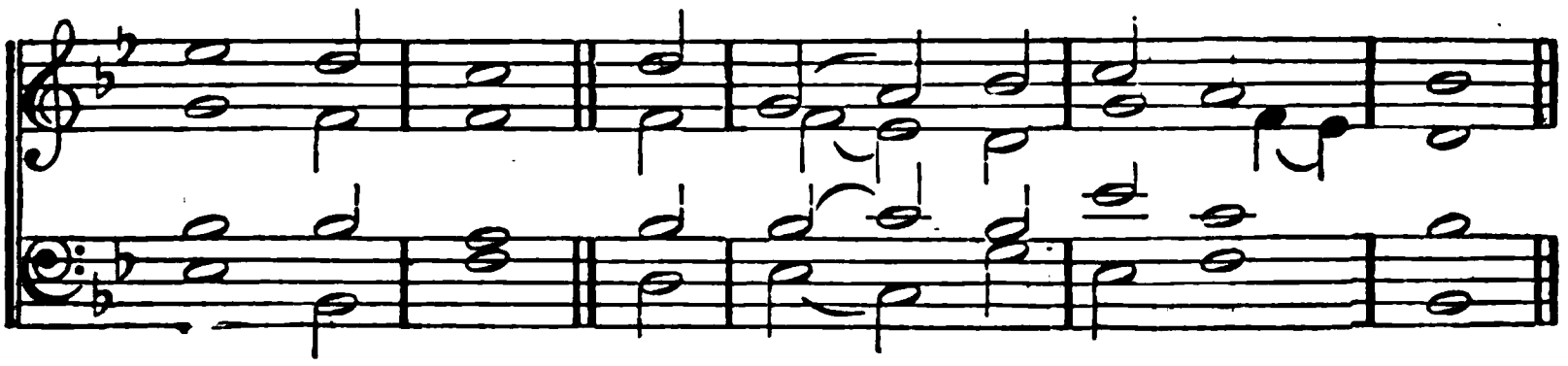


*Or,*

**Aynhoe. S. M.** James Nares, Mus. D. Died, 1783.



## CONFIRMATION.



### 125.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

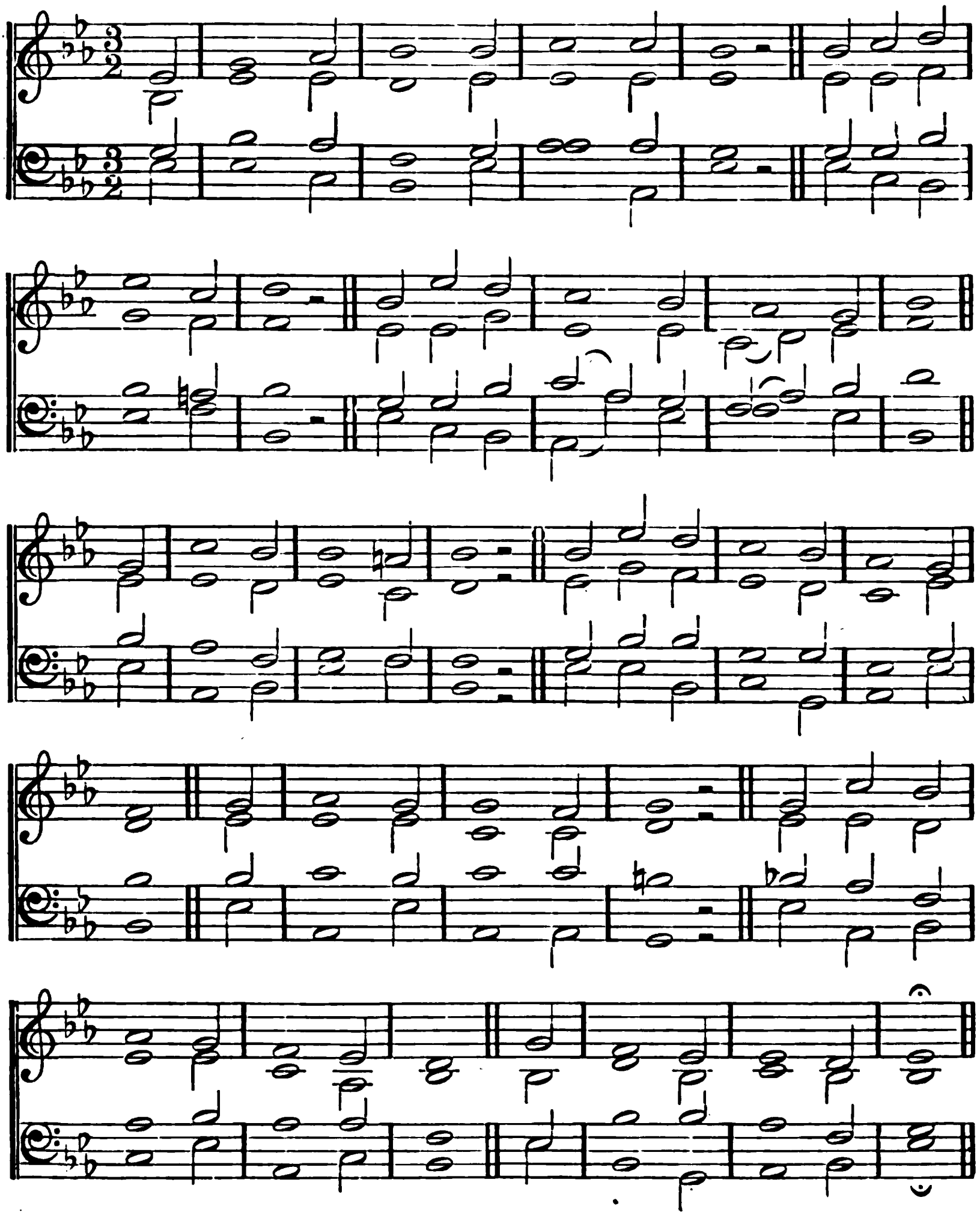
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

# CONFIRMATION.

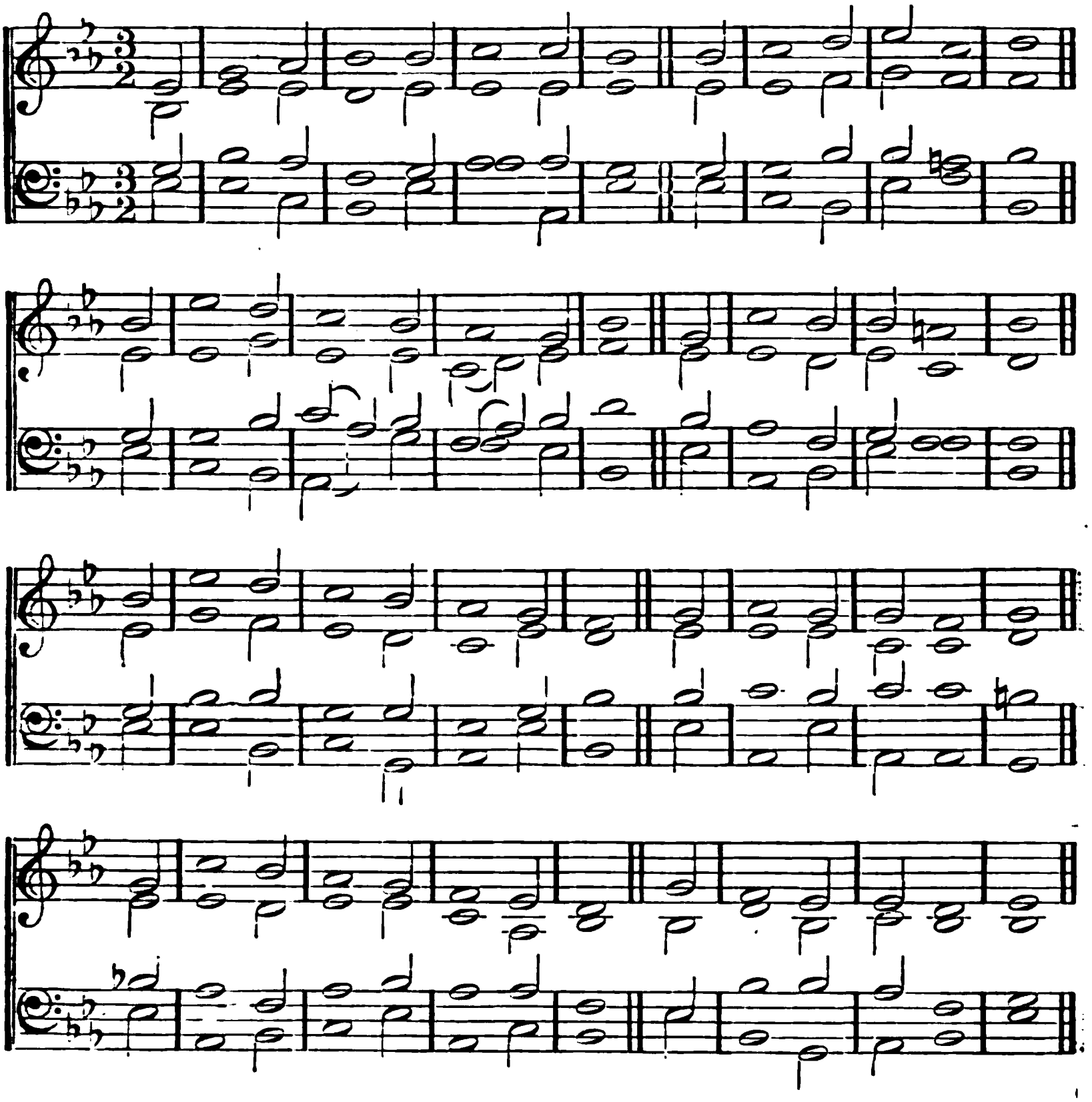
OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. The Melody as given in DAMAN'S Psalter, 1579.*



* The Title of this very rare Psalter is "THE PSALMES OF DAVID IN ENGLISH meter, with Notes of foure partes set vnto them, by *Guilielmo Daman*, for *John Bull*, to the vse of the godly Christians, for recreatyng themselves, in stede of fond and vnseemly Ballades. *anno* 1579. AT LONDON. Printed by John Daye. *Cum privilegio.*" In a commendatory Preface by Edward Hake, Gent., *John Bull* is said to have been a "Citezen and Goldsmith of London," and "his honest frend *Guilielmo Daman* one of her Maiesties Musitions."

# CONFIRMATION.

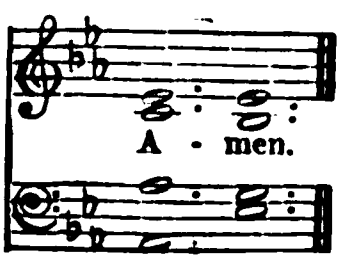
OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.

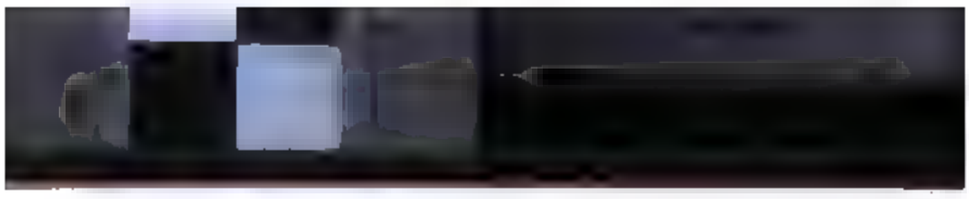


## 126.

WITNESS, ye men and Angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make a solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—
That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.





# CONFIRMATION.

LEIPSIG. 8,8, 8,8, 8,8.

J. HERMANN SCHEIN'S
'Cantional.' 1627.

# CONFIRMATION.

## 127.

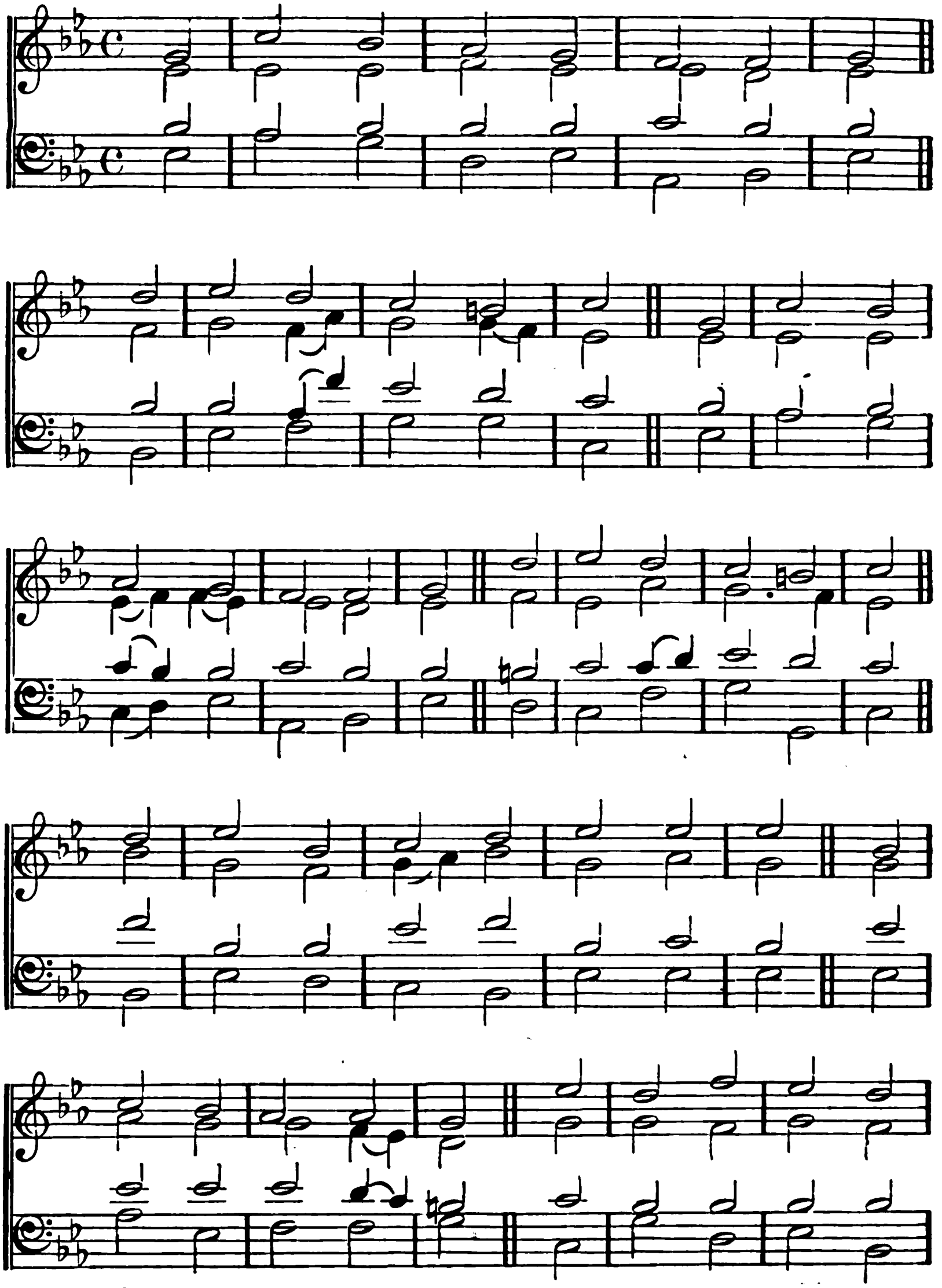
LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongues could speak,
The children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee this day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again?
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread;
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

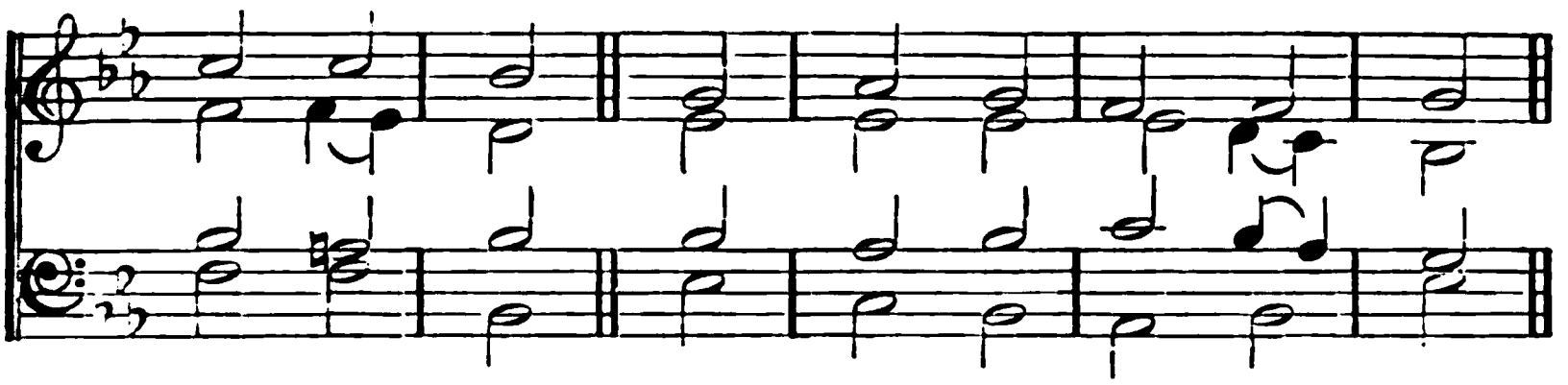
Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone;—but then,
When life and death and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

BERNBERG. D. C. M. HANS LEO HASSLER. 1601.

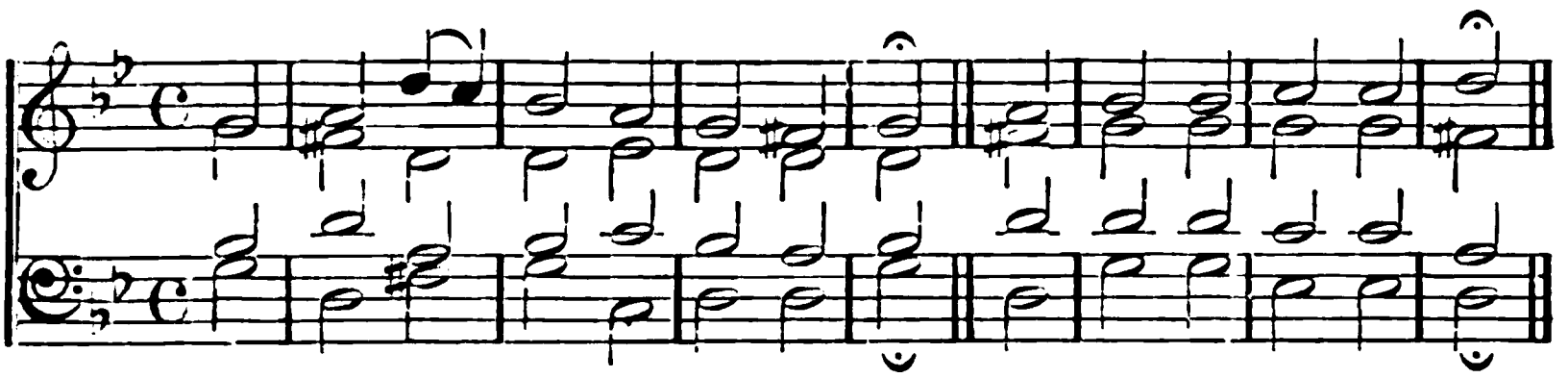


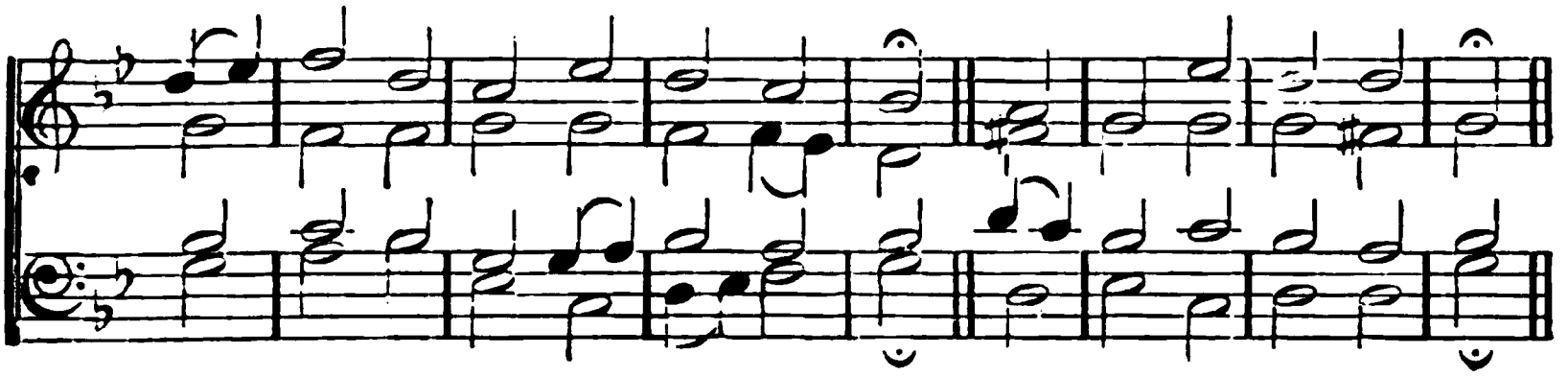
# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.



*Or,*

DOMINE CLAMAVI. C. M. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT. 1797





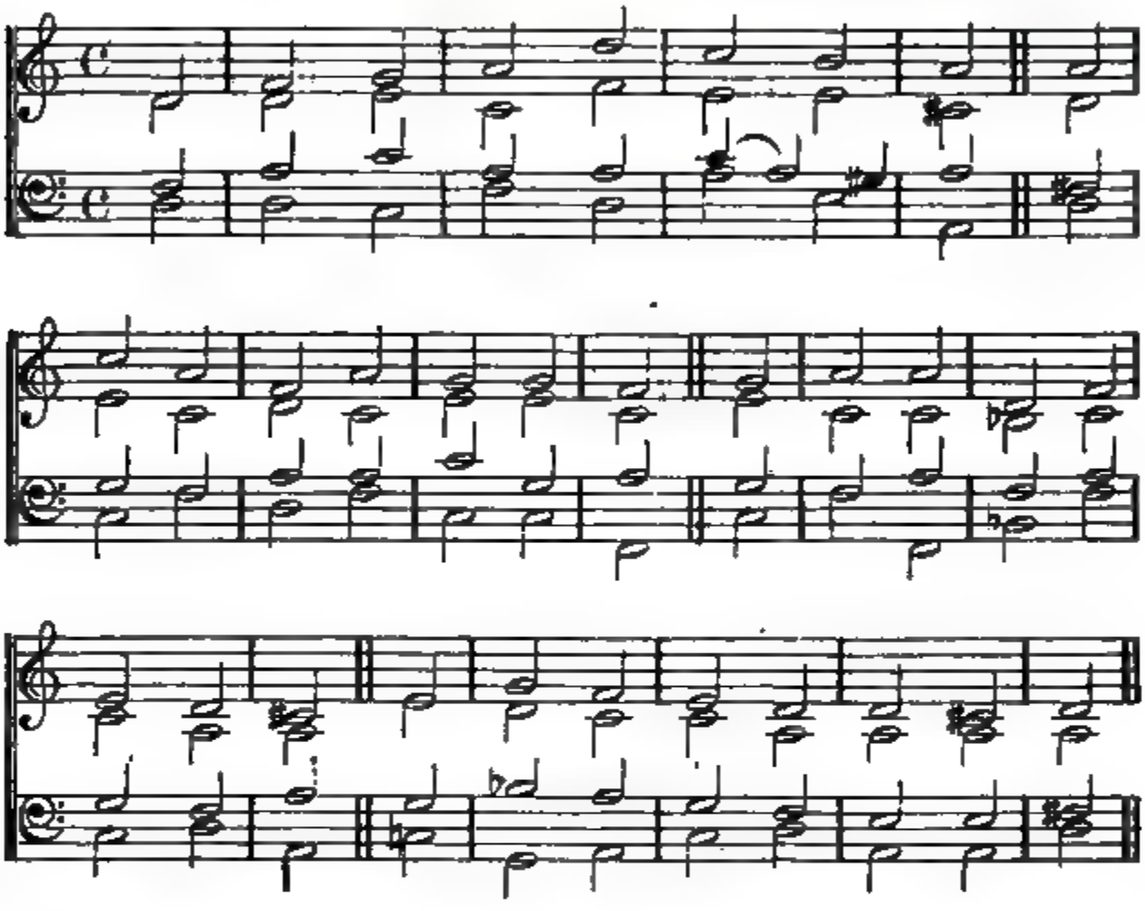
## 128.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!
With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—
No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more;
Nor shrink to tread the dreary way
Which Thou hast trod before.

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way!
When, clothed in fleshly weeds again,
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then,
That Thou hast died for me!

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

**Bamberg.** (*Laudate Dominum.*) L. M. From the Bamberg Hymn Book. 1628. (*Original harmony slightly altered.*)



### 129.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

Oh! be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before Thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

### 130.

O GOD, Thy grace and blessing give
To us who on Thy Name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.

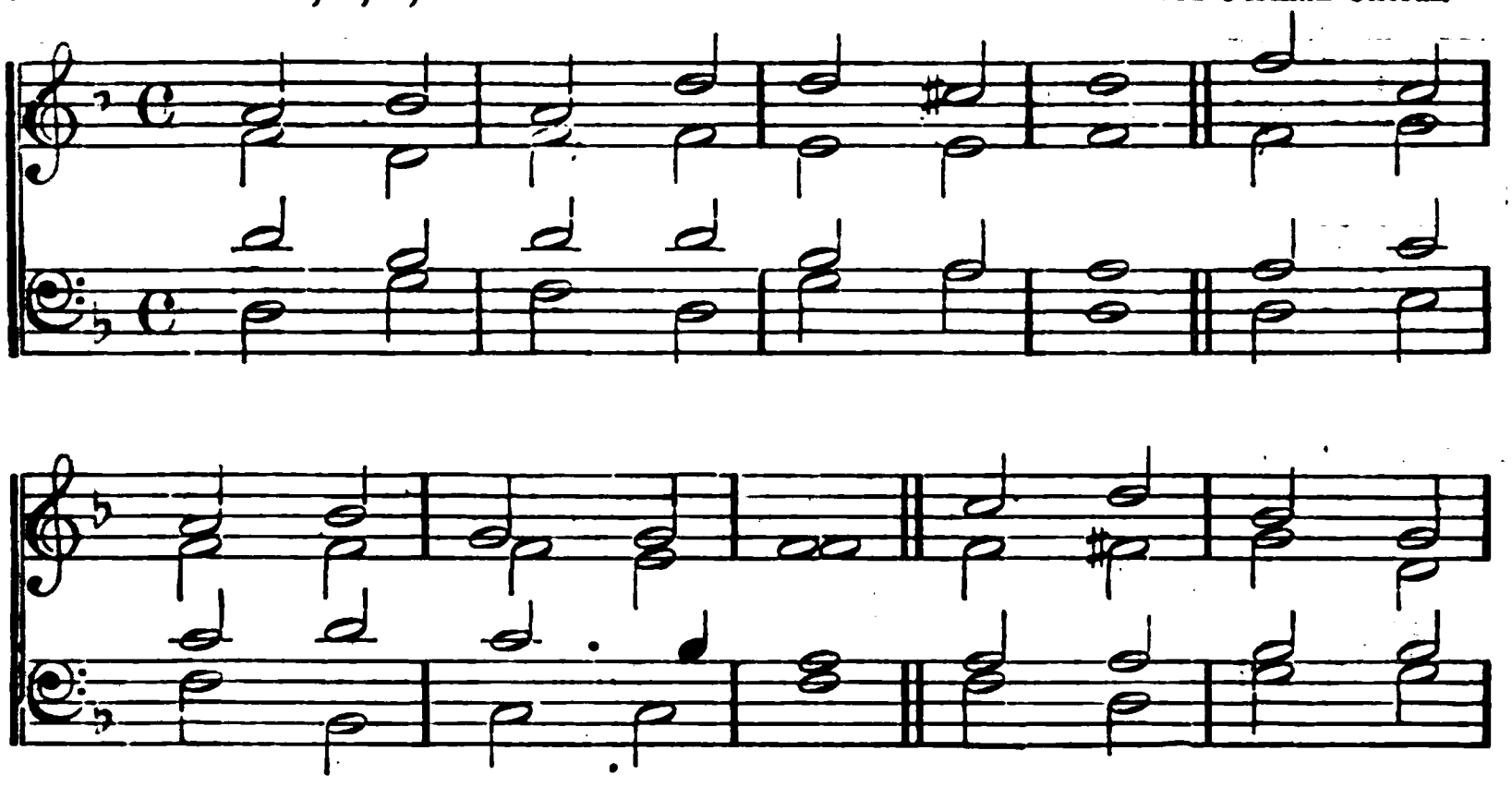
Teach us to know that Jesus died
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
Our Help from childhood to the grave.

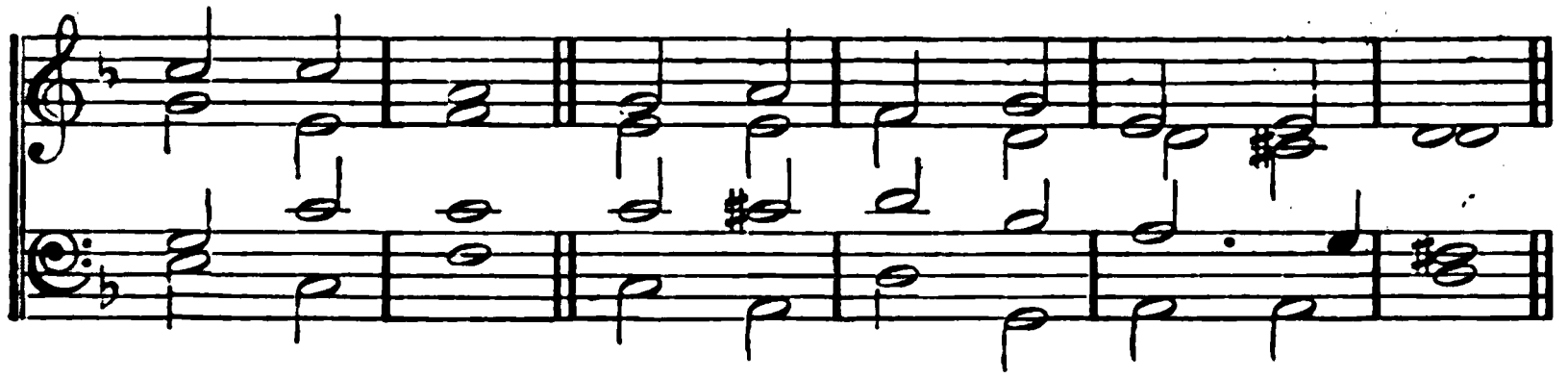
Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest;
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

And when the awful signs appear
Of judgment, and the throne above,
Our hearts still fix'd, we shall not fear;
God is our trust, and God is Love.

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

**Luxemburg.** 7, 7, 7, 7. Old German Choral.





## 131.

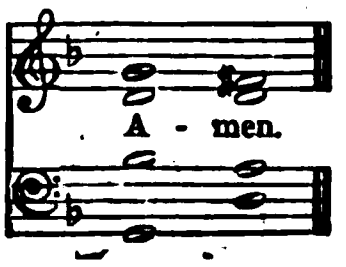
WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier:
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

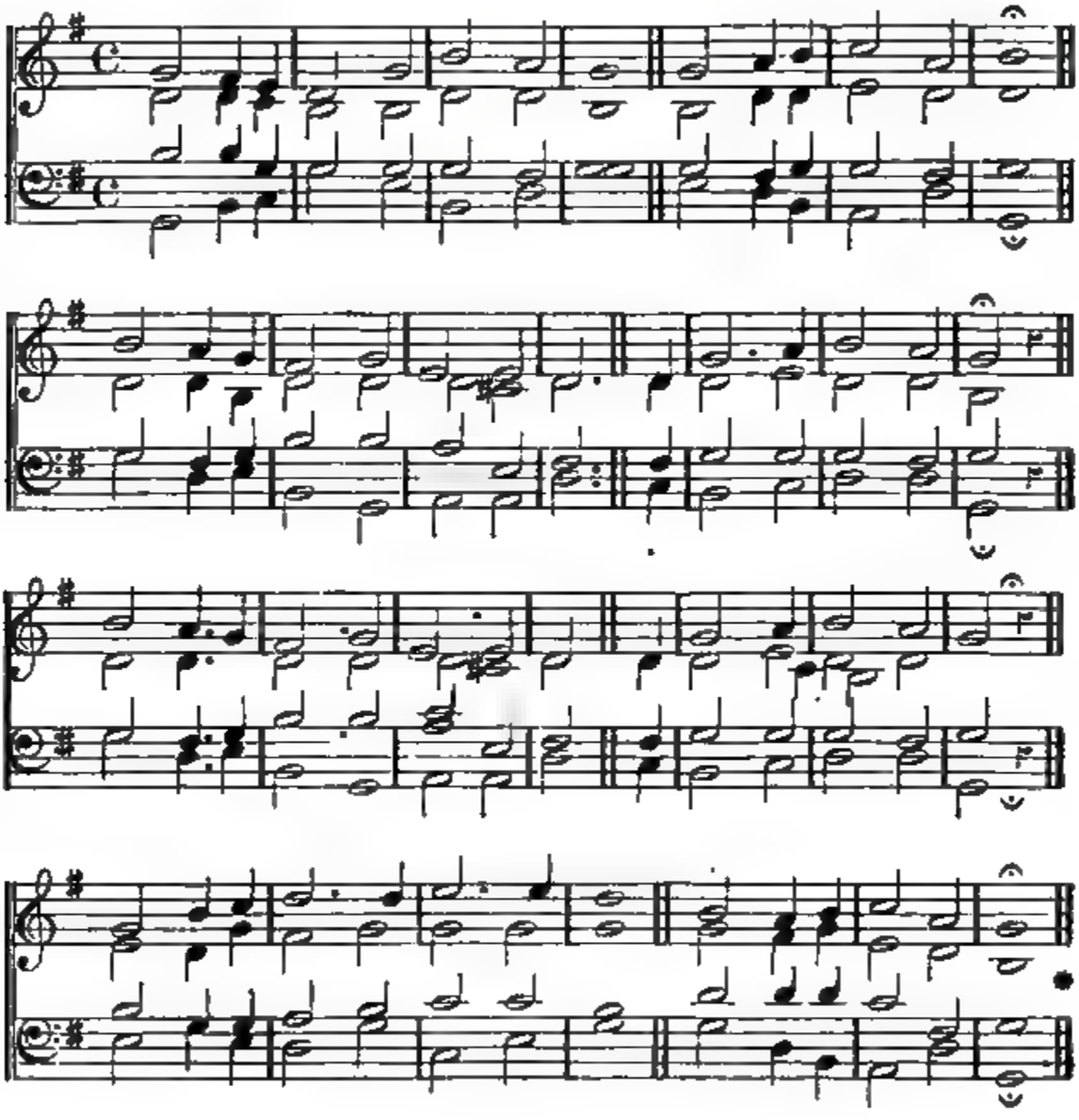
When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!



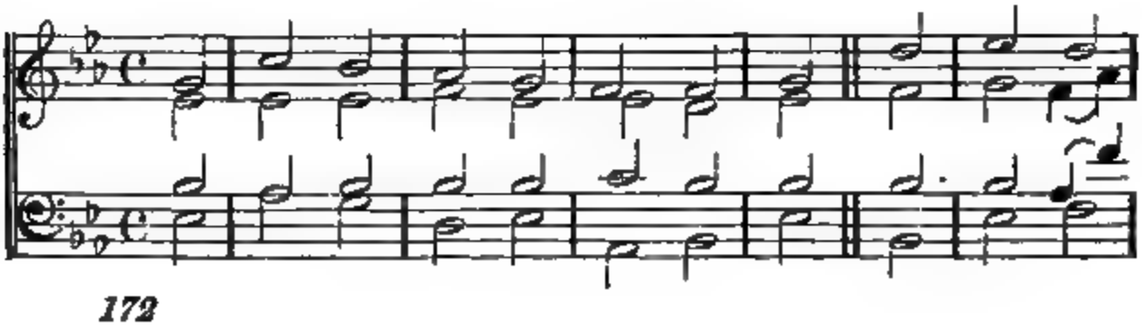
## FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

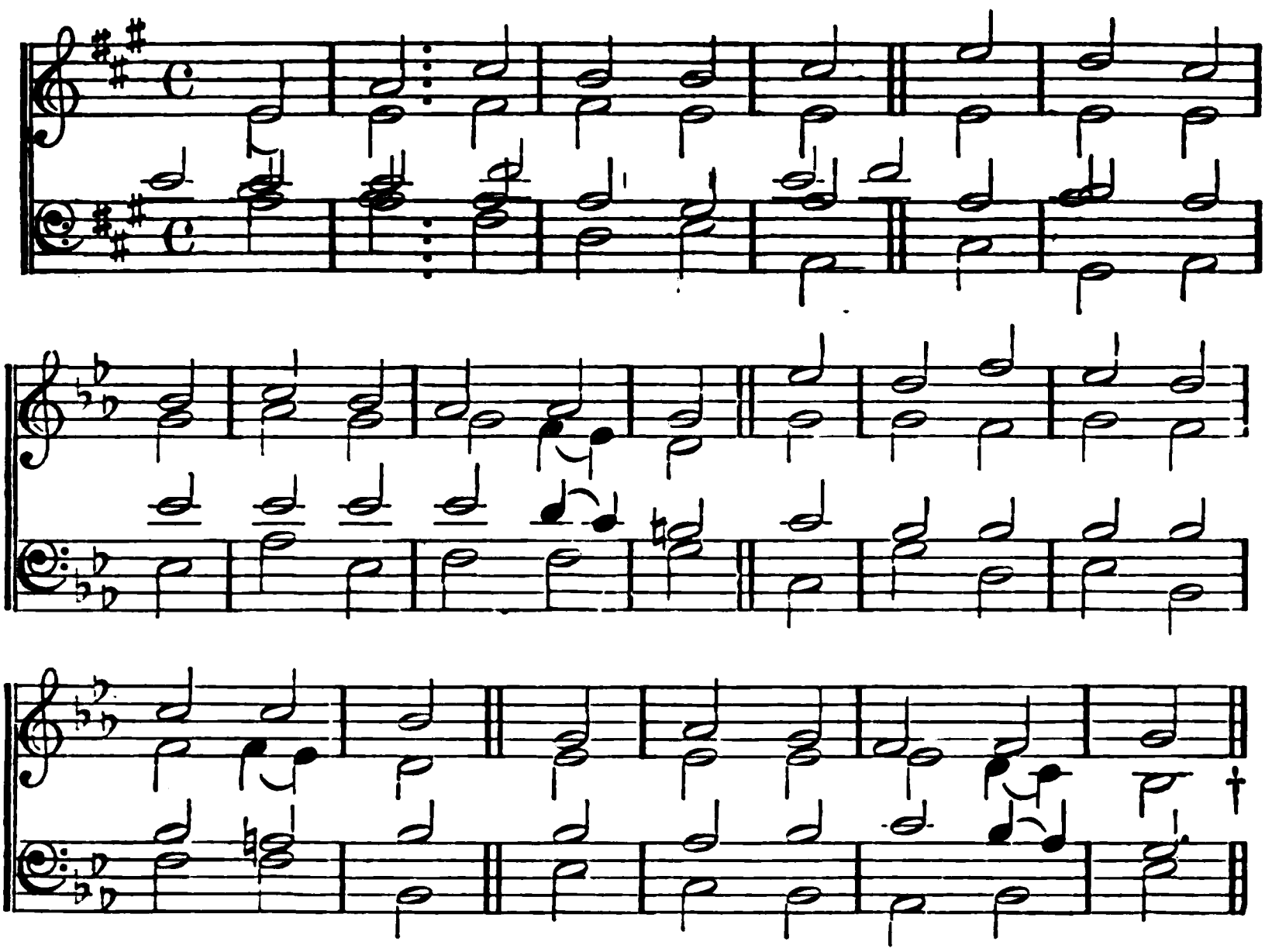
OLD 137TH PSALM. D. C. M. From DAMAN'S Psalter, 1579.



*Or,*

BERNBERG. D. C. M. HANS LEO HASSLER. 1601.



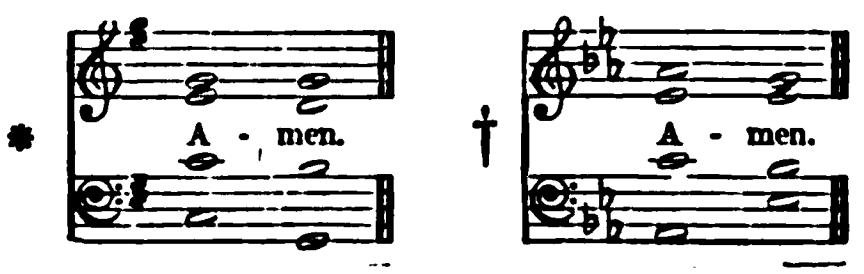


## 132.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

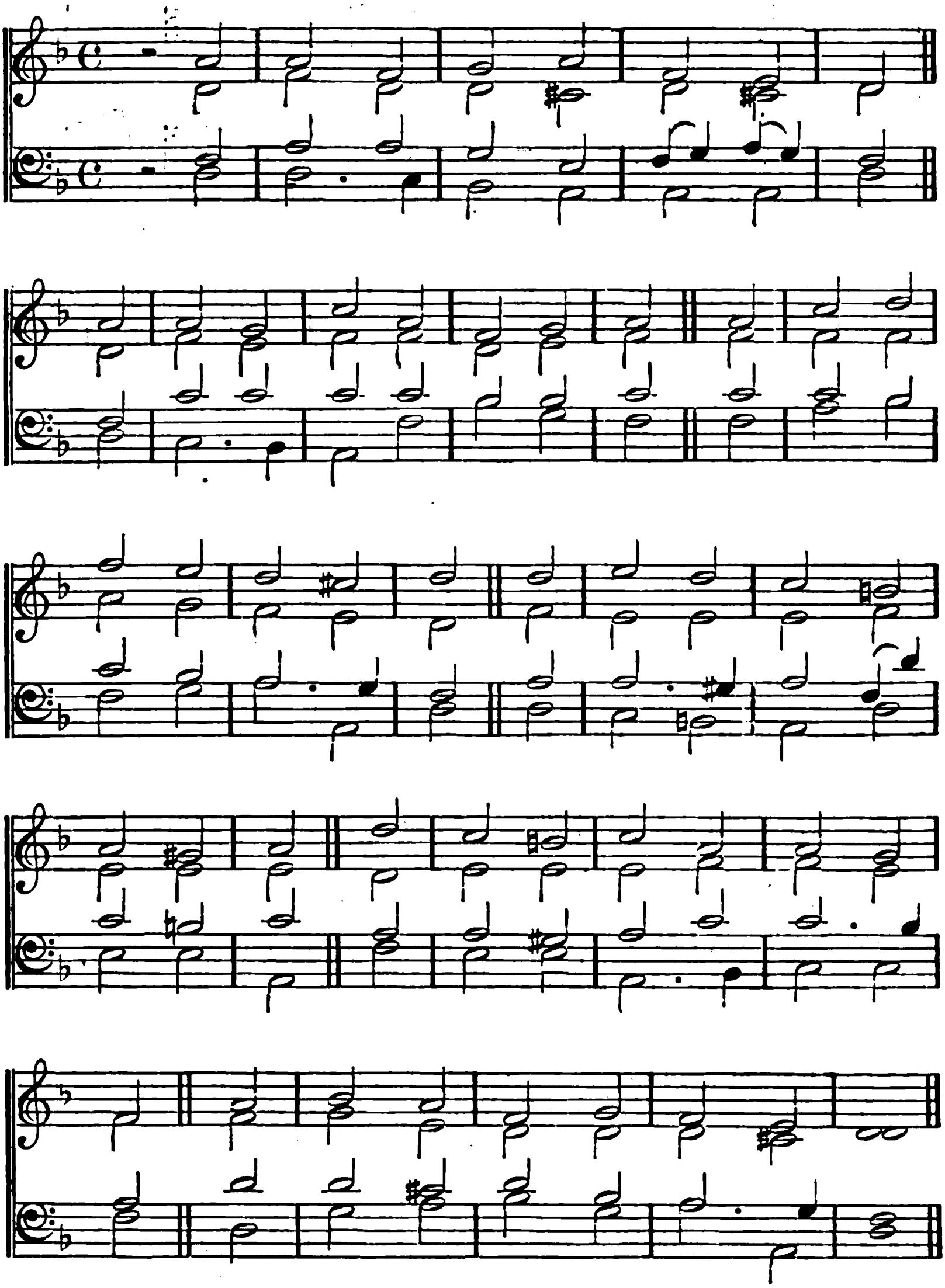
Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,
To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried, and help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
"Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, then let Thy mercy spare."



## FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

OLD 112TH PSALM. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. LUTHER. Died, 1546.



## 133.

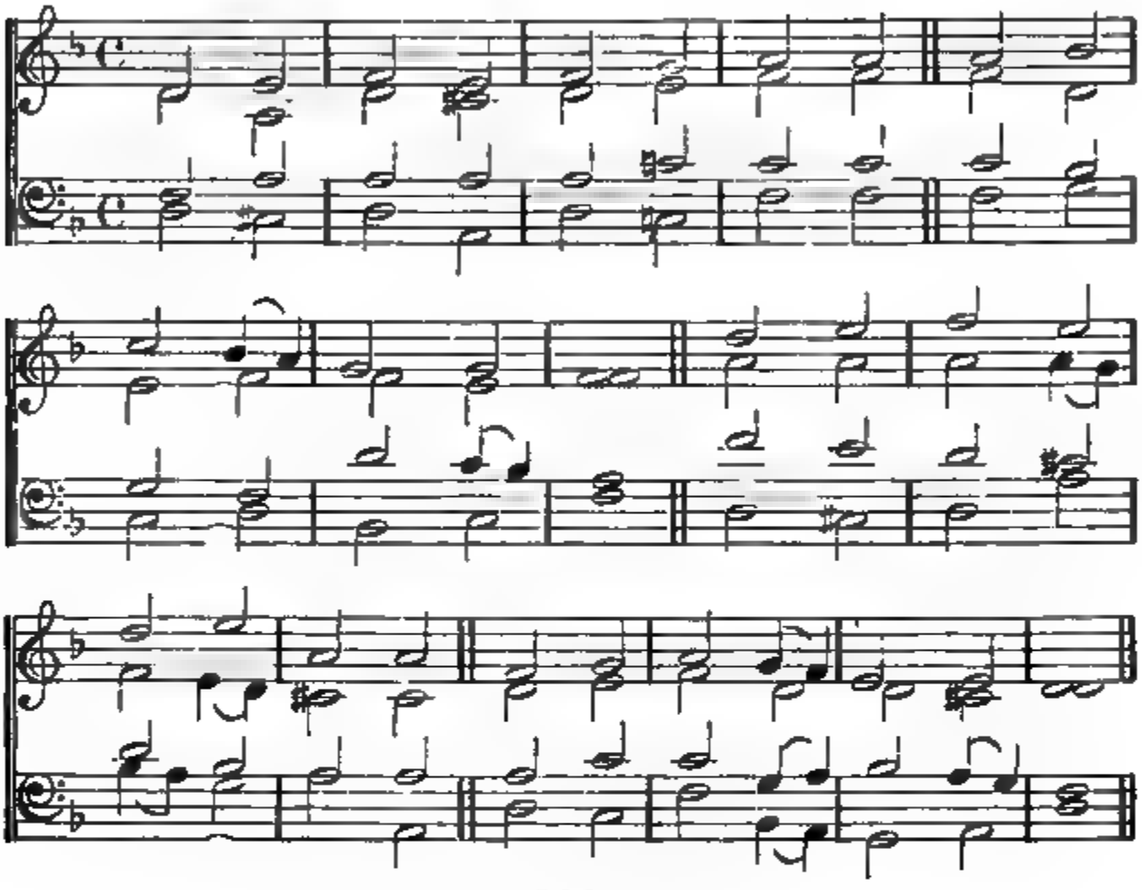
GREAT God, to Thee our song we raise,
To Thee devote our grateful praise;
O never may our footsteps rove
From Thee, the source of truth and love;
But may we still Thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

What though the fig-tree shall decay,
Fruitless the vine shall waste away;
Although the olive shall not bear,
Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear;
Yet still may we Thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

Though in our folds no flocks abound,
And in our stalls no herd be found,
Though all the hopes of plenty fail,
Though blighting pestilence prevail;
Yet may we still Thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

## FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. 8, 7, 8, 7. STORL. 1744.



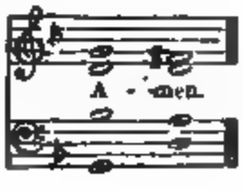
### 134.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

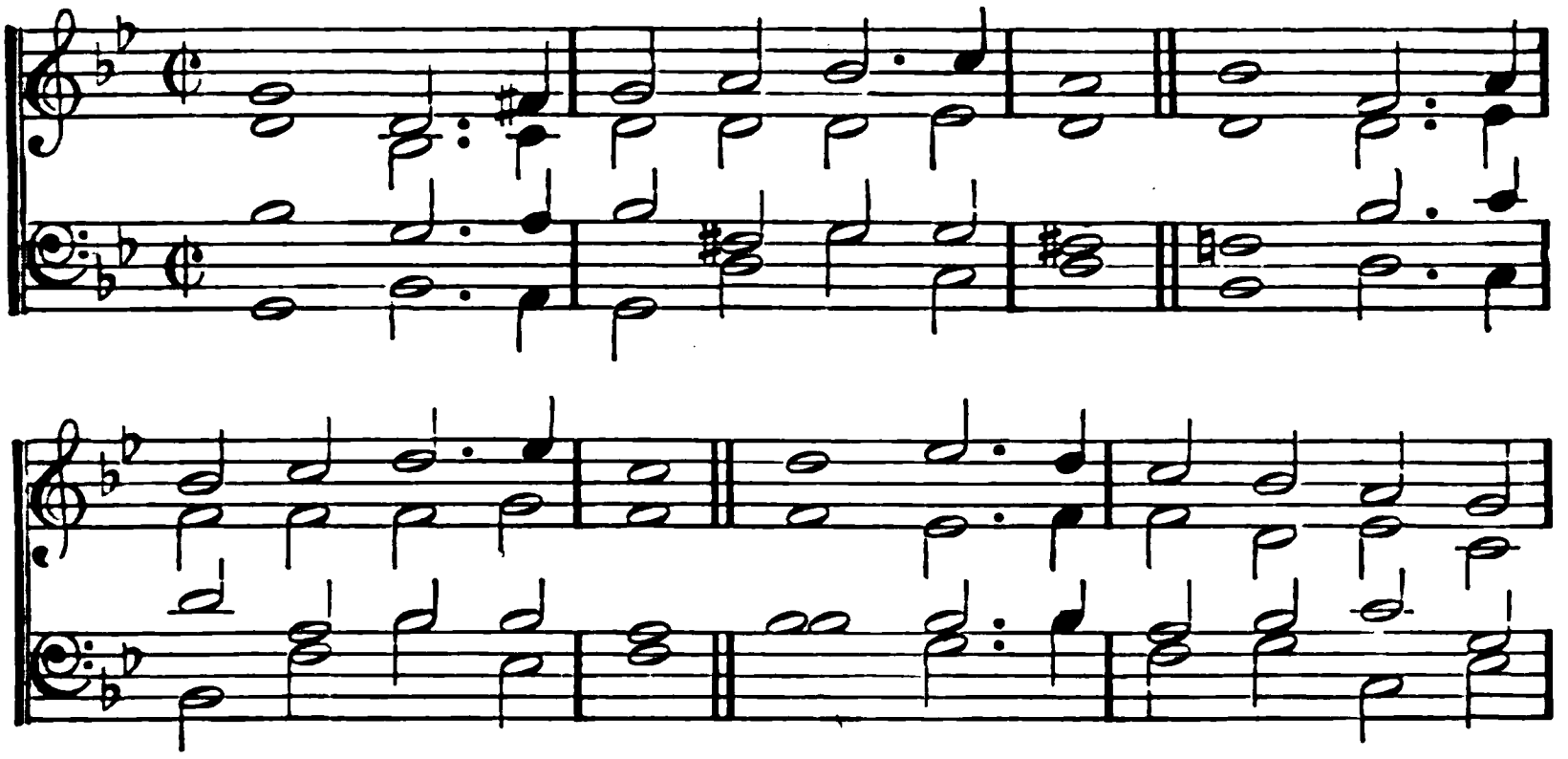
Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

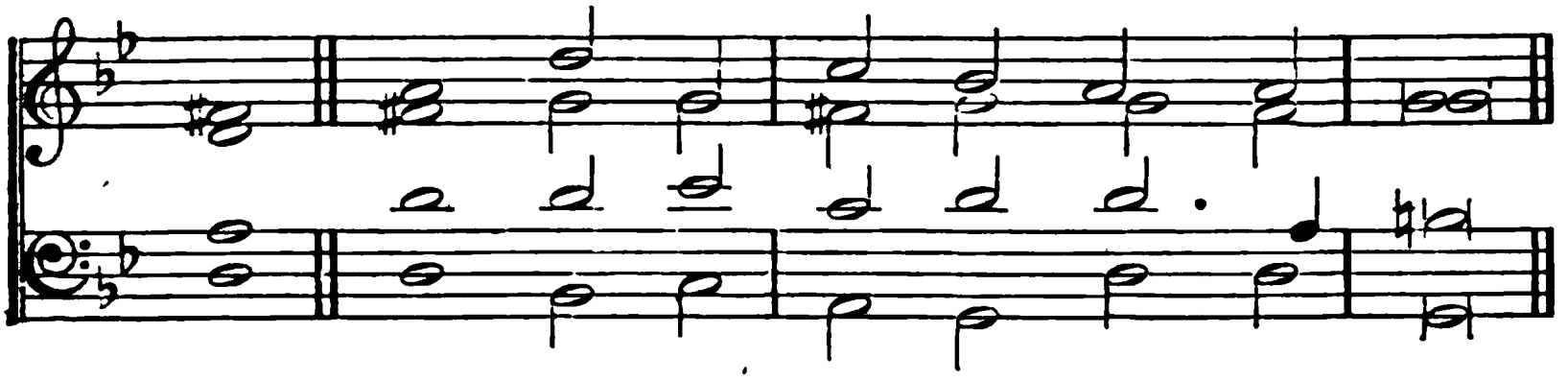
Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.



# FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

CANNONS. L. M. HANDEL. About 1742.*





## 135.

GOD of our life! to Thee we call;
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Then hear, O Lord! our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye.
To Thee their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake!

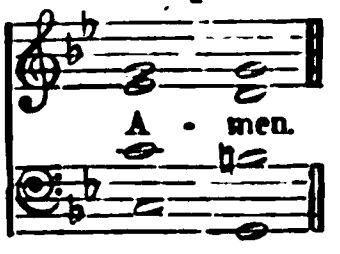
* From the Fitzwilliam MSS., (see Hymn 80). Arranged by the Rev. W. H. Havergal.

## 136.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast the wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee we call;
Our fears are great, our strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard us through the storm,
Defend us from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, Peace, be still!

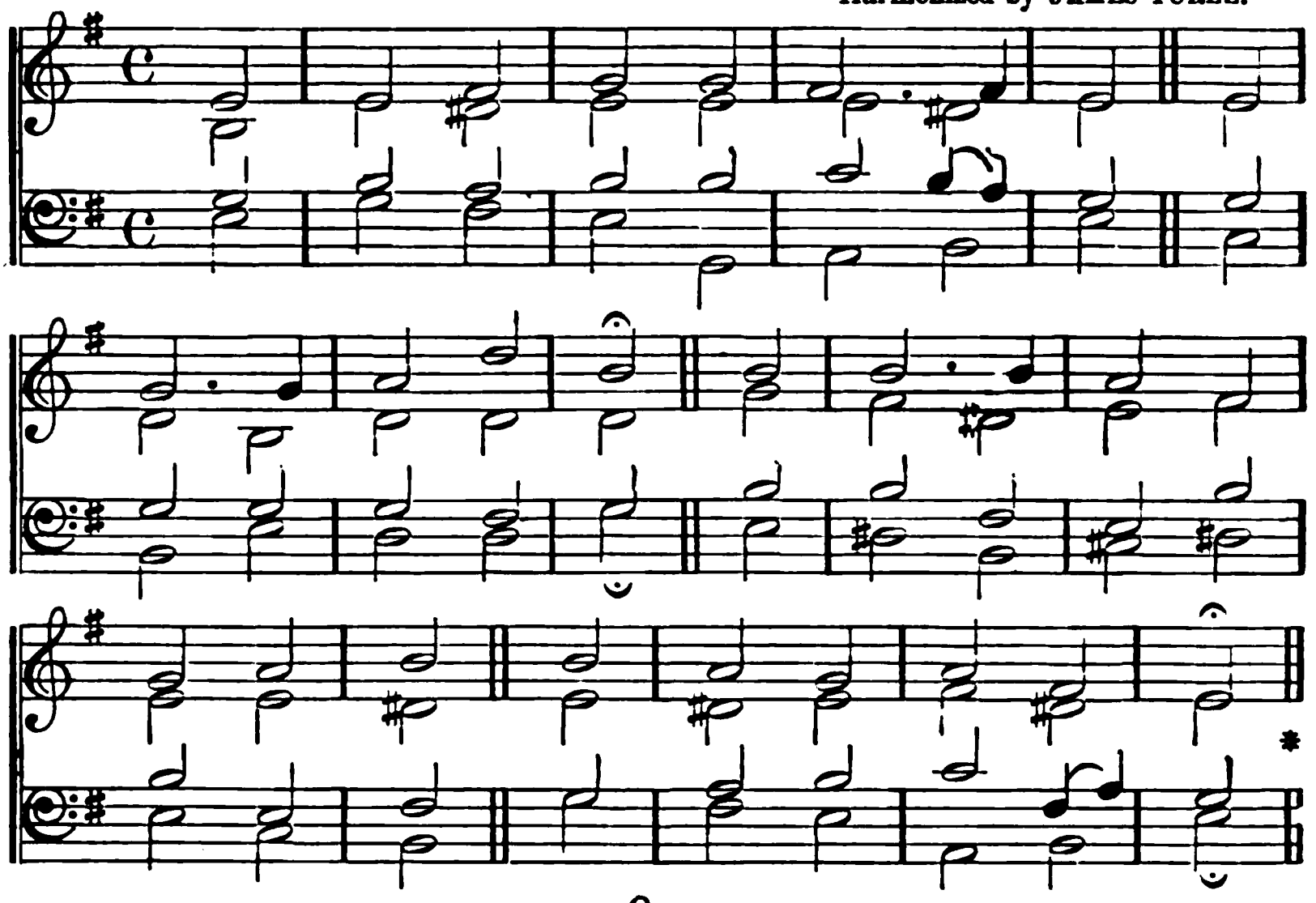
Amidst the roaring of the sea,
Our souls still hang their hope on Thee;
Thy constant love and faithful care
Support, and save us from despair.



# FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

CHESTER. C. M.

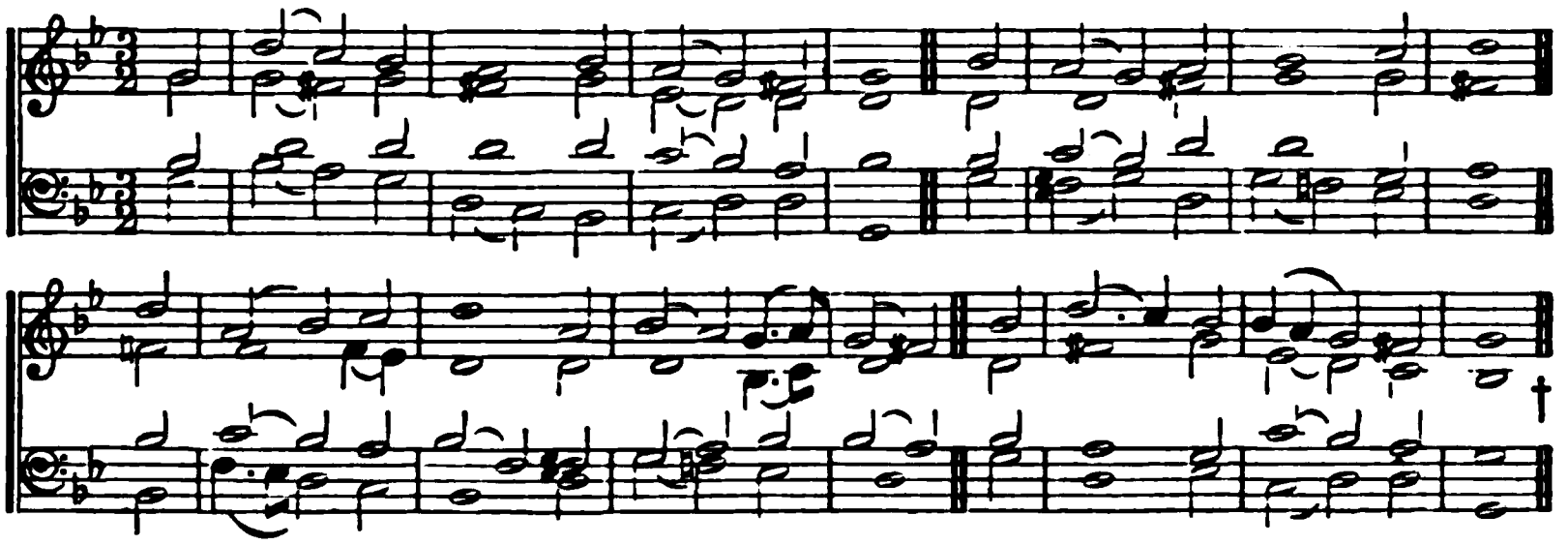
From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.
Harmonized by JAMES TURLE.



*Or,*

CROWLE. C. M.

MAURICE GREENE, Mus. D. Died, 1755.

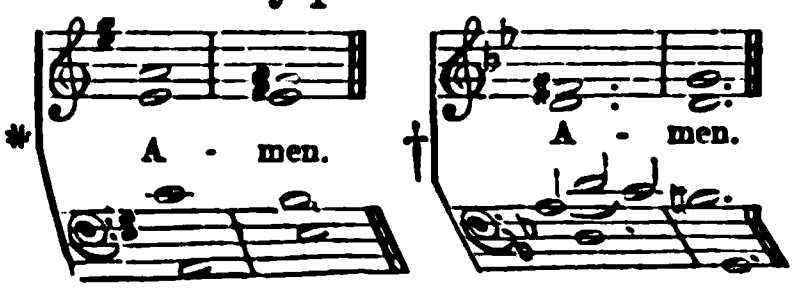


137.

O GOD, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And help us, when we pray!

The cross our Master bore for us,
*For* Him we fain would bear;
*But mortal strength* to weakness turns,
*And courage to* despair.

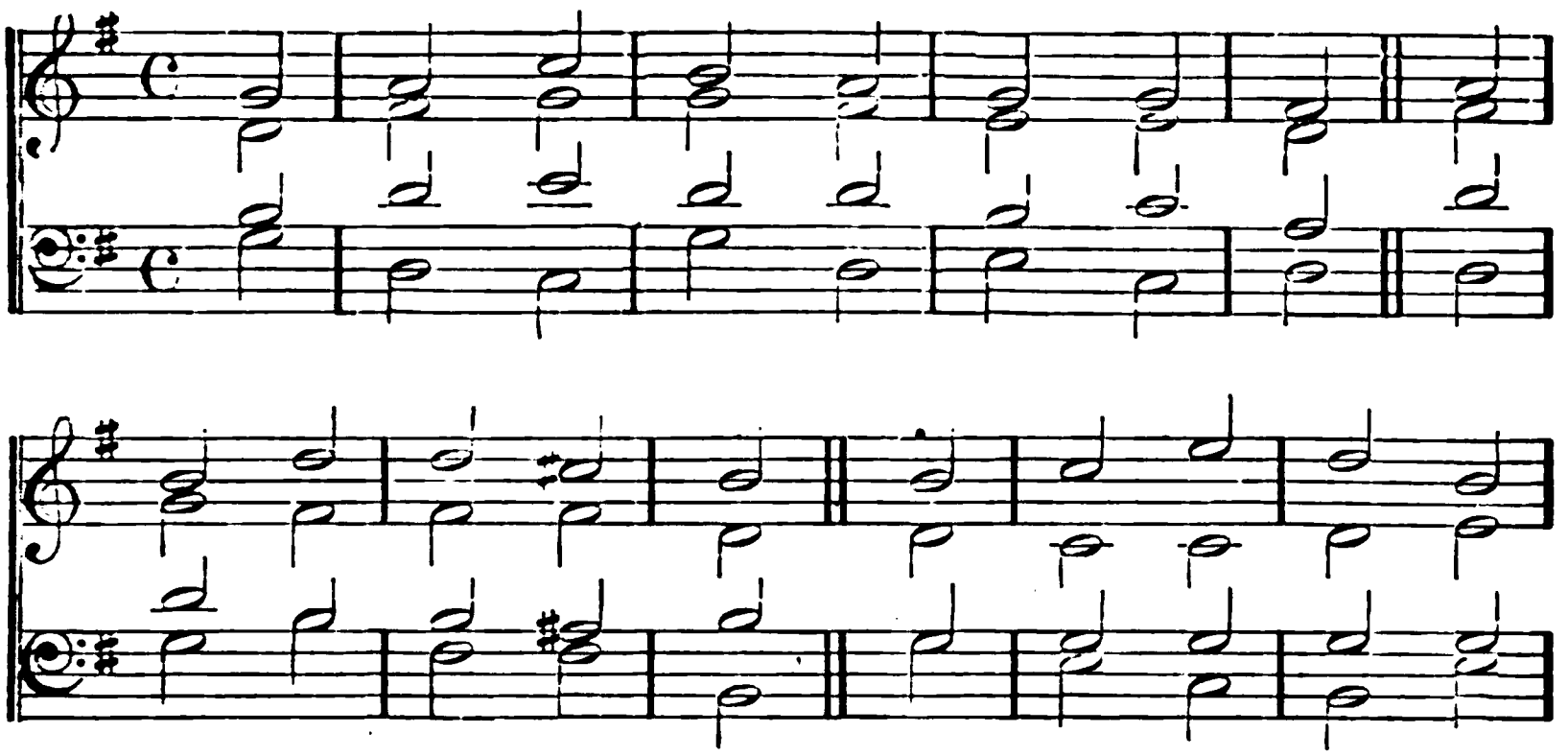
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew,
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
O send Thy patience too!



# FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

CARMEL. C. M.

From the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL's 'Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes,' 1859. (By permission.)



## 138.

ALMIGHTY LORD, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
And on Thy pardoning grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

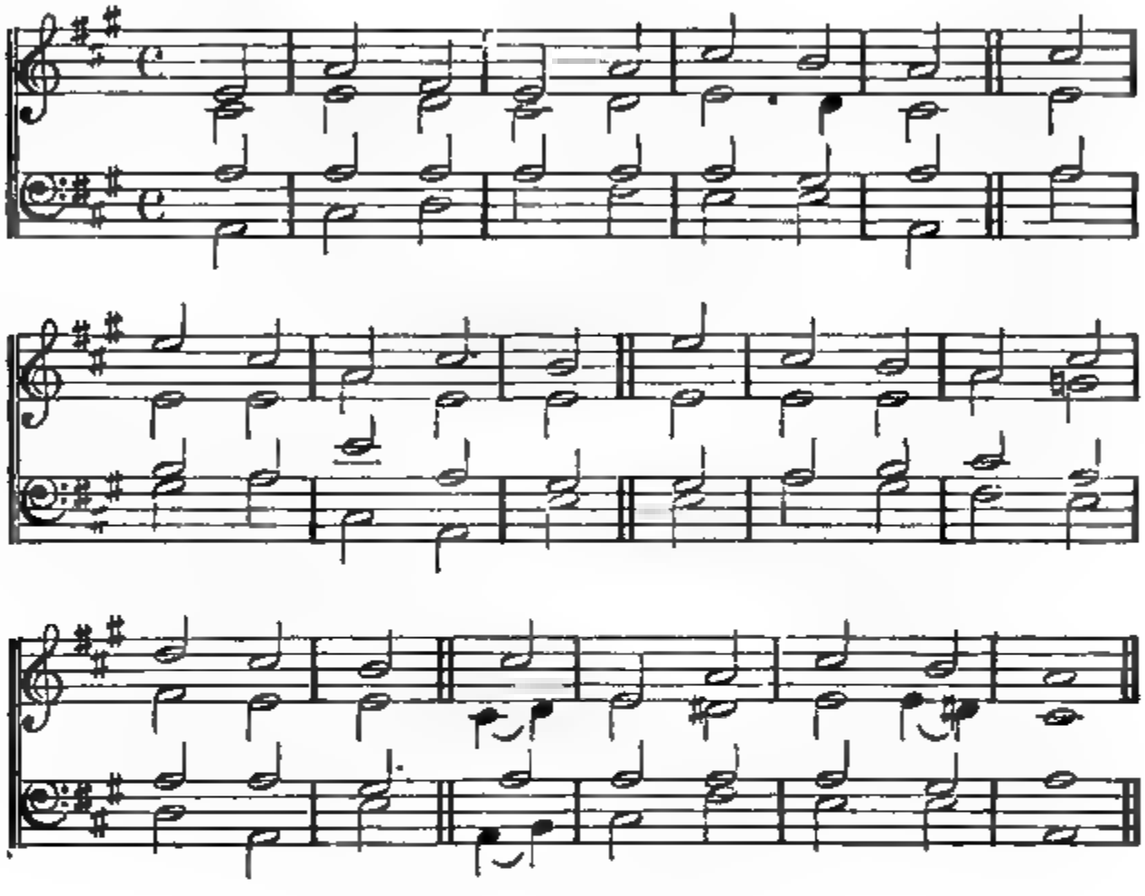
Dark judgments from Thy heavy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by Thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy Word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

Then should disease or foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
*If God* our God, be near.

## FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

MARTYRDOM. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



139.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

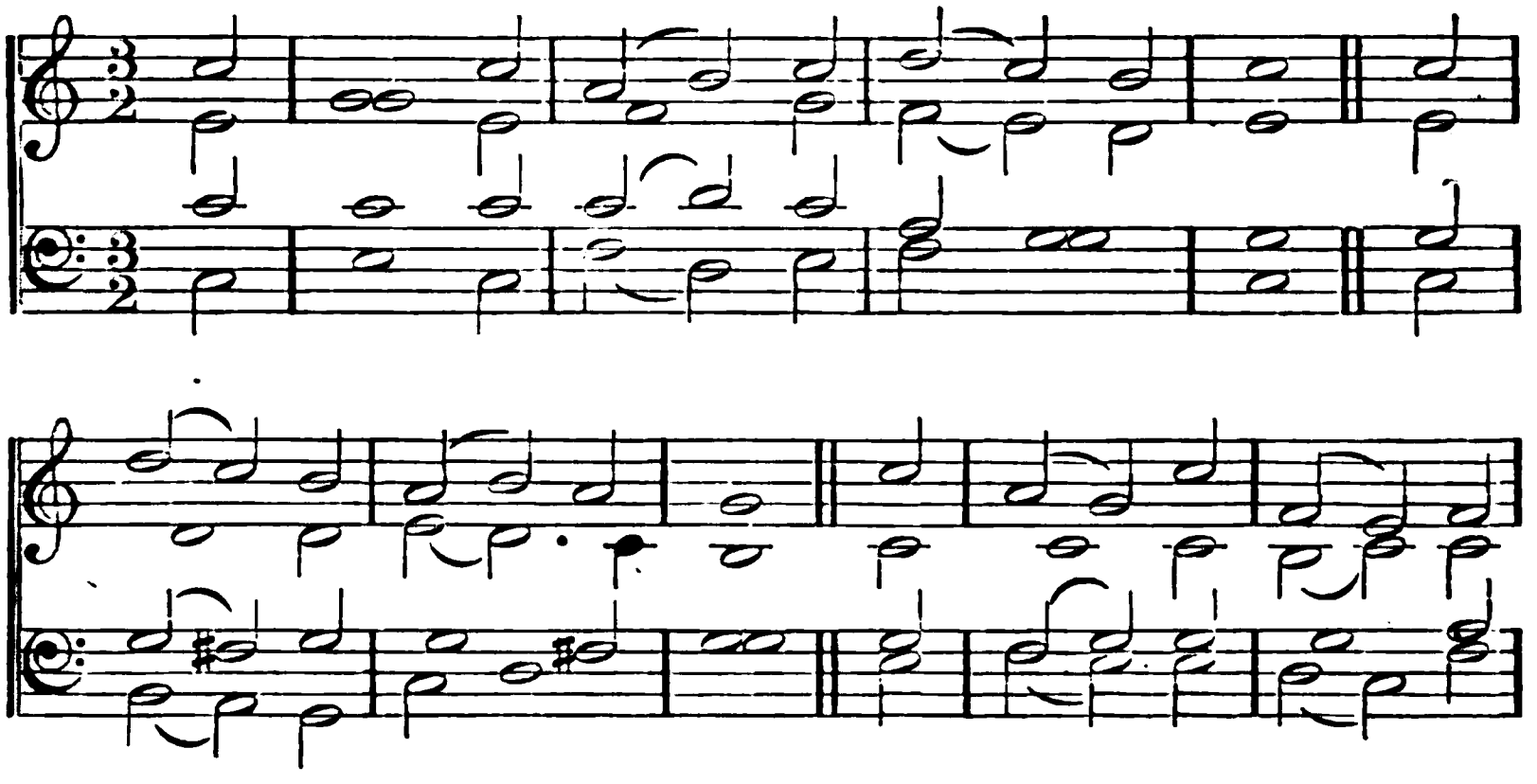
Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other Name but Thine.

# FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

OXFORD. C. M. COOMBS.

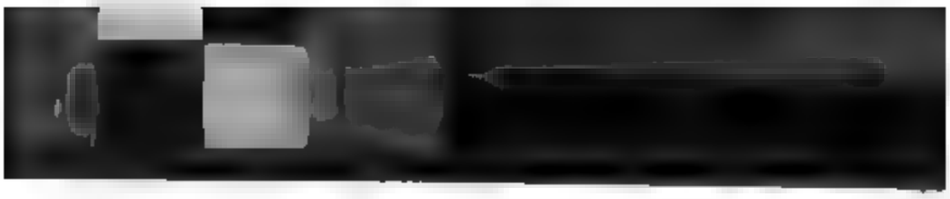


## 140.

LORD, of Thy mercy hear our cry
For this long-favour'd land;
That now, as in the days gone by,
Her strength may be Thy hand.

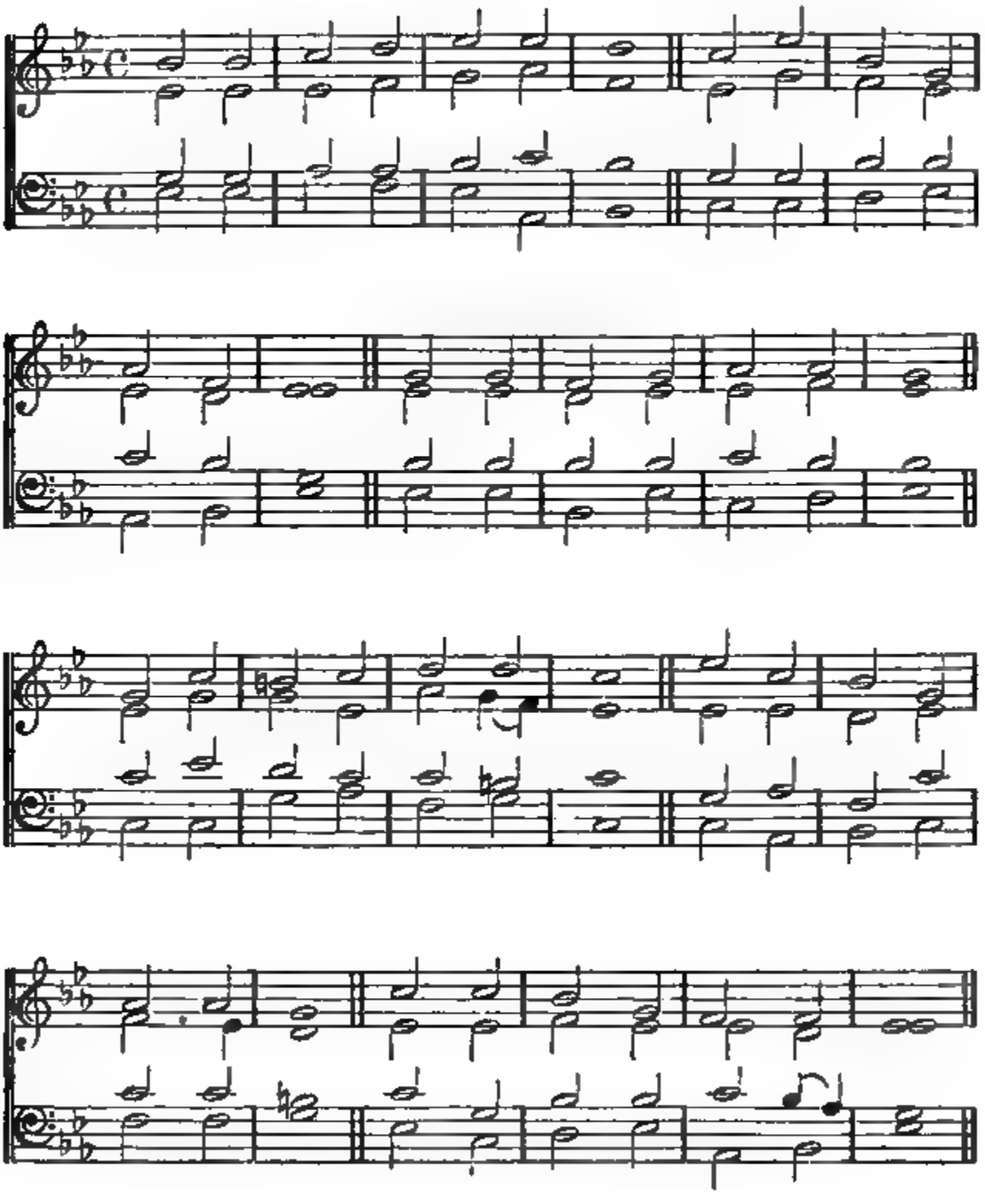
May she her holy lot fulfil,
Earth's sanctuary to be;
And stand amid the nations still,
A witness true to Thee.

And when the last dread trumpet's sound
Upon her ear shall ring,
Grant that her children may be found
Prepared to meet their King!



## THANKSGIVING.

RATISBON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. WERNER'S Choral Book. Leipsig, 1814.



# THANKSGIVING.

## 141.

### HARVEST.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

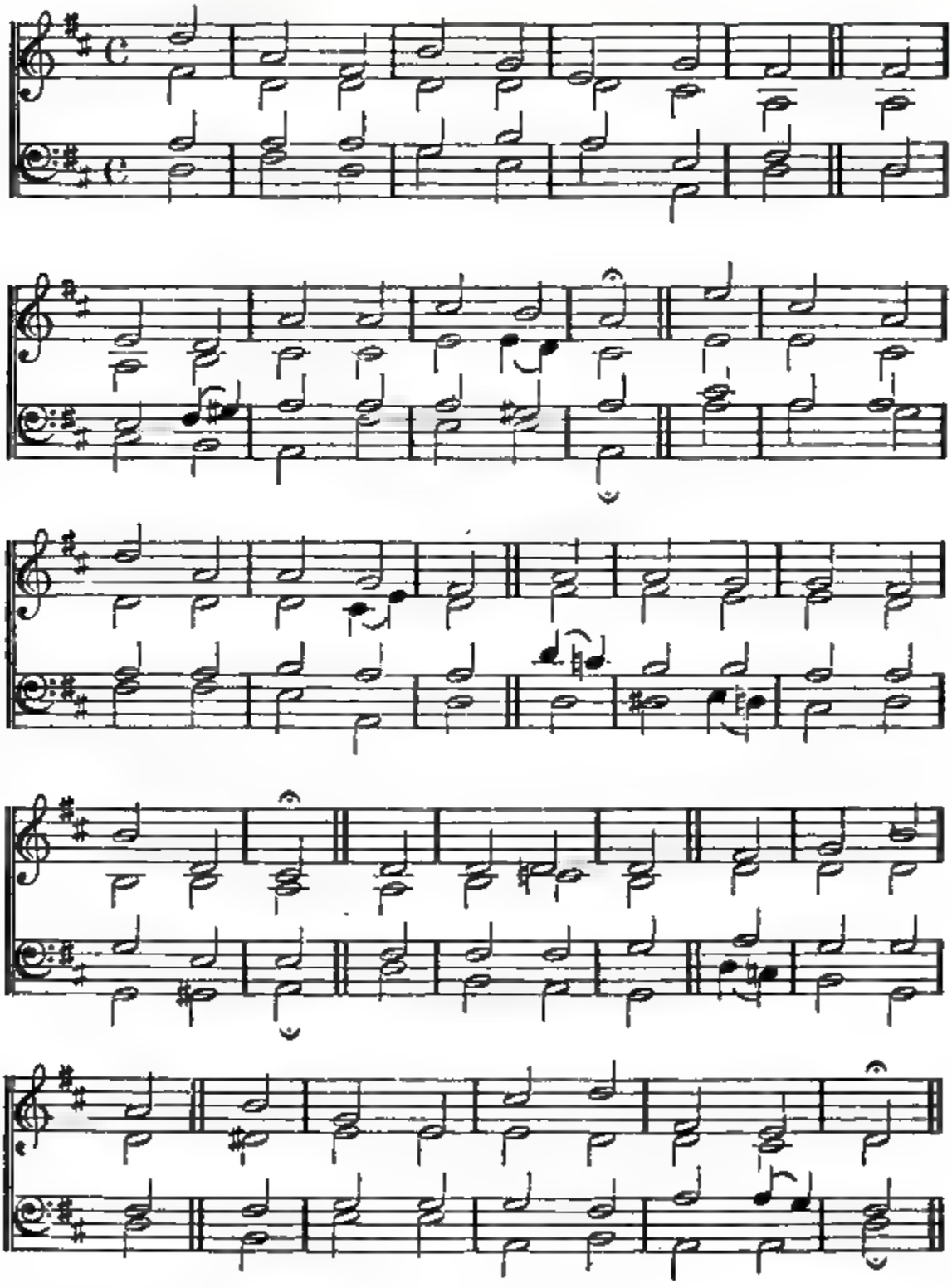
All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

# THANKSGIVING.

BIBERACH. 8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 4, 8. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT.*



* Born at Biberach, in Swabia, 1752.

# THANKSGIVING.

## 142.

### HARVEST.

LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

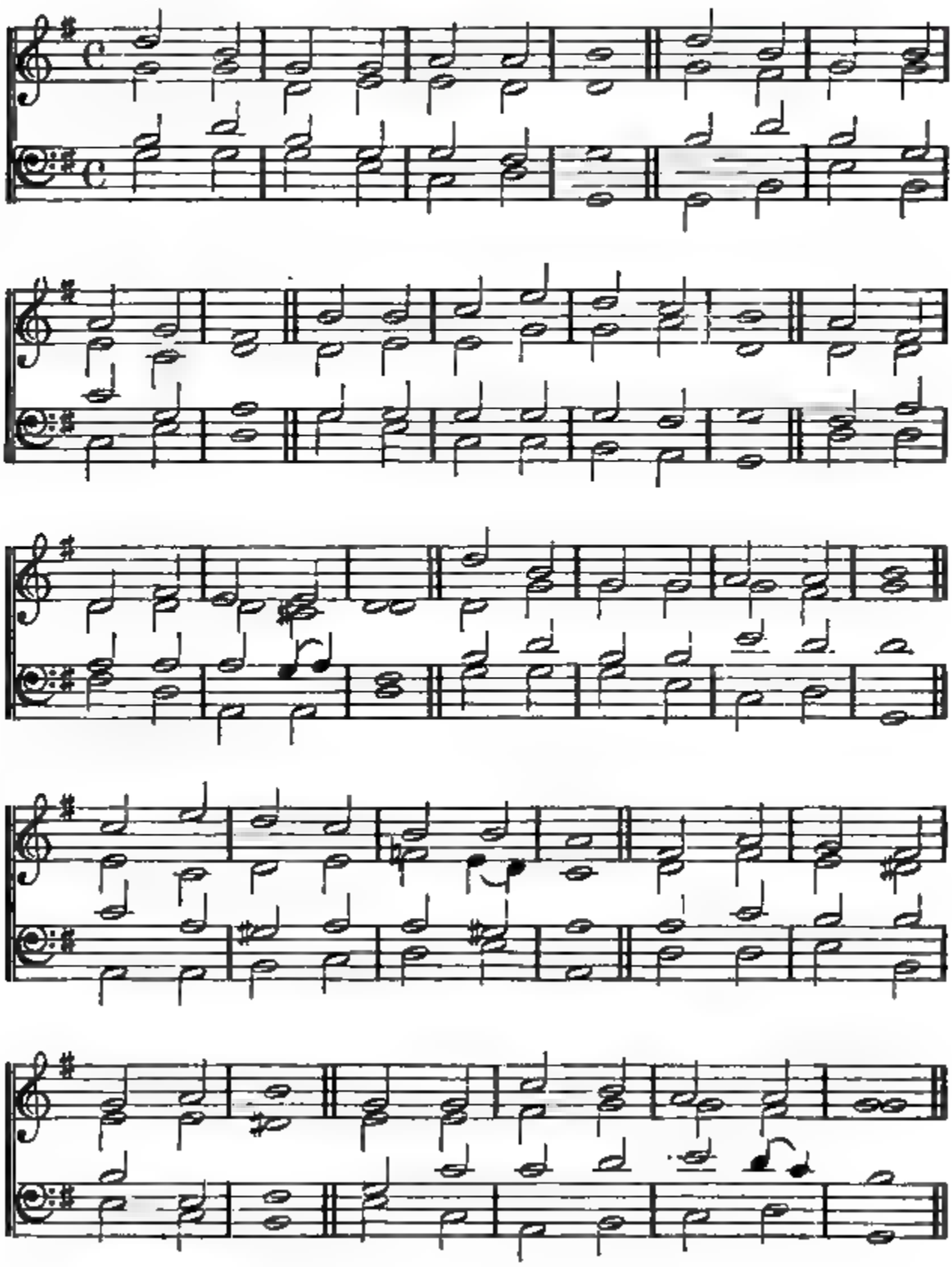
If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain,—
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

## THANKSGIVING.

**Sheir.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Rev. W. H. Havergal. 1859. (By permission.)



# THANKSGIVING.

## 143.

### HARVEST.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

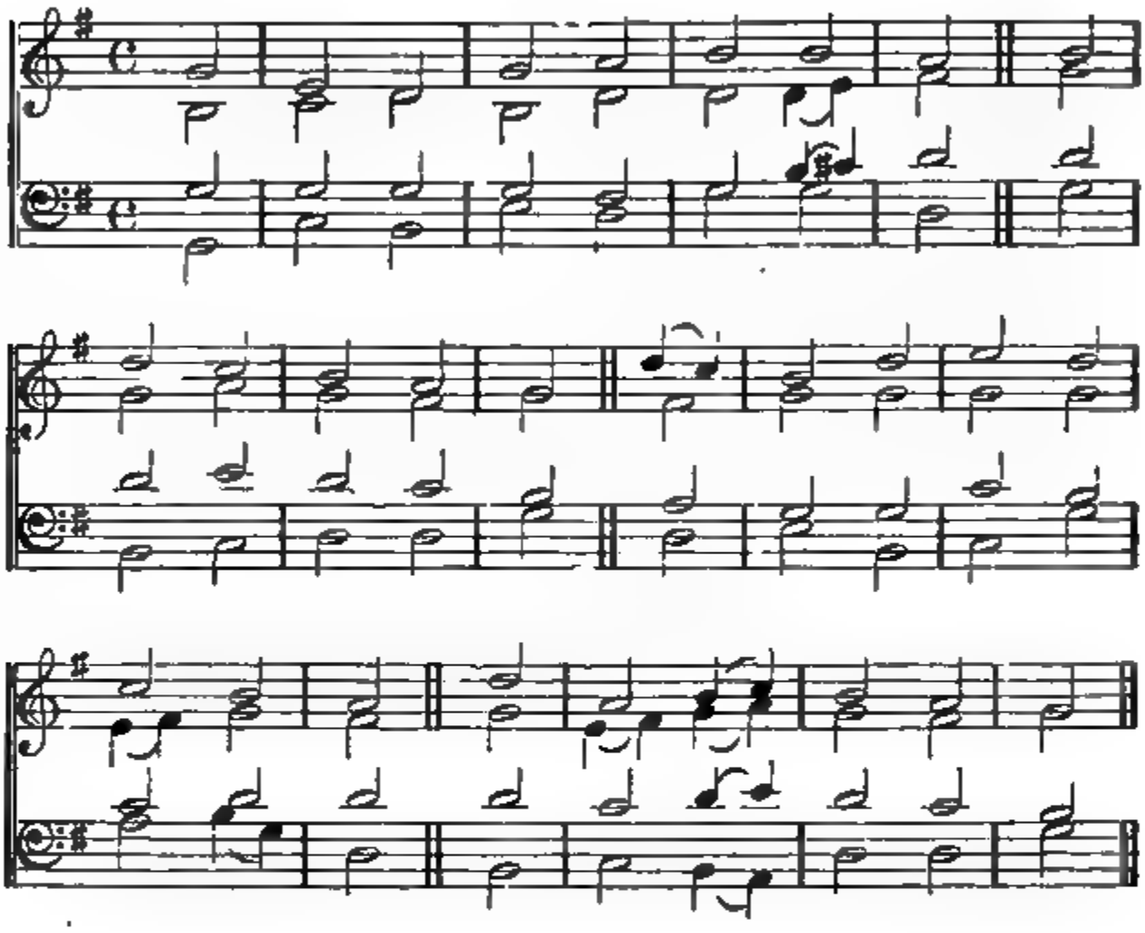
We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His kingdom in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

## THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING. C. M. JOH. CRÜGER. 1658.



### 144.

HARVEST.

FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

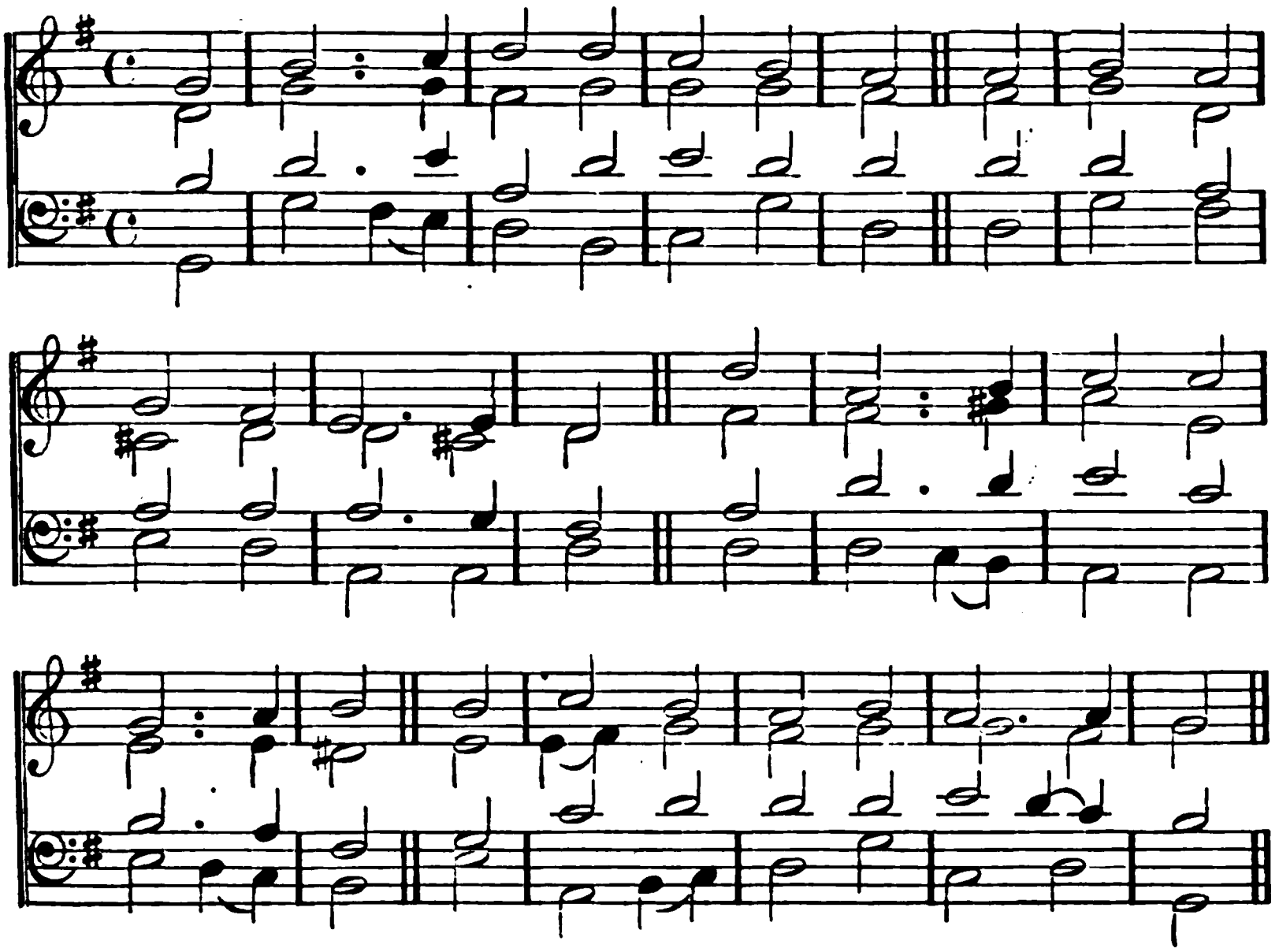
The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

# FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.

St. Faith. L. M. Bamberg Hymn-Book. 1732.



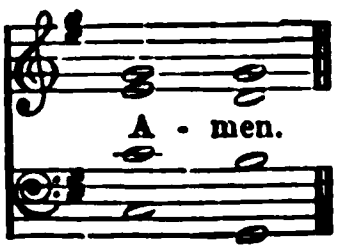
## 145.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive!

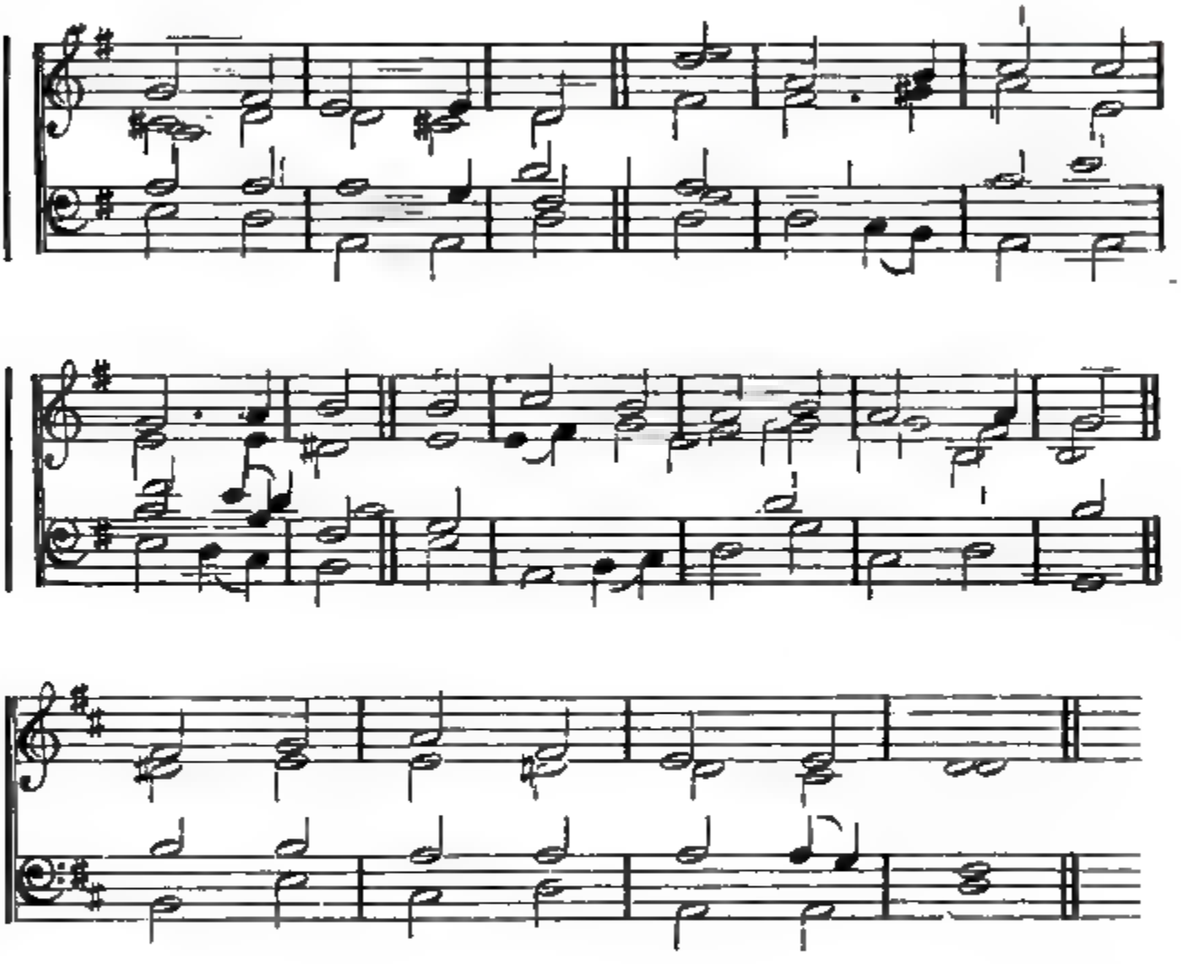
Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great Name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy Throne.



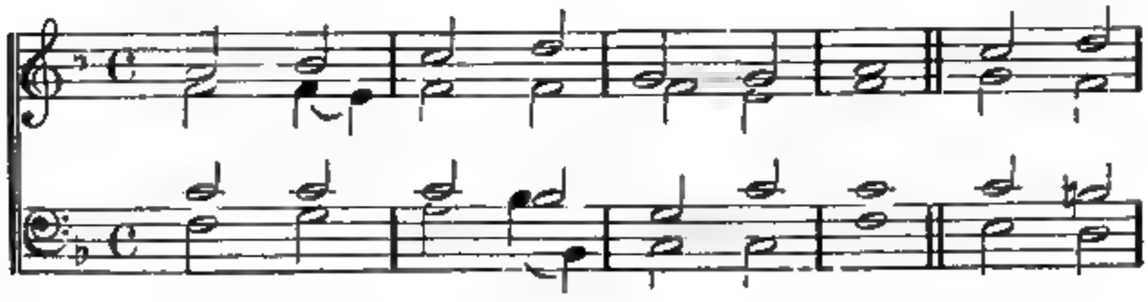
## FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.

LUBECK. 7, 7, 7, 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1704.

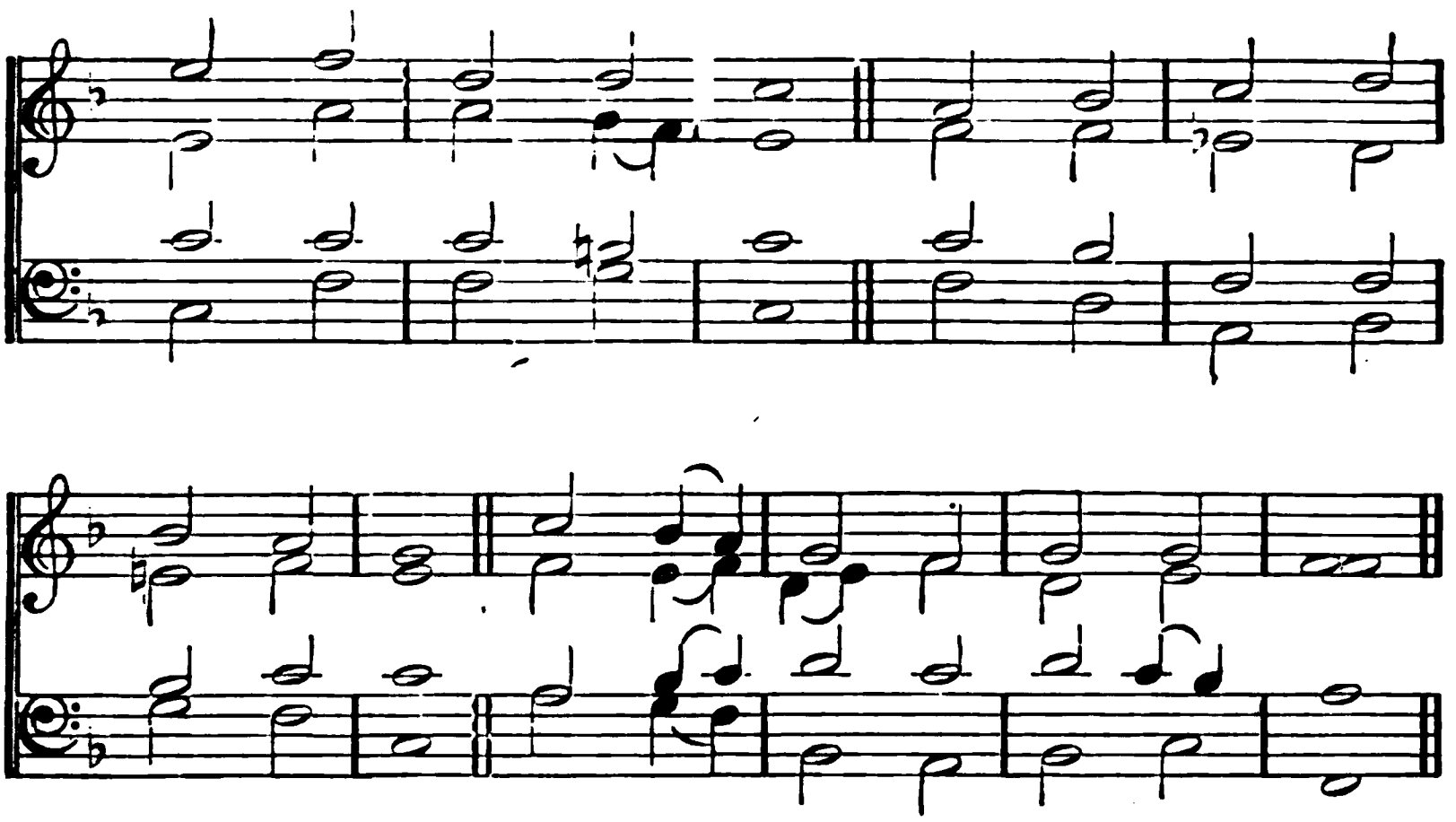


*Or,*

GIBBONS. 7, 7, 7, 7. ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.



## FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.



### 146.

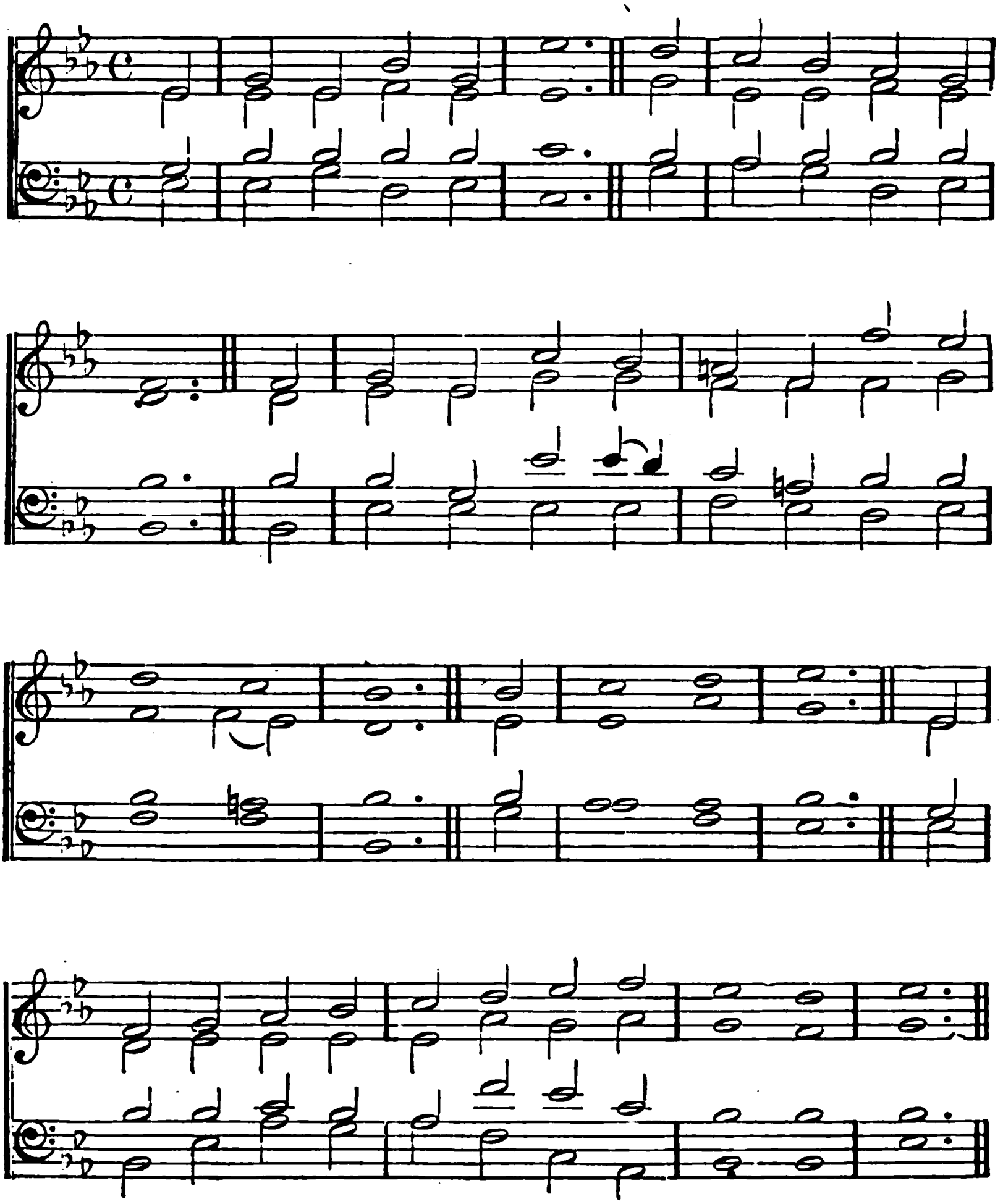
LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise.
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer,

Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread:
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

PORTSMOUTH, (*or* DARWELL'S 148TH PSALM). 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.



## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

### 147.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

Oh! happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

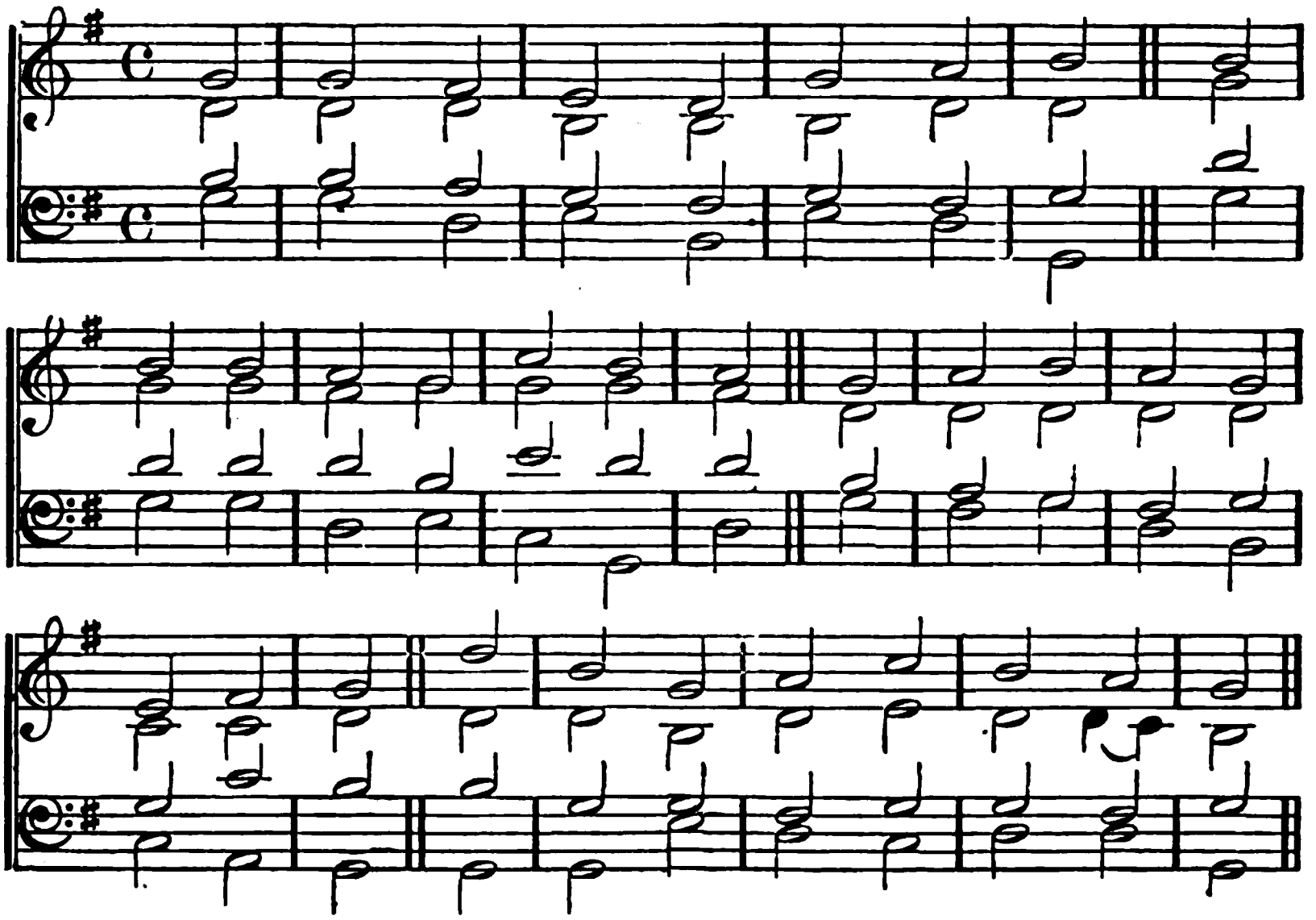
They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh! glorious seat!
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow
Upon our race
His saving grace,
And glory too.

The Lord His people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

OLD 100TH PSALM.* L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC. Geneva, about 1543.



## 148.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

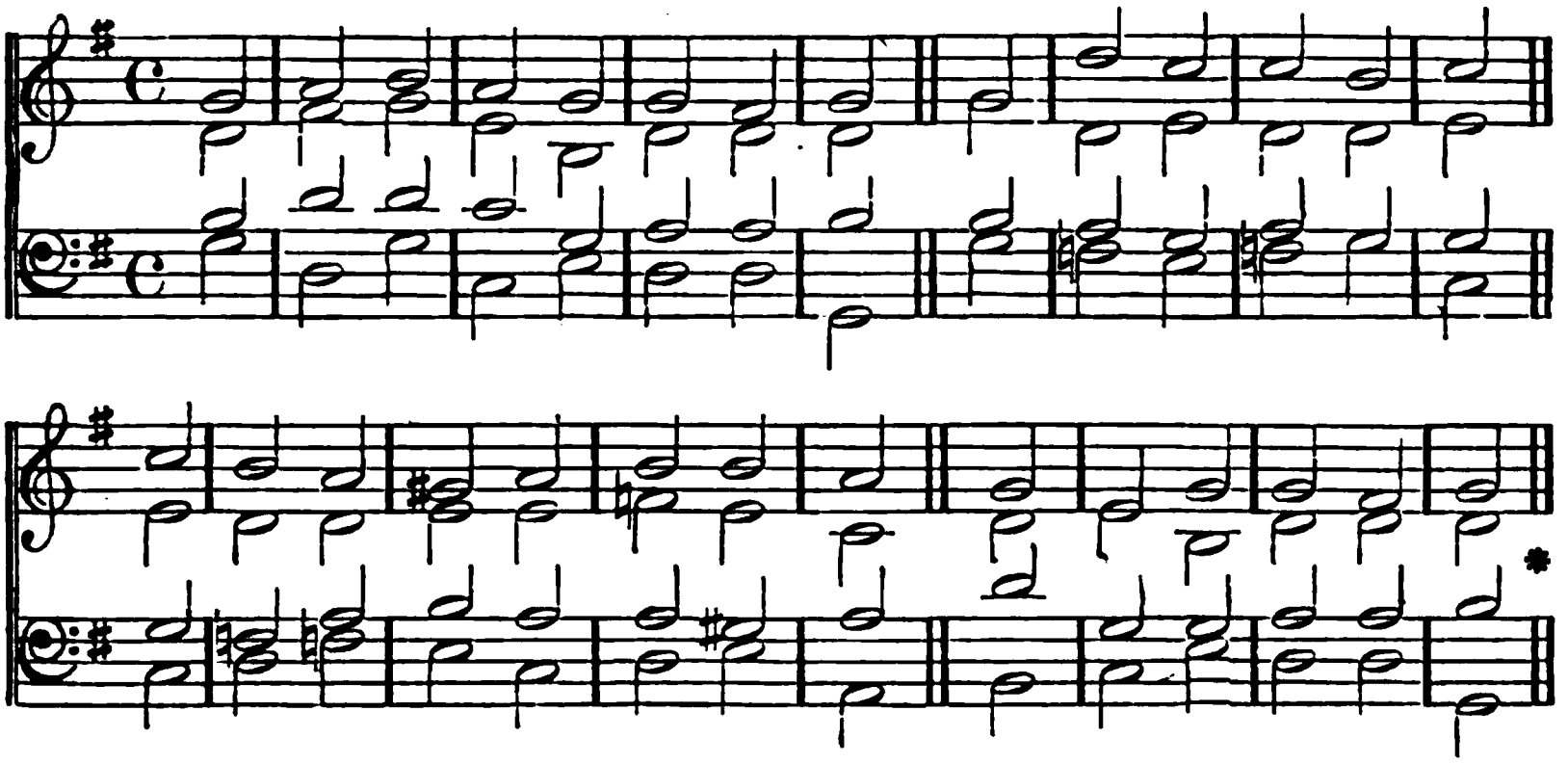
We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

* Tune of the 134th Psalm in the Genevan Psalter. The earliest known copy of this tune is found in a Genevan edition of a portion of the English Psalter, in the Library of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, printed in 1561, with the title "Fourescore and Seven Psalmes of David, in English Mitre, by Thomas Sternholde and *others.*"

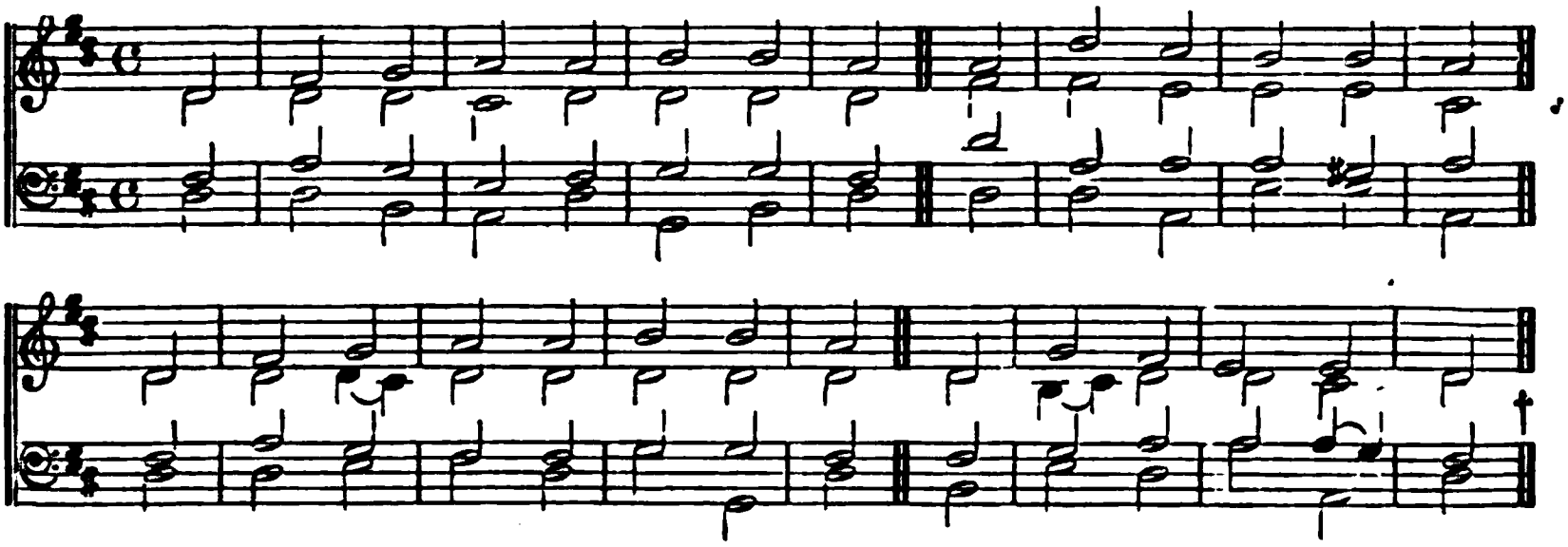
# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

LINCOLN. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



*Or,*

TALLIS. C. M. (*Ordination Hymn.*) THOS. TALLIS. About 1565.



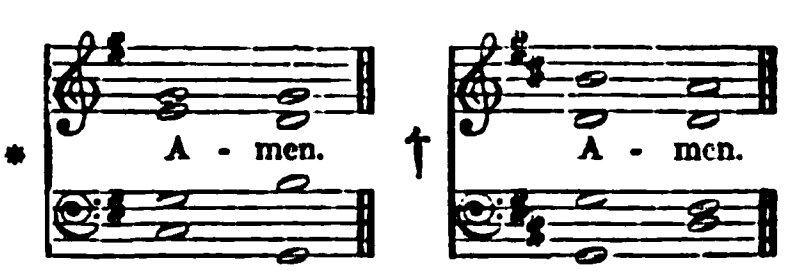
## 149.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

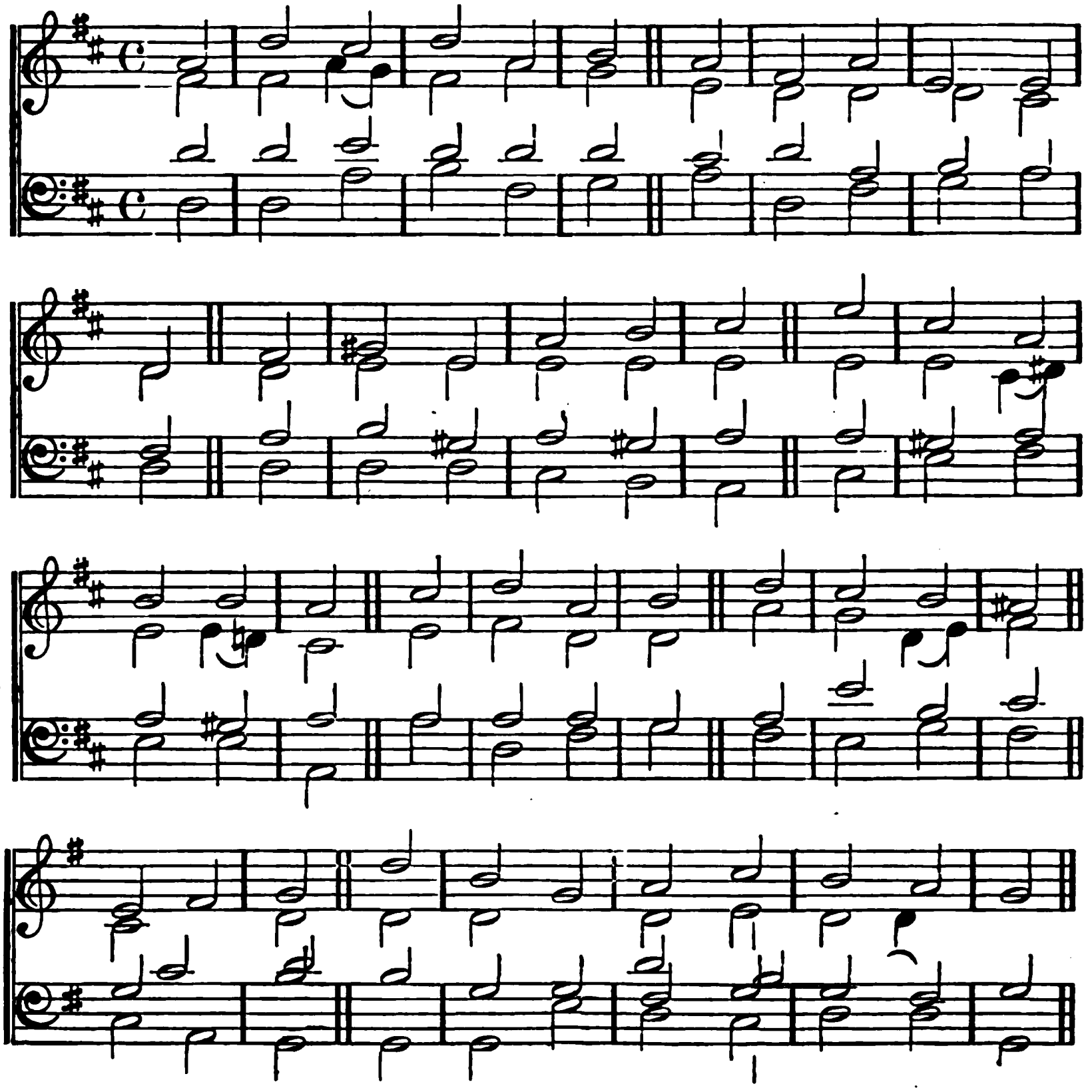
May we in faith receive Thy Word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.



# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

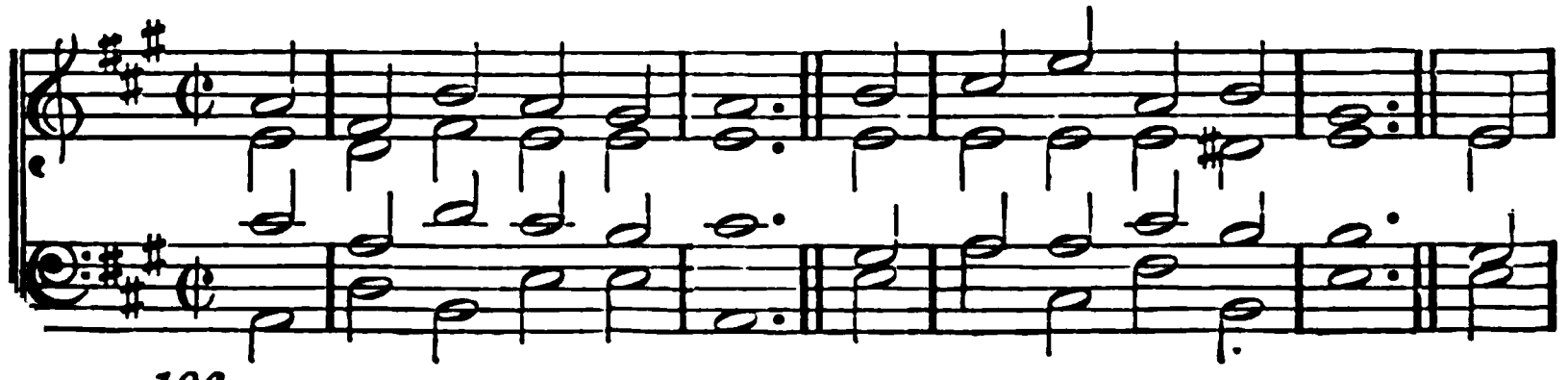
CROFT'S 148TH PSALM. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4. Dr. CROFT. Died, 1727.



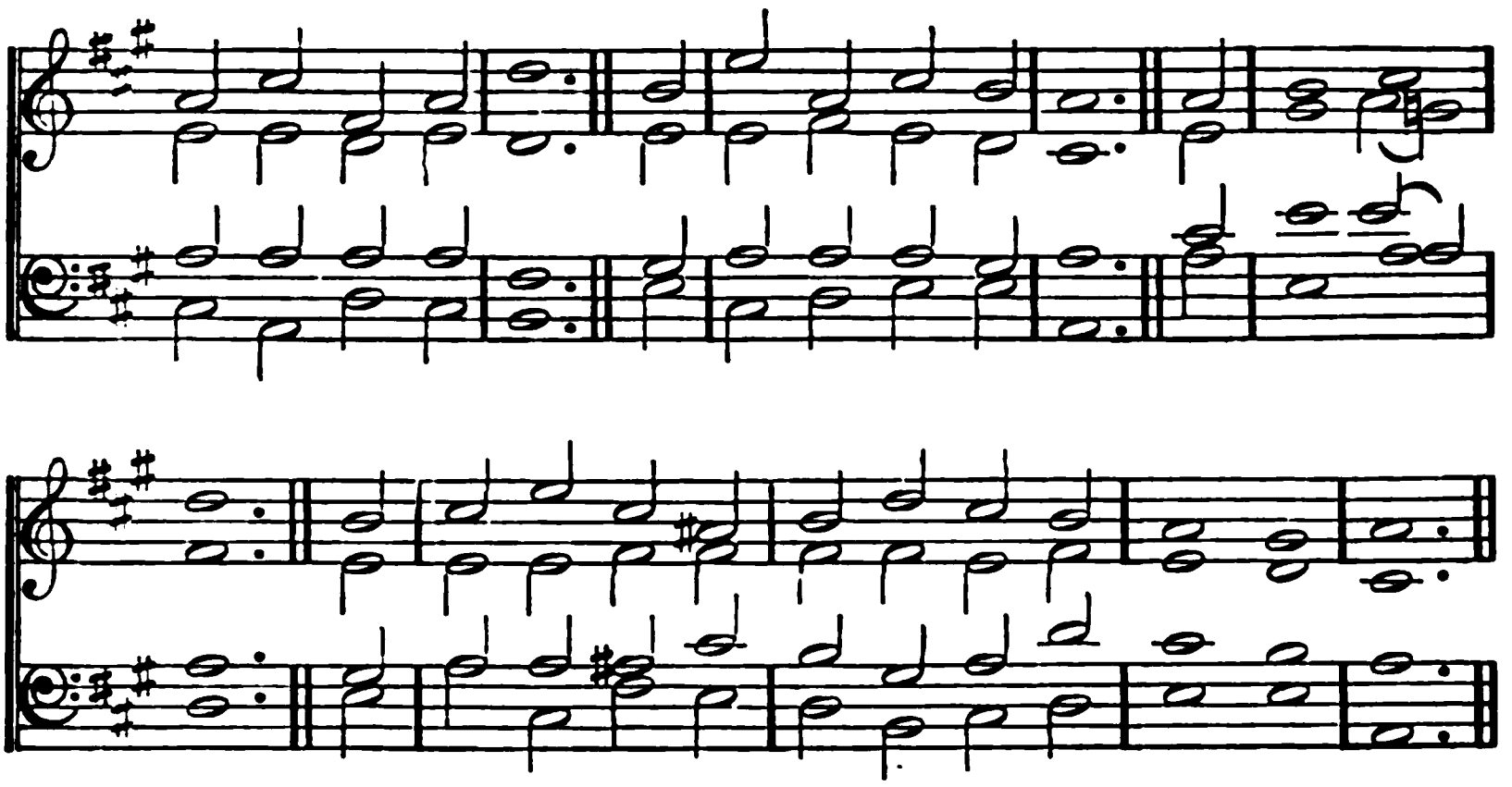
*Or,*

ST. THOMAS', PENDLETON. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.

ALBERT HULME. 1862.
By permission.



# CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.



150.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are fill'd;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace,
And joys above.

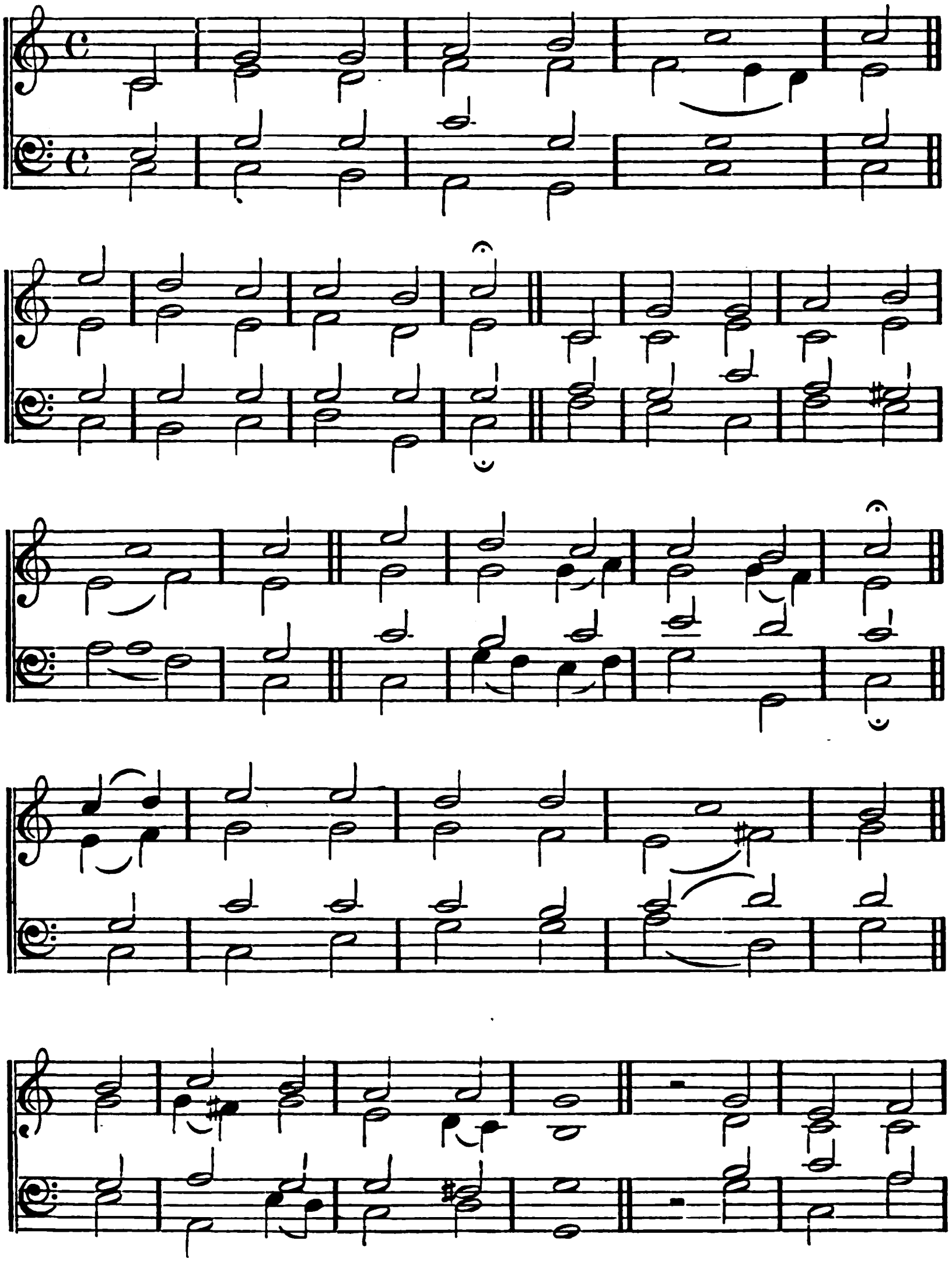
O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

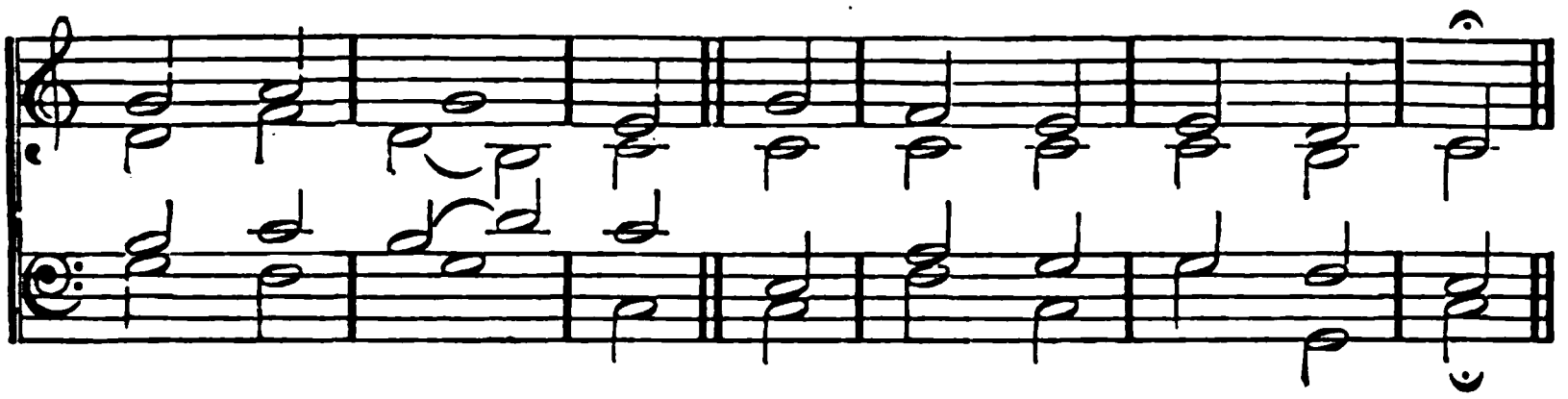
Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day,
When all the bless'd
To endless rest
Are call'd away.

# MISSIONS.

**Missionary Hymn.** 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. **Melchior Teschner.** 1613.





## 151.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll lown their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

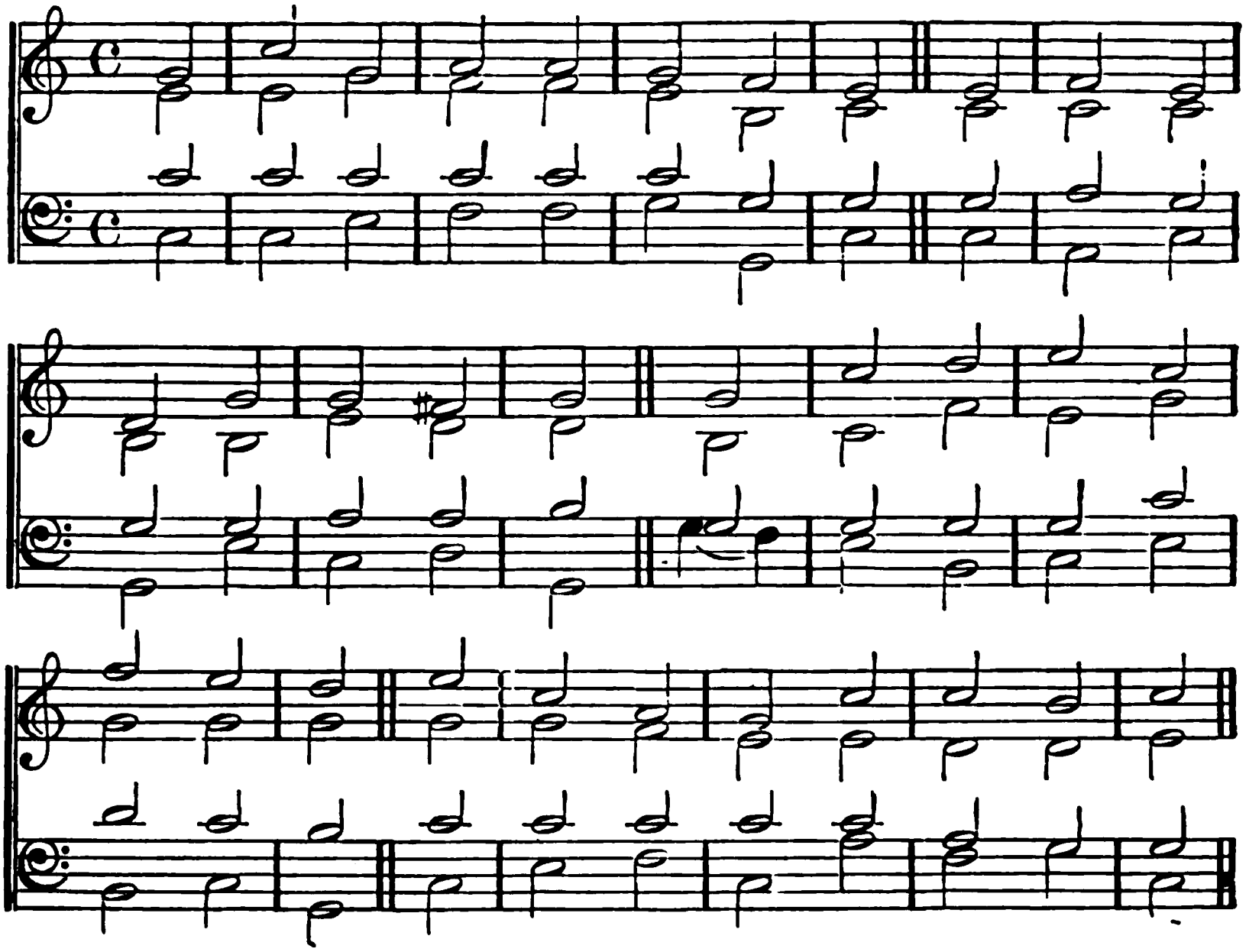
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

# MISSIONS

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M. BART. CRASSELIUS. 1704.



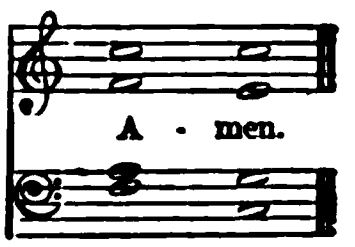
152.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

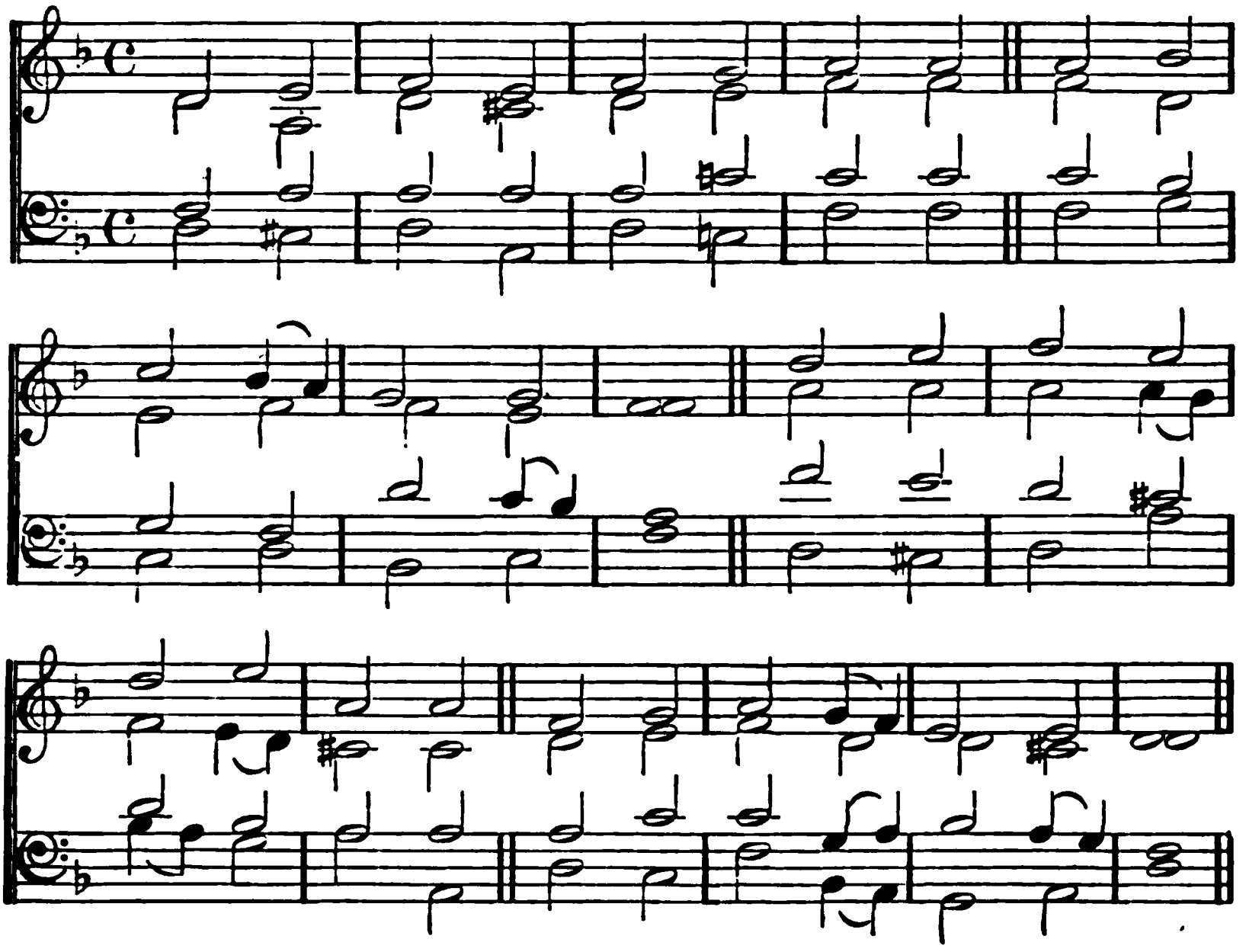
Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of JESUS glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.



# MISSIONS.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. 8, 7, 8, 7. STORL. 1744.



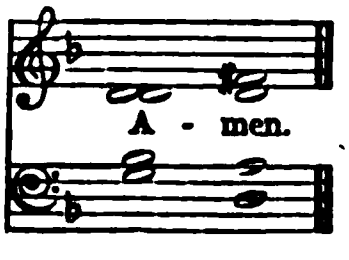
153.

LORD, a Saviour's love displaying,
Show the heathen lands Thy way;
Millions still like sheep are straying
In the dark and cloudy day.

Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
Lord, they perish from Thy sight!
Let Thine Angel go before them;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

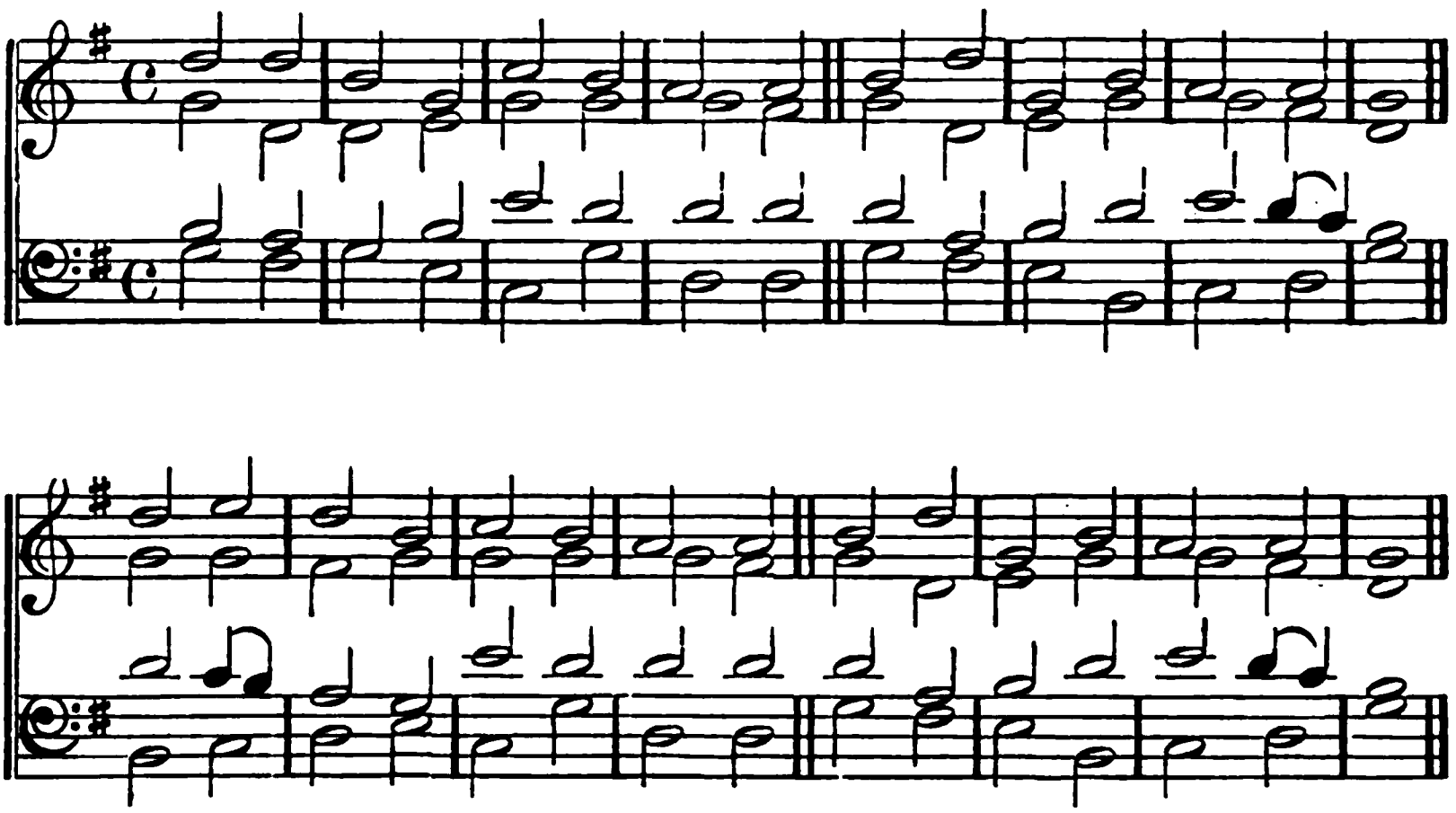
Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the Word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold;
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the common fold.



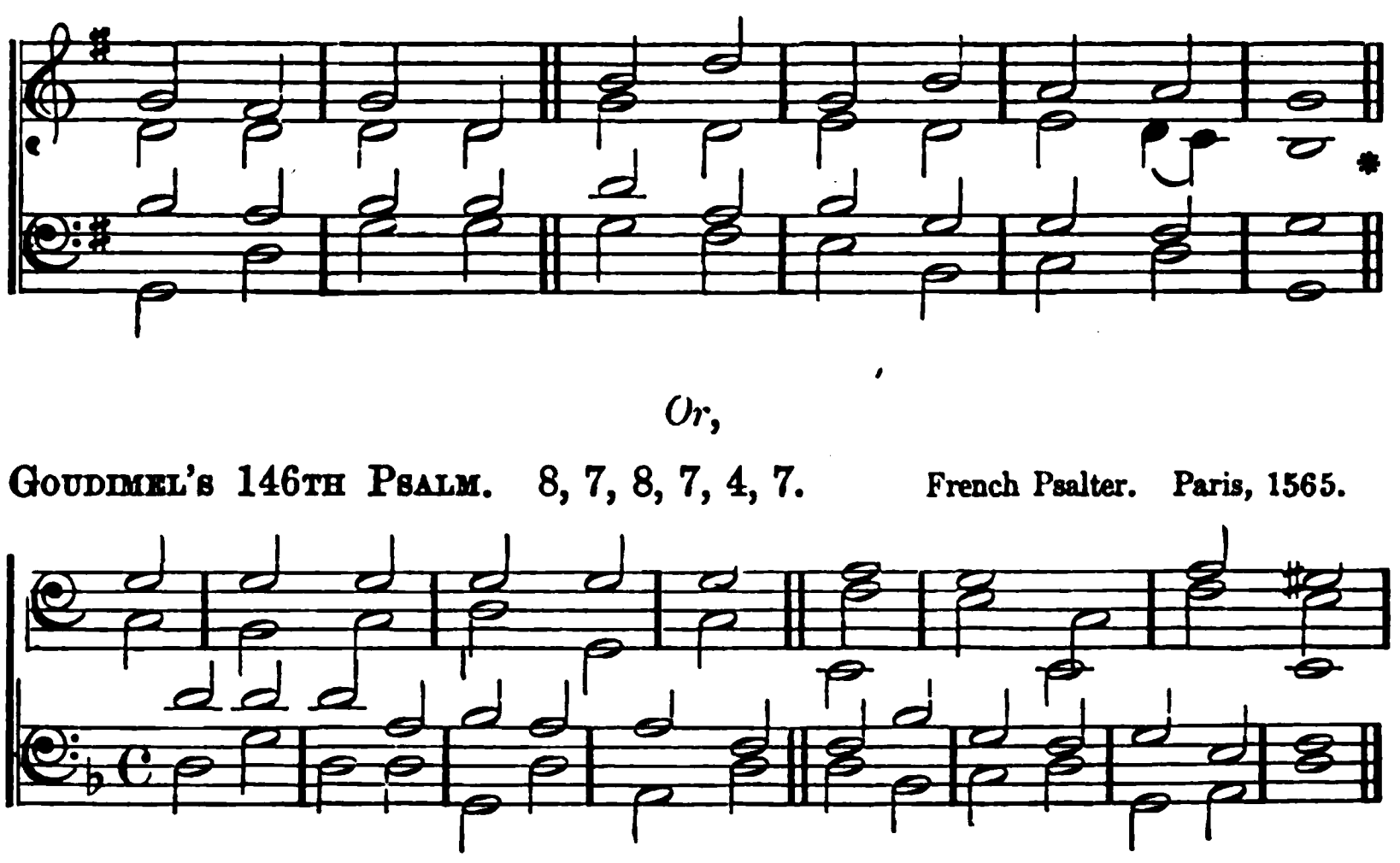
# MISSIONS.

SAXE-WEIMAR. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. From a Melody of about A.D. 1648.*



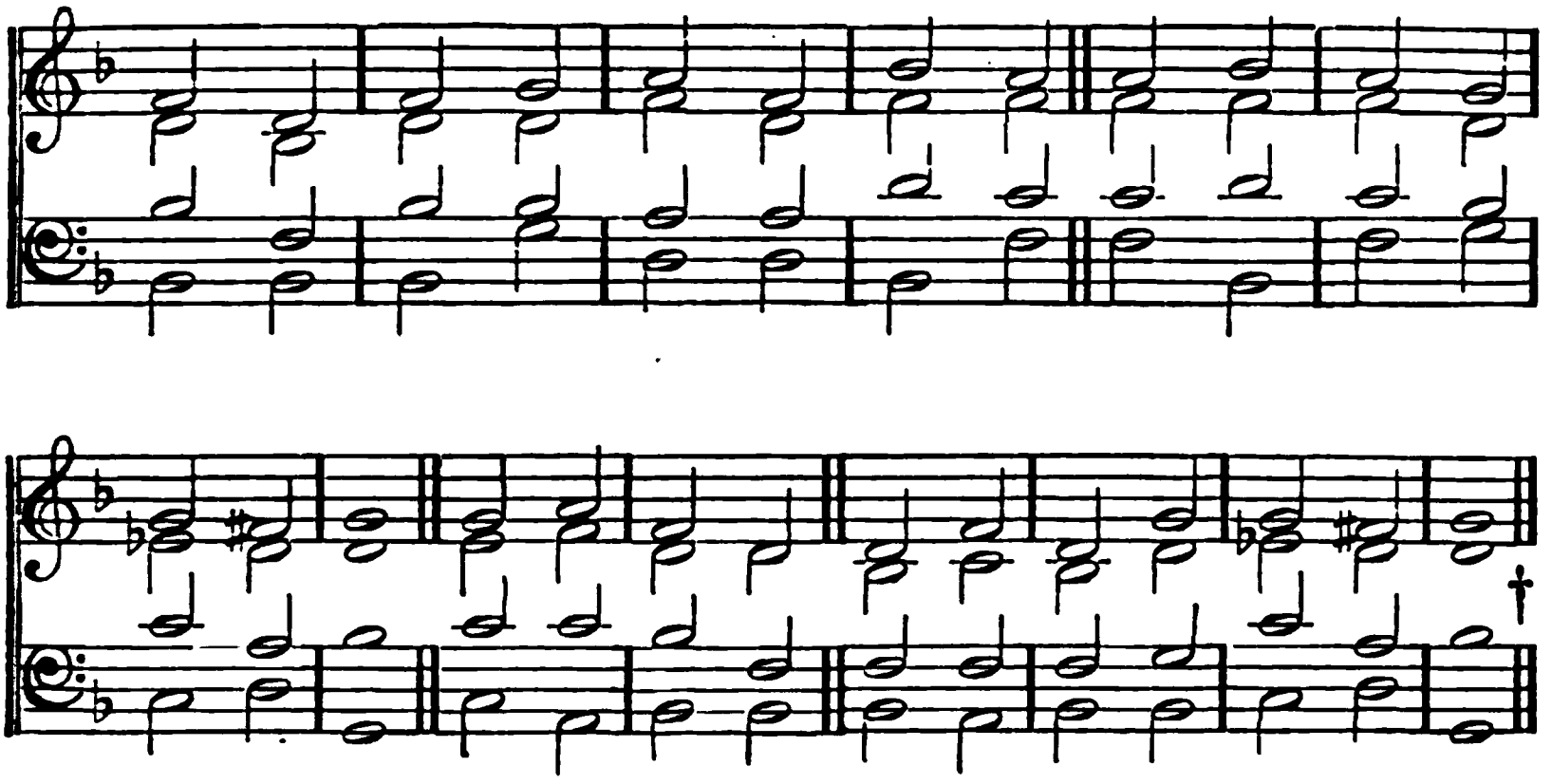
*Or,*

GOUDIMEL'S 146TH PSALM. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. French Psalter. Paris, 1565.



* Probably by Wilhelm II., Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, author of the Hymn "Gott der Frieden hat gegeben," of which it is the tune.

# MISSIONS.



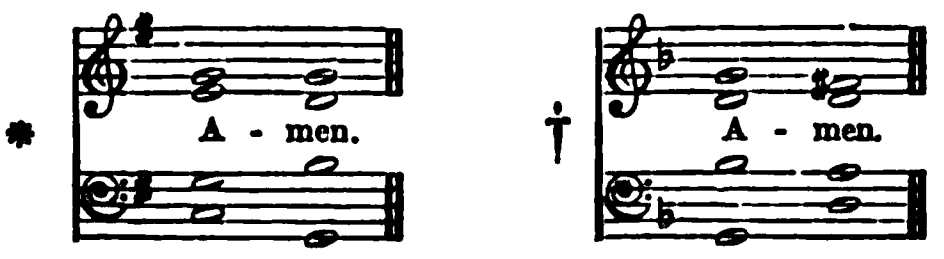
154.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that JESUS bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken! None has taught
Of His love so deep and dear; [them
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us—when we stand
In the judgment—
From some far, forgotten land.

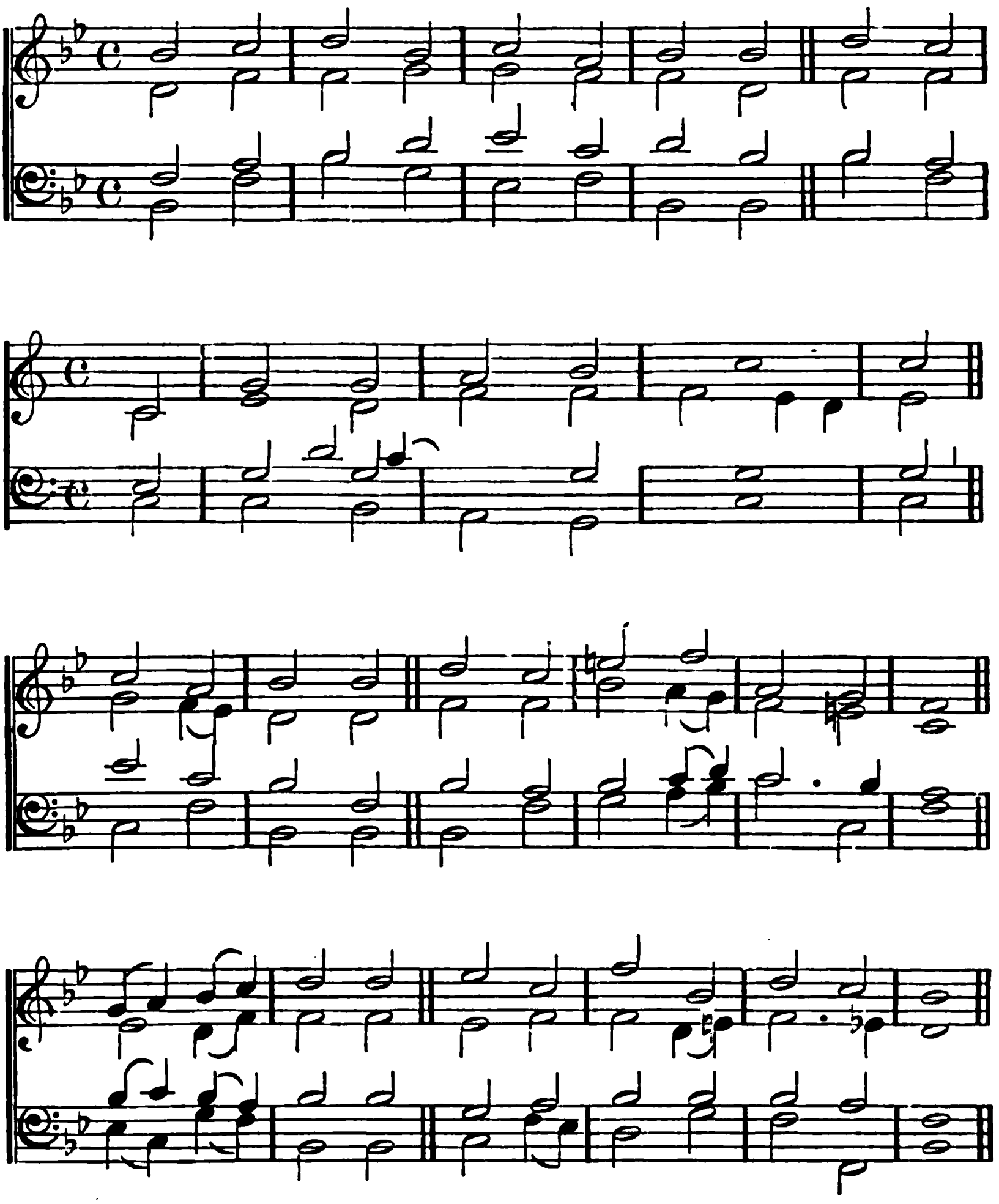
Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten,—
Light of nations! lead us o'er
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.



# MISSIONS.

ST. SAVIOUR. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Adapted from a Choral by GERUM, "Musikdirector" at Ratisbon, in Dr. C. KOCHER's 'Zions-Harfe.'



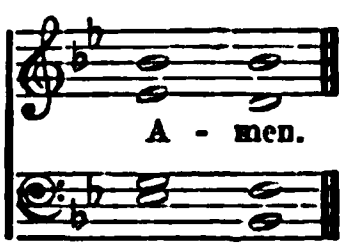
## 155.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing on Thy wing:
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

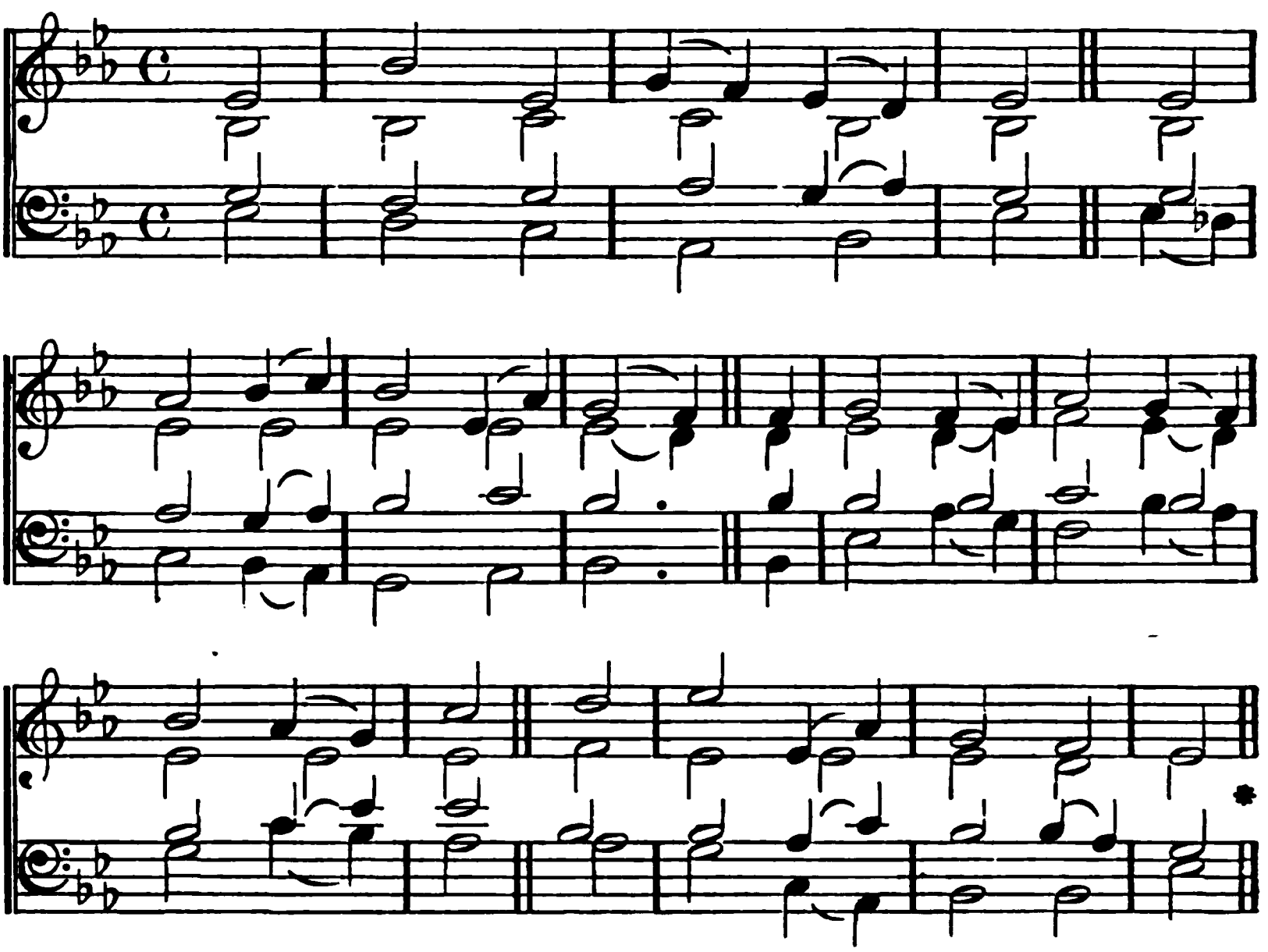
May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come and, worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word;—at Thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy Name from land to land:
Lord! be with them
Alway, to the end of time.



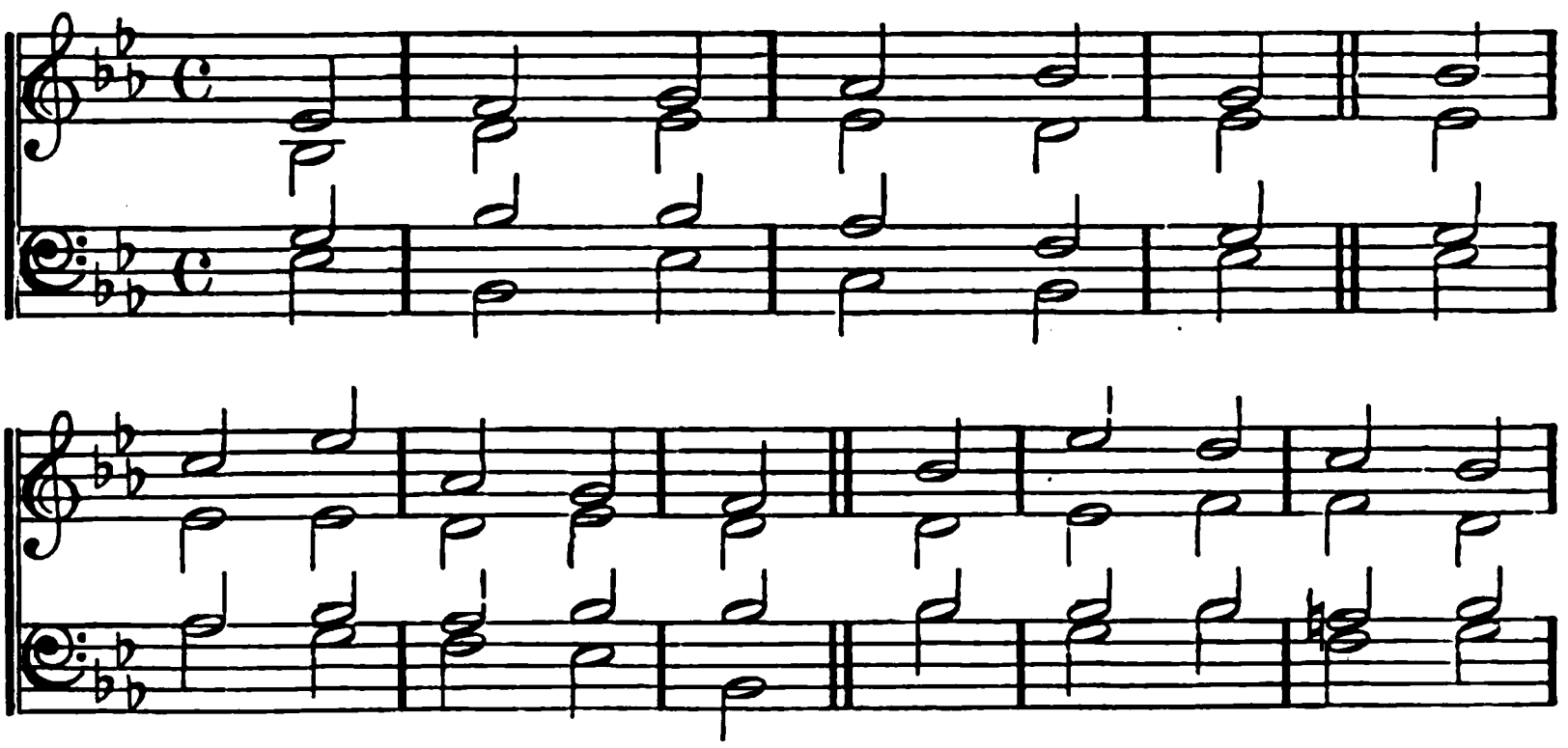
## MISSIONS.

CARLISLE. S. M. C. LOCKHART. Died, 1816.

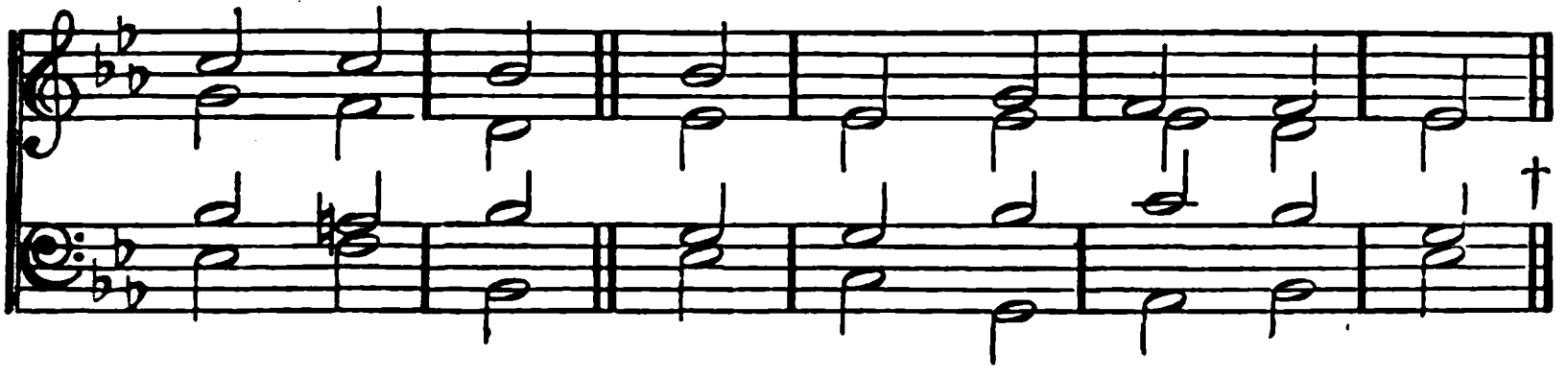


*Or,*

FRANCONIA. S. M. German Melody. About 1720.
From HAVERGAL'S 'Old Church Psalmody.'



## MISSIONS.



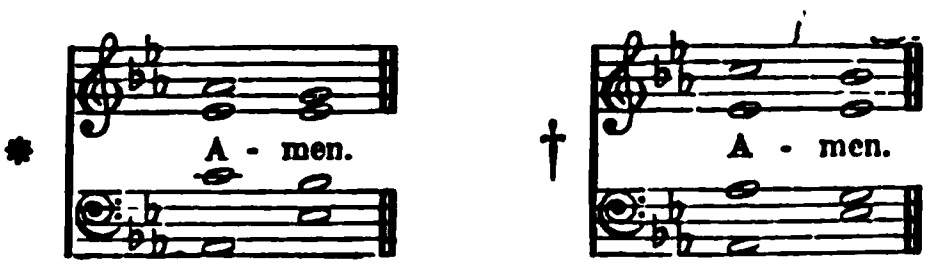
### 156.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

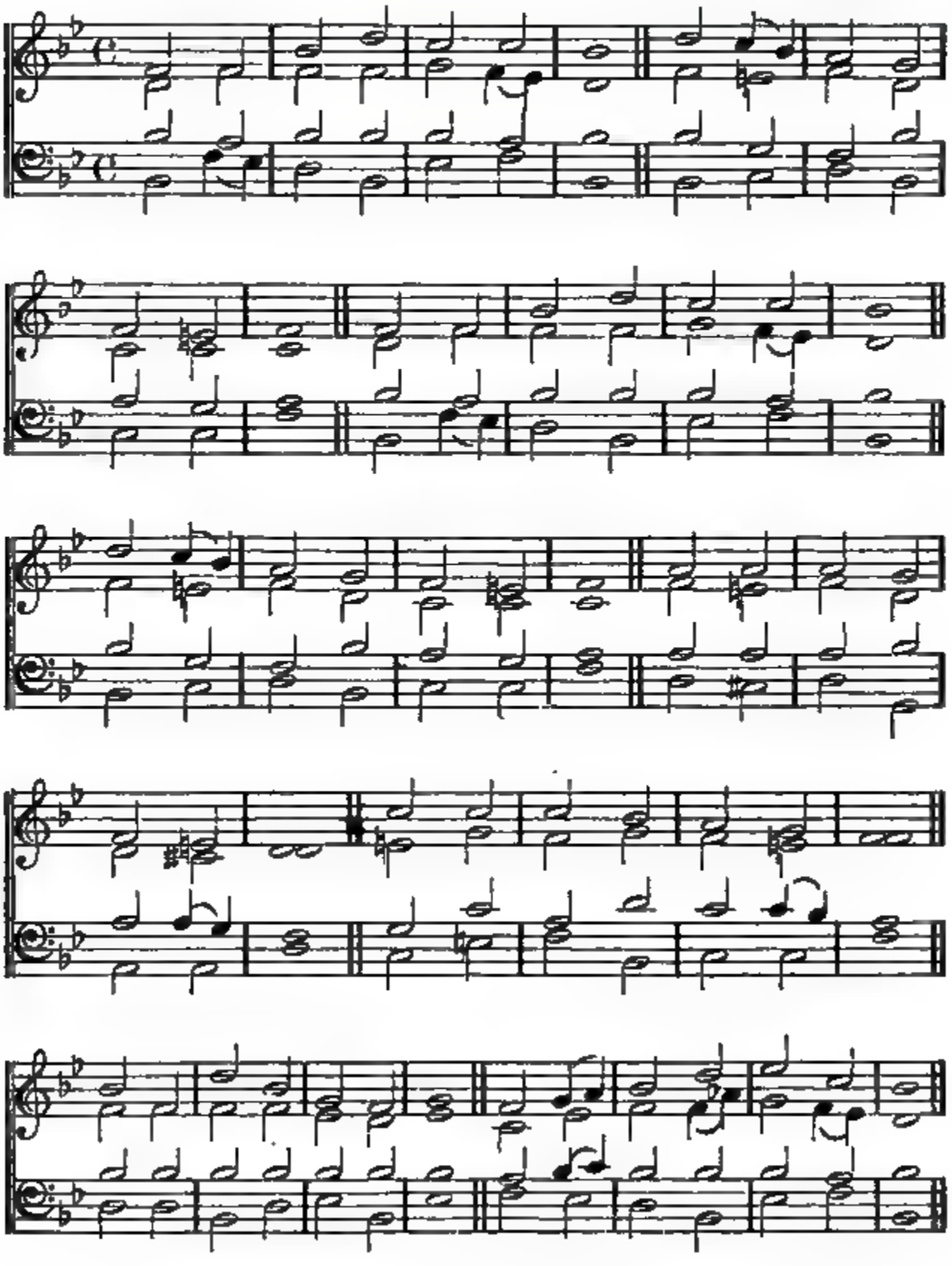
Oh! Lord, make bare Thine arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



## MISSIONS.

HOHENLOHE. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

From F. WEBER'S 'Church of England Choral-Book,' 1856. (By permission.)



## 157.

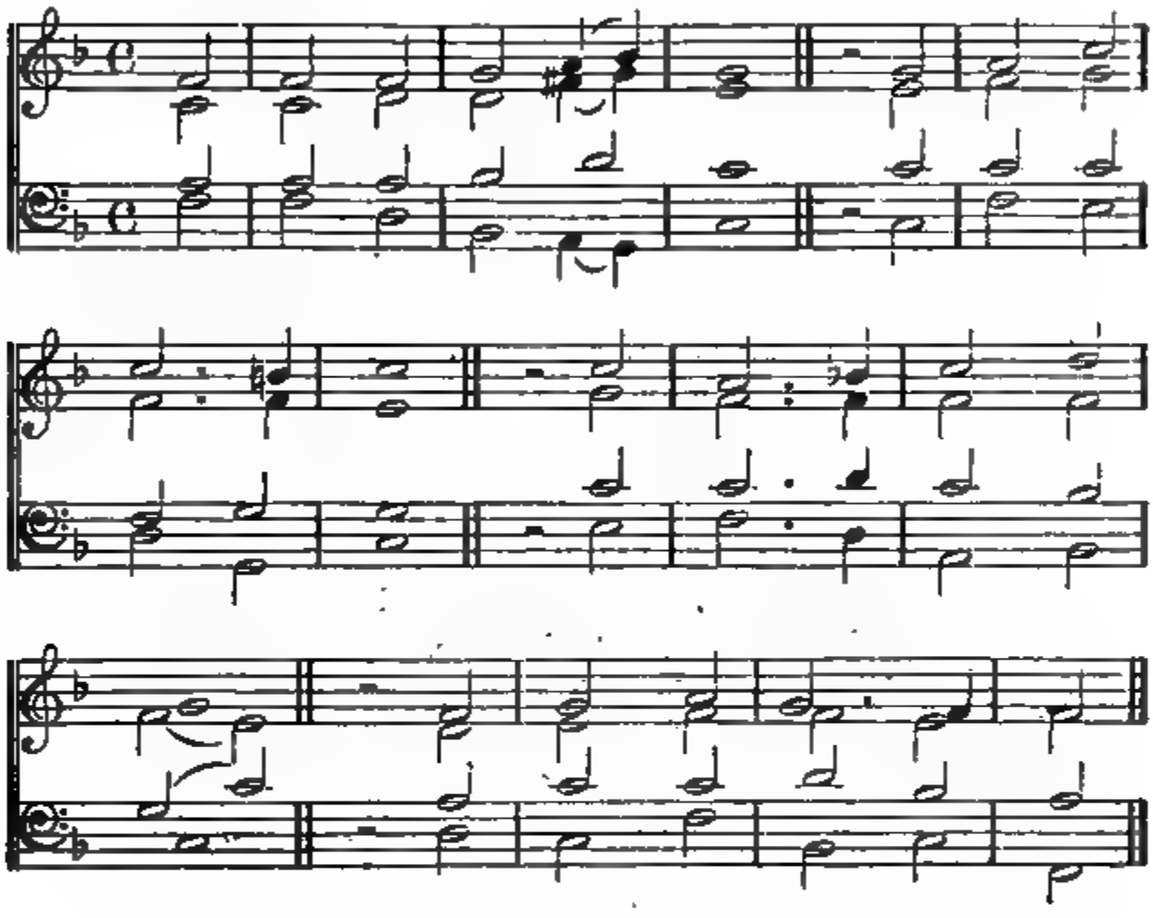
HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah!" for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
"Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

"Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

"He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
Then the end:—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all."

## MISSIONS.

**Gratitude.** 6, 6, 6, 6. Bamberg Hymn-Book. 1797.



### 158.

O GOD, from Thee alone
Our earthly blessings flow;
What is there not Thine own,
Of all we prize below?

We are but stewards here;
Lord, may we faithful prove,
And what we hold most dear
Deny not to Thy love.

Awake, then, ye to whom
God has so freely given
To fly the sinner's doom,
And know the path to heaven;—

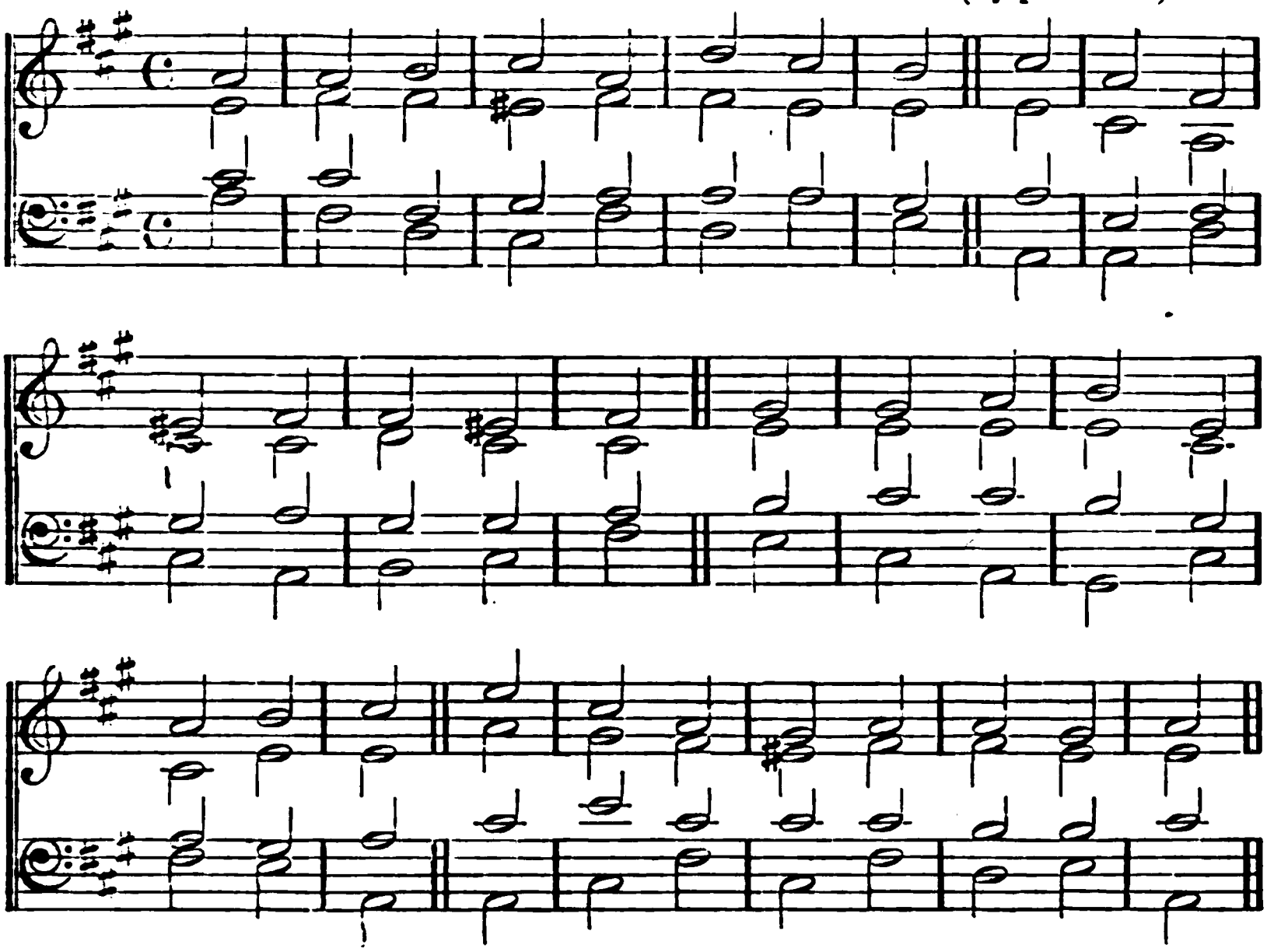
Ye know the joyful news;
Hide not the blessed Word:
Oh, how can ye refuse
To tell what ye have heard?

Ye know your Lord's command;
Ye have that ye may give
With ready heart and hand,
That others, too, may live.

# MISSIONS.

GILEAD. L. M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.
(By permission.)*



## 159.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

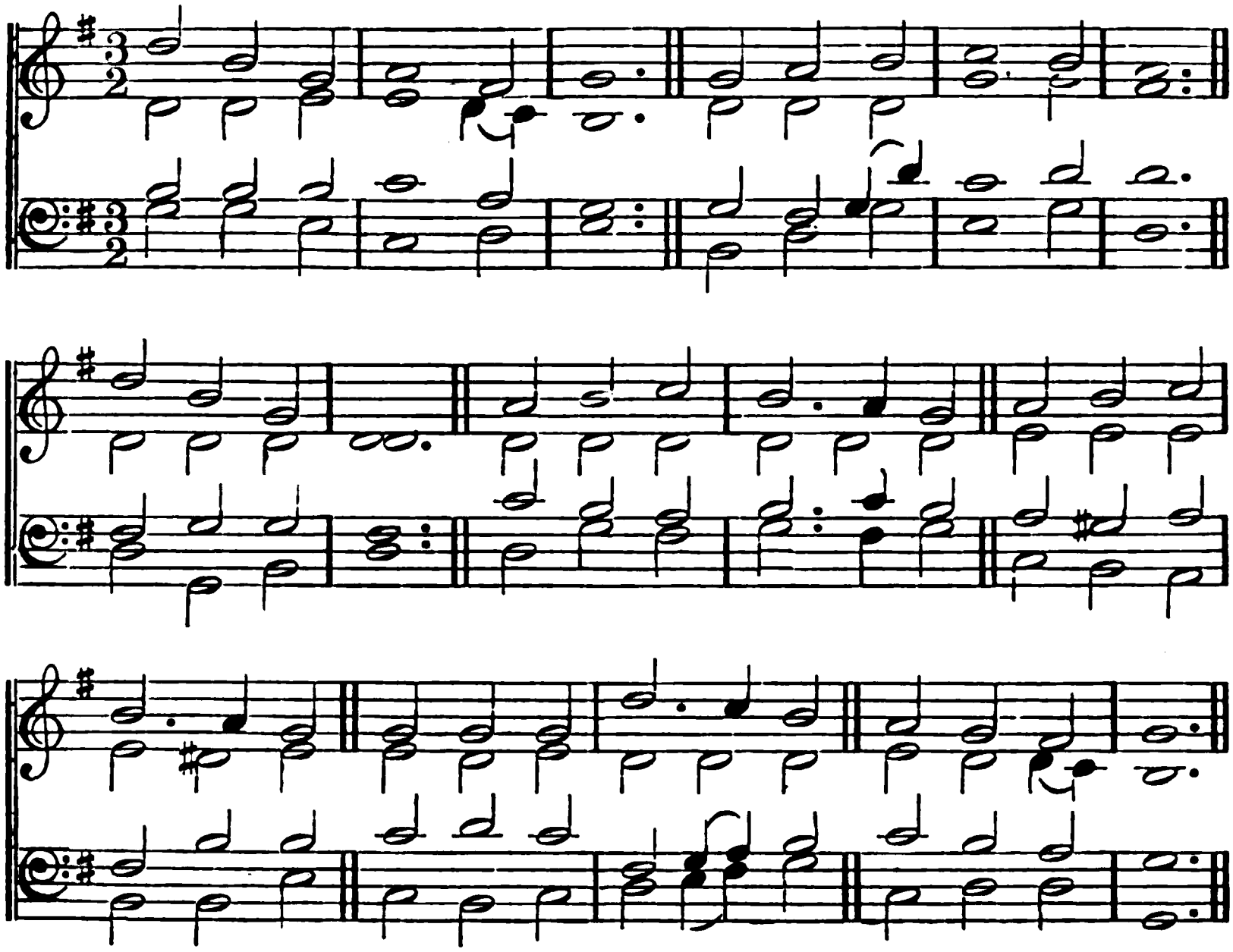
Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

* From his 'Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes,' 1859.

# MISSIONS.

MOSCOW. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. GIARDINI. Died, 1788.

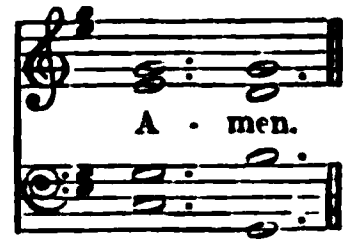


## 160.

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
"Let there be light!"

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!

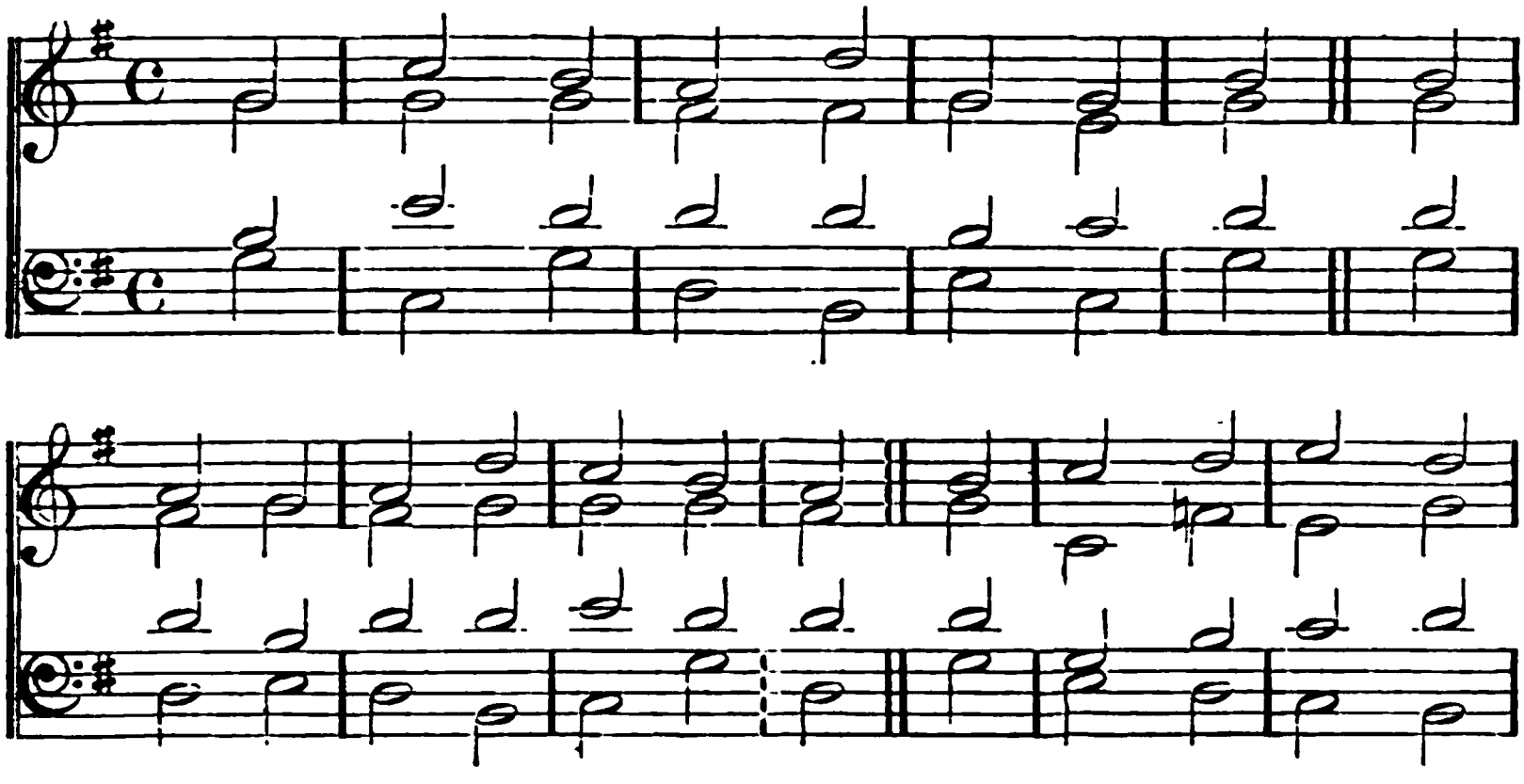
Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

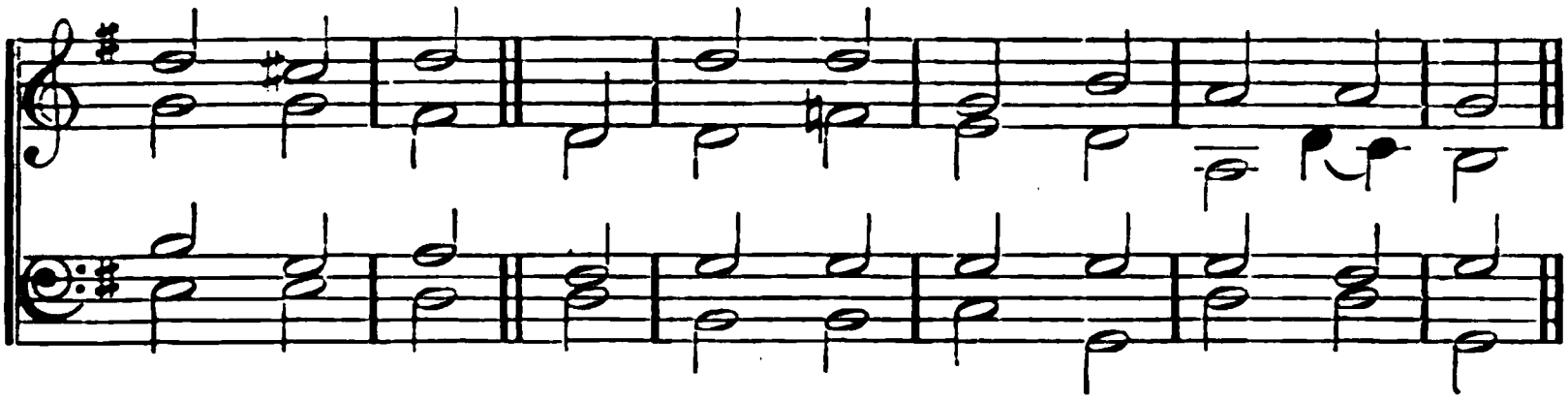


# MISSIONS.

SALVINGTON. L. M.

JAMES TURLE, 1862.
Composed for this Work.





## 161.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake:
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

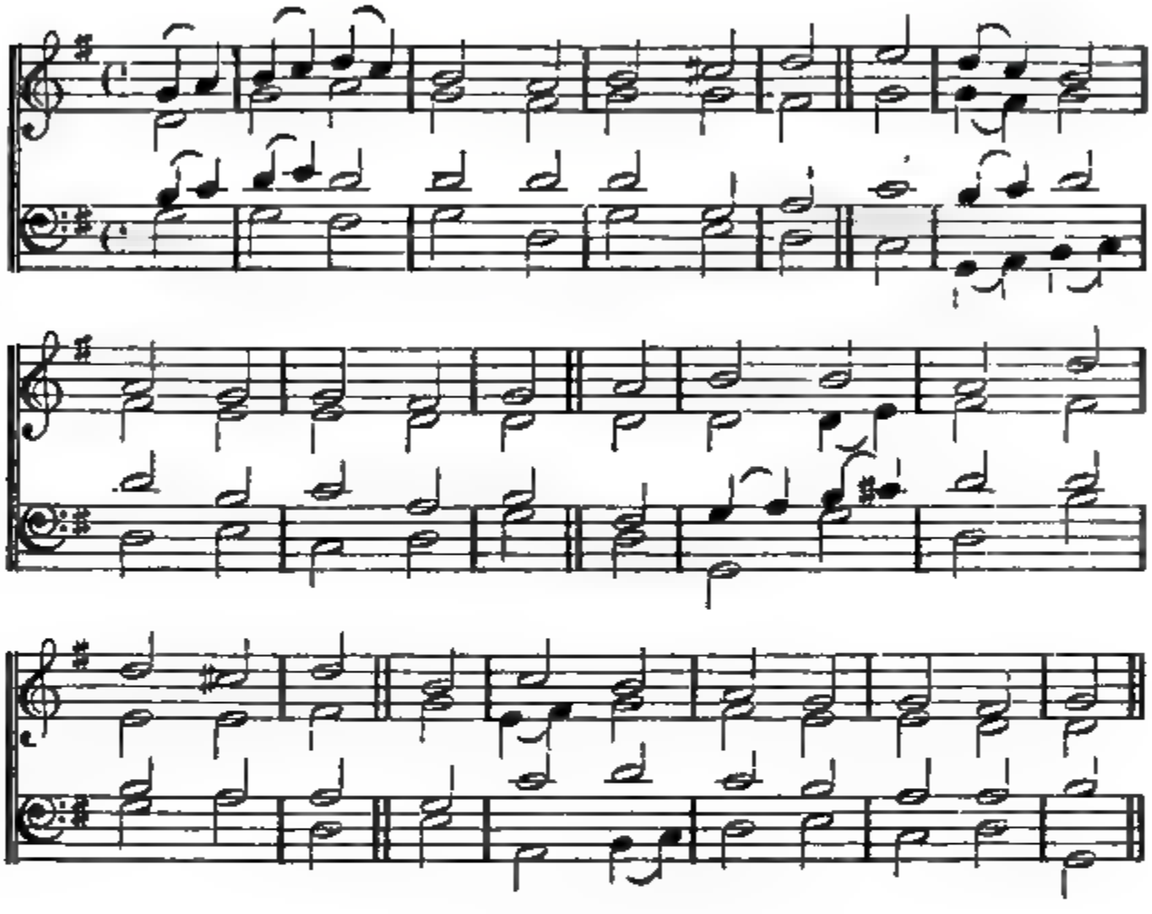
No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from JESUS' side.

Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in JESUS' fold!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## MISSIONS.

GOTHA. L. M. Cantional of Gotha. 1651.



### 162.

MISSION TO THE JEWS.

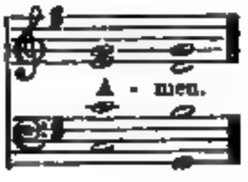
OH, why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

O God of Israel! view their race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
That hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

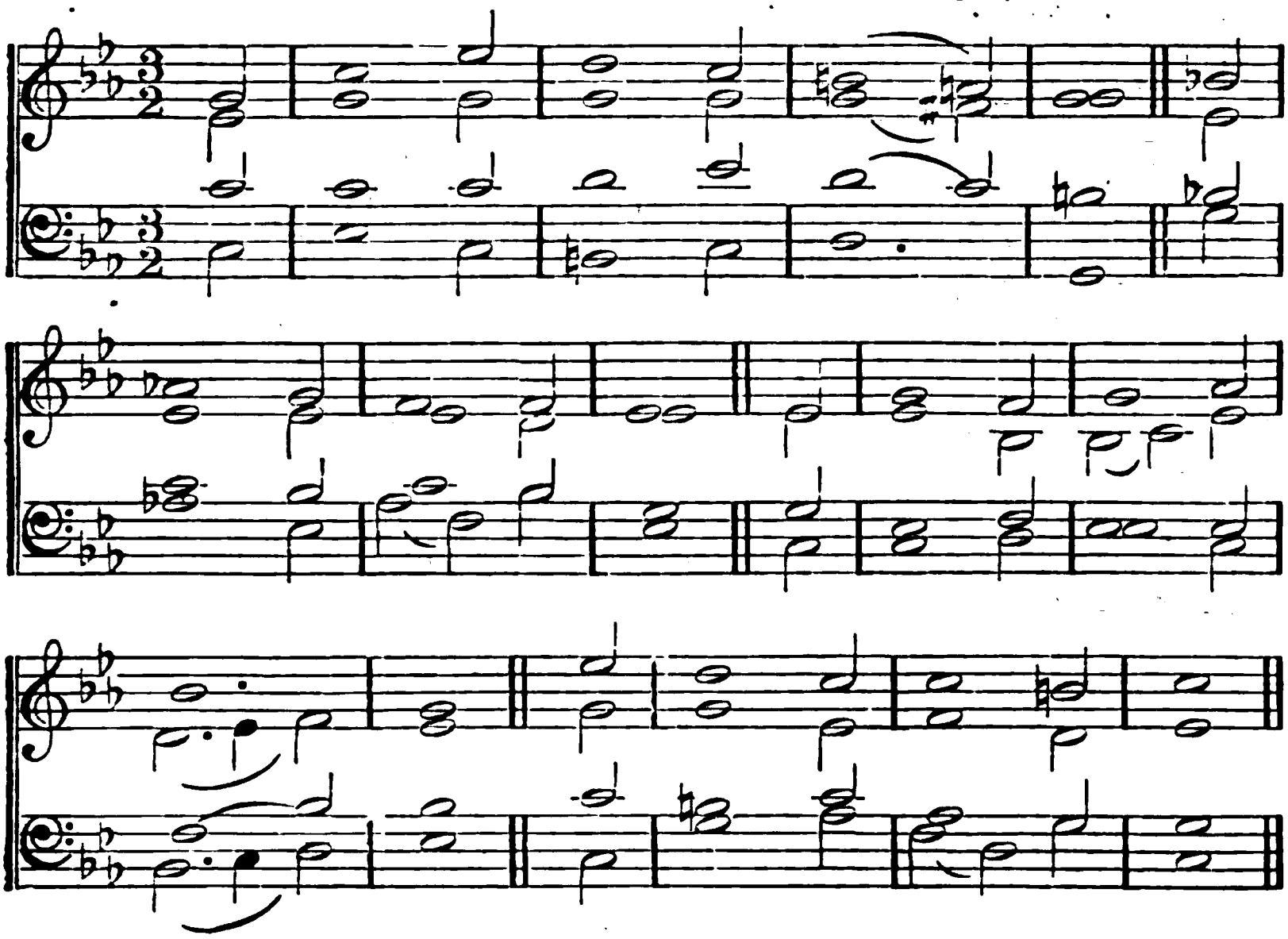
Haste, glorious day, expected long, [raise,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God in holy anthems praise.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel host,
Be praise and glory evermore.



# MISSIONS.

RESTORATION. 7, 6, 7, 6. Bamberg Hymn-Book. 1707.



## 163.

### MISSION TO THE JEWS.

OH that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

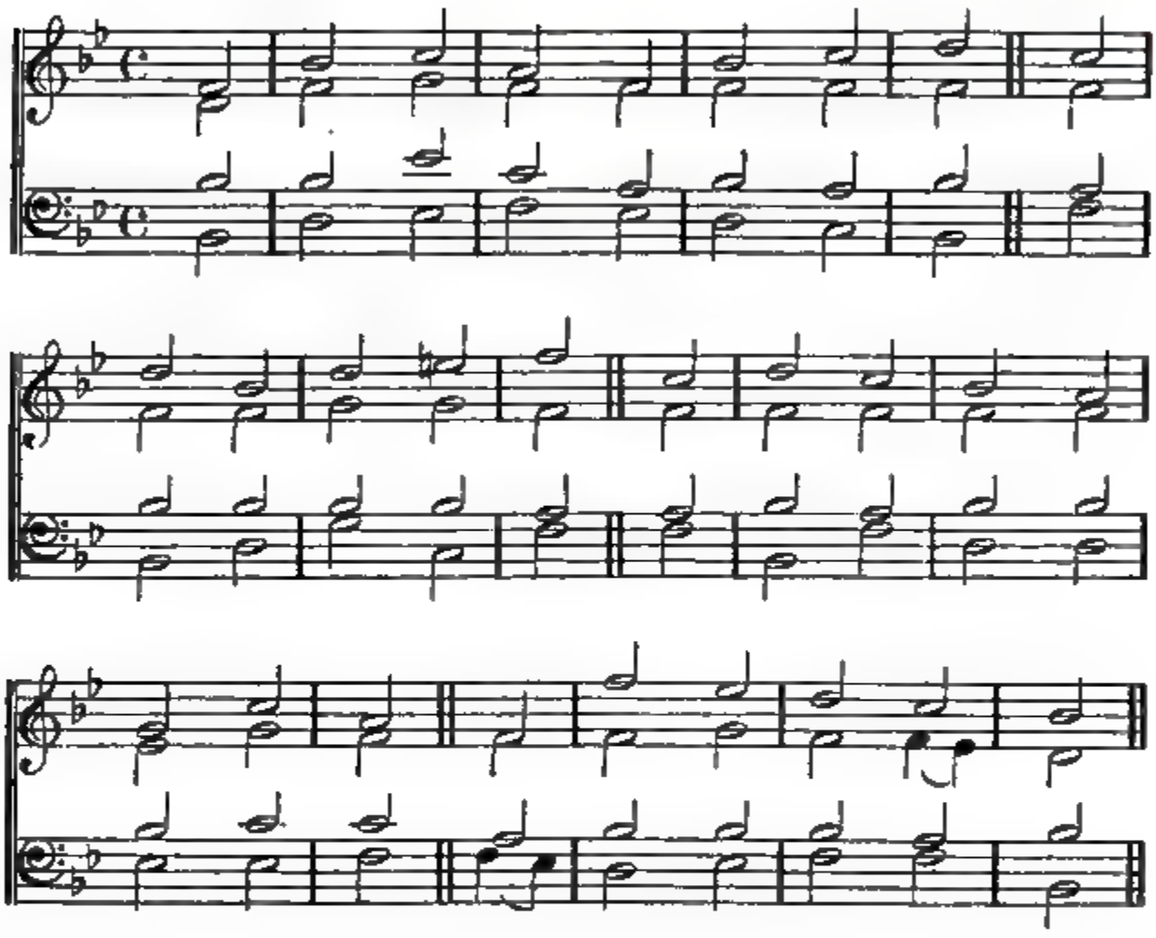
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror:
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error:
Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

## MISSIONS.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



### 164.

ALL hail the power of JESU's Name!
Ye Angels, prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Of Jesse's stem extol the rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

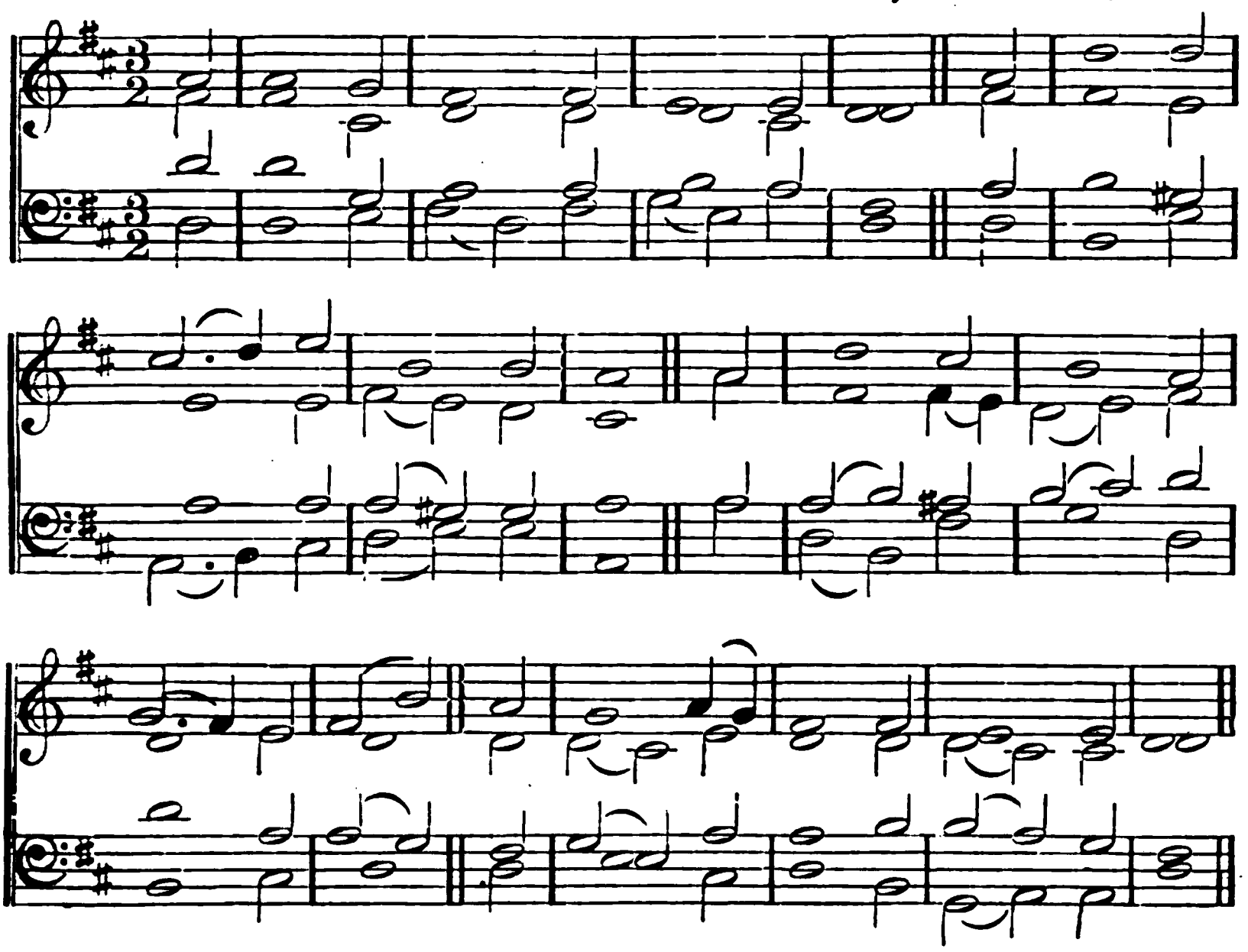
Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

# ALMSGIVING.

EMMANUEL. L. M. BRAUN'S 'Echo Hymnodiæ Cœlestis,' 1675.



## 165.

HELP us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.

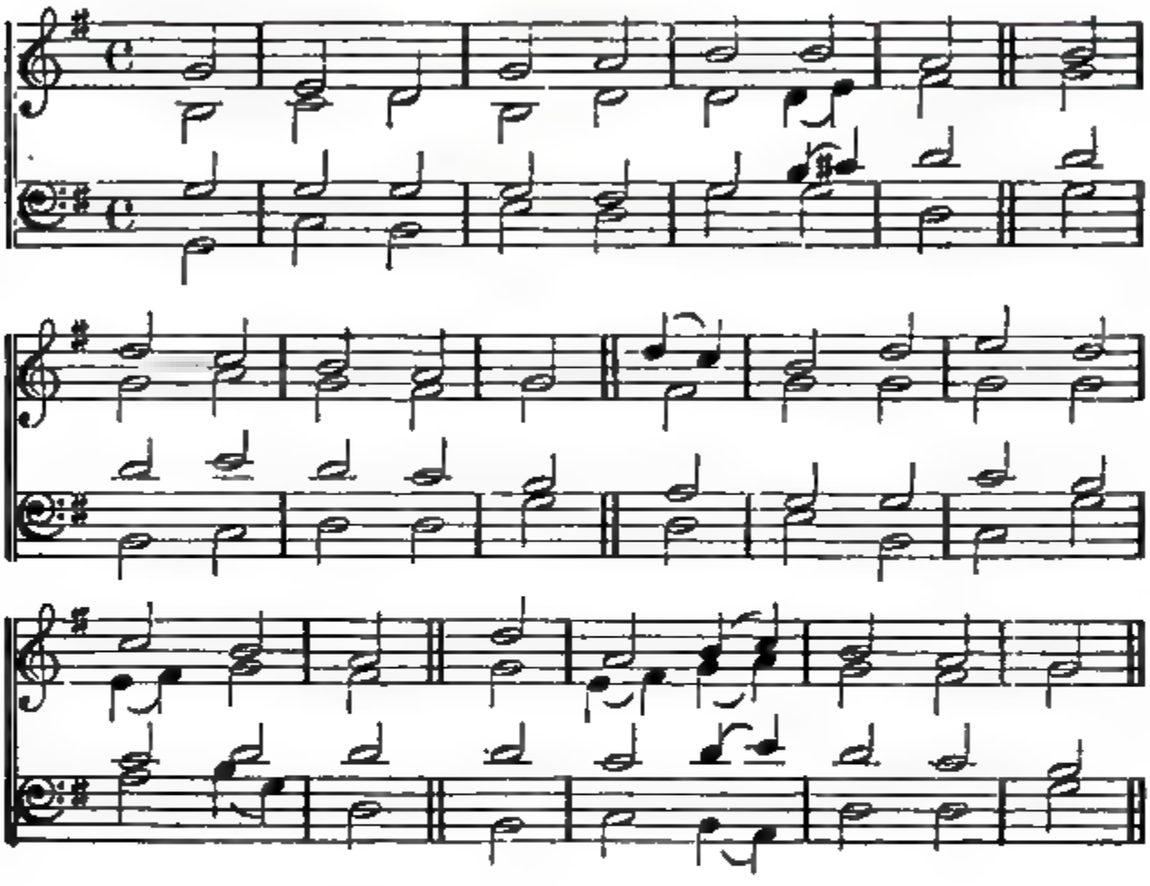
He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than this shall be restored.

Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received of Thee,
Freely may we rejoice to give.

## ALMSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING. C. M. JOH. CRÜGER. 1658.



### 166.

FOUNTAIN of good! to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

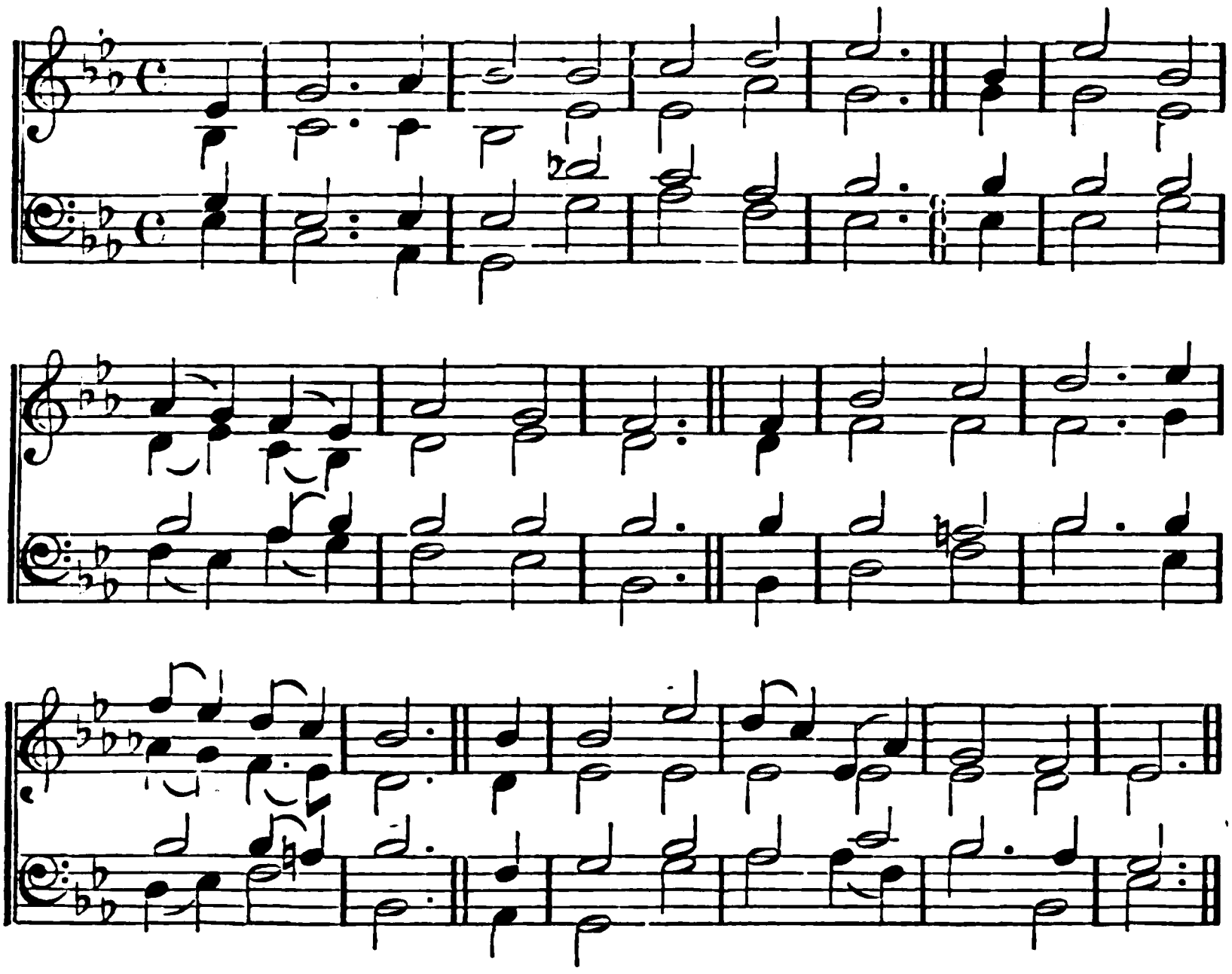
But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace;
Whose humble name Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard.

Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
For while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thee.

## ALMSGIVING.

TRURO. L. M. Dr. BURNEY. Died, 1814.



### 167.

#### ON BEHALF OF THE YOUNG.

GREAT God! in heaven and earth supreme,
Whose glories all creation fill; [preme,
Our souls adore Thy awful Name,
And humbly wait to do Thy will.

Thy glorious might what tongue can tell,
What force Thy sovereign power withstand?
Yet Thou dost stoop with men to dwell,
And give Thy blessings through their hand.

'Tis ours to feed these lambs of Thine,
And train their footsteps on to heaven;
We hail with joy the charge divine,
And freely give as Thou hast given.

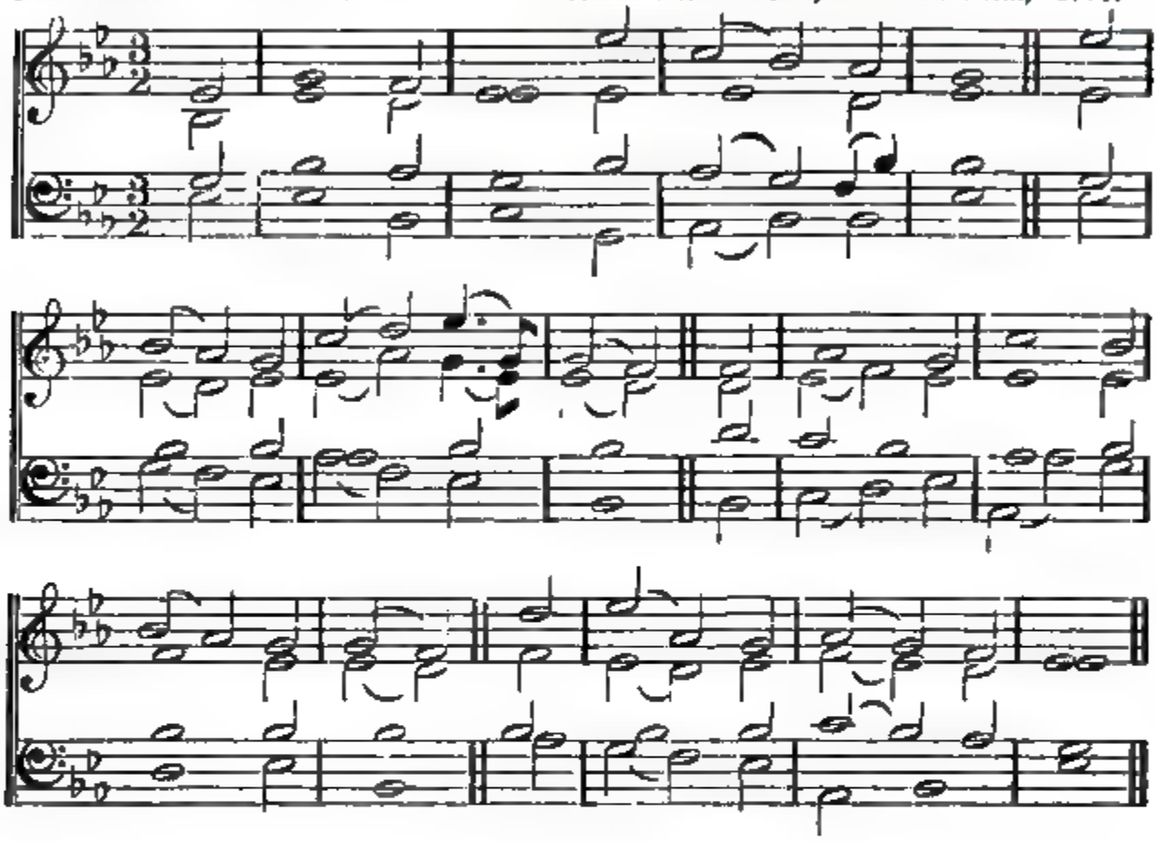
O Fount of love! all-gracious God!
What can we offer but Thine own!
For we are Thine, redeem'd with blood,
The precious blood of Christ Thy Son.

On these, on us, Thy grace bestow,
The contrite heart, the lowly mind,
The love of God in Christ to know,
The wisdom from above to find.

Defend us from the power of sin,
Save us from all self-righteous pride;
Our sure support, Thy peace within,
Our only plea, that Christ has died.

## TO BE SUNG BY CHILDREN.

MANCHESTER NEW. C. M. ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc. Oxon.,* 1774.



### 168.

THE Lord, who once our weakness knew,
Born in this vale of tears,
In wisdom as in stature grew,
In favour as in years.

And as He bare our humble lot,
Mankind from sin to free,
In mercy said, "Forbid them not,
Let children come to Me."

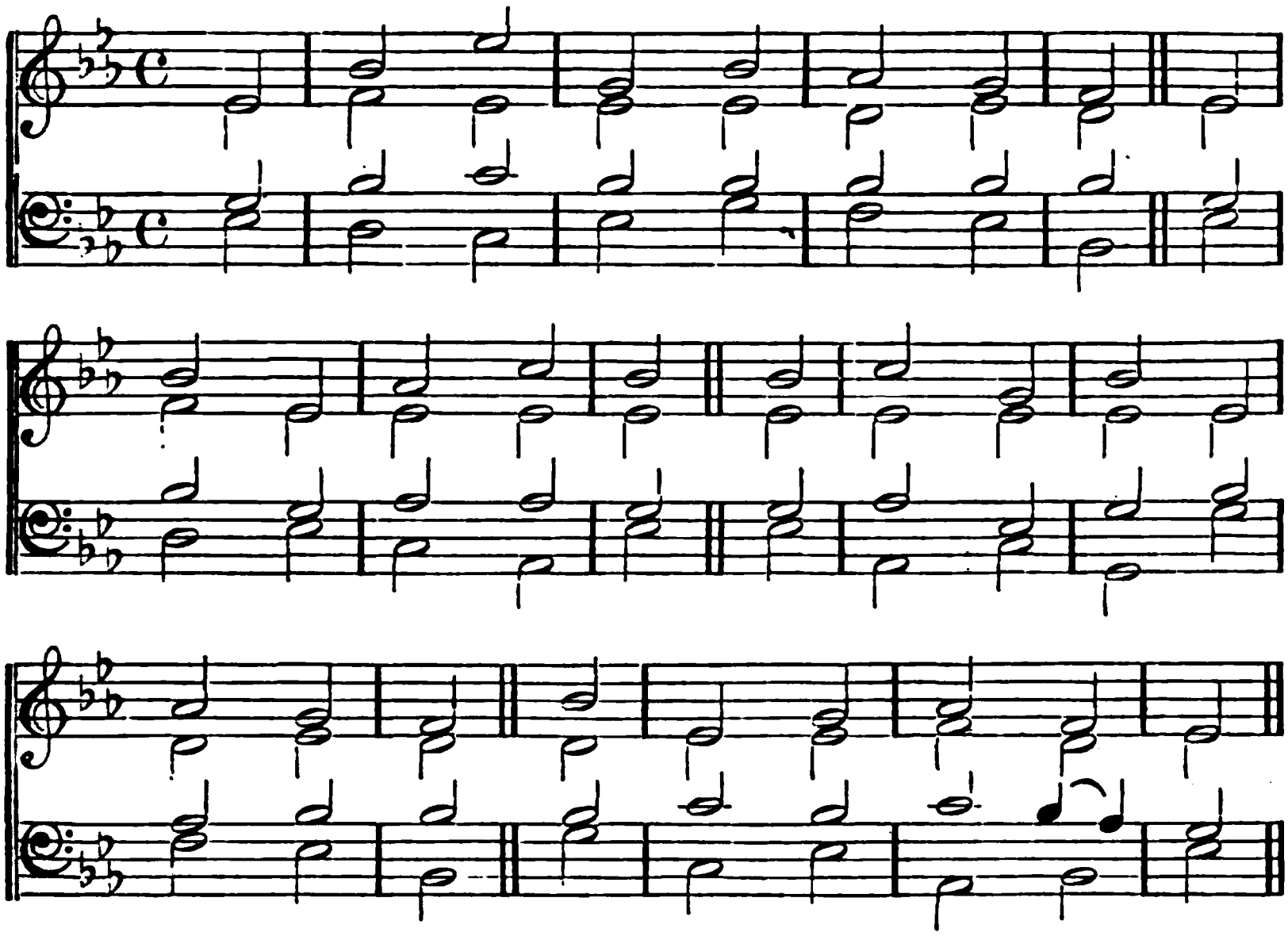
May we, O Lord, betimes obey
The call Thy grace has given,
And still pursue the narrow way
That leads our steps to heaven.

Though Angels round Thy throne on high
Their hymns of triumph raise,
Thou hearest when to Thee we cry,
Thou wilt not scorn our praise.

* Son of John Wainwright (see Hymn 20), whom he succeeded, as Organist of the Collegiate Church at Manchester, in 1768. He had been a competitor for the situation of Organist at Halifax, in 1766, when Herschel, *afterwards Sir William* Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was elected. He died 1782.

## TO BE SUNG BY CHILDREN.

**St. David's. C. M.** From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



### 169.

O THOU, whose glory and whose grace
Celestial hosts proclaim,
Look down from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Teach us to fear Thy Name.

Within the volume of Thy Word,
We, from our early youth,
Learn of our Saviour and our Lord,
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

Thy Word displays the concord sweet
Of fear and holy love:
Mercy and truth together meet,
Descending from above.

O Lord! Thy glory and Thy grace
Whilst now our lips proclaim,
Come to our hearts, Thy dwelling-place,
And make us fear Thy Name.

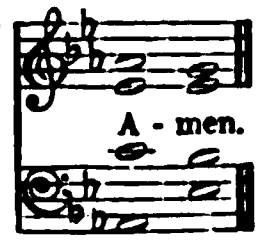
### 170.

SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

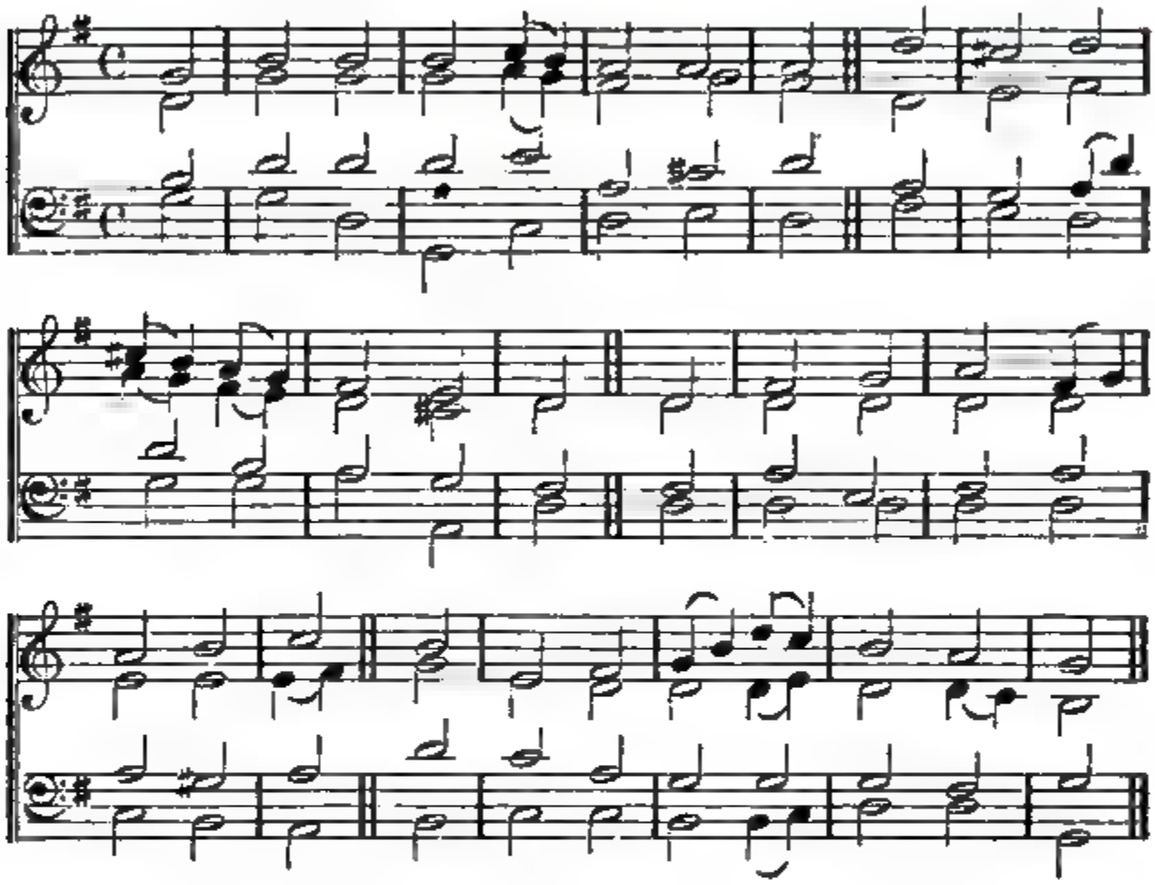
We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.

Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true;
And still in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.



## MORNING.

MORNING HYMN. L. M. BARTHELEMON. Died, 1788.



### 171.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

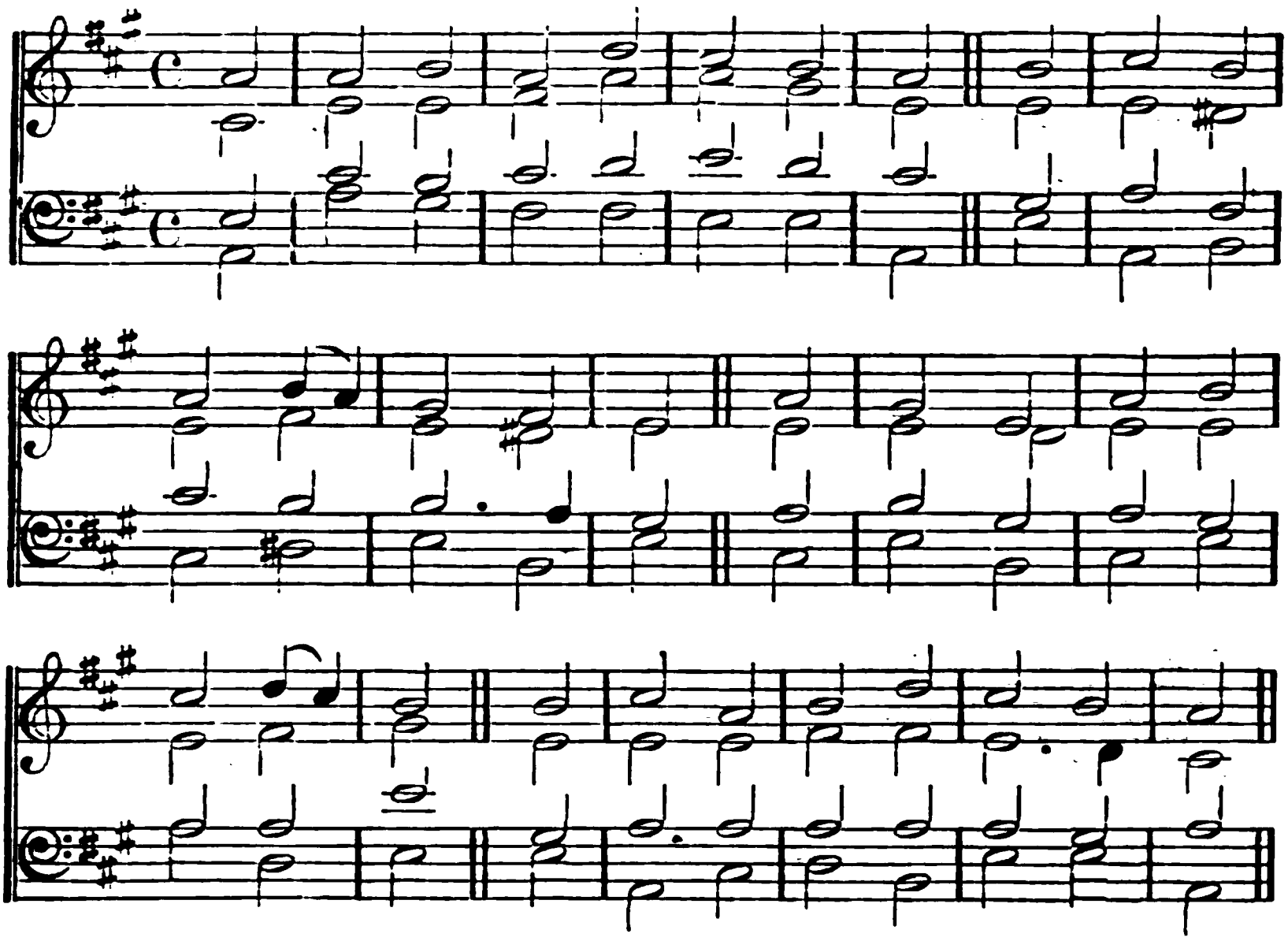
Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part:
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King!

# MORNING.

*Or*, BARRINGTON.* L. M.

Reduced from an older tune, by the
Rev. J. F. THRUPP, and re-harmonized.

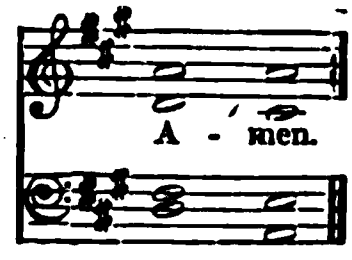


## 172.

WE wake, we wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion us inspire,
That we, like you, our age may spend;
Like you, may on our God attend.

Lord! we our vows to Thee renew;
Scatter our sins as morning dew;
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself our spirits fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say;
That all our powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

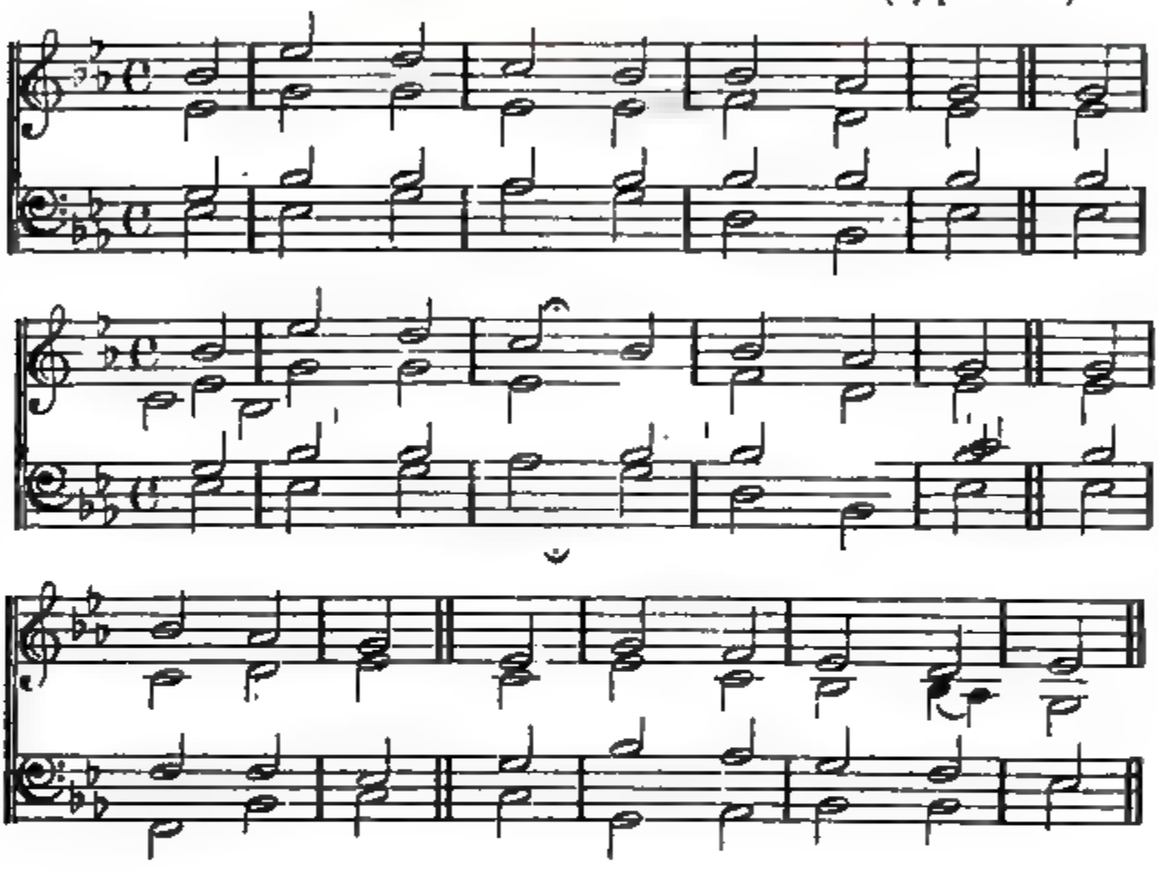



* Each hymn may be sung to either tune.

## MORNING.

St. Peter's, Oxford. C. M.

A. R. Reinagle. 1826.
(By permission.)



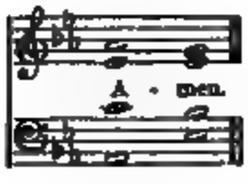
### 173.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord, by Thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by Thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom Thou preserv'st from harm.

Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are Thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

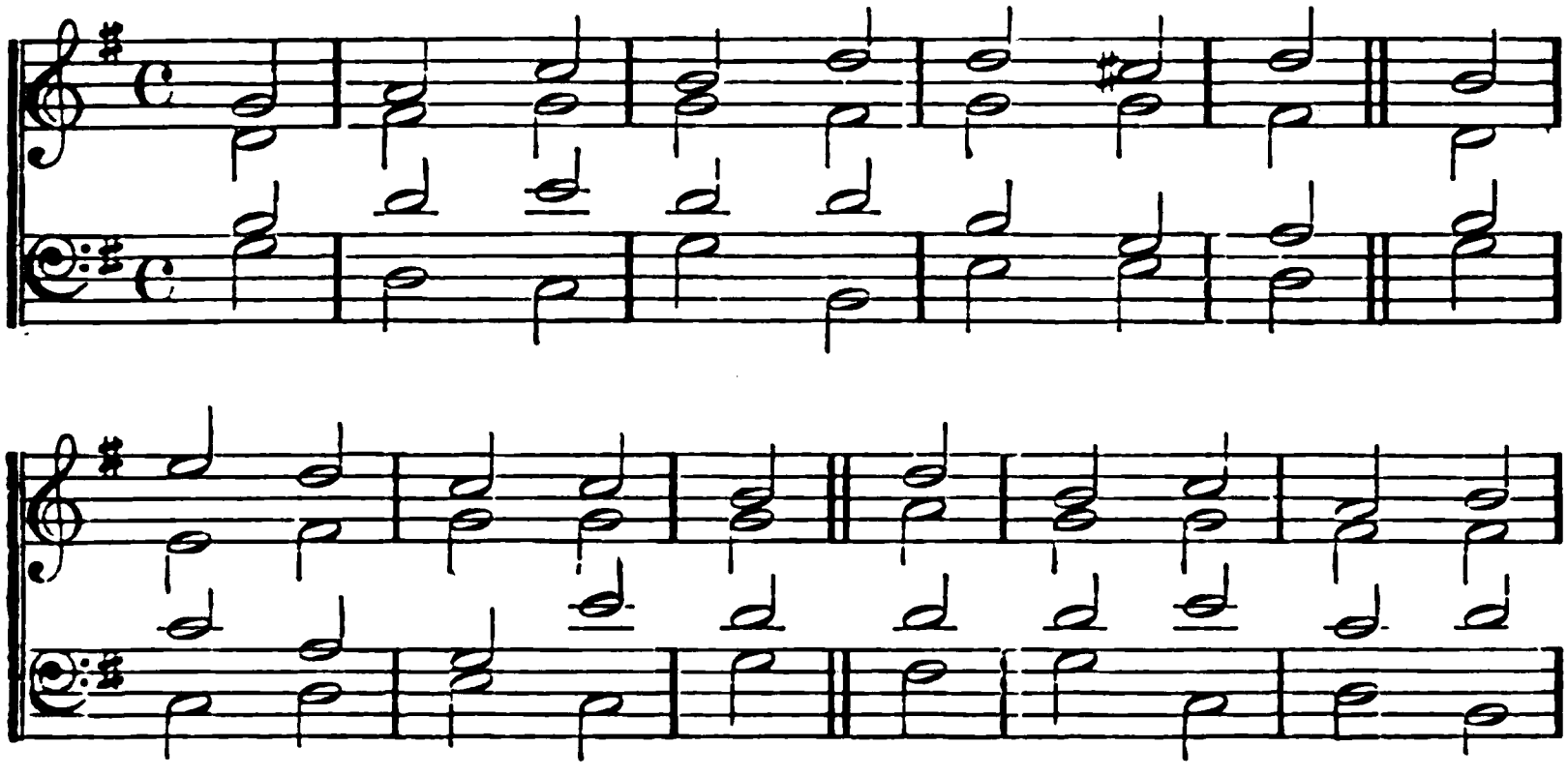
Let us ne'er turn away from Thee;
O Saviour, hold us fast,
Till with unclouded eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

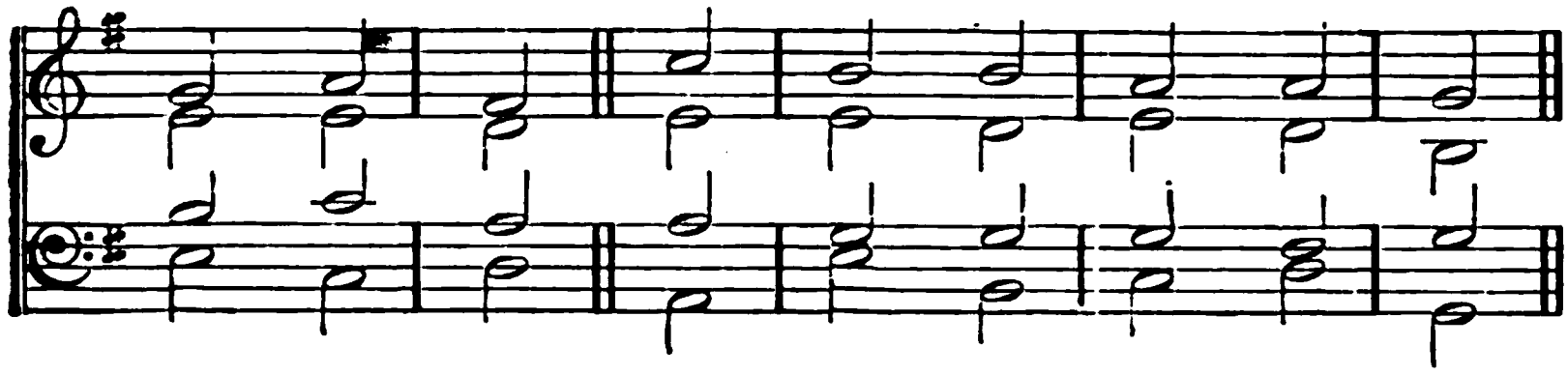


# MORNING.

SALISBURY. C. M.

From RAVENSCROFT's Psalter, 1621.
Harmonized by JAMES TURLE.





## 174.

TO Thee, O Lord, with dawning light,
My thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy mighty power to celebrate,
Thy holy Name to praise:

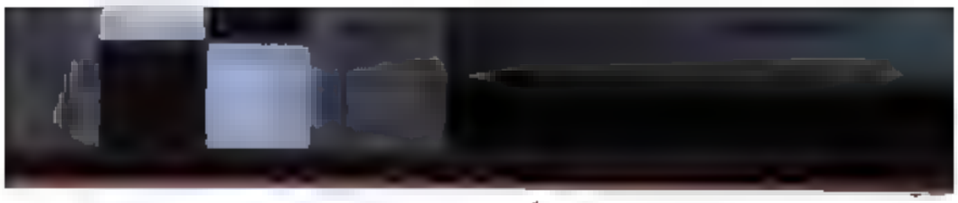
For Thou, in helpless hour of night,
Hast compassed my bed,
And now, refresh'd with peaceful sleep,
Thou liftest up my head.

Grant me, O God, Thy quickening grace,
Through this and every day;
That, guided and upheld by Thee,
My feet may never stray.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Increase my zeal and love;
And fix my heart's affections all
On Christ and things above.

And when, life's labour o er, I sink
To slumber in the grave,
In death's dark vale be Thou my trust,
To succour and to save:

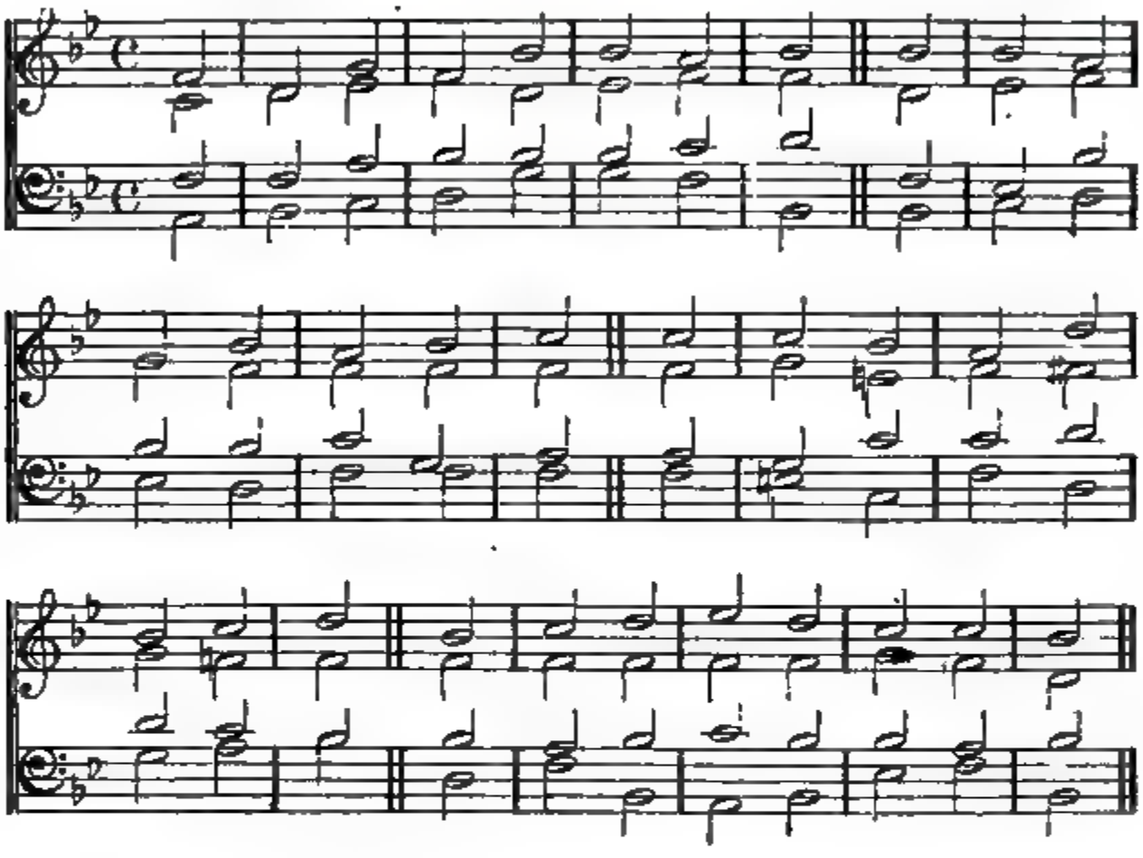
That so, through Him, who bled and died,
And rose again for me,
"The grave and gate of death" may prove
A passage home to Thee.



# MORNING.

CARISBROOK. L. M.

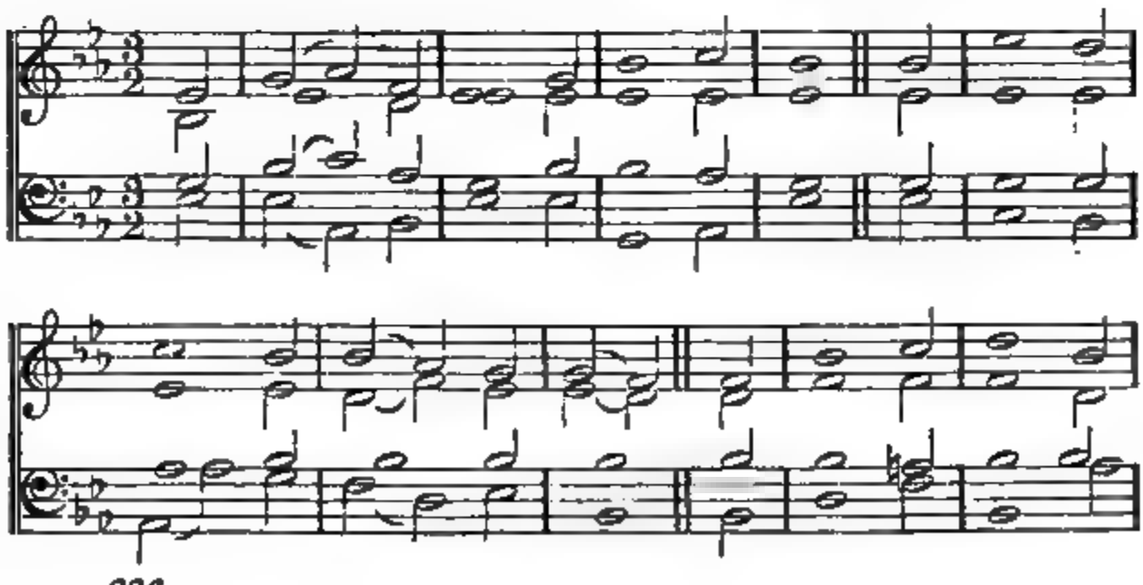
HENRY LAWES. 1638.
Harmonized by JAMES TURLE.



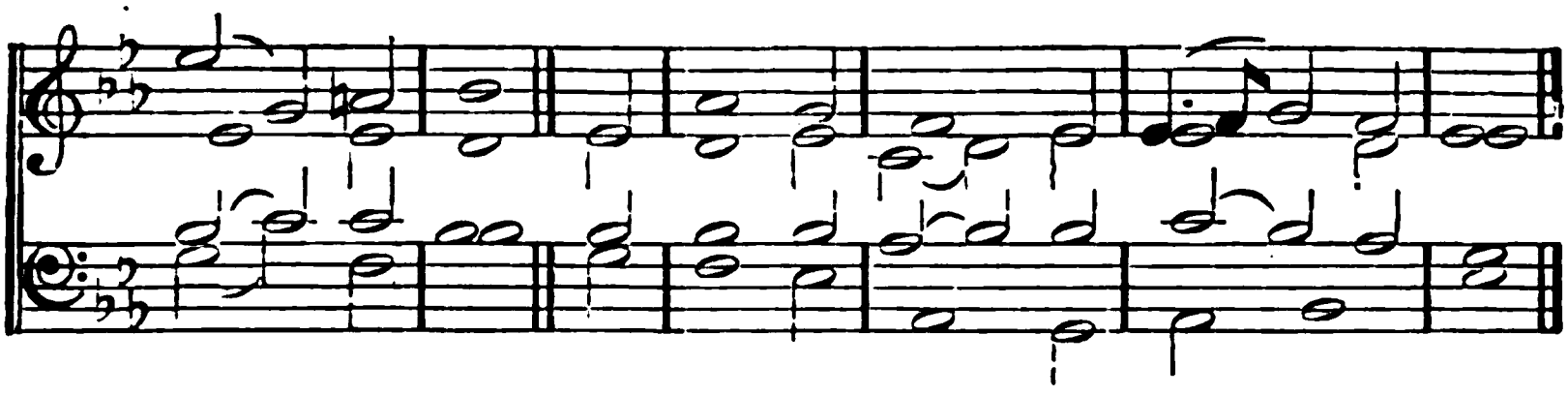
*Or,*

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. MILLER. Died, 1807.

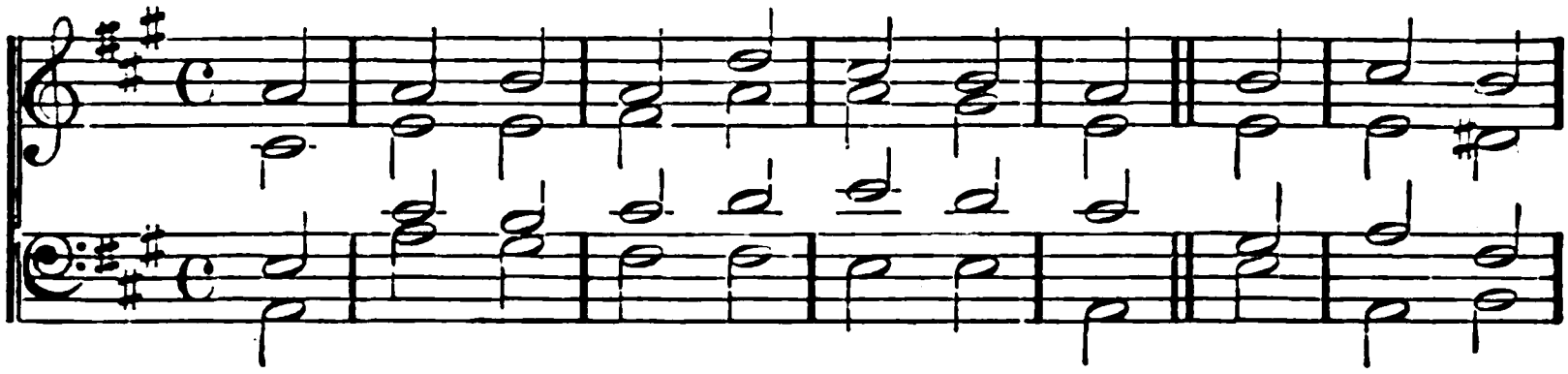


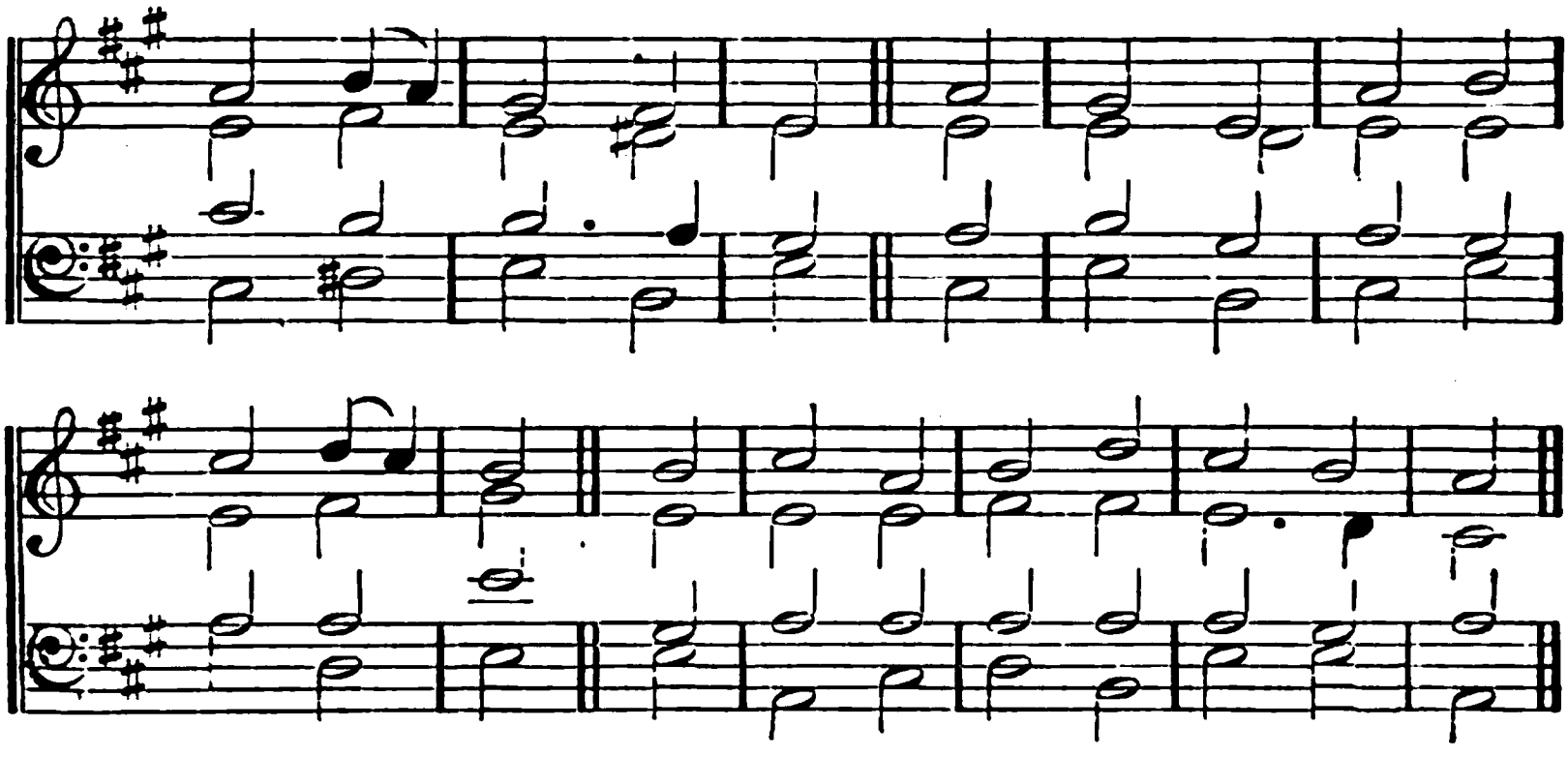
# MORNING.



*Cr,*

**Barrington. L. M.** See Hymn 172.





## 175.

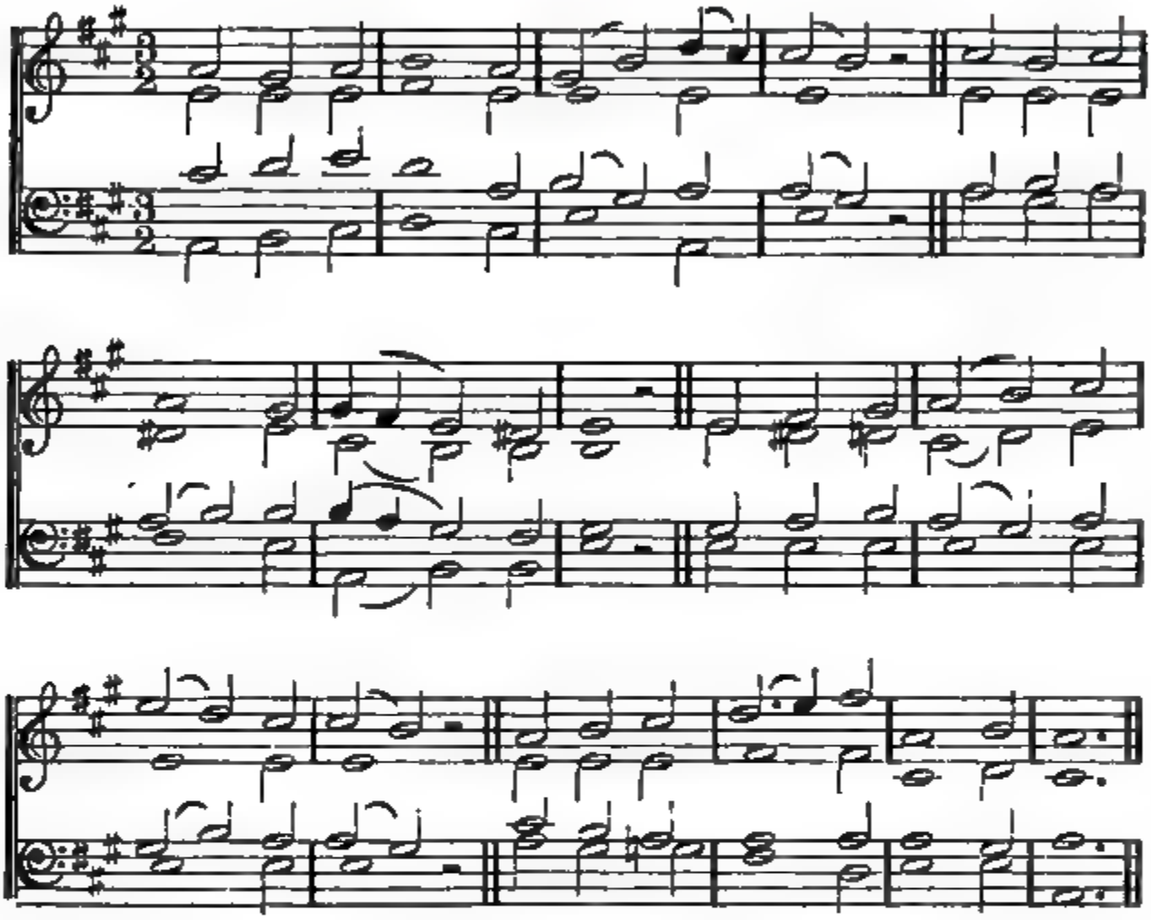
MY God, how endless is Thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign Word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## MORNING.

OTTERBOURNE. L. M. JOSEPH HAYDN, Died. 1809.



### 176.

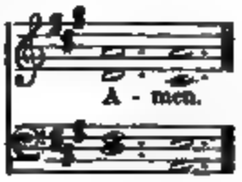
NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves,—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

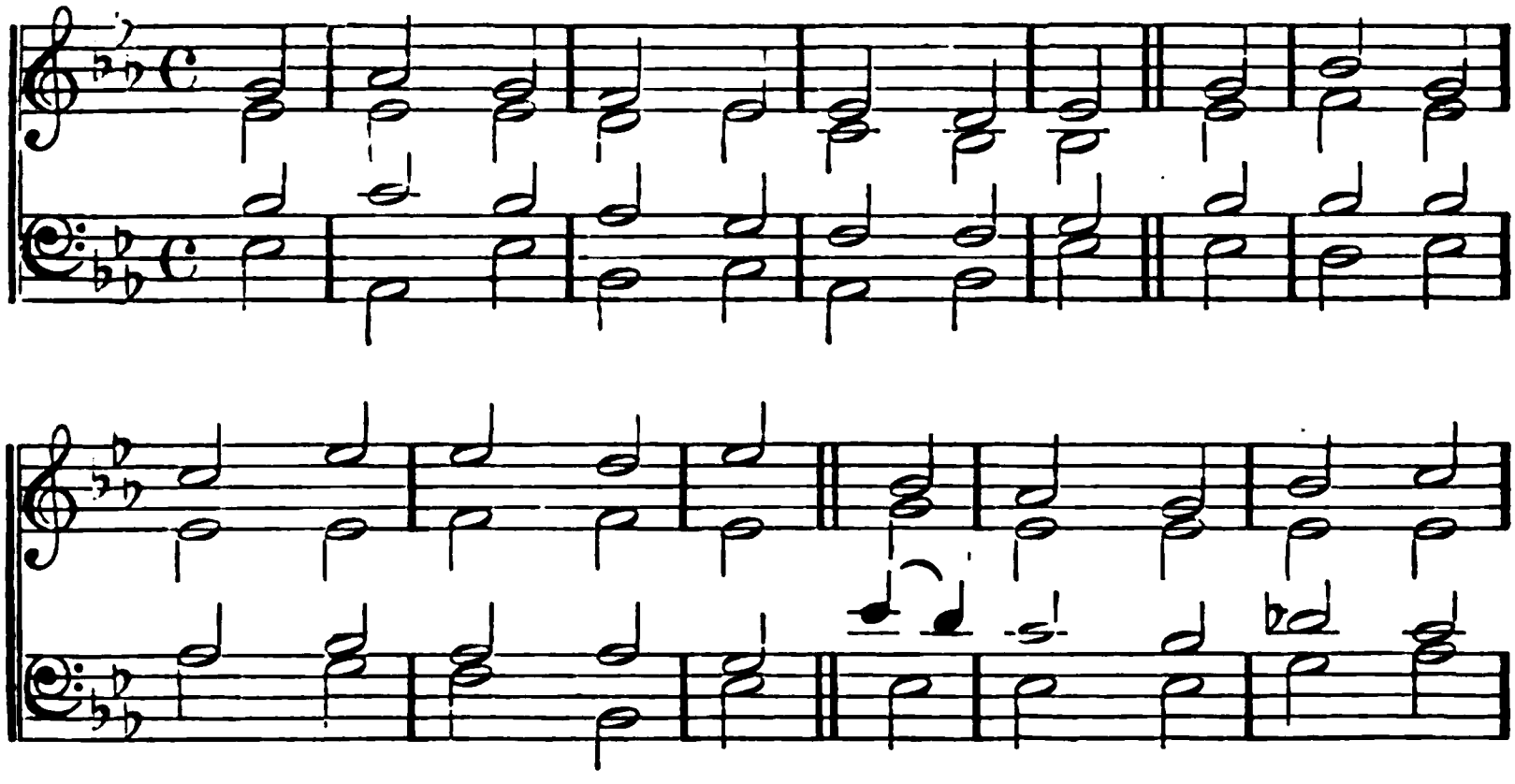
Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

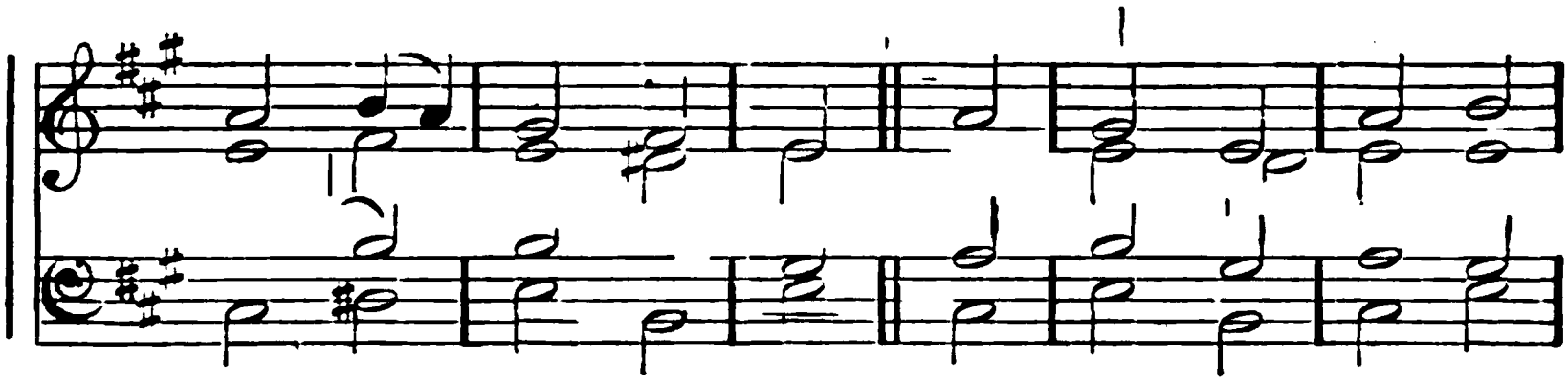


# MORNING.

WOOTTON FITZPAINE. L. M.

JAMES TURLE. 1862.
Composed for this work.





## 177.

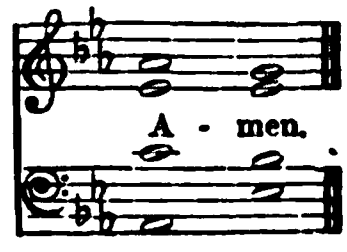
O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

O, hallow'd be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

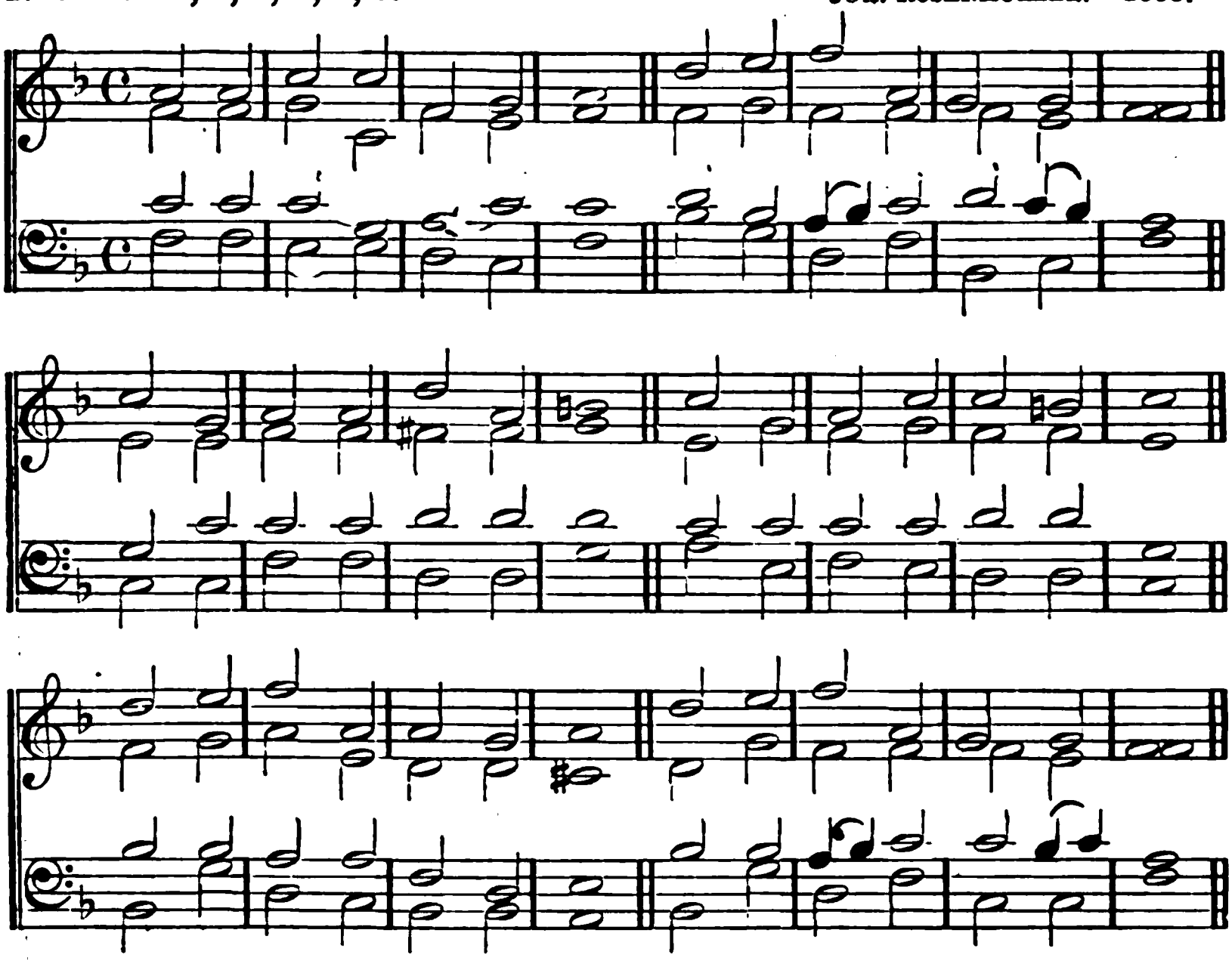
O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!



# MORNING.

NASSAU. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

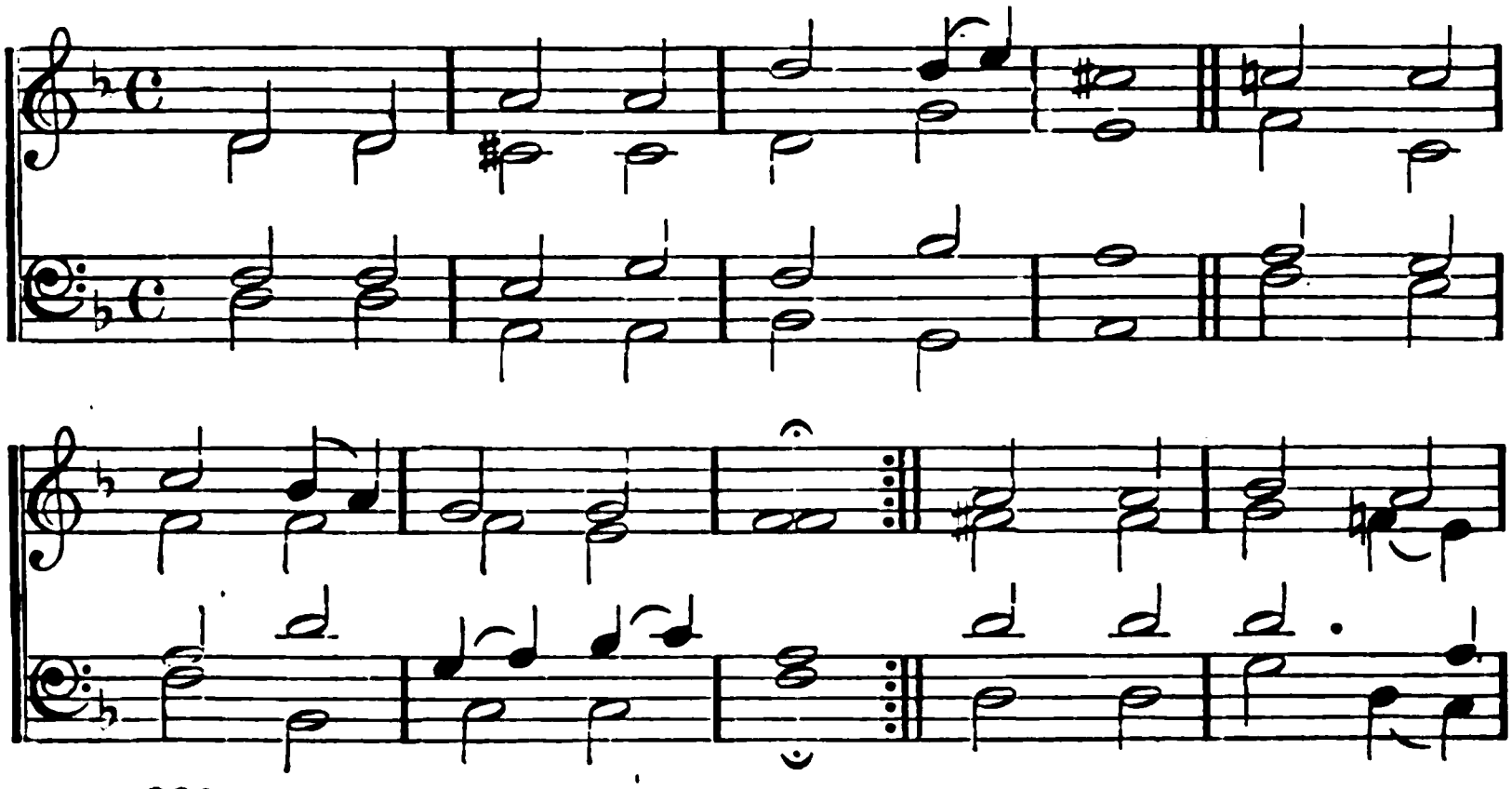
JOH. ROSENMÜLLER. 1655.



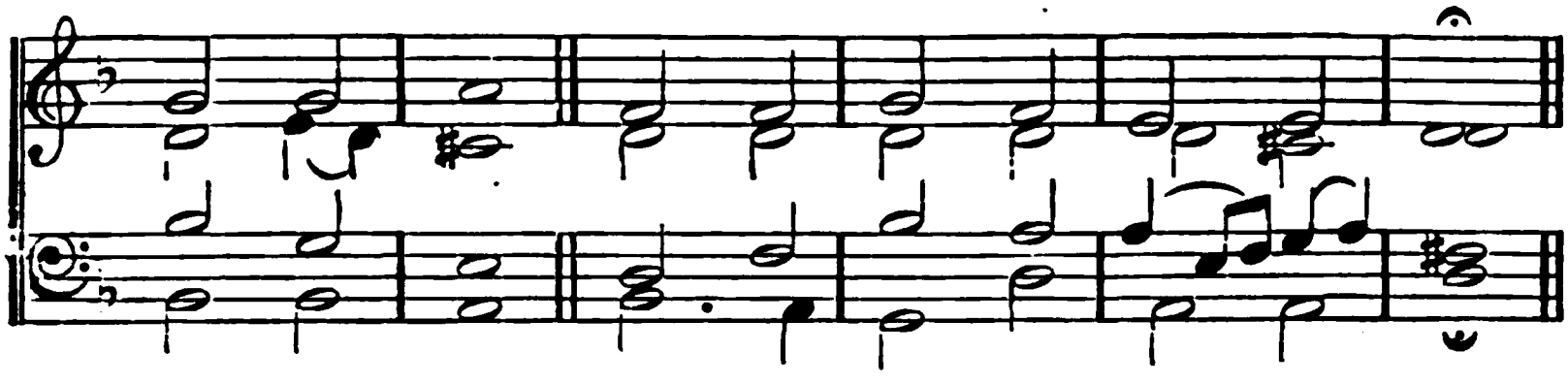
*Or,*

BLOBE. 7, 7 :‖ 7, 7.

STÖRL. 1744.



## MORNING.



### 178.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Lord, Thy inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

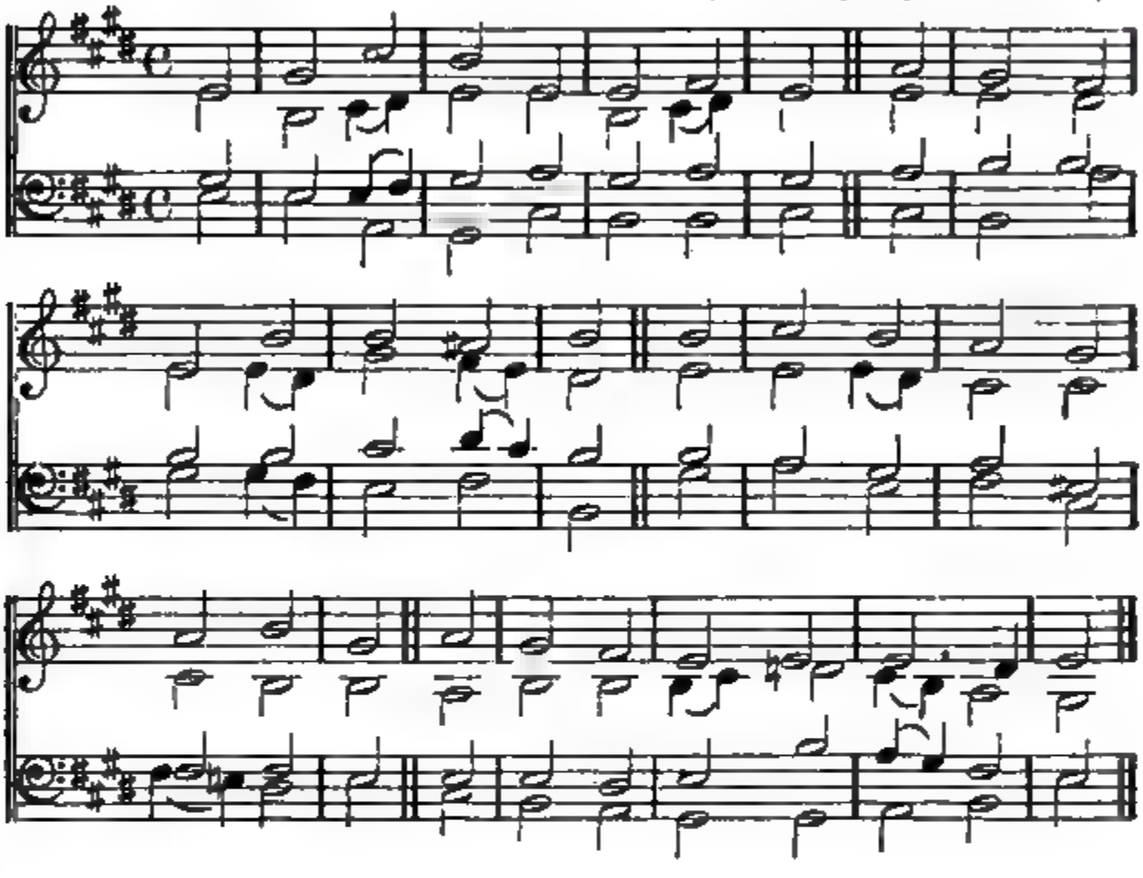
Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill us, Lord, with light divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

## MORNING.

LITTLINGTON TOWER. L. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY. 1862.
(Written expressly for this Work.)



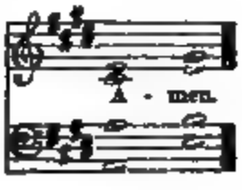
### 179.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all we think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Still be our grateful, glad employ,
To spend for Thee what Thou hast given,
And run our course with hope and joy,
Till with Thy saints we enter heaven.

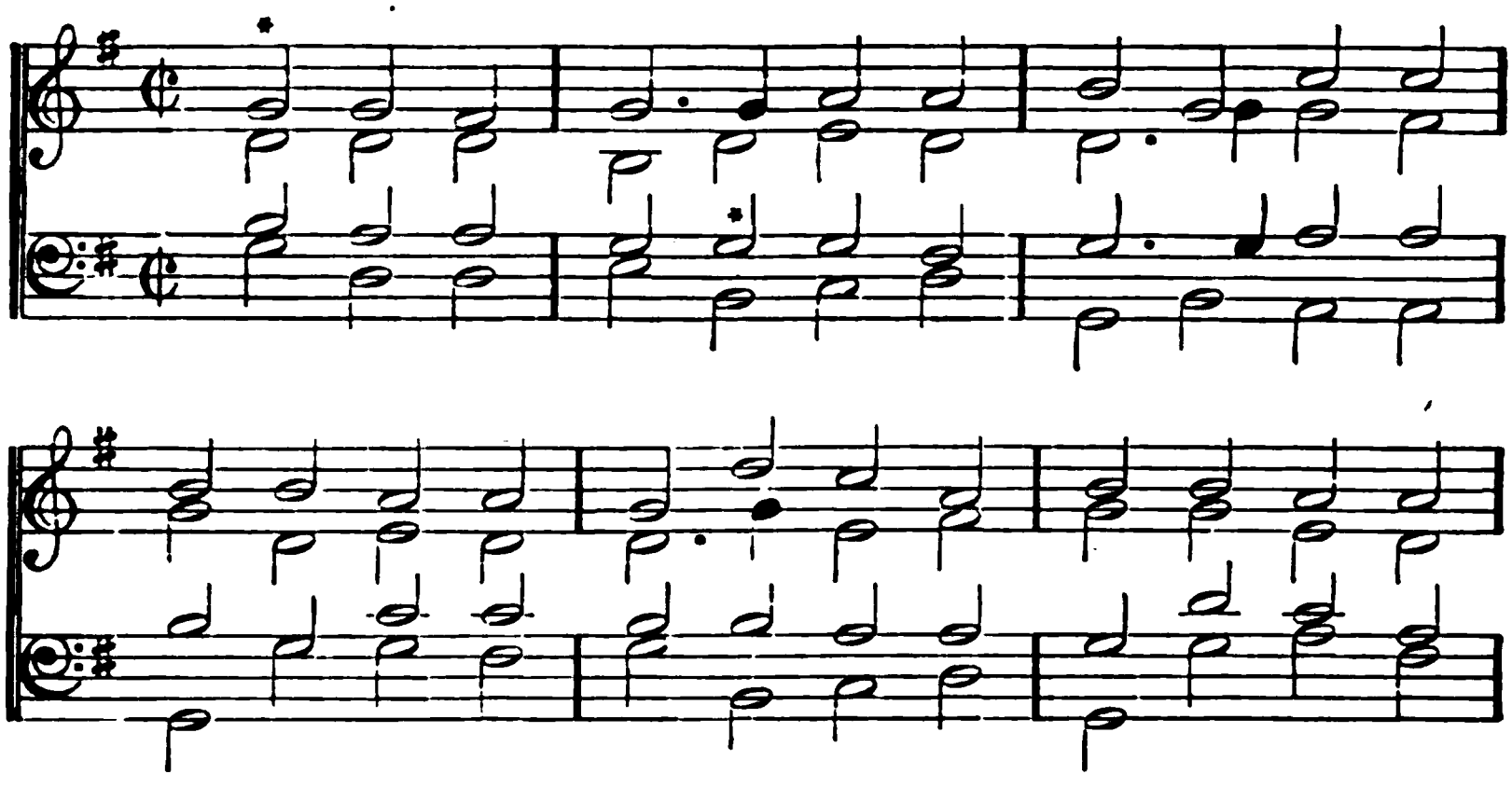
To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three!
Let praise for evermore ascend:
And grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

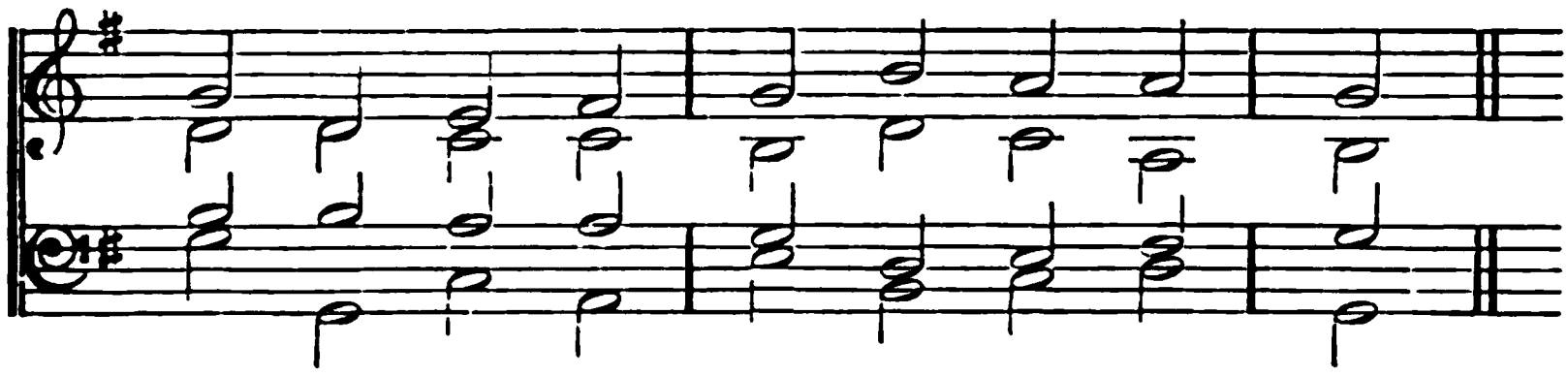


# EVENING.

**Evening Hymn. L. M.**
***(Two in one, Treble and Tenor).***

**Tallis's Canon. (1561). From the Rev. W. H. Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.' By permission.**





## 180.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

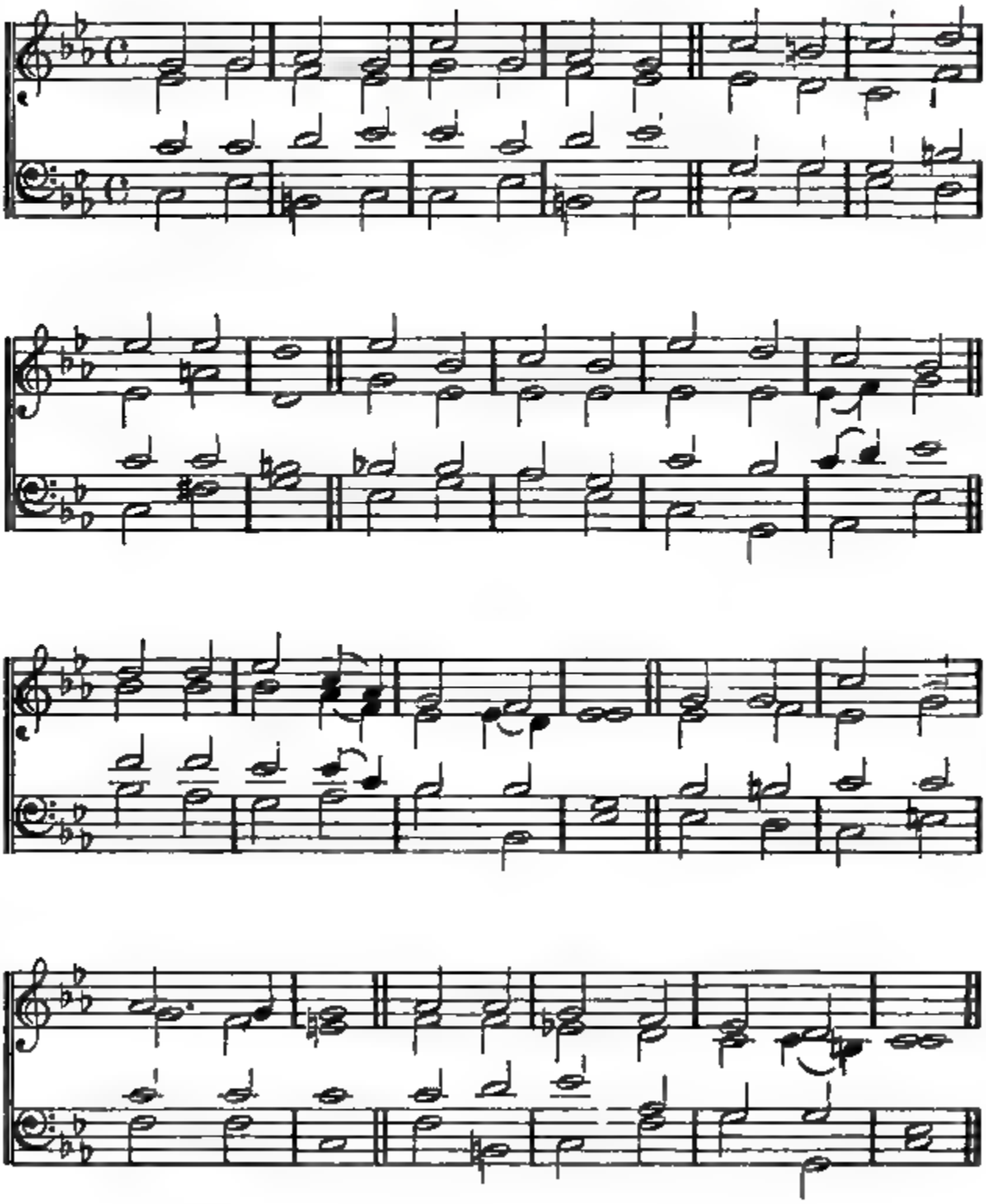
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## EVENING.

DRESDEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. From the Dresden Hymn Book. 1767.

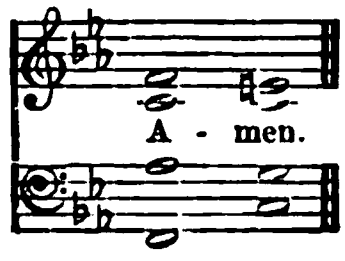


# EVENING.

## 181.

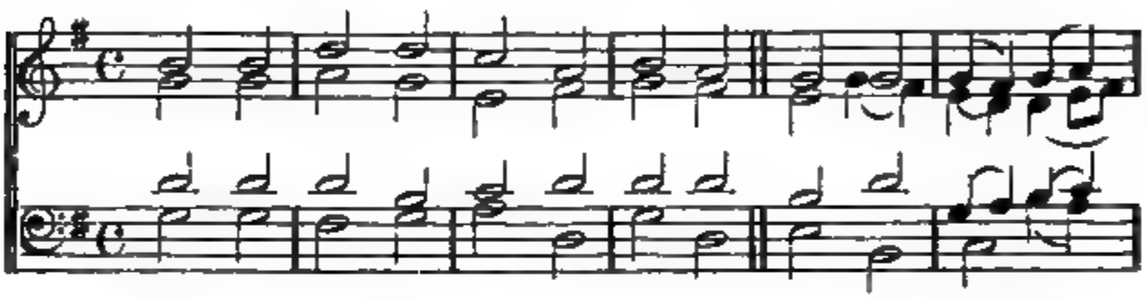
THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Wearied, we lie down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

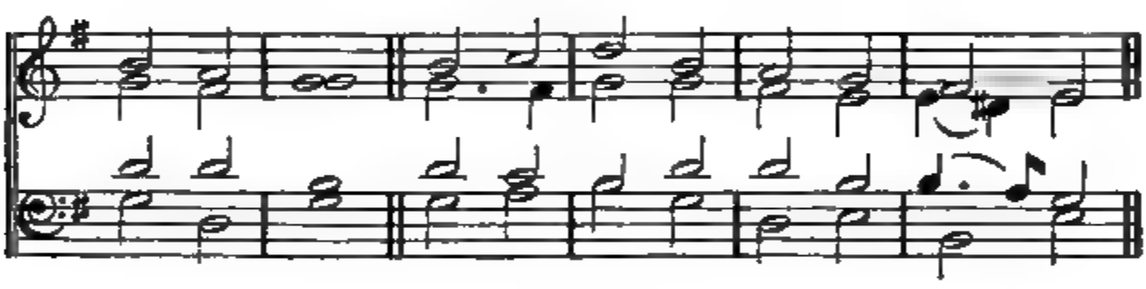
Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers
In Thy love may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

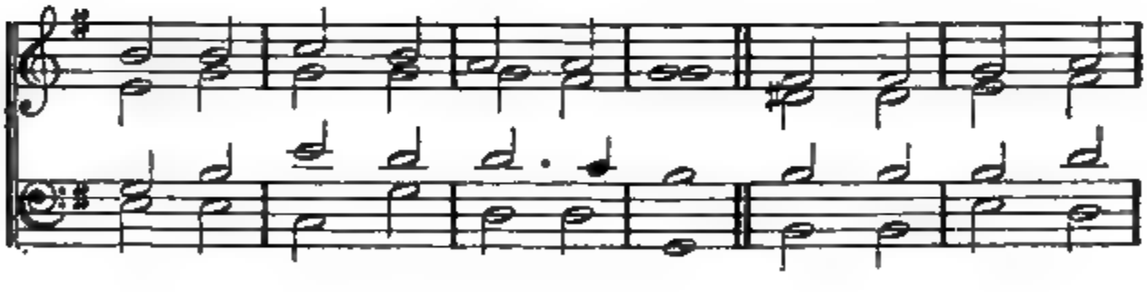


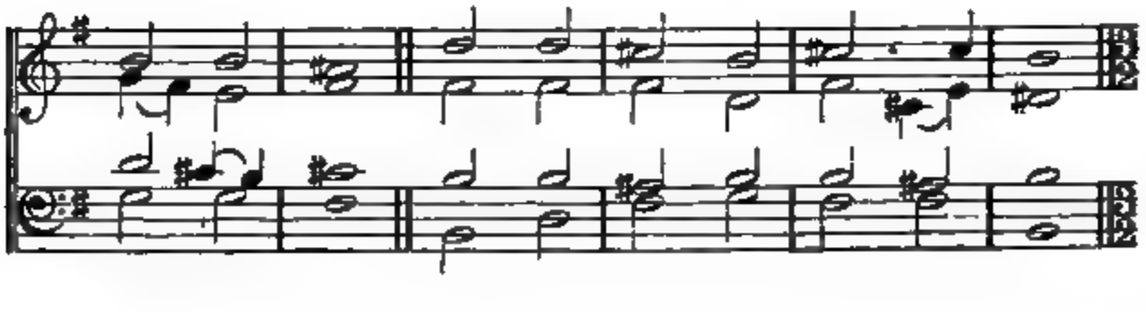
## EVENING.

HEAVENLY REST. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 4, 4, 7, 7. JOH. ROSENMÜLLER. 1649.

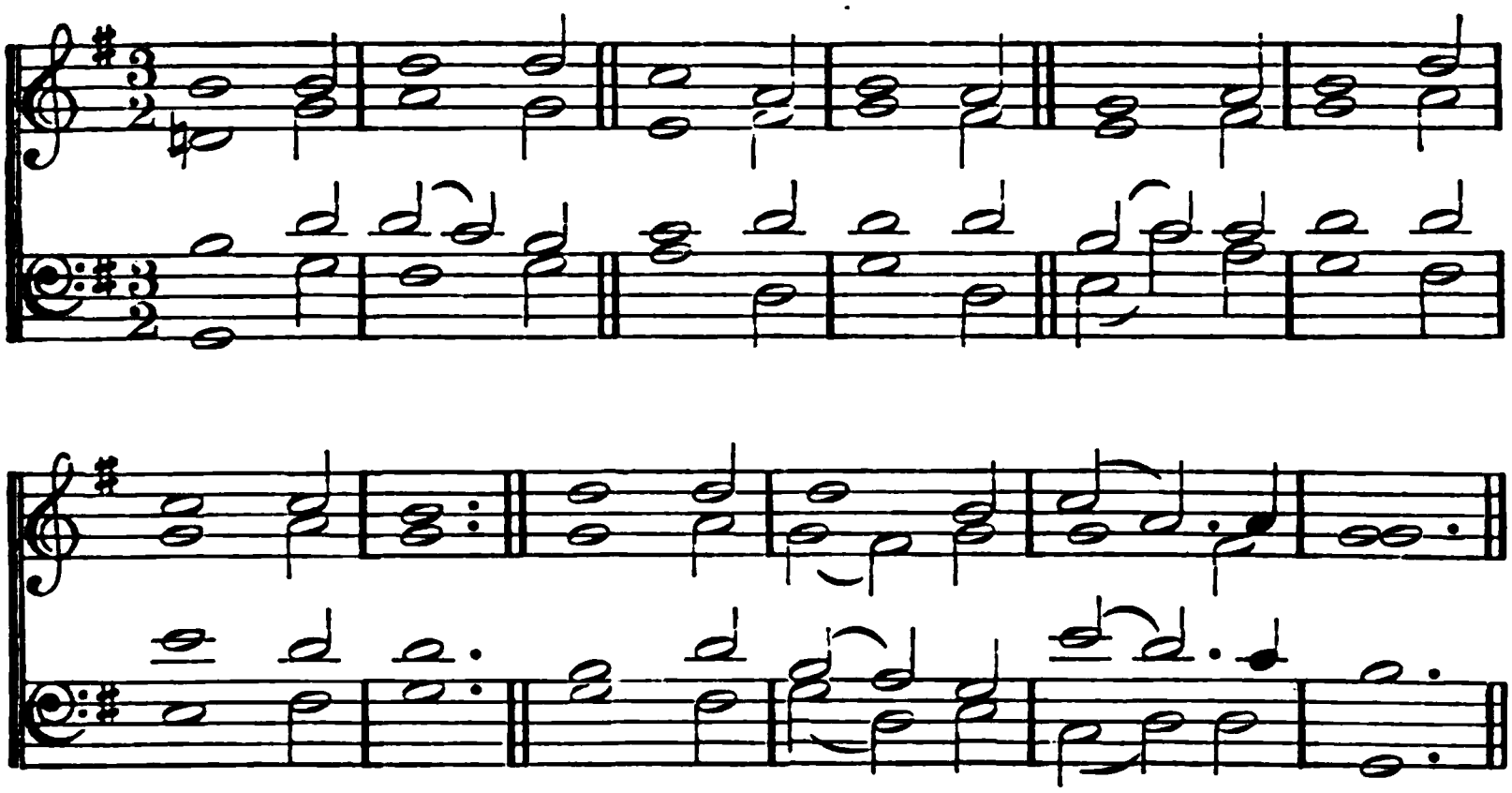






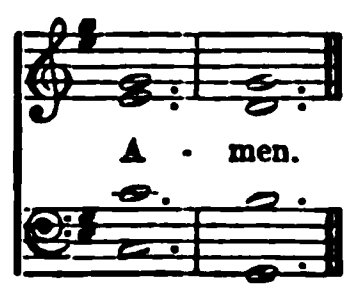


# EVENING.



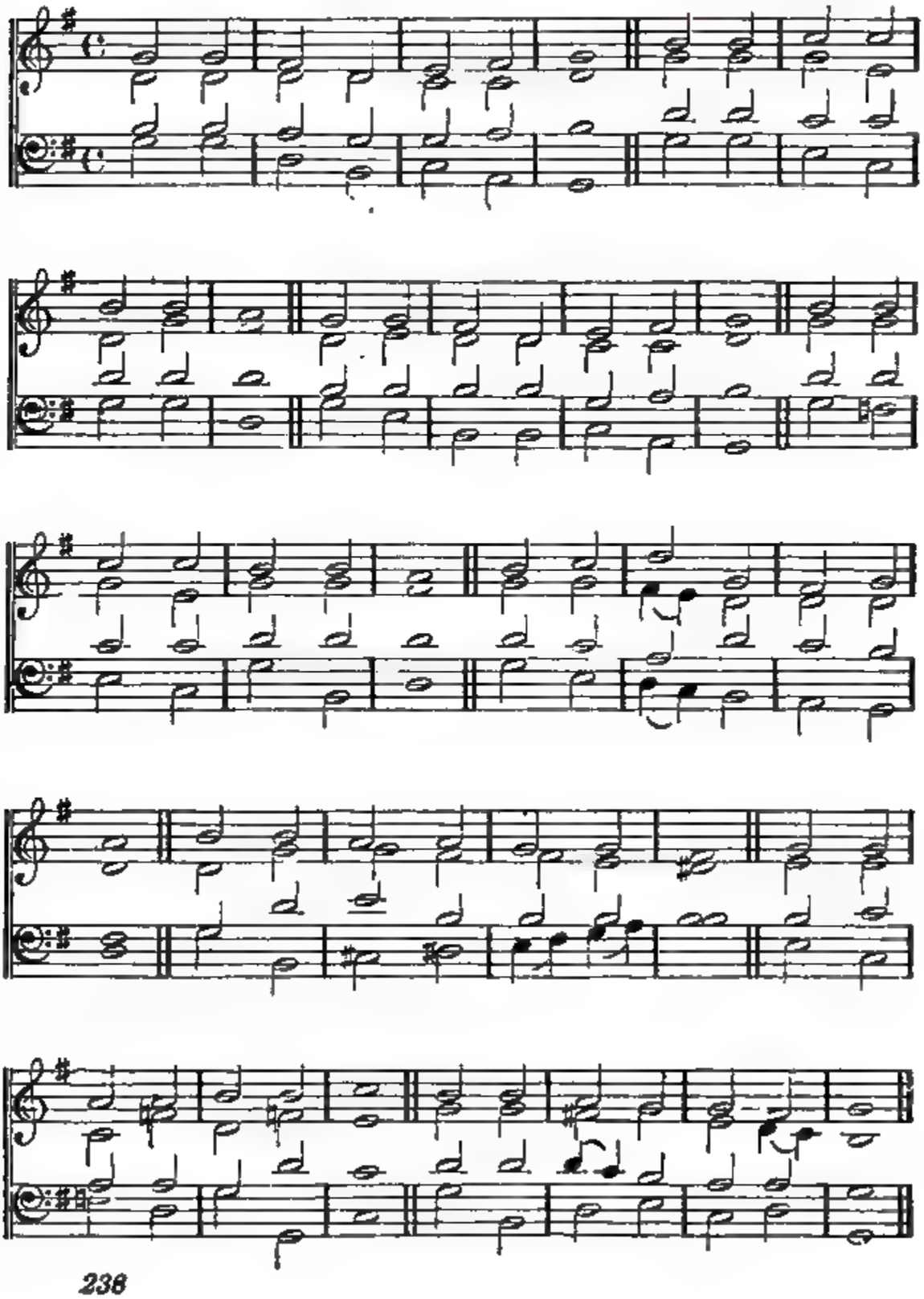
182.

GOD of Israel! we adore Thee!
Thou hast kept us through the day:
Thus preserved, we come before Thee,
Ours the new and living Way.
Safely keep us through the night;
Guard us till the morning light;
Nor forsake us
Till Thou take us
Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
Through a bright eternity.



# EVENING.

ZURICH. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. I. SCHOPPE. 1642.



# EVENING.

## 183.

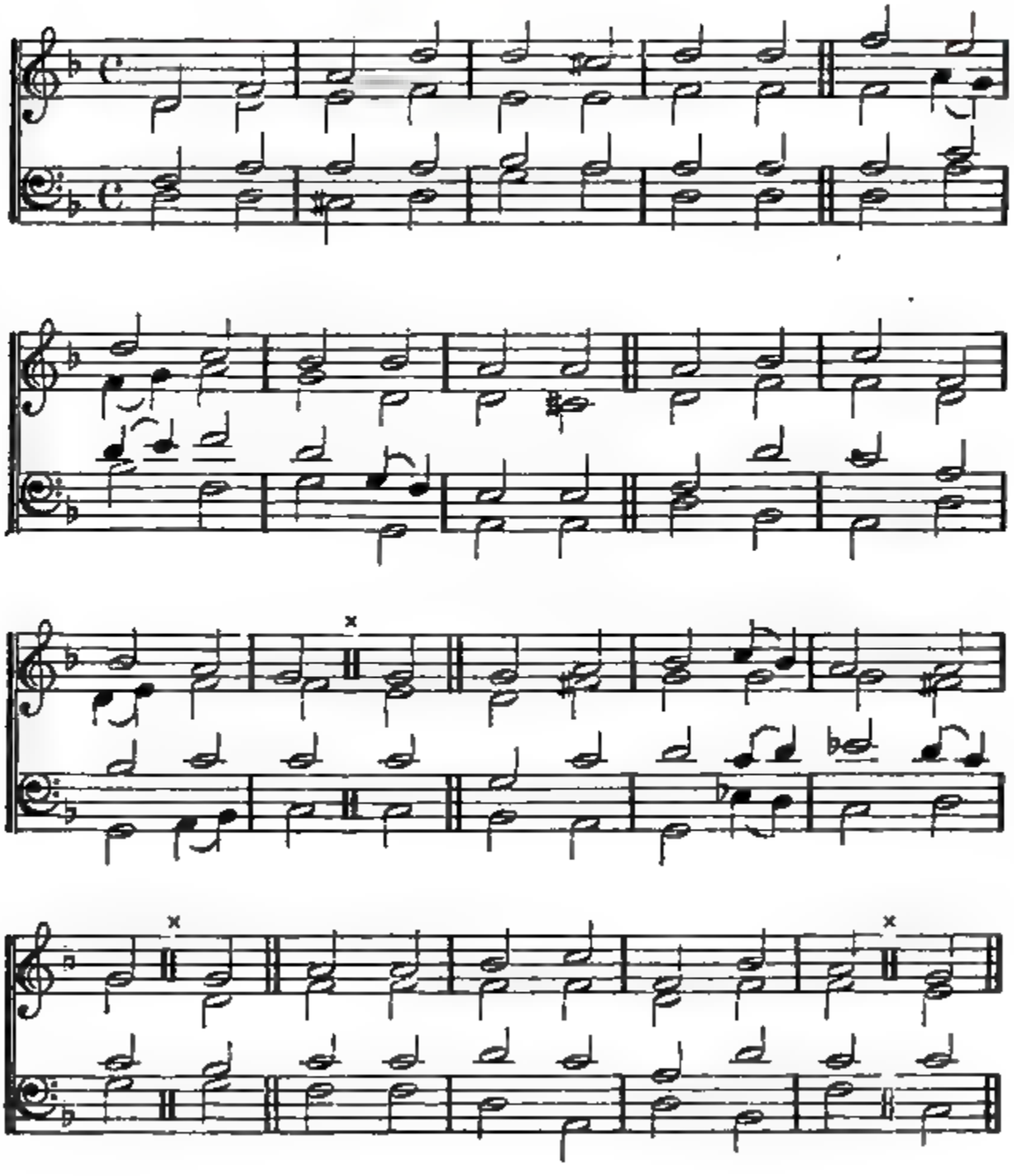
THROUGH the changes of the day,
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offerings of thanks we pay,
Father! in this evening hour;
Praises to Thy Name belong,
Source and Giver of our good!
And, though feeble is our song,
It shall speak our gratitude.

From the dangers which have frown'd,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet!
And Thy loving-kindness hath
All the day to us been shown,
While profusely on our path
Richest blessings have been strown.

Spirit! who hast been our Light,
And the Guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us for another day!
O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,
Watch, and sweet shall be our rest;
And when morning gilds the sky,
Our awaking shall be bless'd!

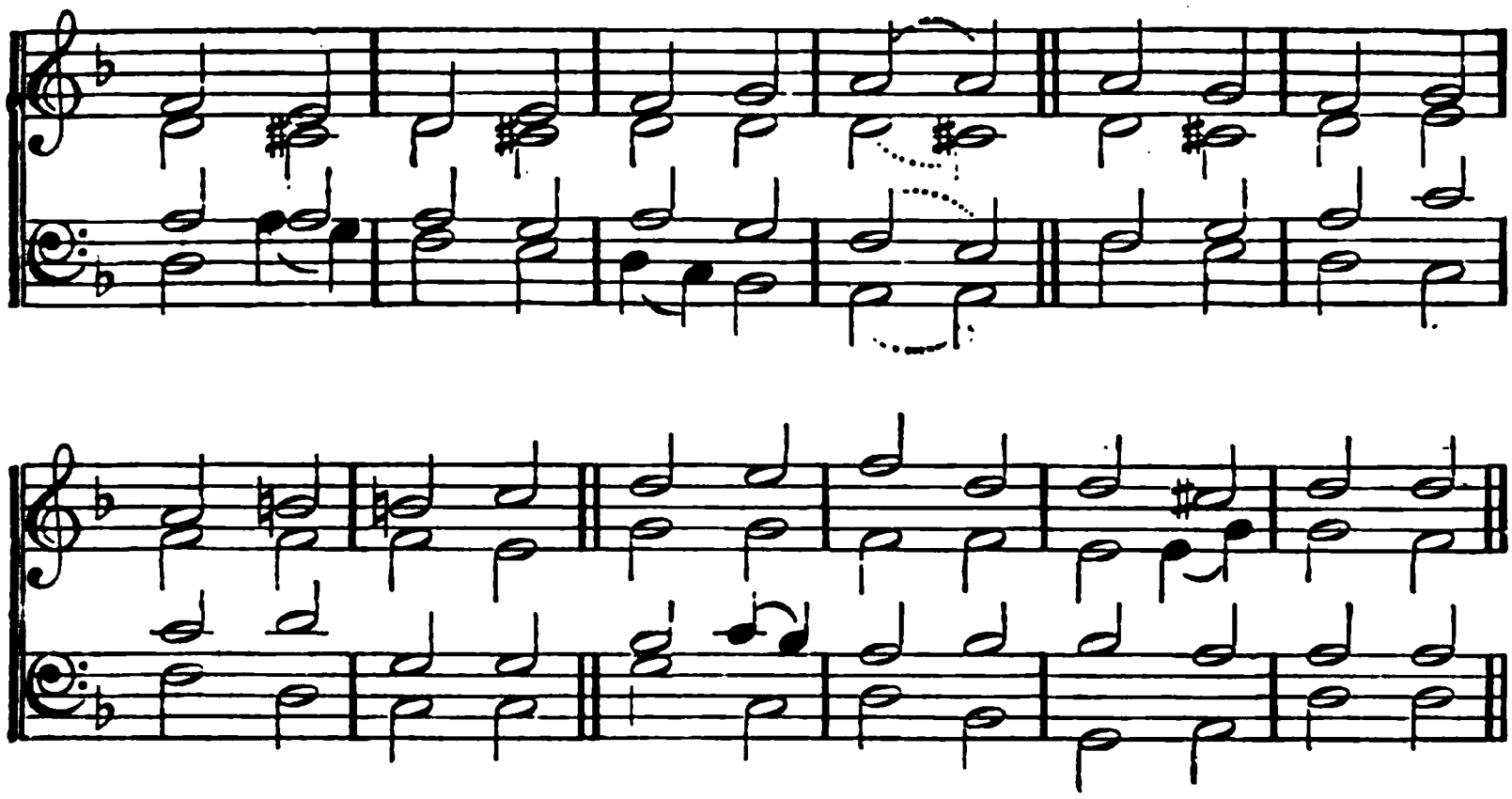
# EVENING.

**Omnipresence.** 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. John Schop. 1650.



× These mark the divisions of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th lines of the second stanza, to which stanza also the dotted slurs belong.

# EVENING.



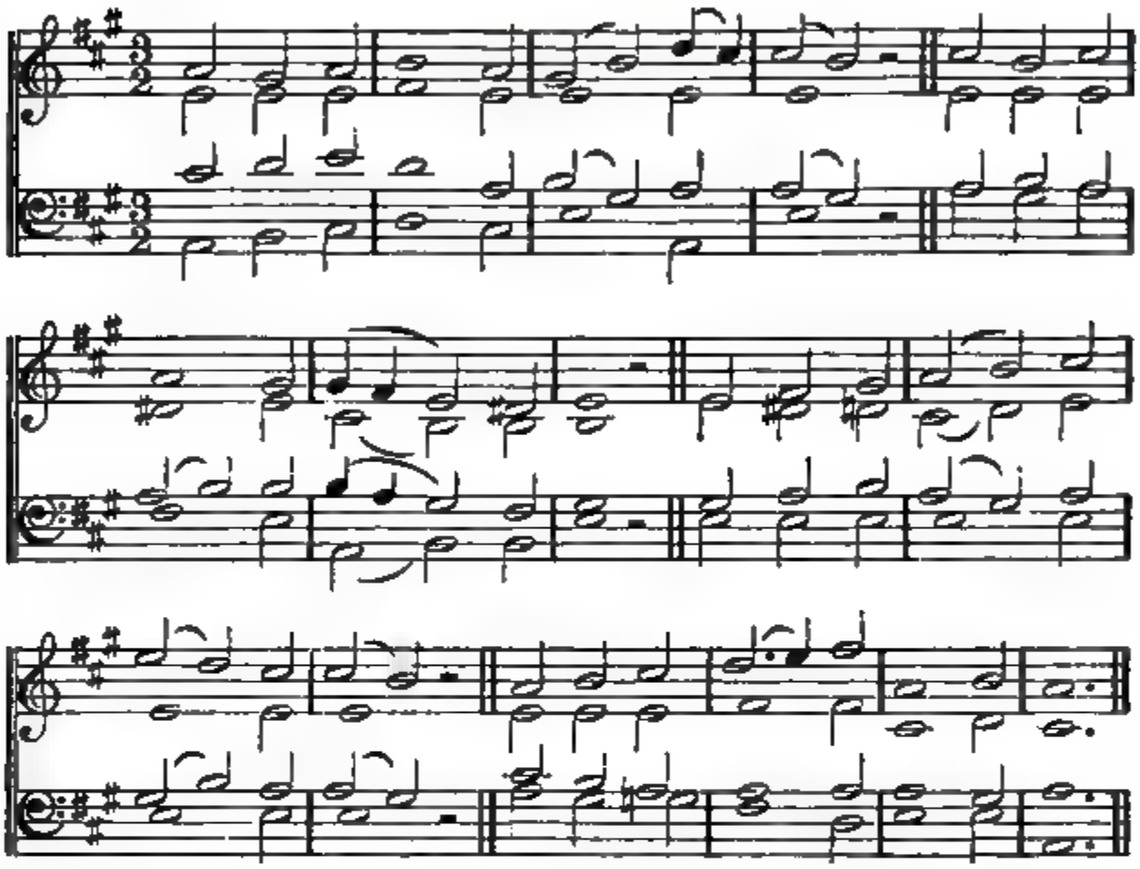
184.

BLESSED be Thy Name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever!

Thou, who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they Thou kindly keepest!
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,
That riseth from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity!
God of life the Guard and Giver,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever!

## EVENING.

**Otterbourne.** L. M. Joseph Haydn. Died, 1809.



### 185.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

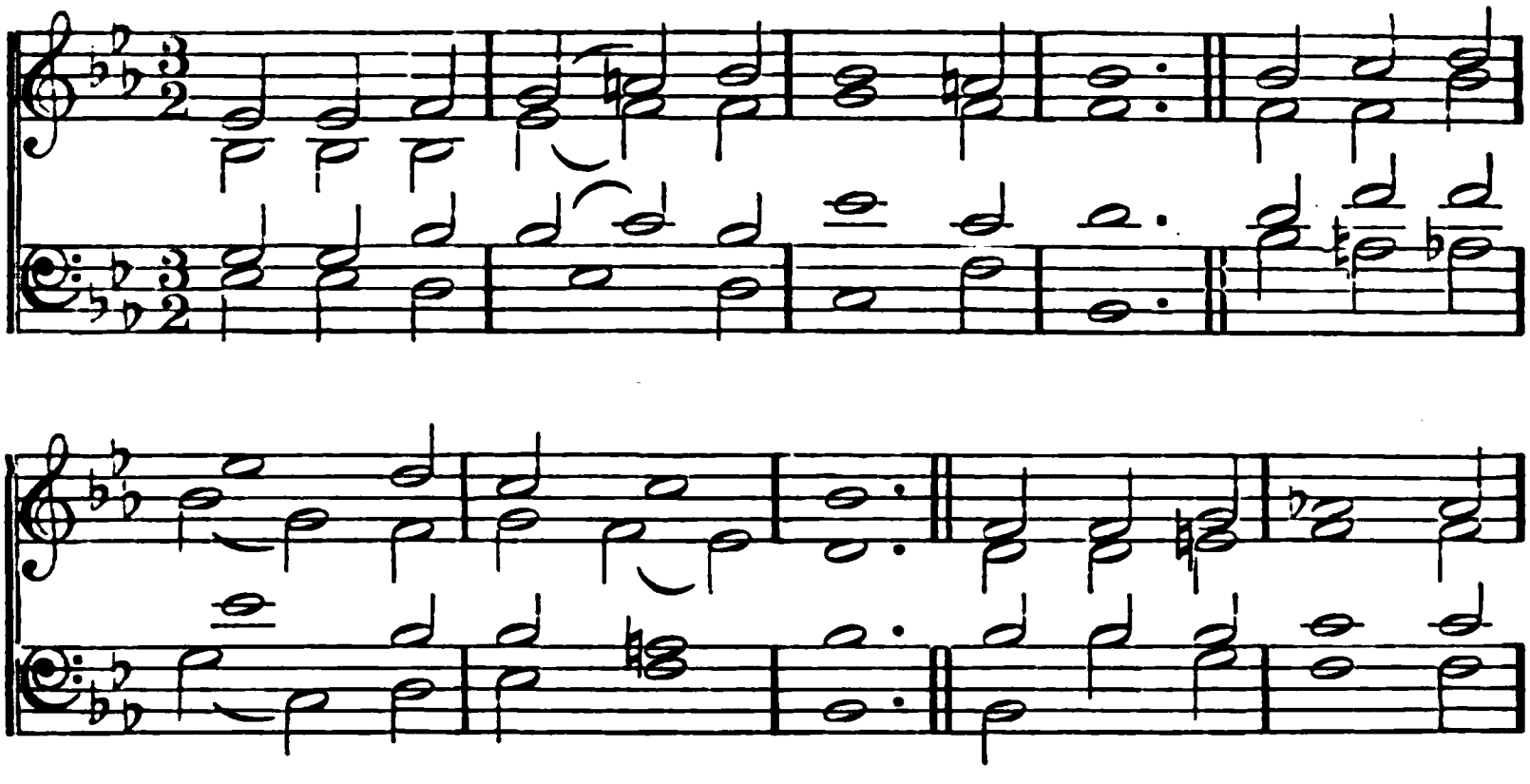
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

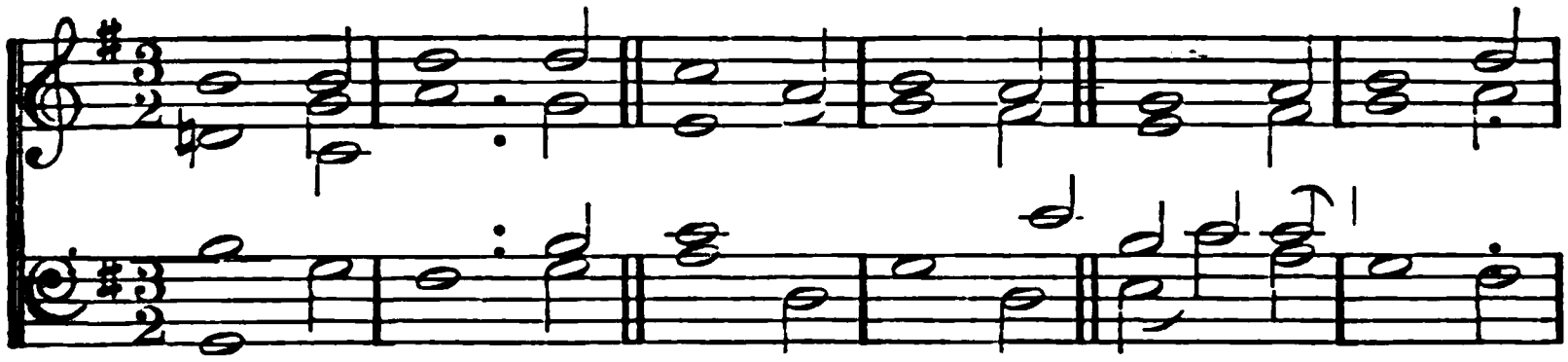
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

# EVENING.

*Or*, ANGELUS.* L. M. J. SCHEFFLER. 1657.





## 186.

THOU Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

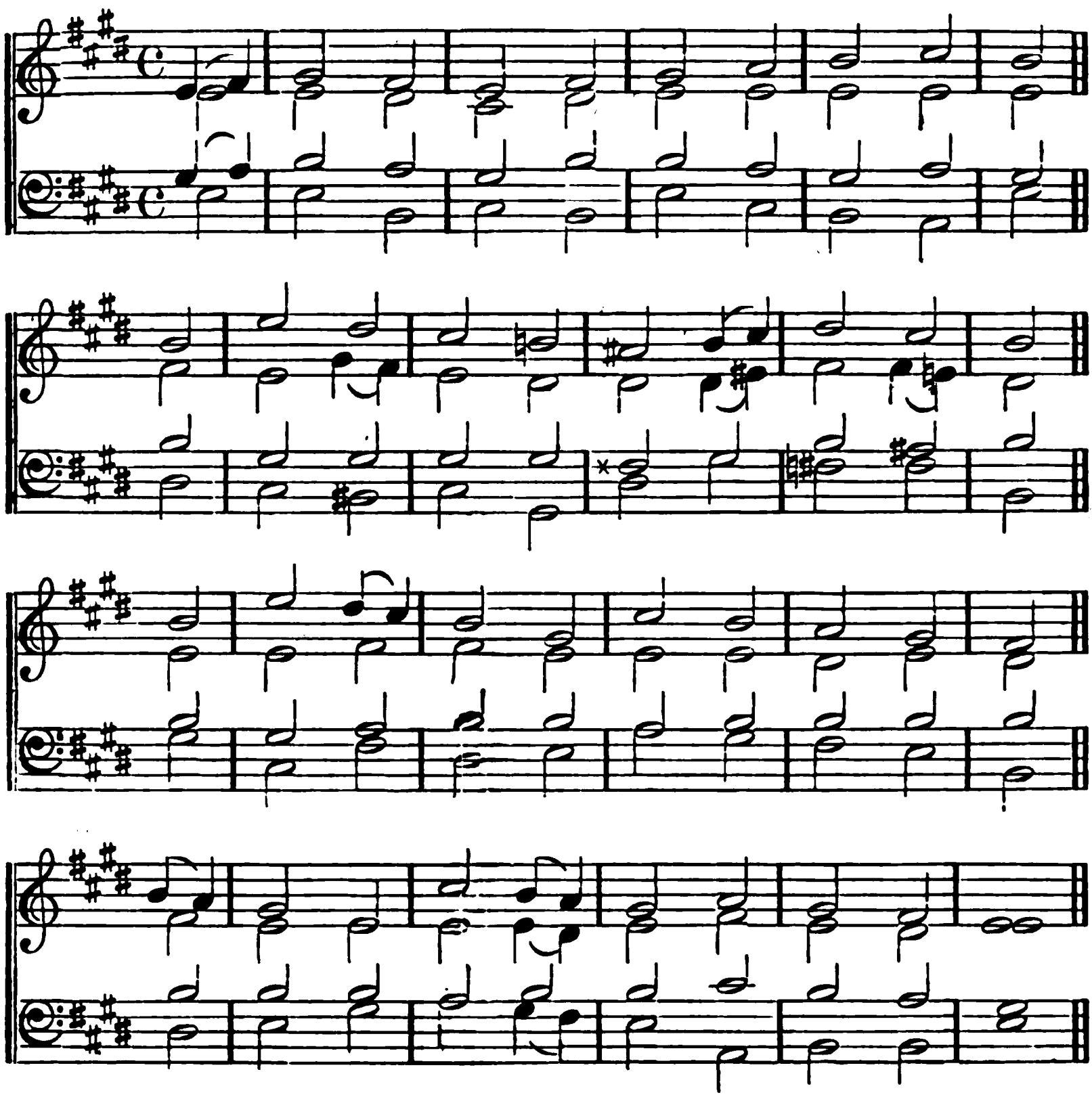
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

* Either Tune will suit either Hymn.

# EVENING.

**Evensong.** 10, 10, 10, 10.

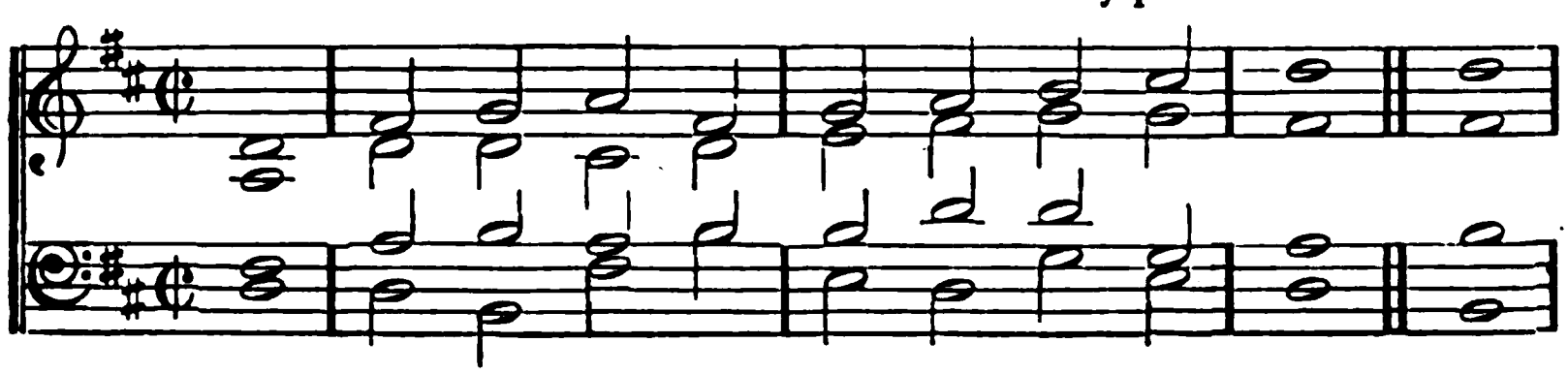
From F. Weber's 'Church of England Choral-Book.' 1856.



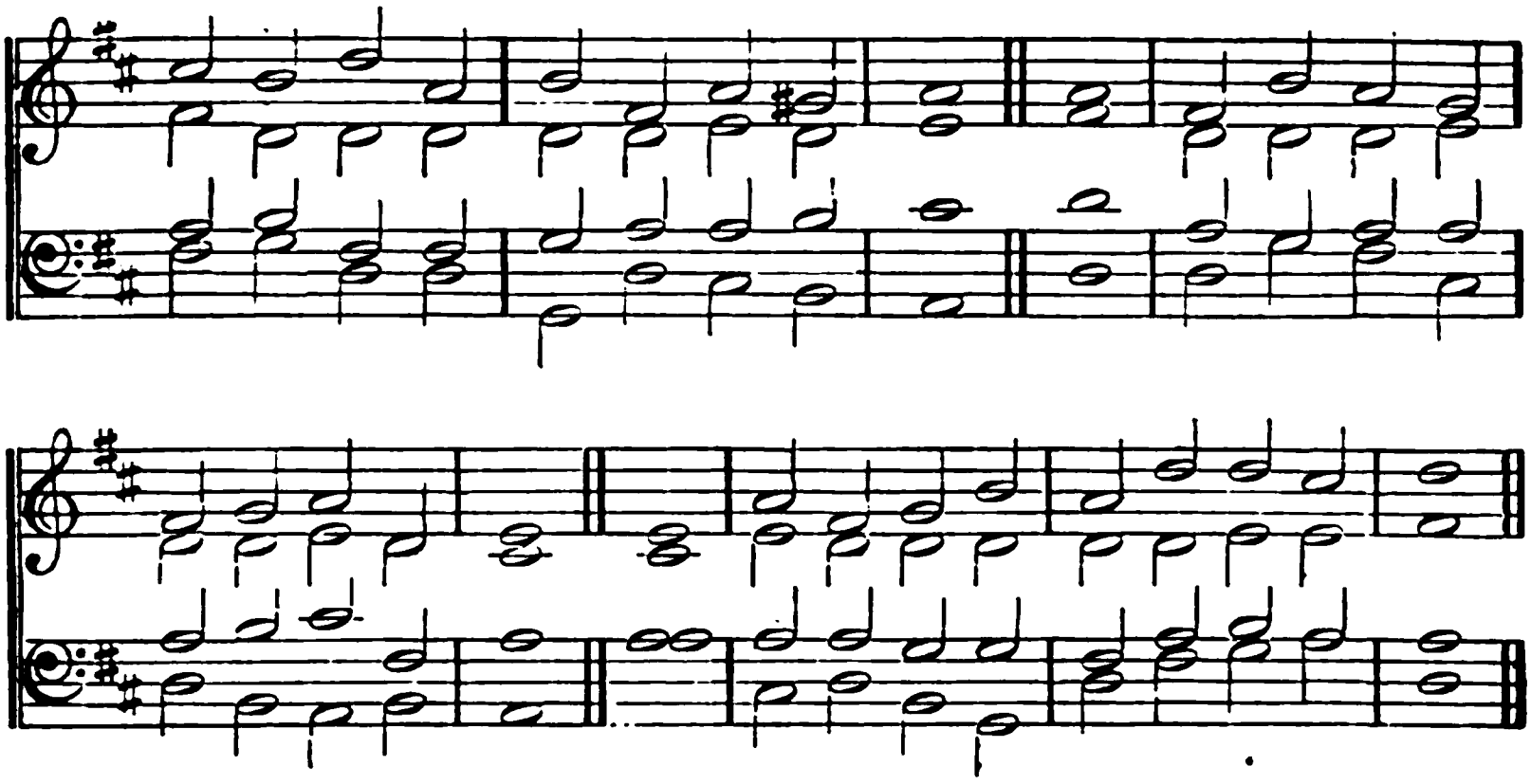
*Or,*

**Conway.** 10, 10, 10, 10.

Henry Lawes. 1637.
From Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.'
By permission.



# EVENING.



187.

OH come, and let us all, with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord;
Let us this evening bless His holy Name,
Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.

Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice, to give Him thanks and praise;
Let us and all His saints His glory sing,
Who is our blessed Saviour, Lord and King.

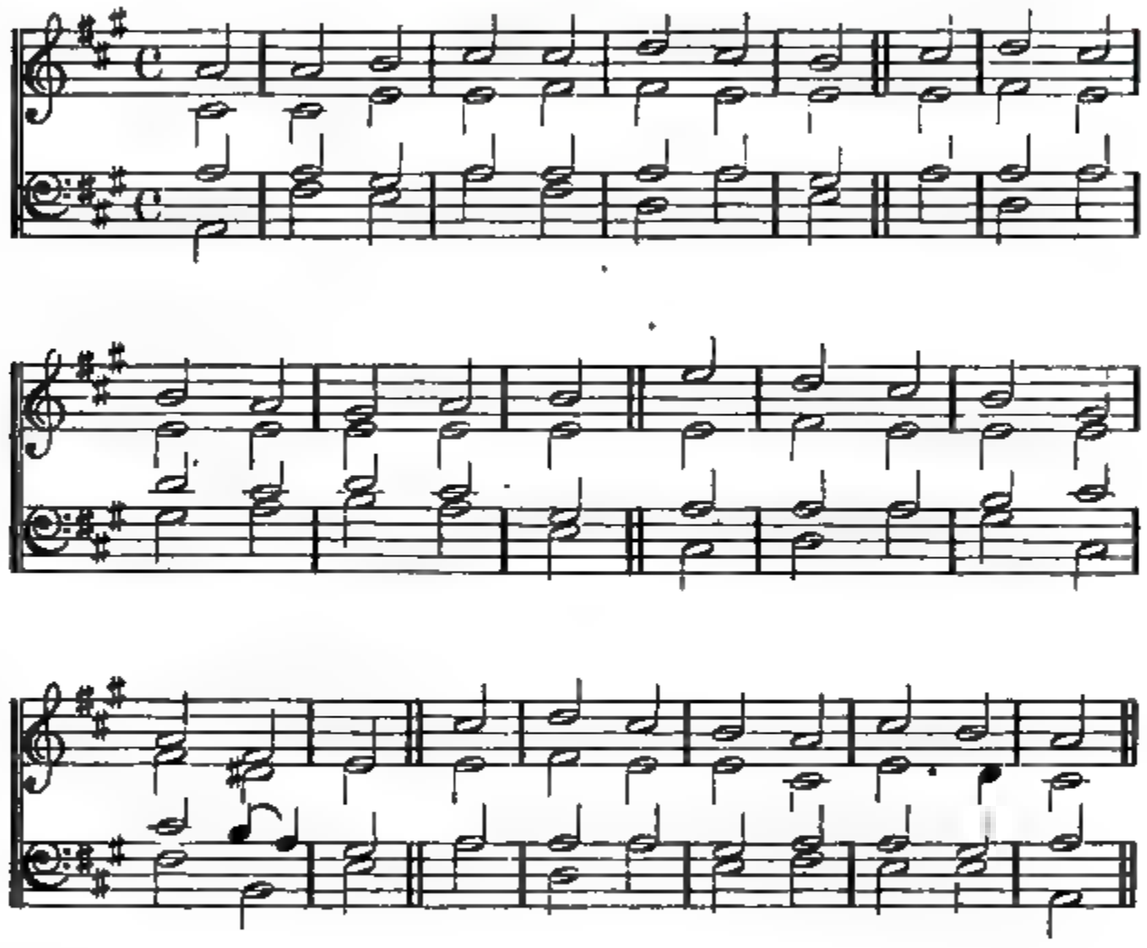
For by His Word the heaven and earth were made,
The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at His divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
To sing His praise in perfect unity;
Yea, let His servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

# EVENING.

St. Mark's. L. M. (Audi Israel).*

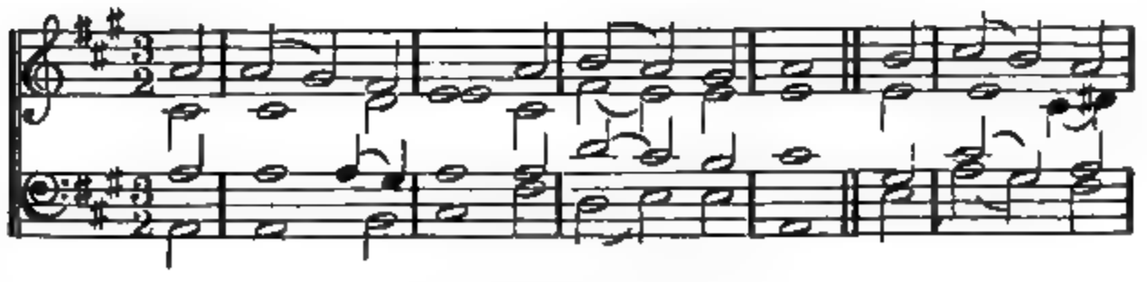
Originally in the Genevan Psalter. 1562.



*Or,*

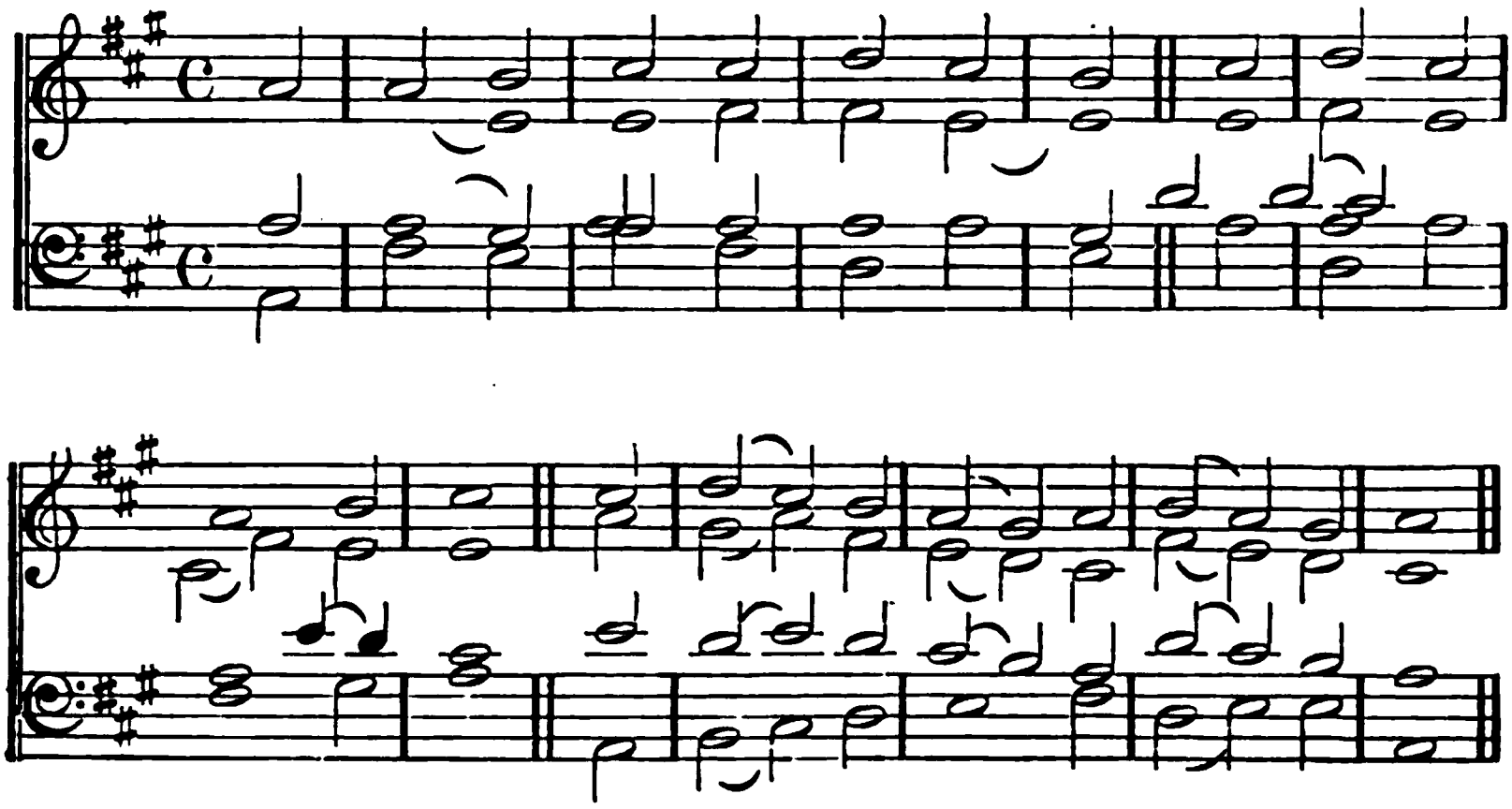
Wareham. L. M.

Knapp. 1760.



* Psalm LXV., in another key.

# EVENING.



## 188.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy throne above
No time can change, no power can move;
Thy word the fleeting hours obey,
They speed the night, they close the day.

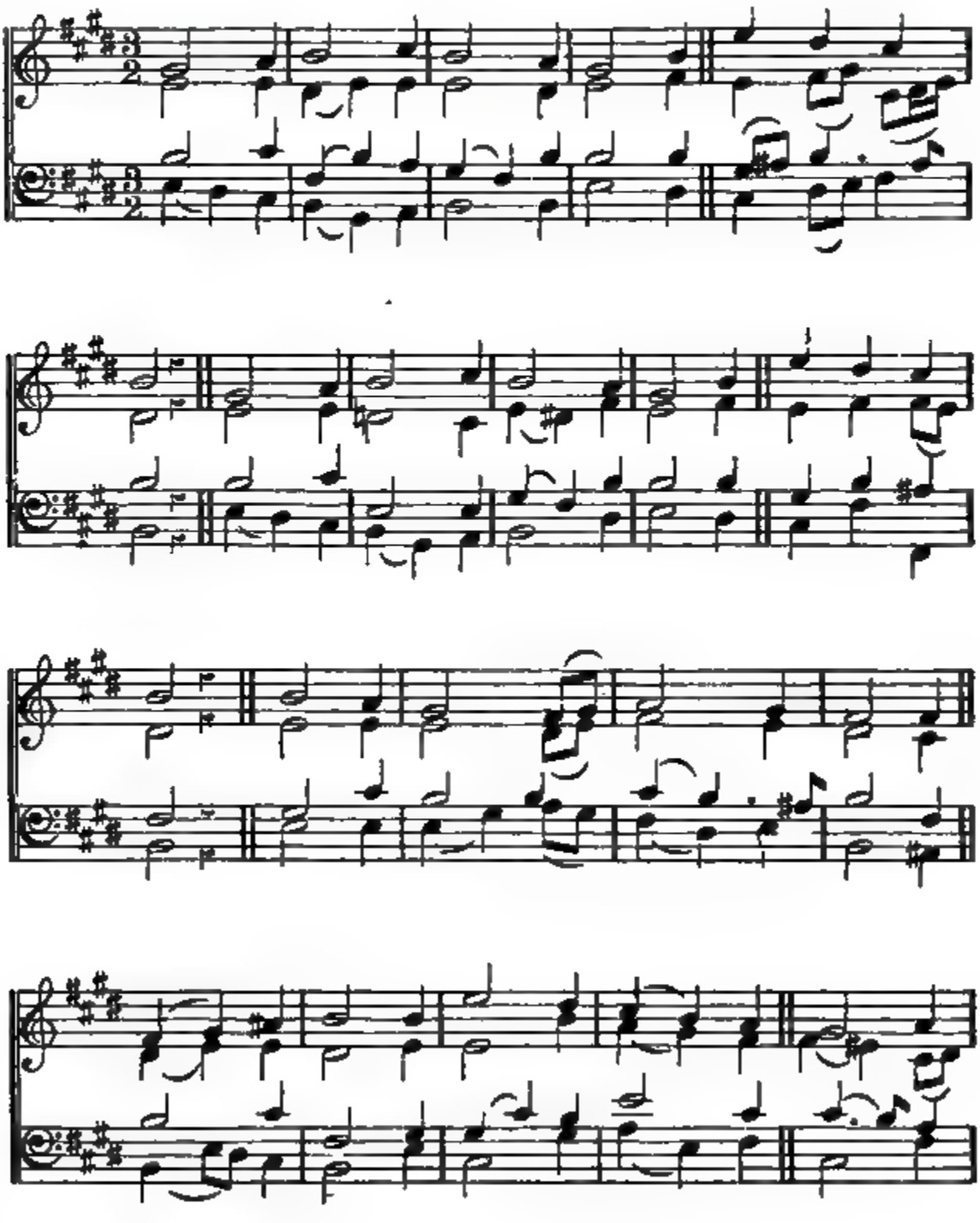
Oh, cheer the evening of our days
With that bright beam which ne'er decays;
And make a happy death the road
To bring our ransom'd souls to God.

Oh, holy Father, holy Son,
And holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

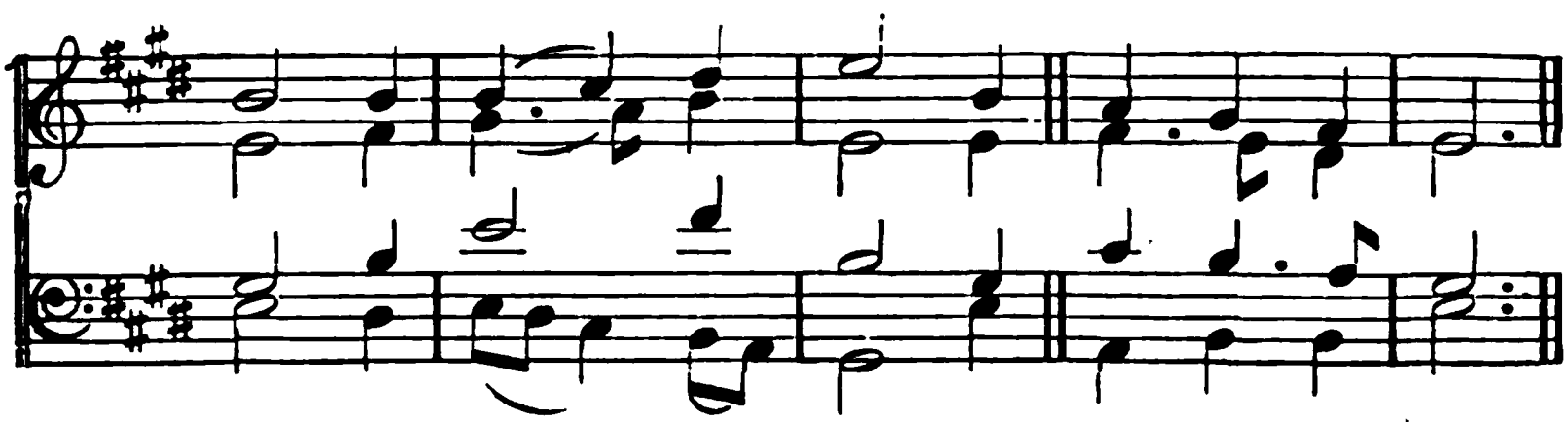
## EVENING.

GUARDIAN ANGELS. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

Hymn of the Latin Church: from KOCHER'S 'Zion's Harfe.'



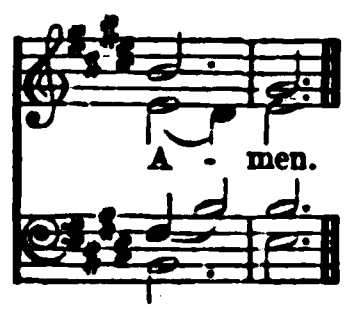
## EVENING.



### 189.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

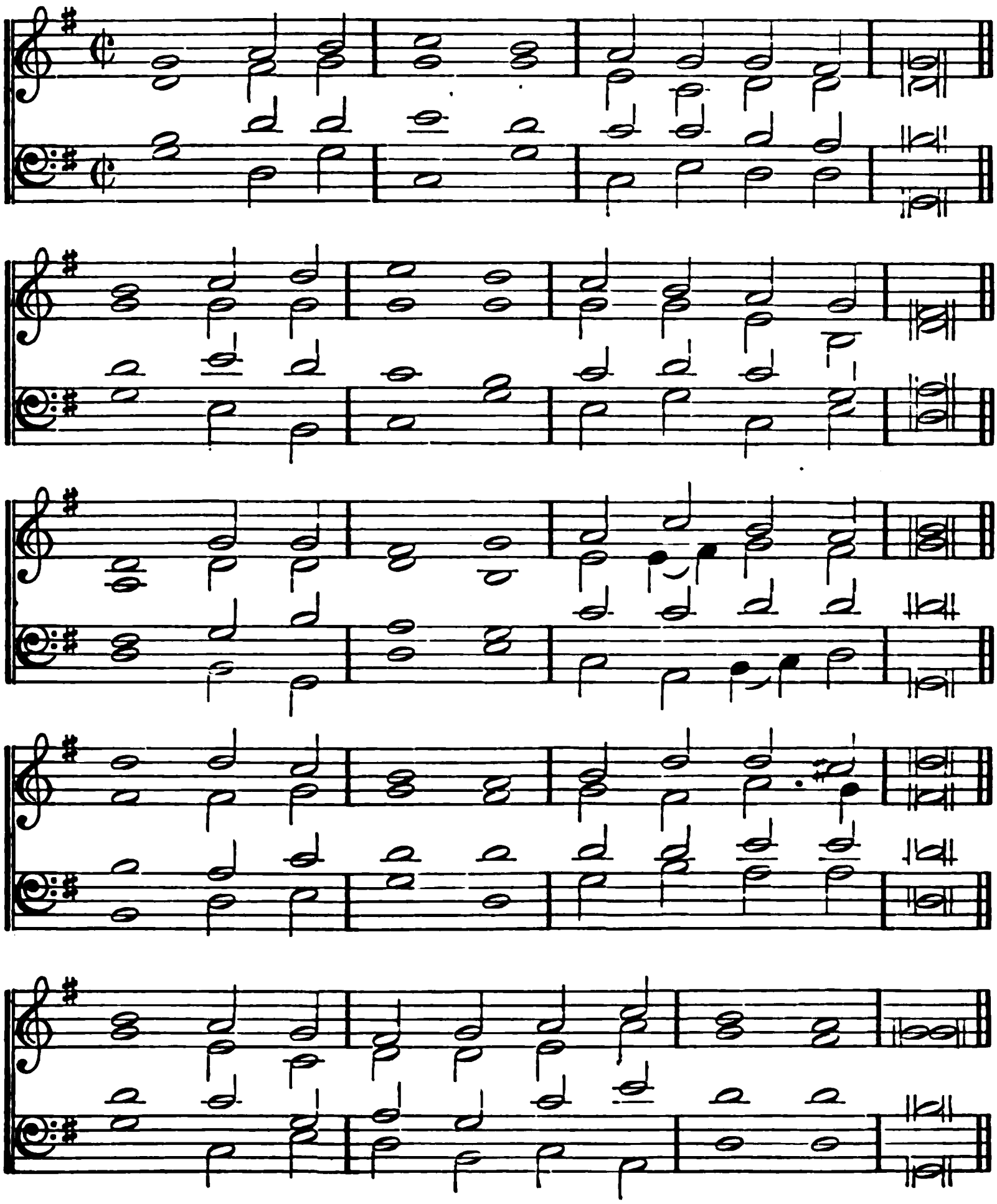
Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread call snall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high!



# EVENING.

OLD 124TH PSALM.* 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

From the Psalter, 1563.
Harmonized by W. L. DICKINSON.



* The Tune of the 124th Psalm, both in the English Psalter of 1563 and in the French Psalter of 1565; the versions of the Psalm by Dean Whittingham and by Theodore Beja being both in stanzas of five lines. The rhythm of the Tune is uniform throughout in the English Psalter, as printed by Este in 1592. The last strain is given above as it appears in an edition of 1605.

N.B.—If the repetition of the last line in each stanza of the Hymn be objected to, the third or fourth strain of the Tune may be omitted; though, in each case, the repetition gives additional pathos to the *prayer.*

# EVENING.

## 190.

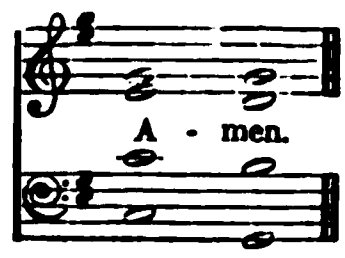
ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

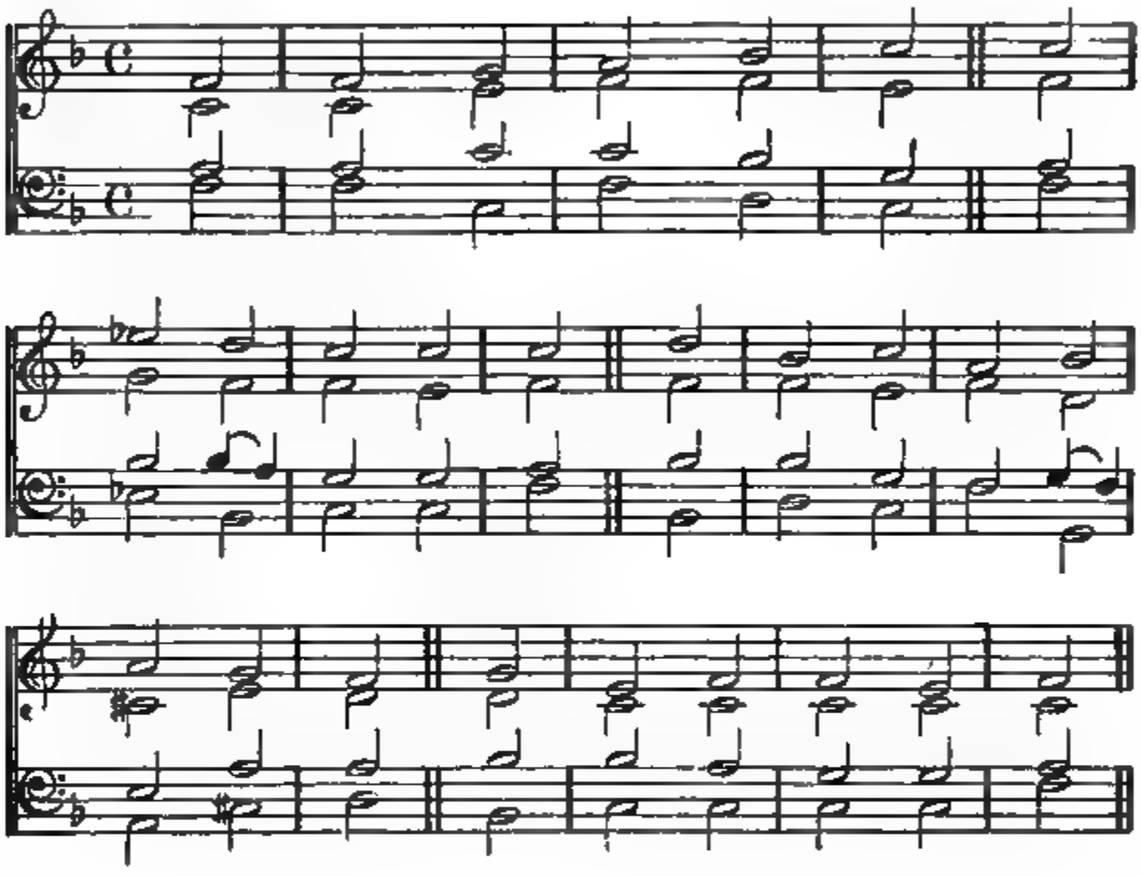
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



## EVENING.

EMMAUS. S. M.

Composed for this Work by
JOSEPH BARNBY. 1862.

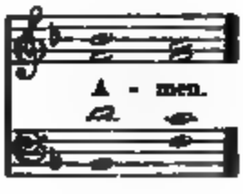


### 191.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy Angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

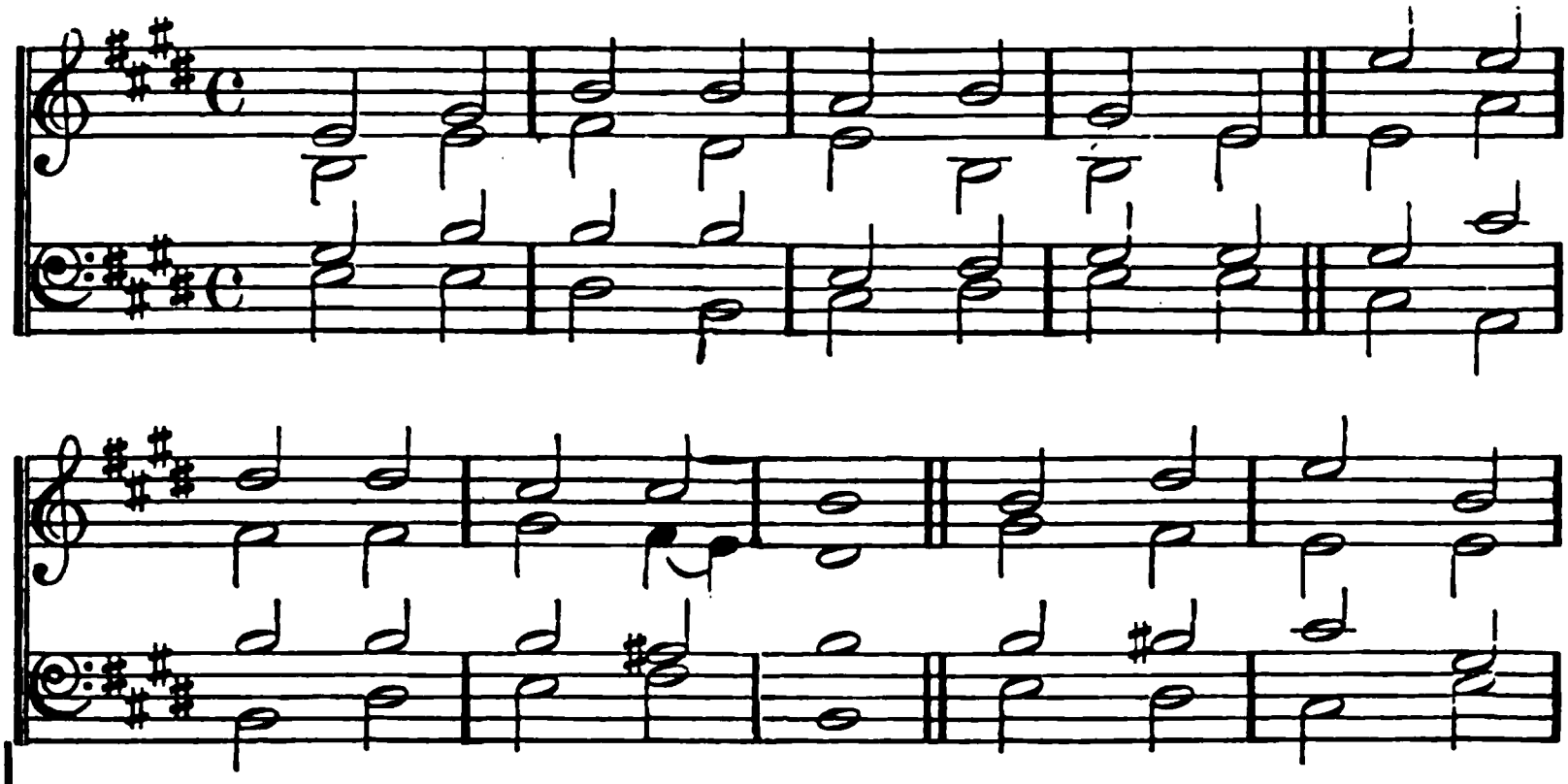
Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.



# EVENING.

CULBACH. 8, 7, 8, 7.

From TÖPLER'S Old Choral Melodies.
(HAVERGAL'S Old Church Psalmody.)



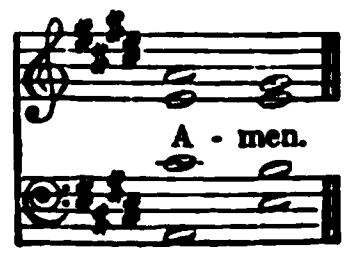
## 192.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

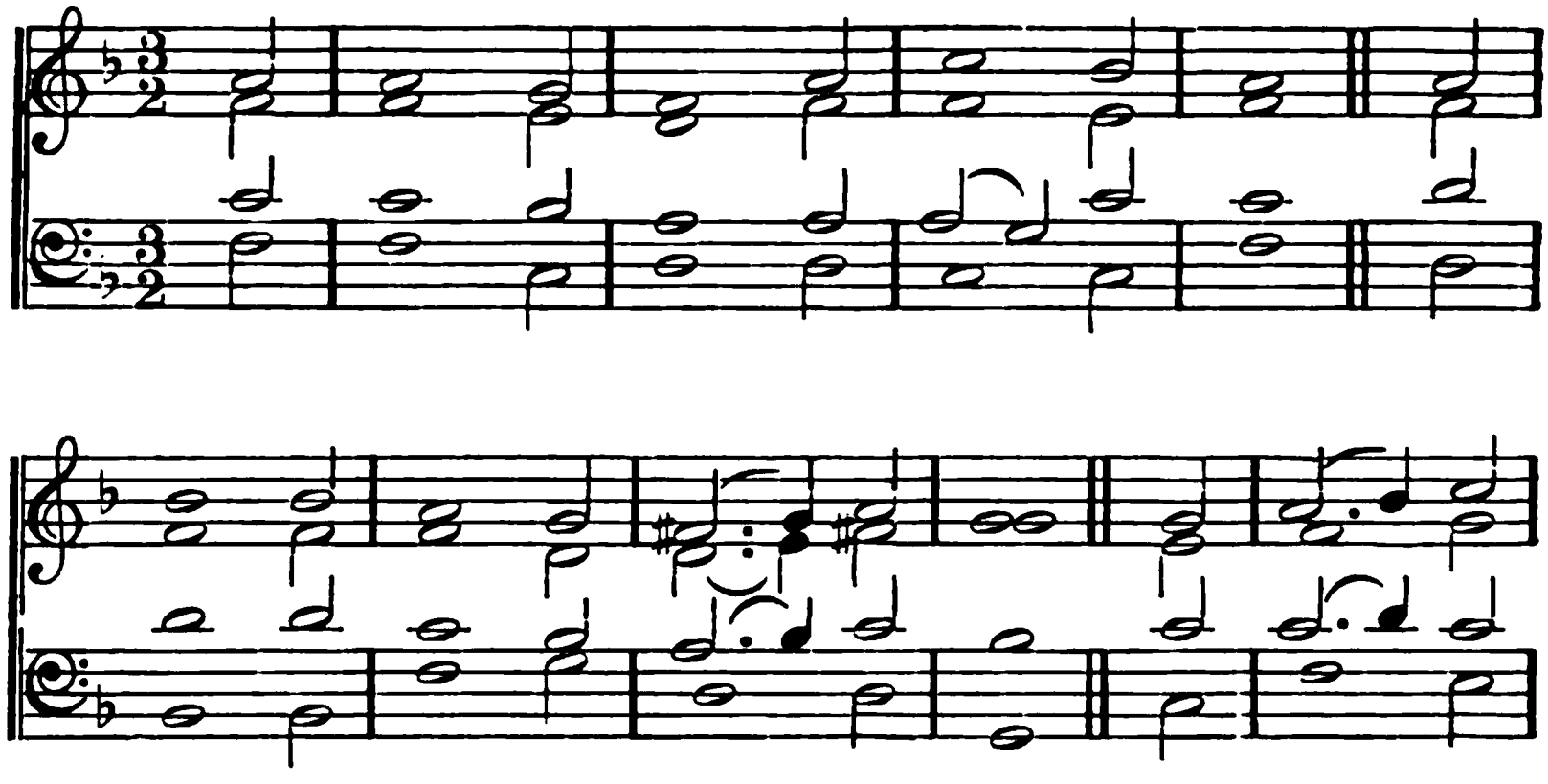
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

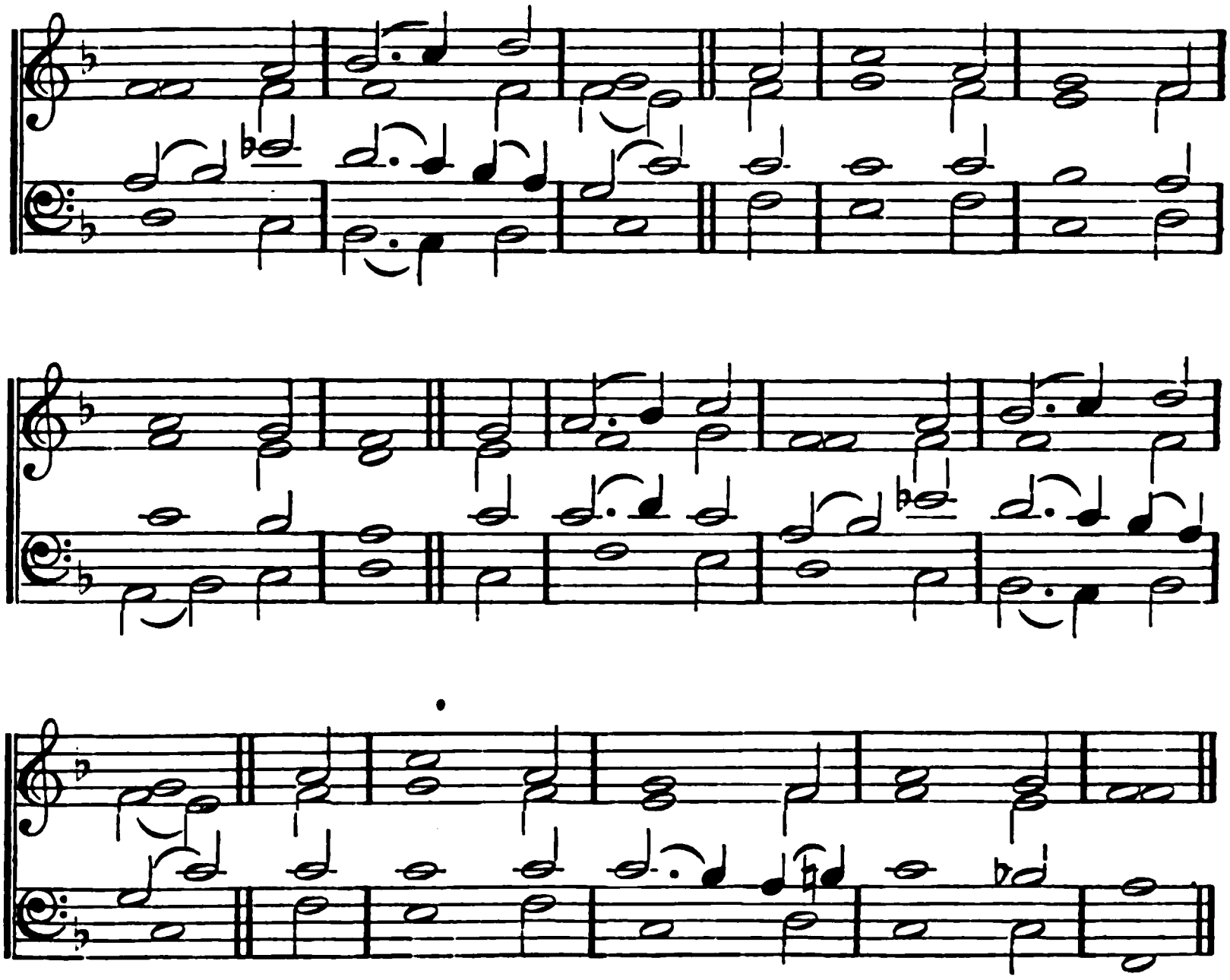
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the heavenly morn awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.



# EVENING.

BENISON. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. Bamberg Hymn-Book. 1707.





# EVENING.

## 193.

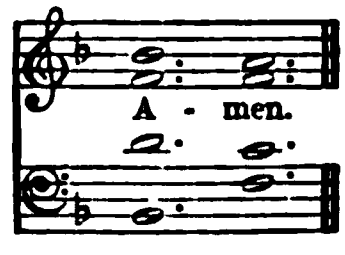
SWEET SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESU, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESU, be our light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Ah! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESU, be our light.

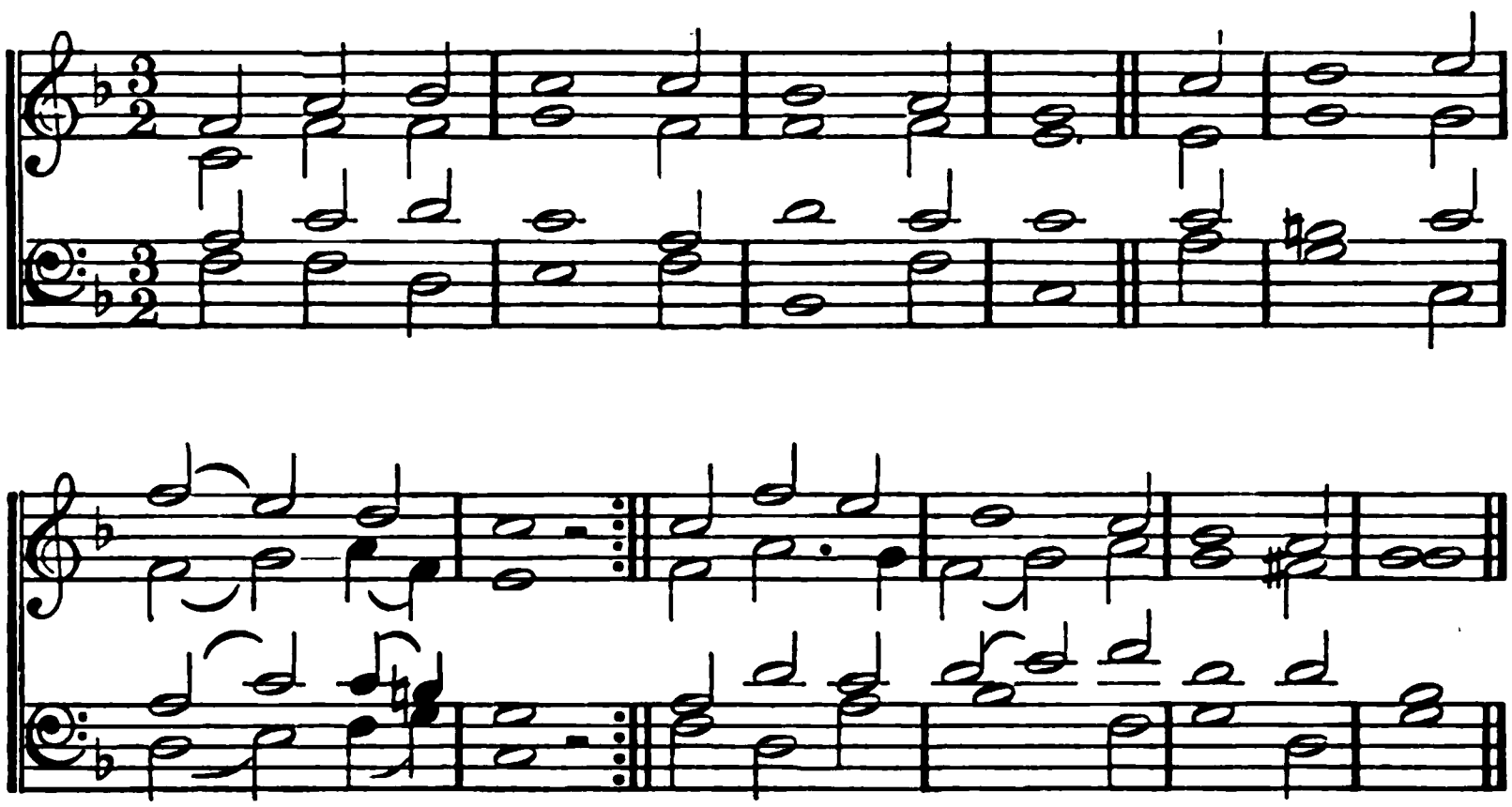
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our JESUS, and our All!
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESU, be our light.

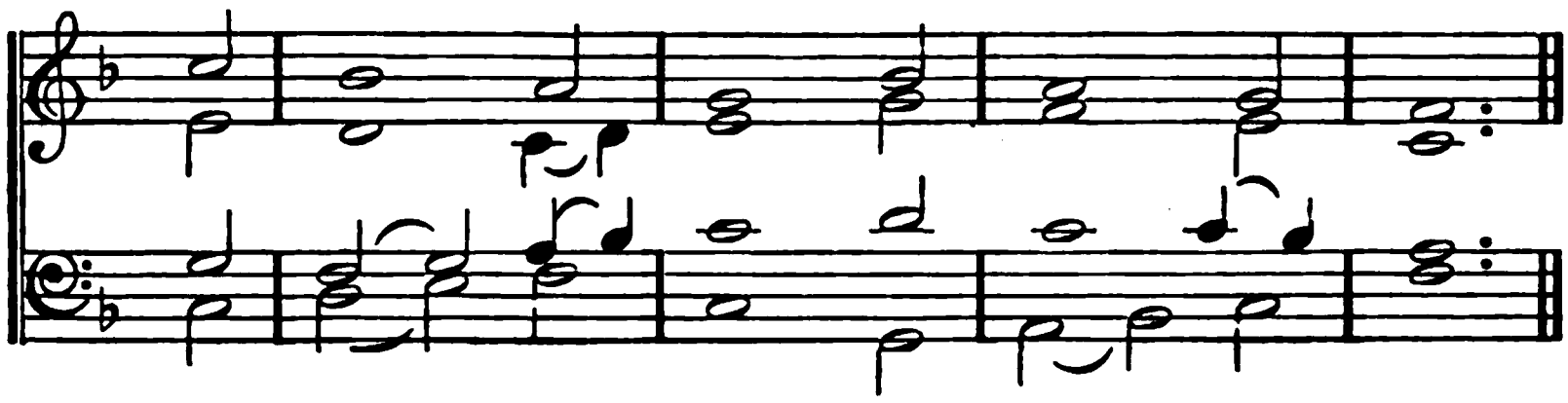
Sweet Saviour! bless us! night is come,
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESU, be our light.



# EVENING.

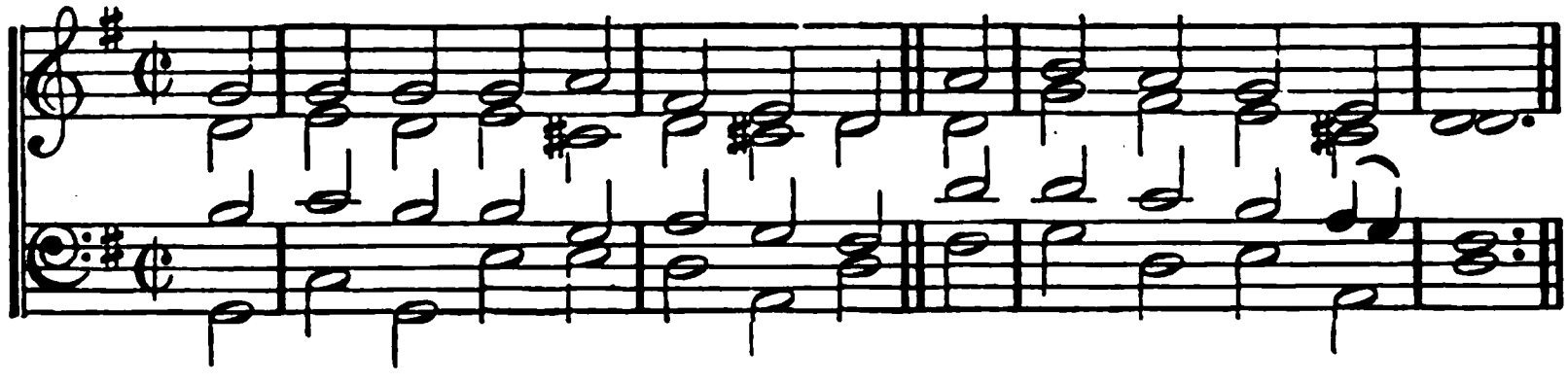
**OXENDON.** 8, 6, :‖ 8, 8. Modified version of LEIPSIG, Hymn 127.



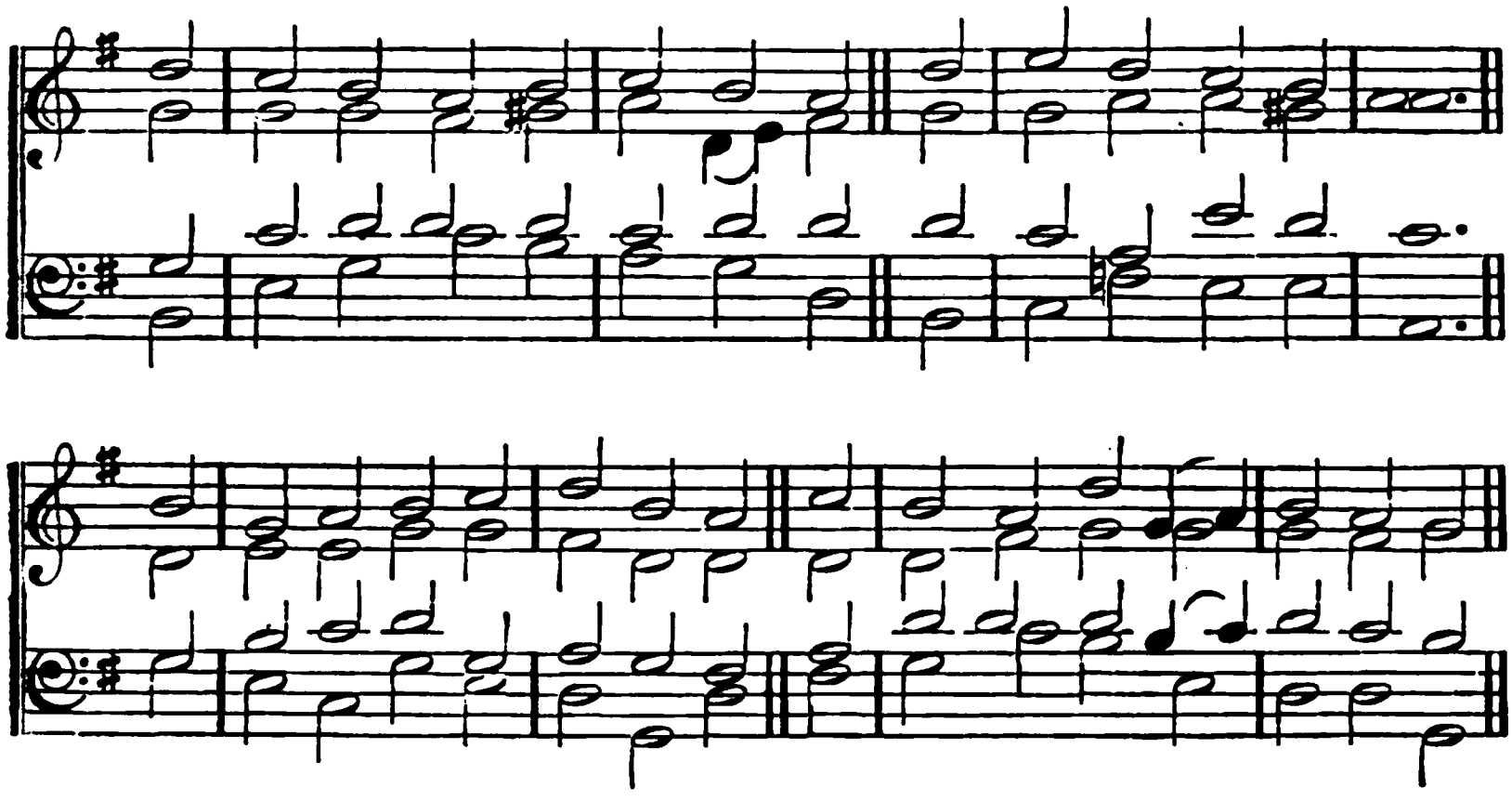


*Or,*

**DANZIG.** 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. From MARTALL'S Choral Book.



# EVENING.



194.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness, for another day.

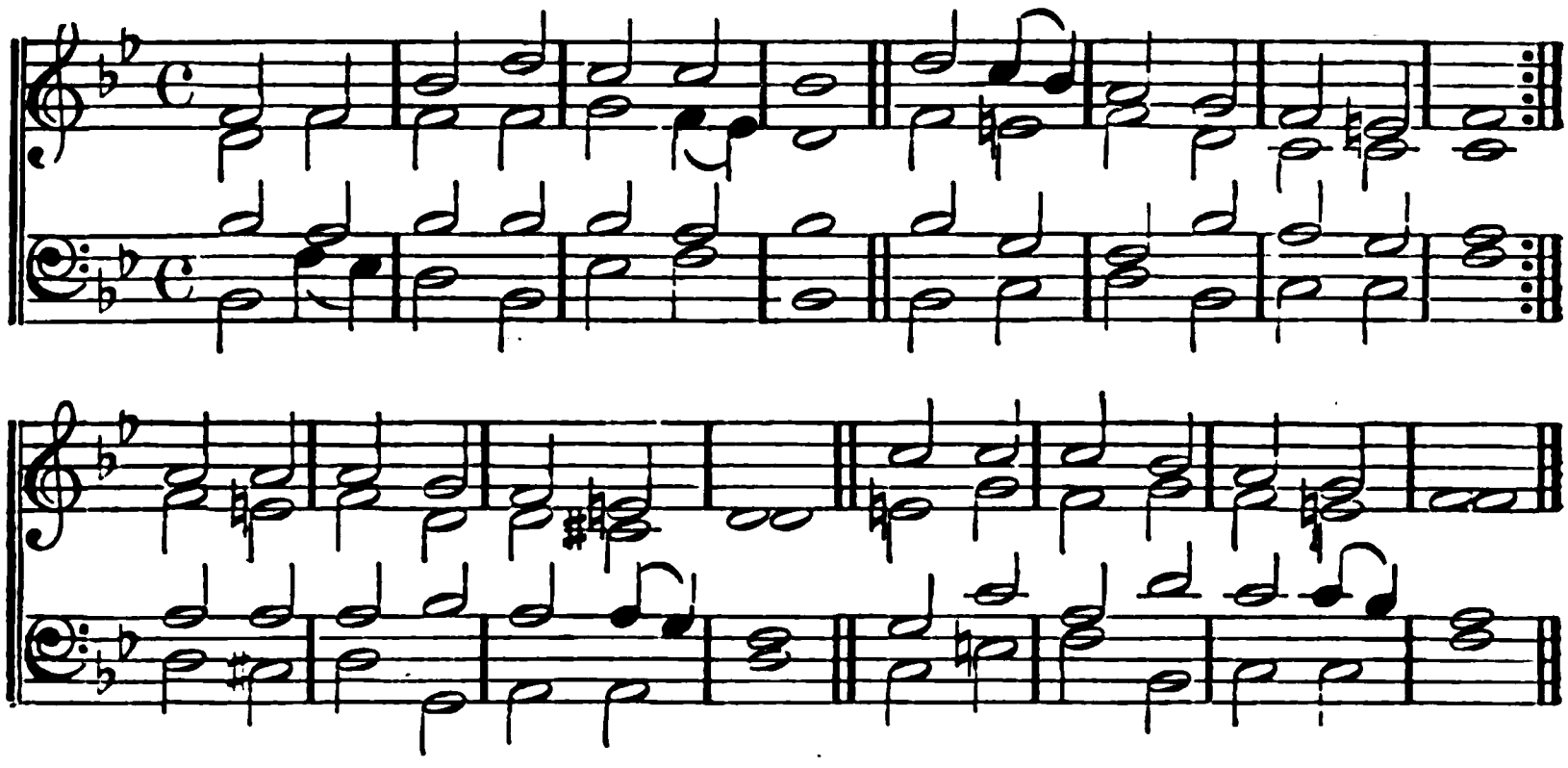
Oh! may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow!
To Thee and to Thy glory live—
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

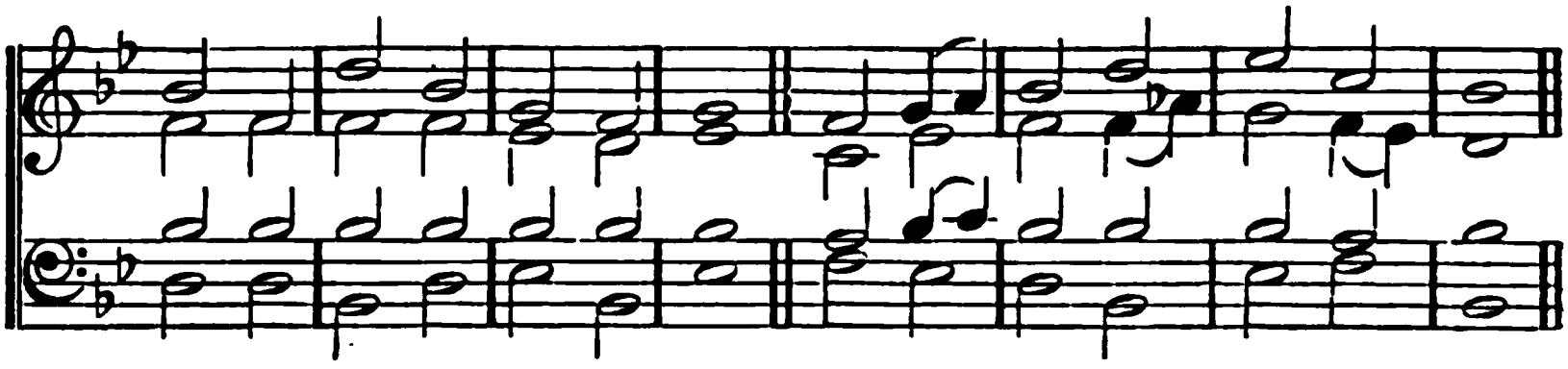
With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing—
Lord, teach me how to pray:
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer, through eternity.

# THE LORD'S DAY.

HOHENLOHE. 7, 7 :‖ 7, 7, 7, 7.

From F. WEBER'S 'Church of England Choral-Book,' 1856





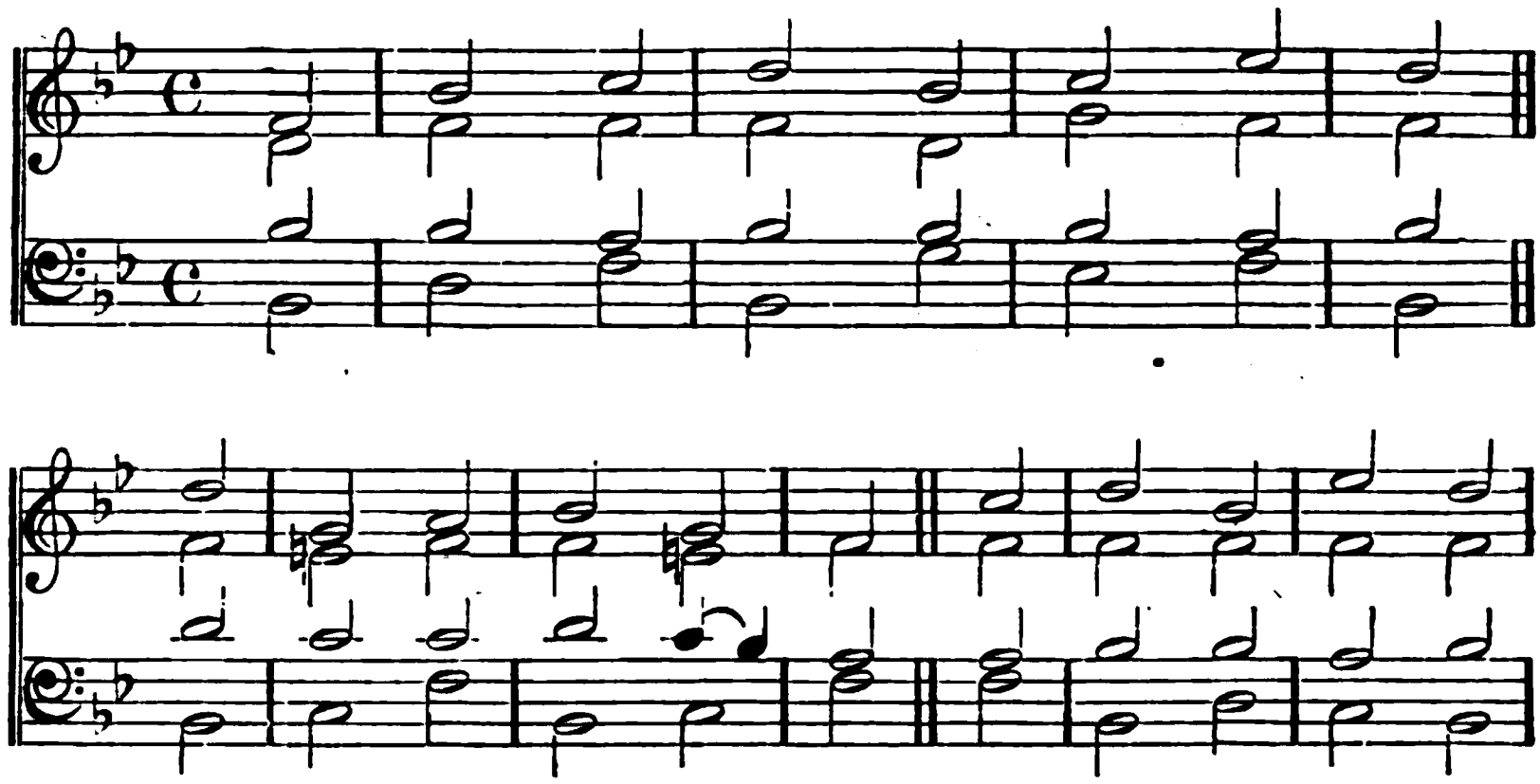
## 195.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest;
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus He vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips His glory tell.

Gracious Lord, we love this day,
When we hear Thy holy Word;
When we sing Thy praise, and pray:
Earth can no such joys afford.
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days;
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys and endless praise.

# THE LORD'S DAY.

ST. JAMES. C. M. RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE, about 1680.



## 196.

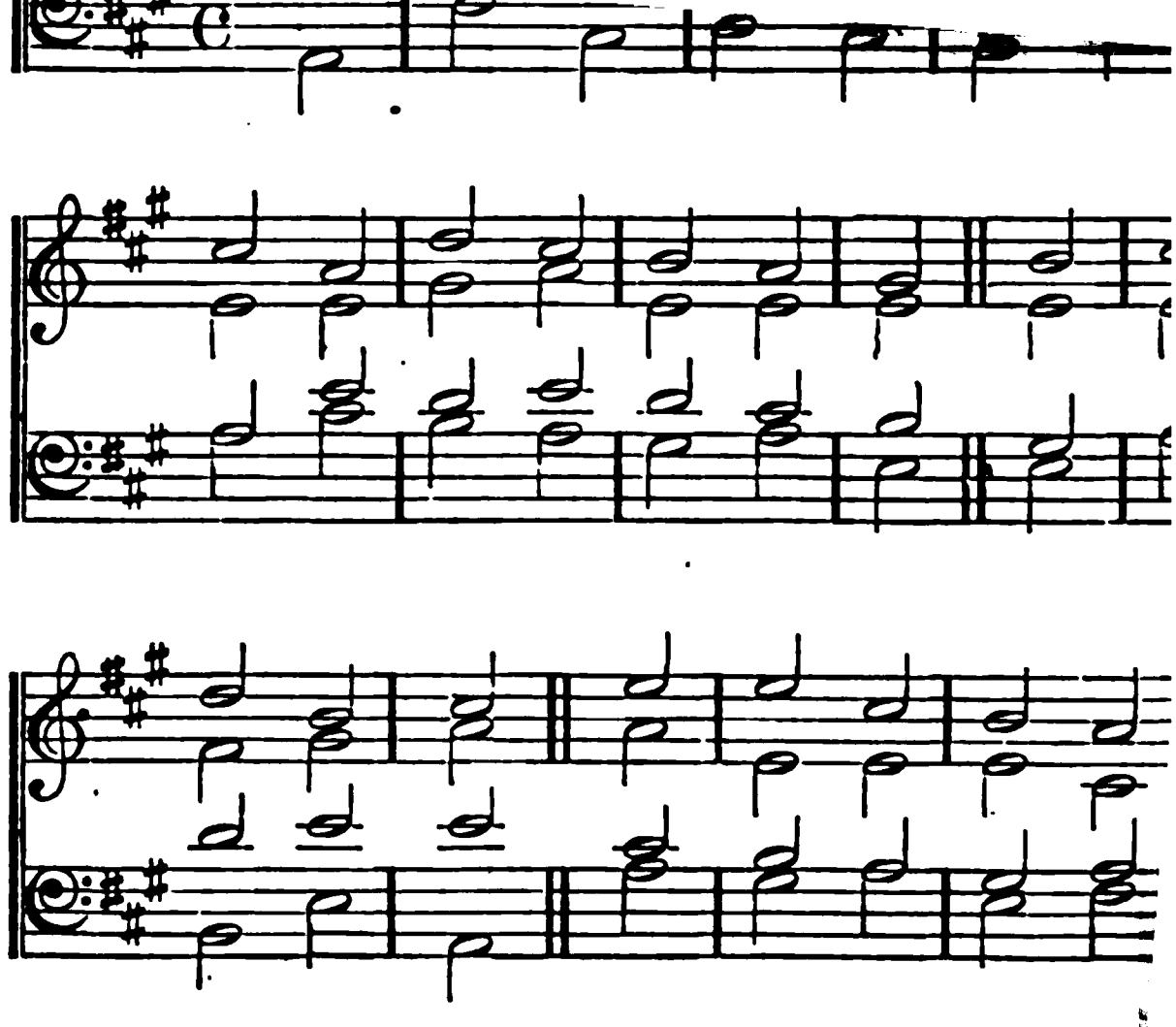
THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.



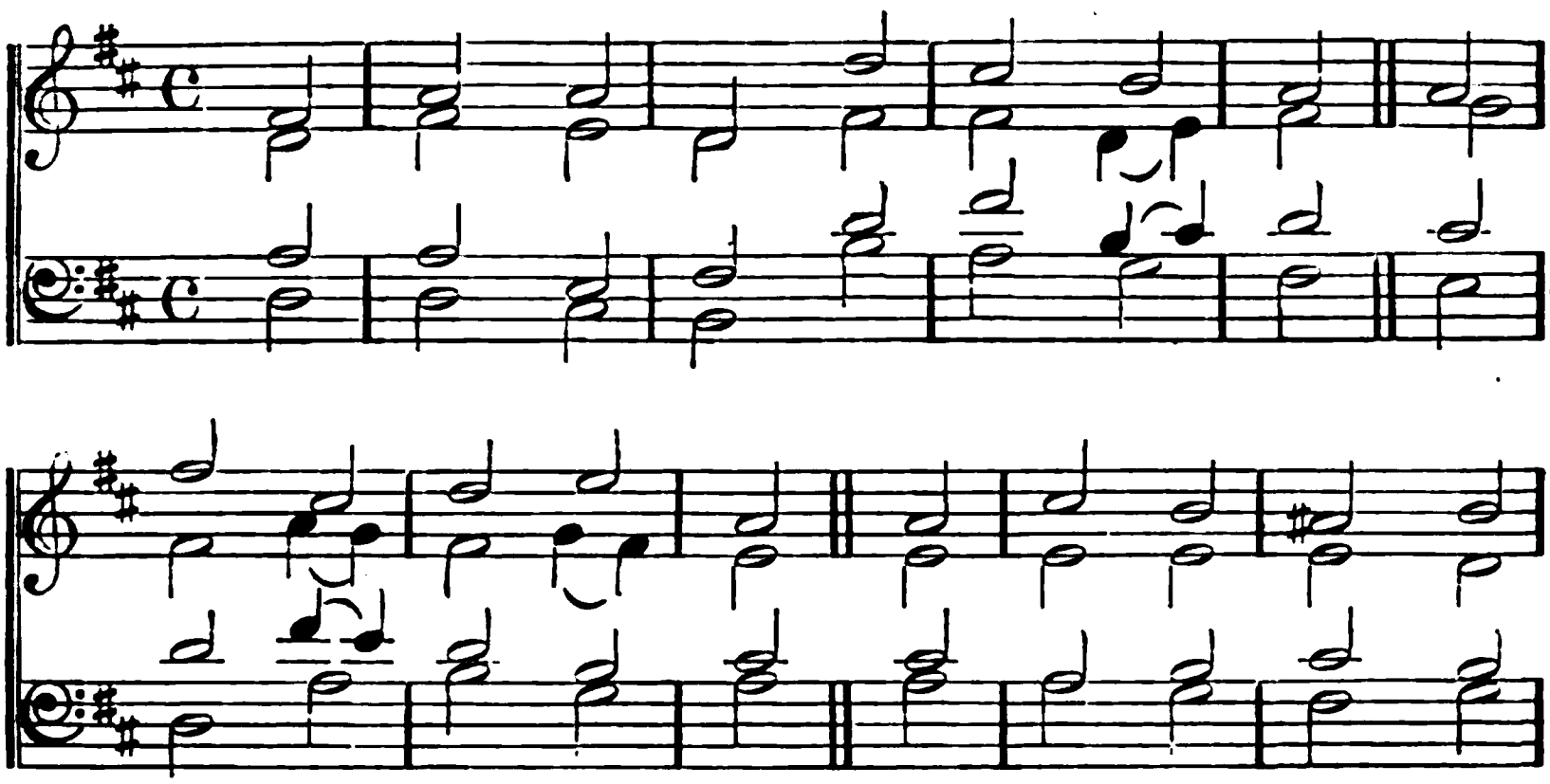
## 197.

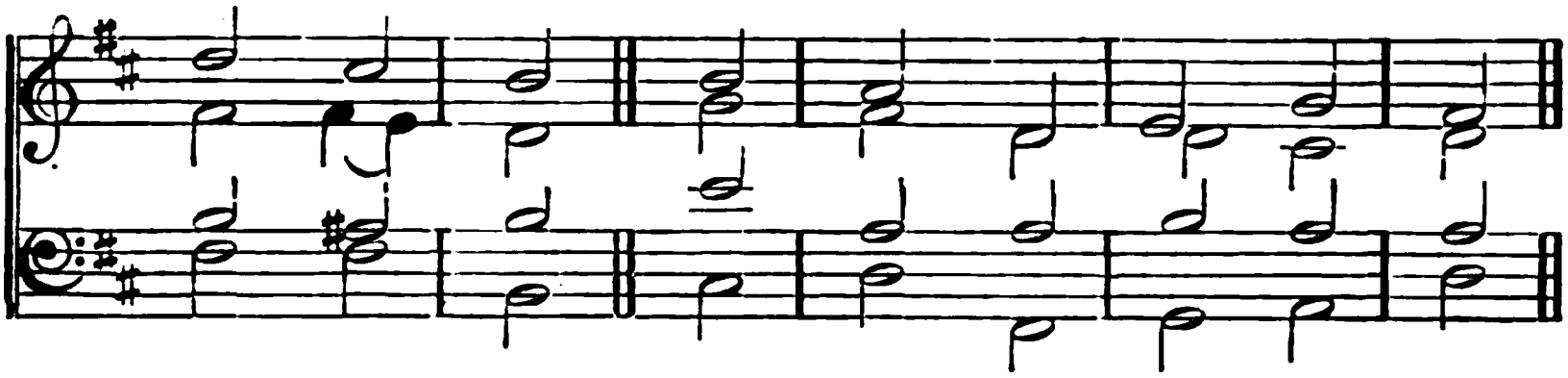
THIS day, by Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was pour'd:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

O day of light, a
From earthly toi
Thy hallow'd ho
We give again t

# THE LORD'S DAY.

**Westminster.** C. M. **James Turle.** 1852.





## 198.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

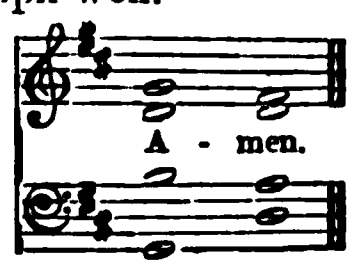
O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

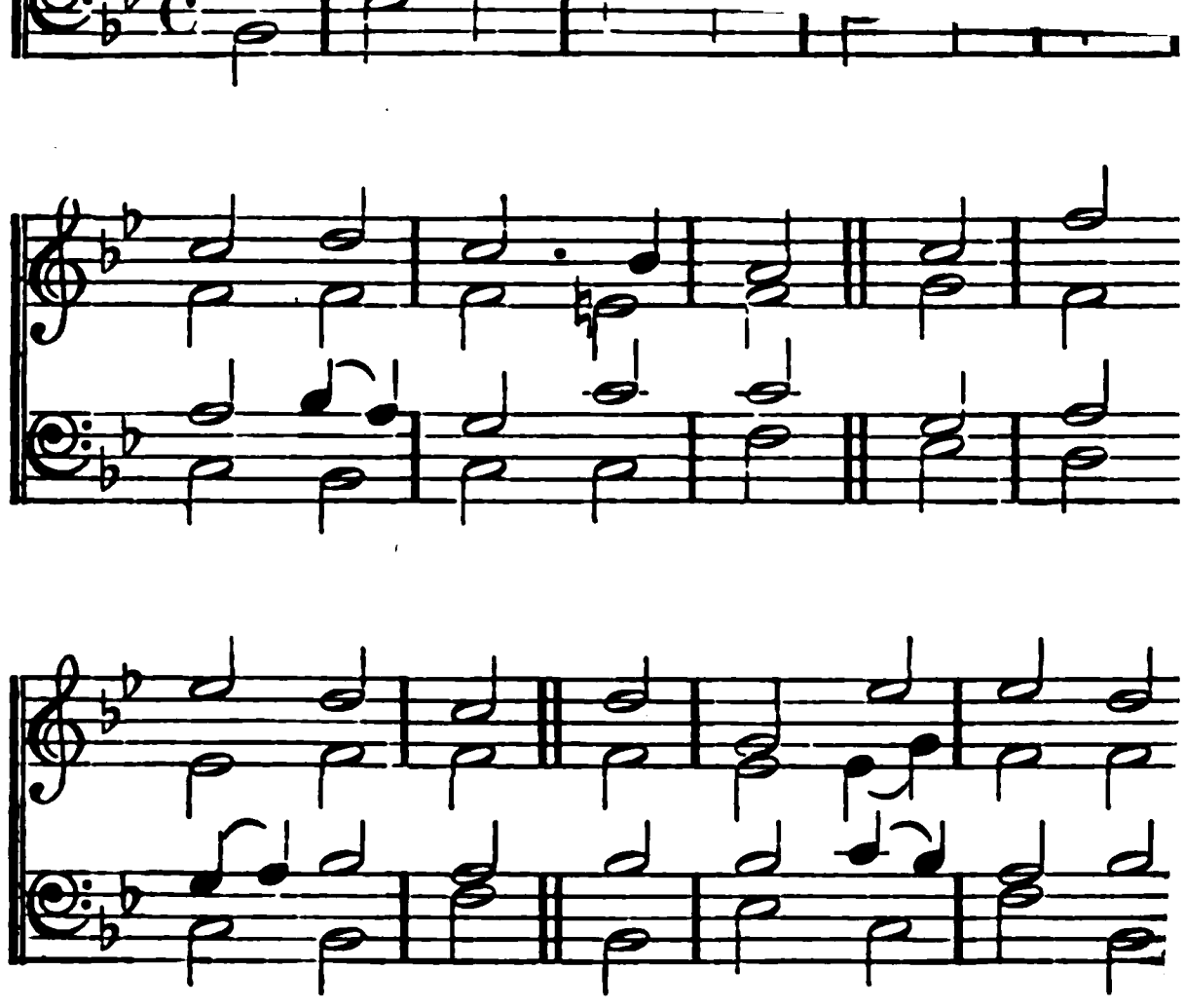
The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By His expiring breath.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

Praise therefore to the Father be,
And to the Eternal Son,
Who, quicken'd by the Spirit, hath
O'er death the triumph won.





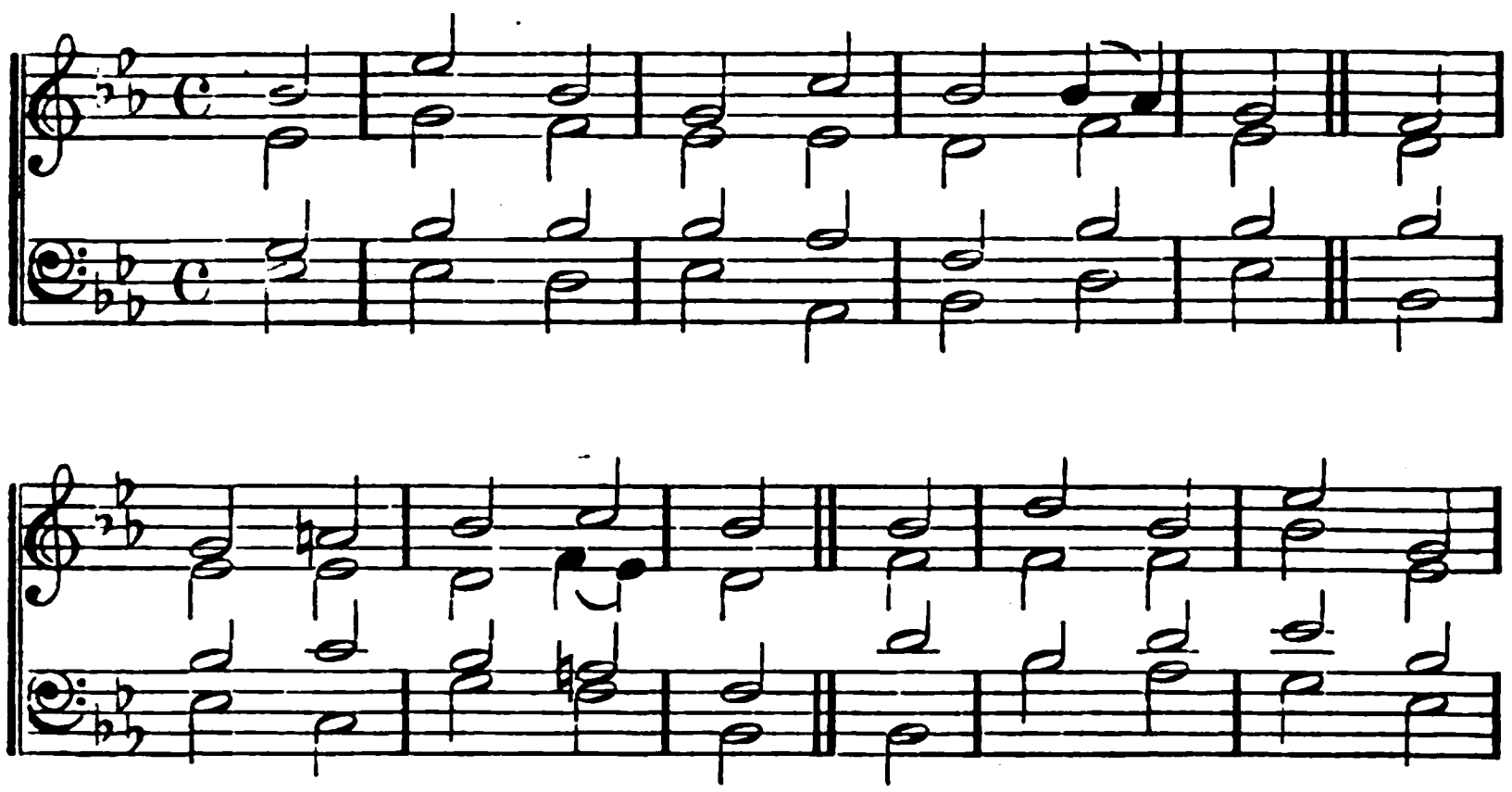
## 199.

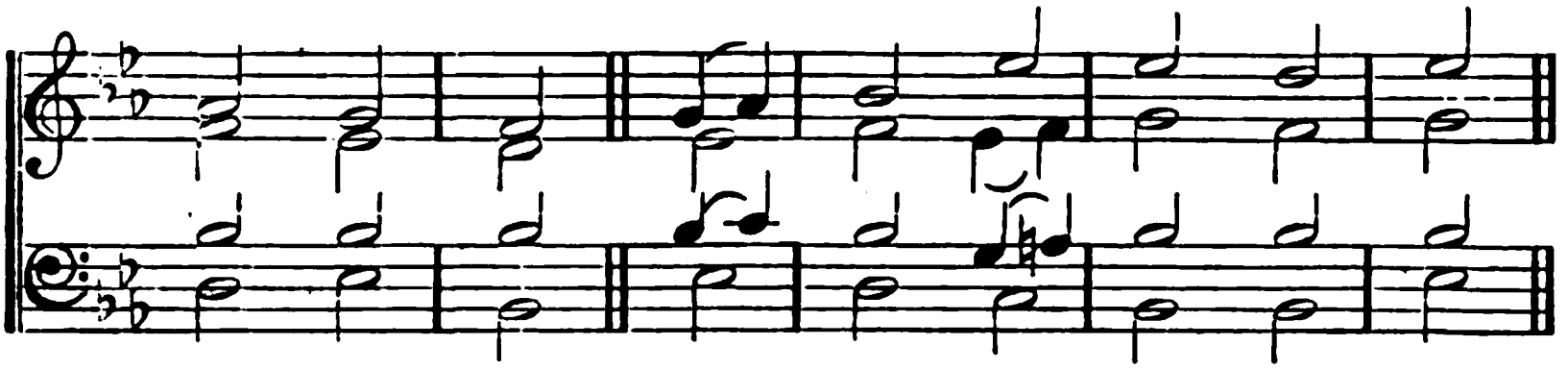
LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

No rude alarms
No cares to bre
No midnight sh
But sacred, hig

# GENERAL HYMNS.

SARRATT. C. M. J. G. FRECH. 1823.





## 200.

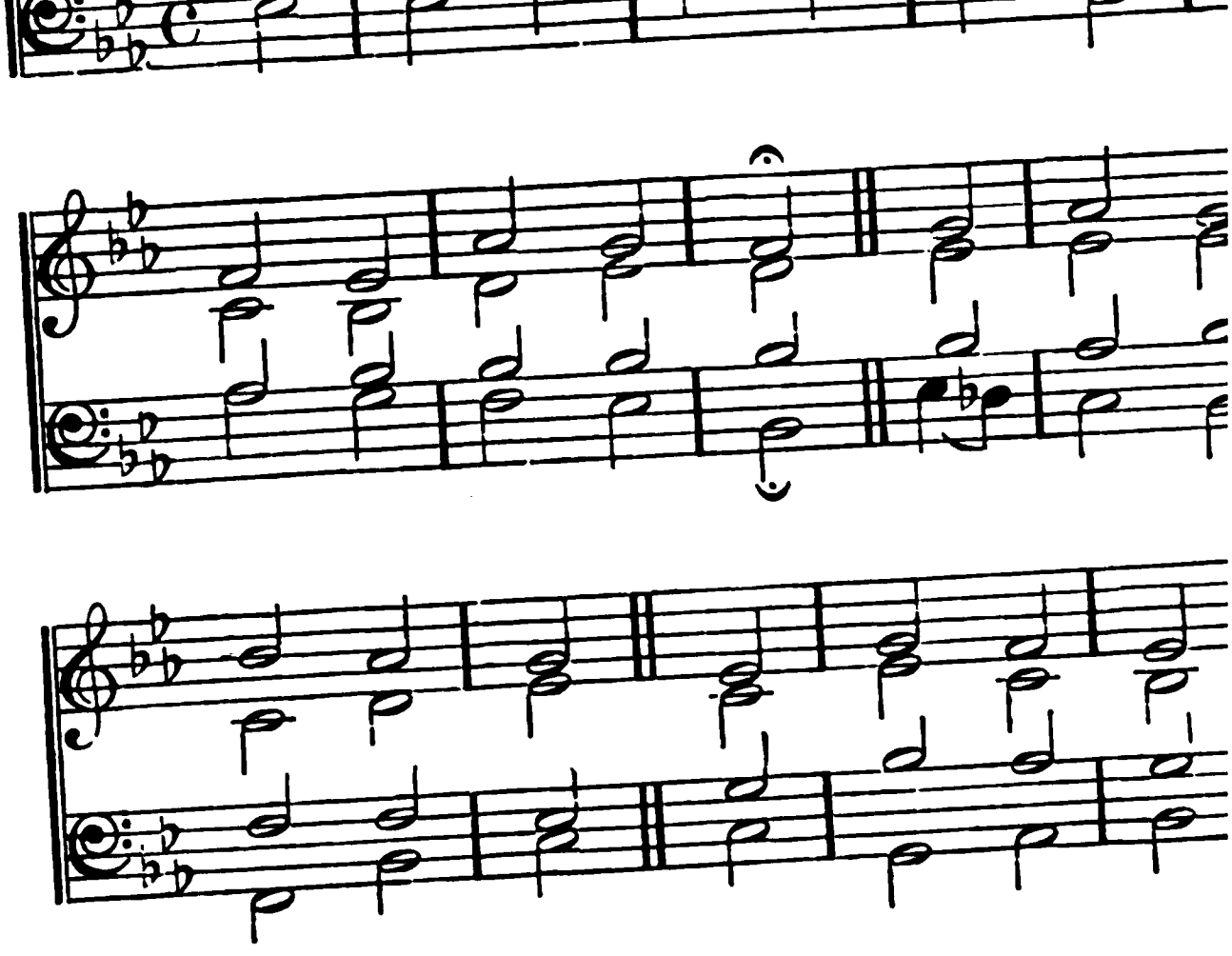
O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

JESUS! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.



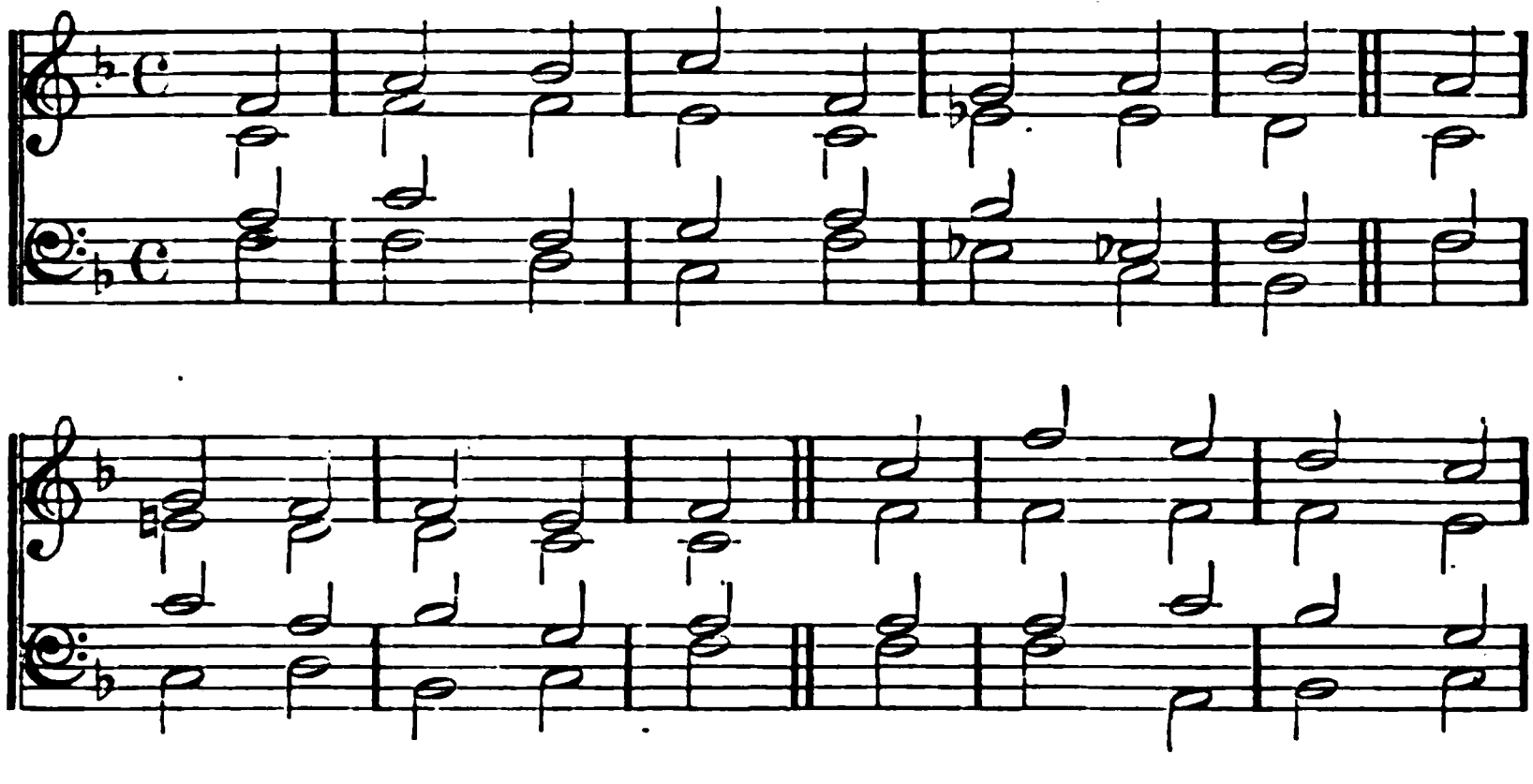
## 201.

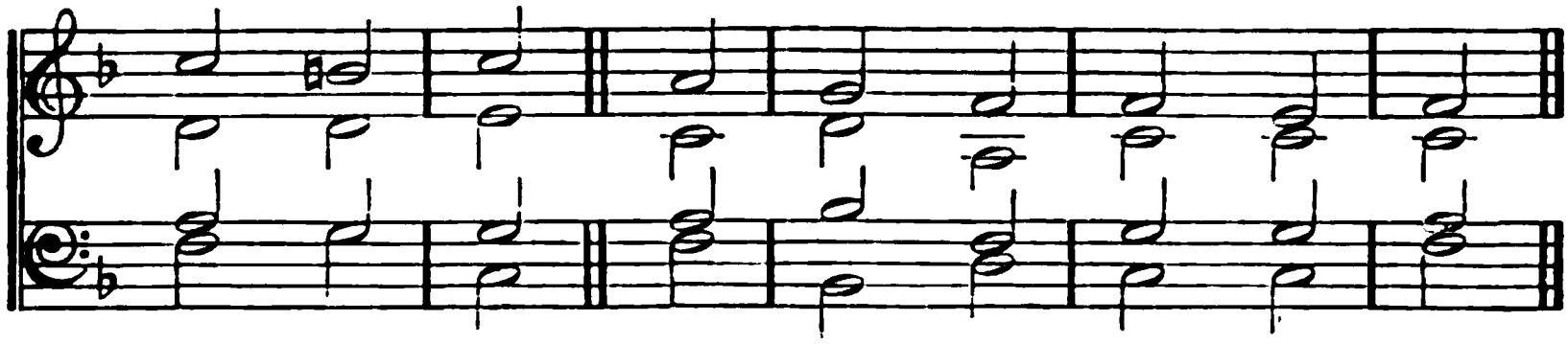
HOW sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

Dear Name! the roc
My shield and hid
My never-failing trea

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Dundee.** C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1615.





## 202.

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

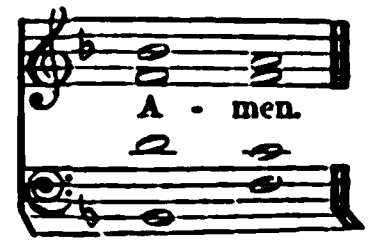
Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflow'd
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

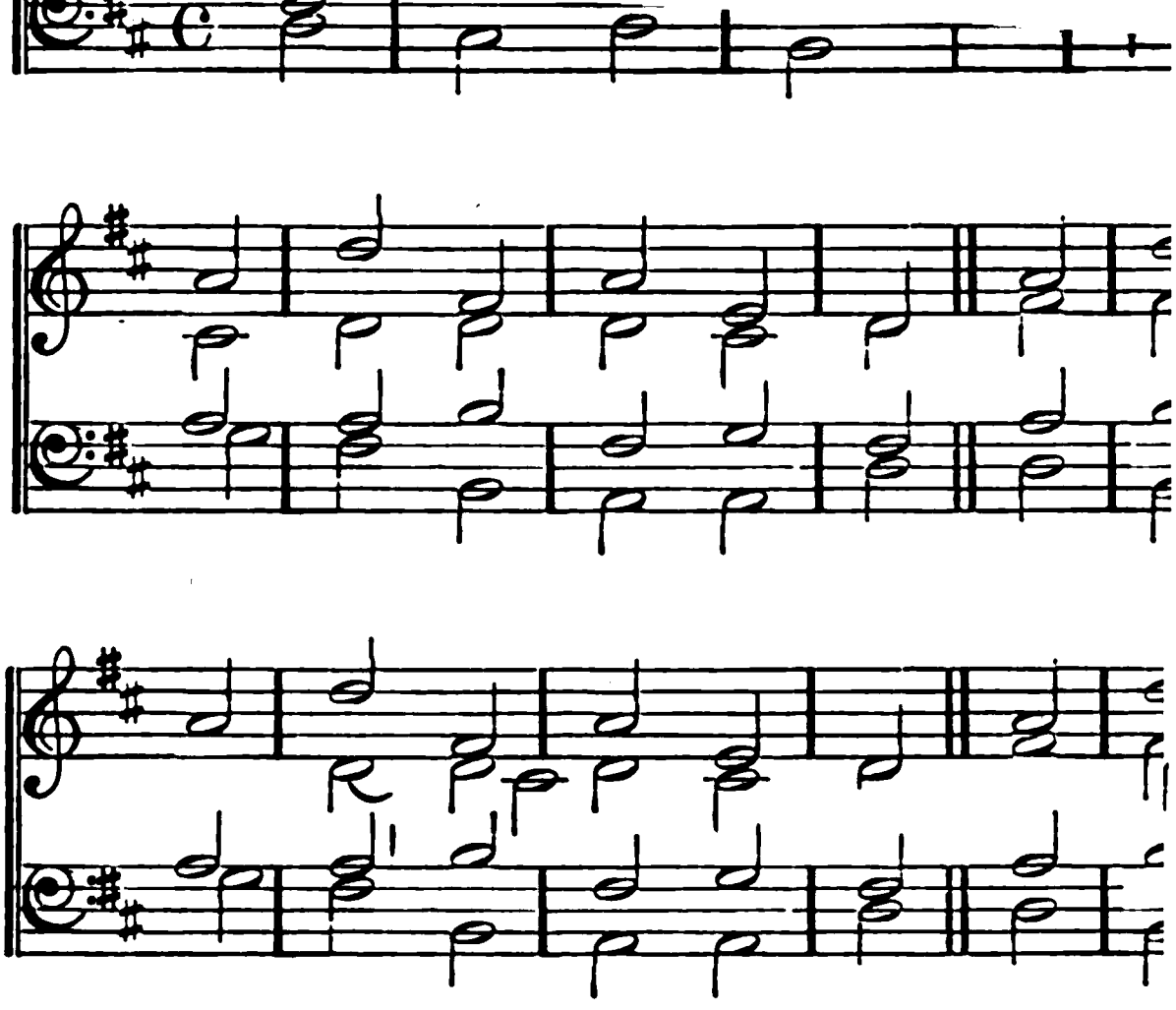
O hope of every contrite heart!
To penitents how kind!
To those who seek how good Thou art;—
But what to those who find?

Ah, this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
*None but His loved ones* know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and Angels join.



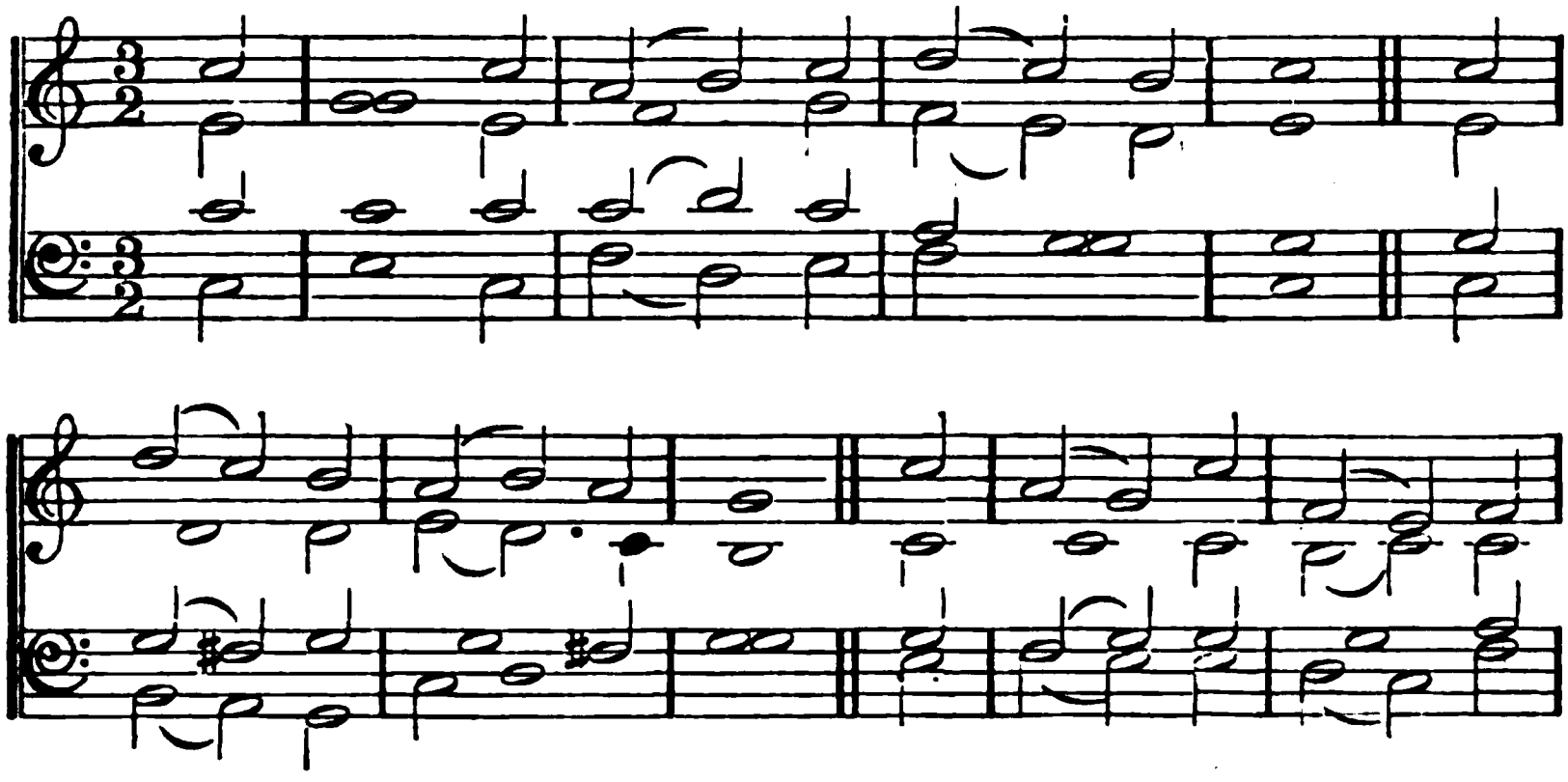


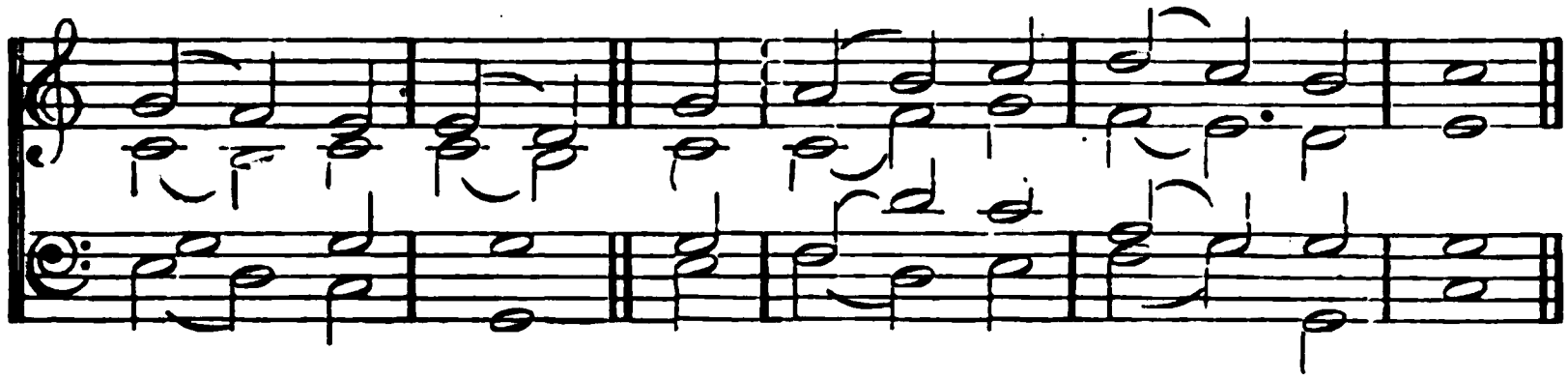
## 203.

JESUS! exalted far on high!
To whom a Name is given,
A Name surpassing every name
That's named in earth or heaven;

JESUS! who i
Didst equal
Yet, to redeem
Didst stoop

OXFORD. C. M. COOMBS.





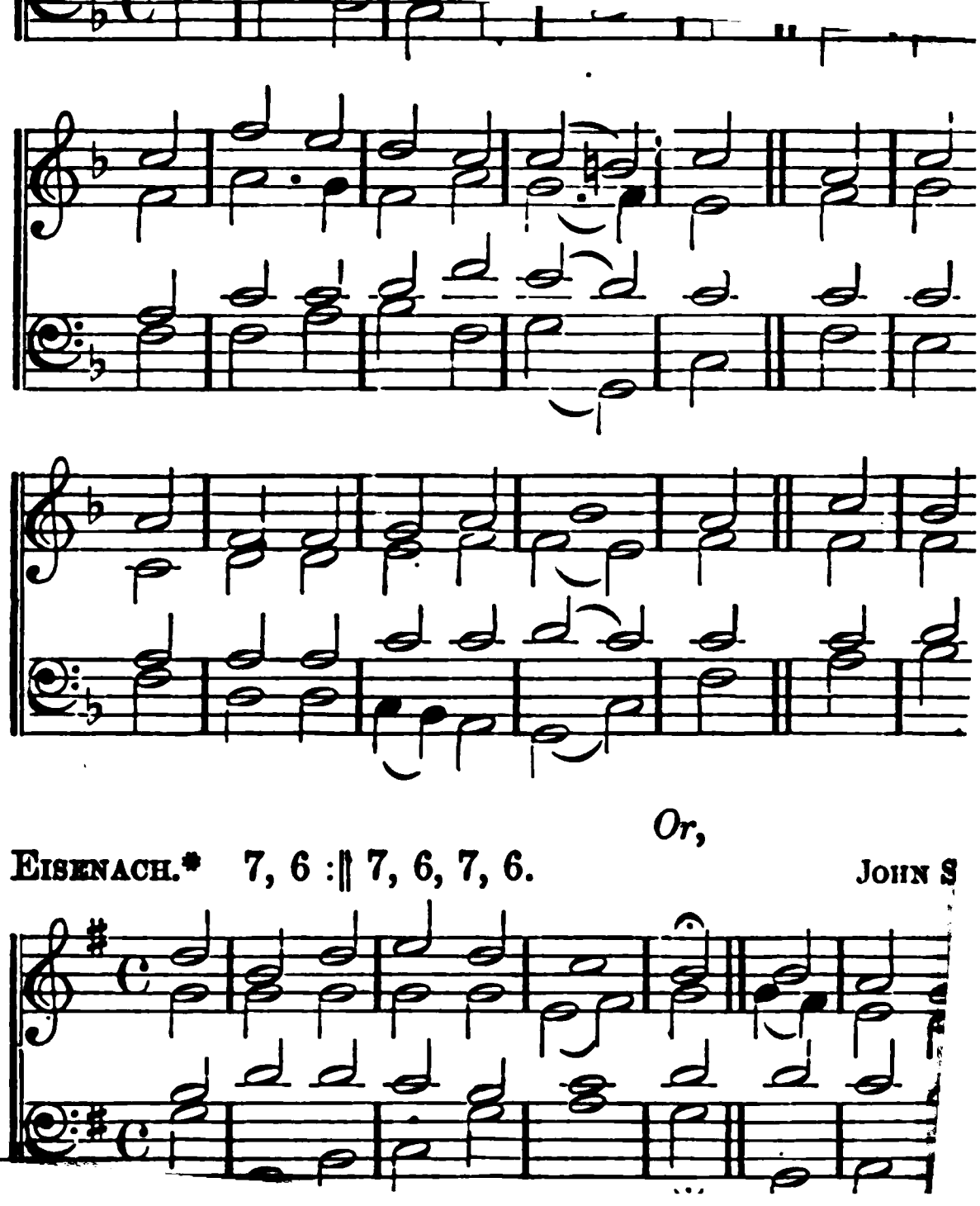
## 204.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died!" they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us."

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

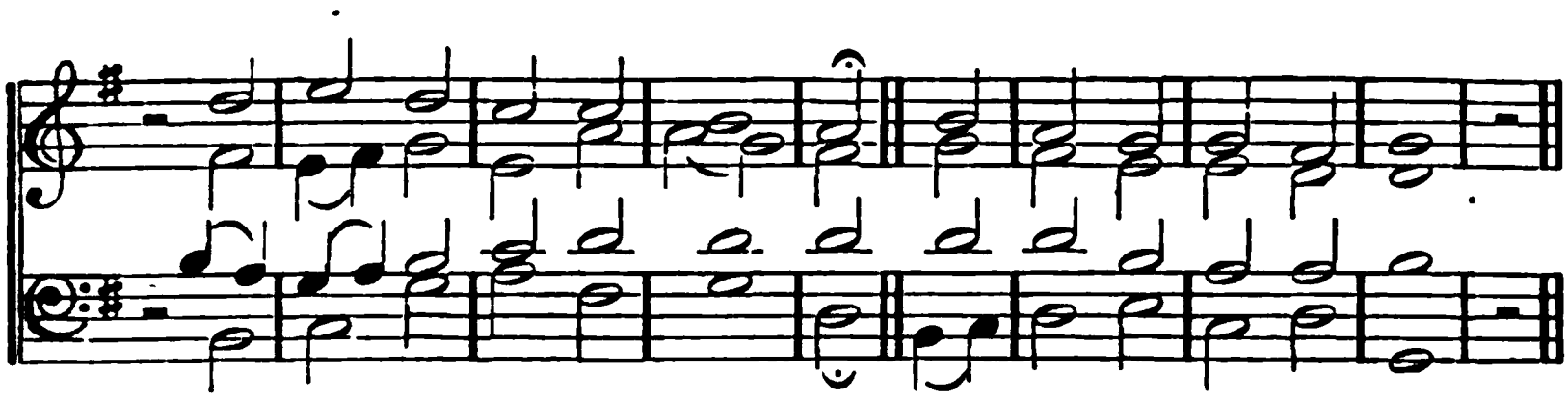
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.



*Or,*

**EISENACH.*** 7, 6 :‖ 7, 6, 7, 6. JOHN S

## GENERAL HYMNS.

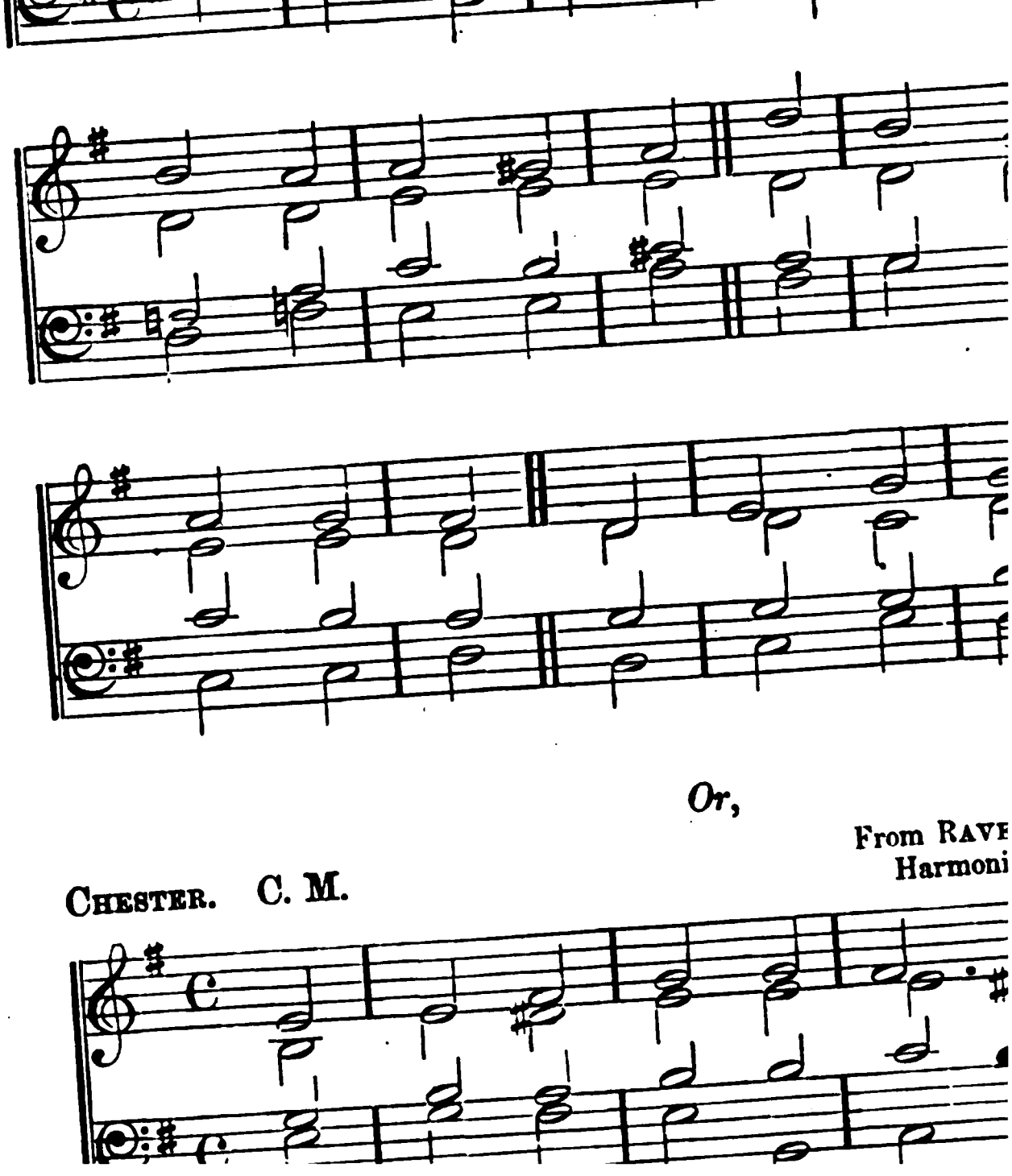


### 205.

WITH hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King;
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

So reign, O God, in heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To Thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought with gold.

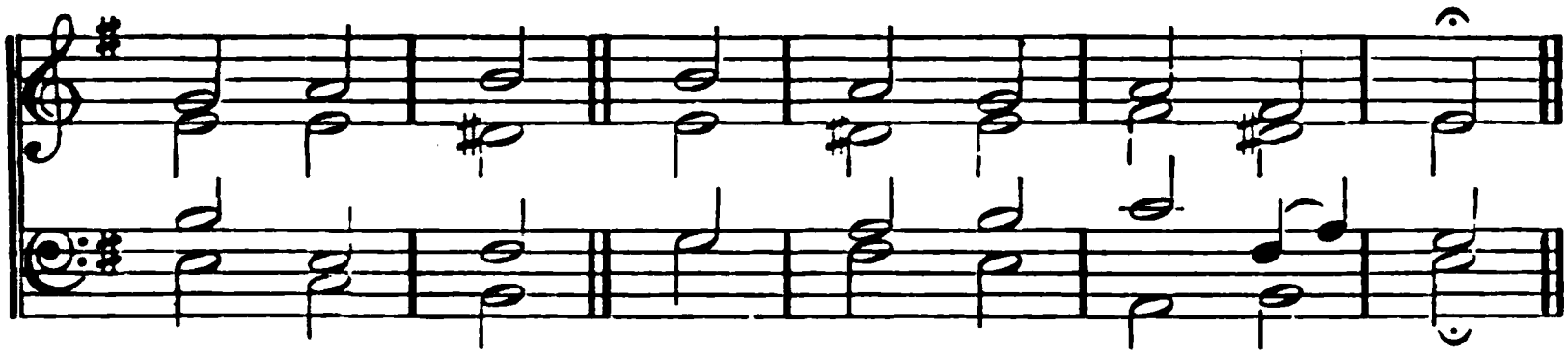
And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain:
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransom'd world shall sing.



*Or,*

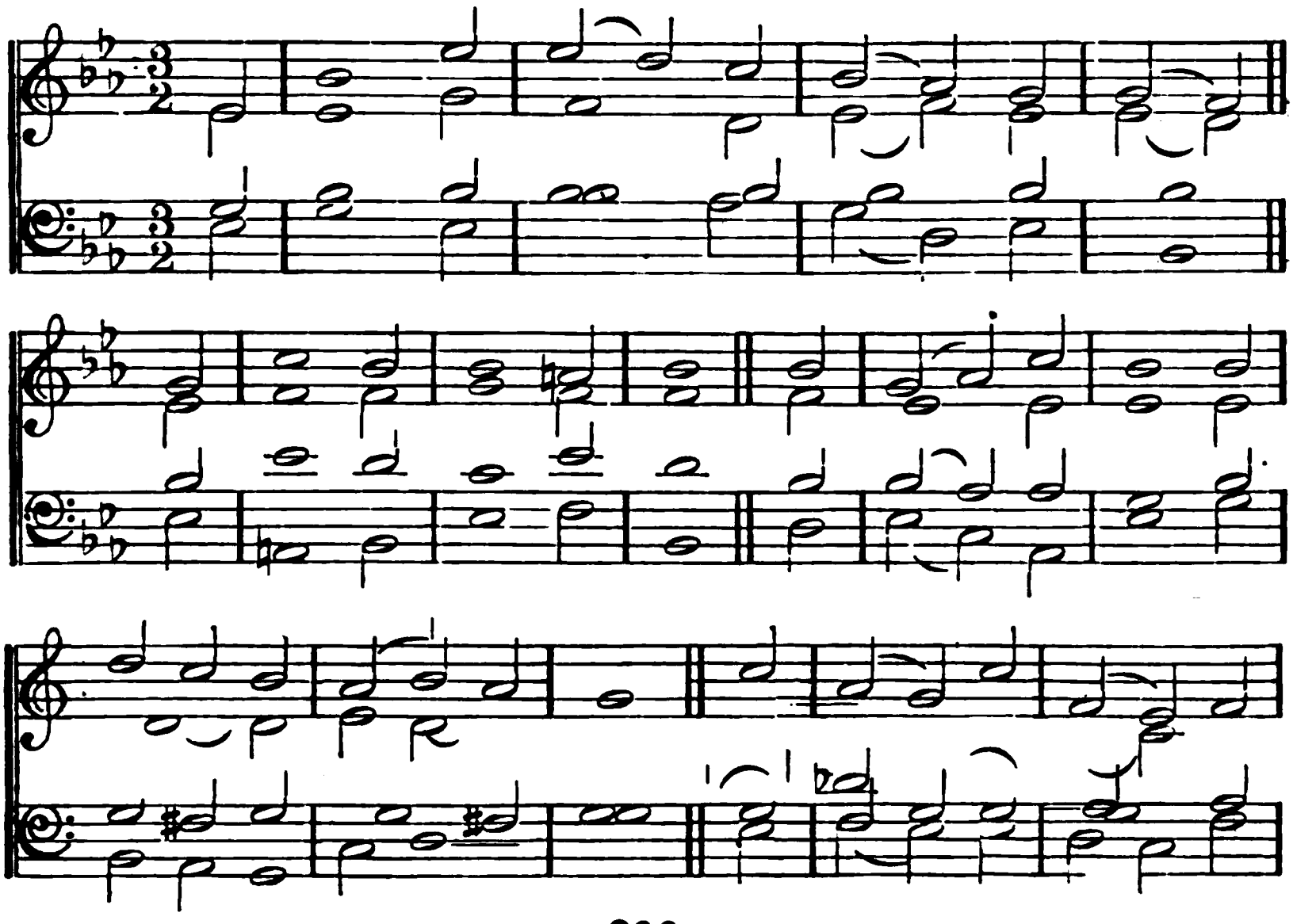
From RAVE
Harmoni

CHESTER. C. M.



*Or,*

ABRIDGE. C. M. ISAAC SMITH. 1770.



## 206.

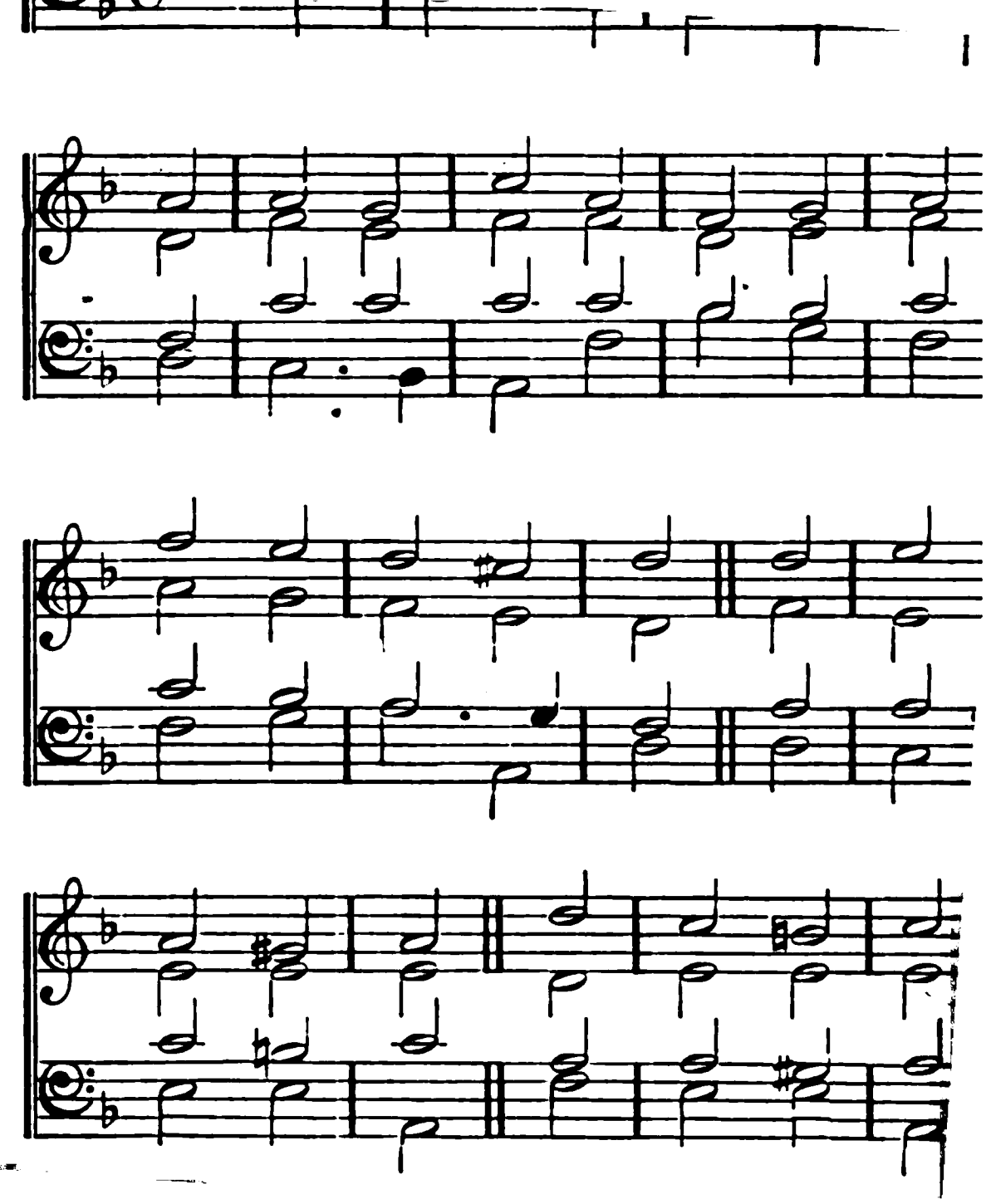
OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

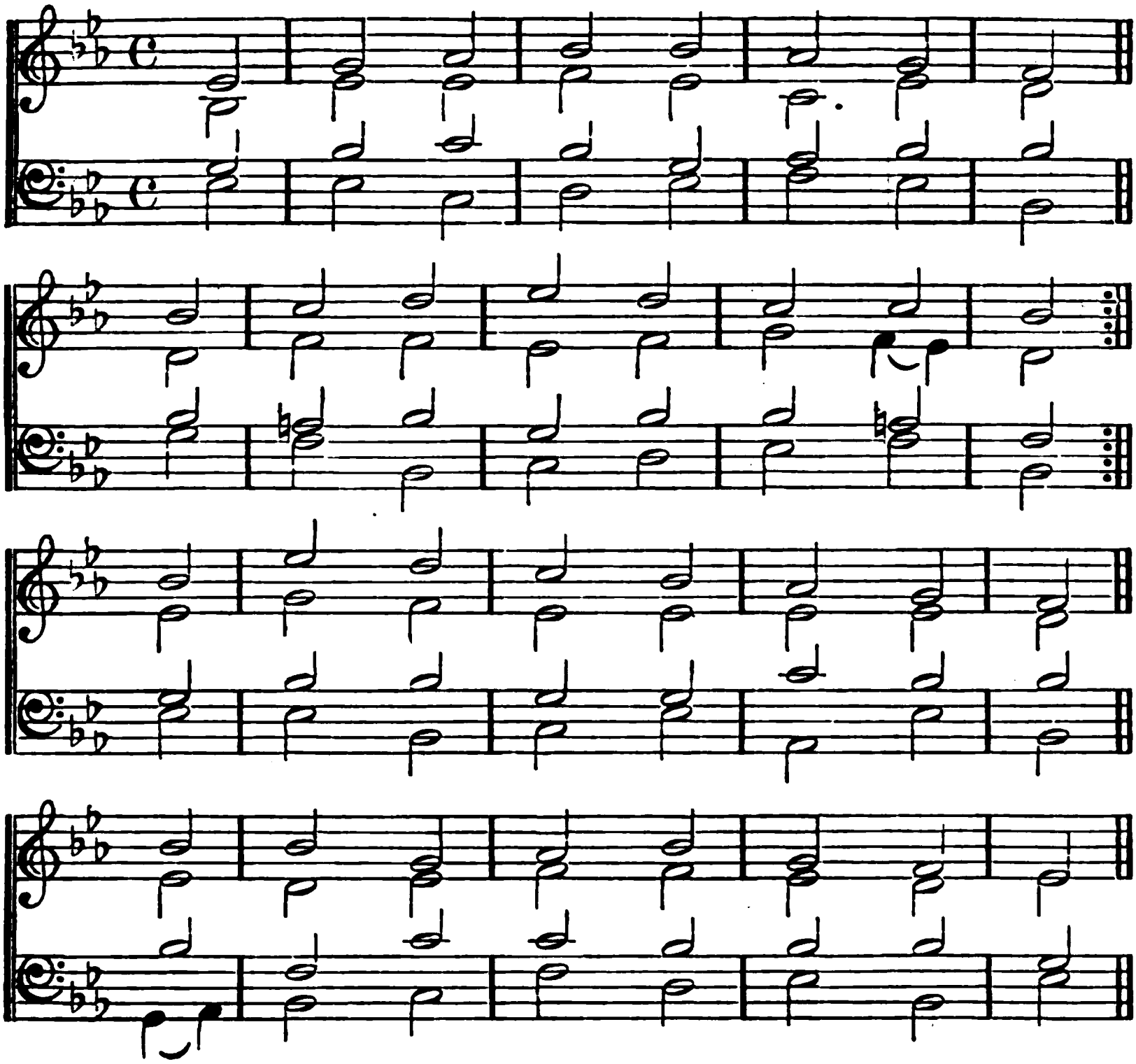
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.



*Or*, LEIPSIG. 8, 8 :|| 8, 8.

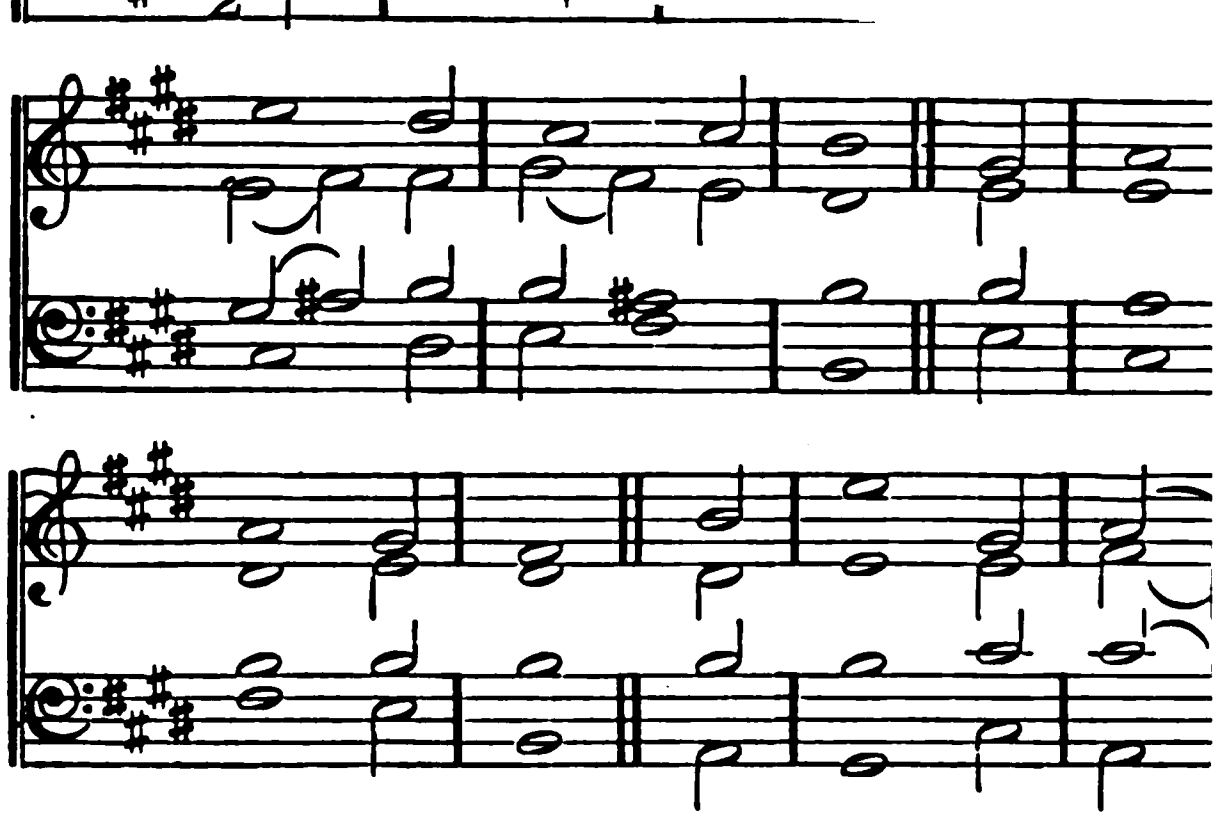
J. HERMANN SCHEIN'S
'Cantional.' 1627.



## 207.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek their home above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy Word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
By Thy paternal bounty fed
We shall not lack in all our way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While thine Almighty love is near.



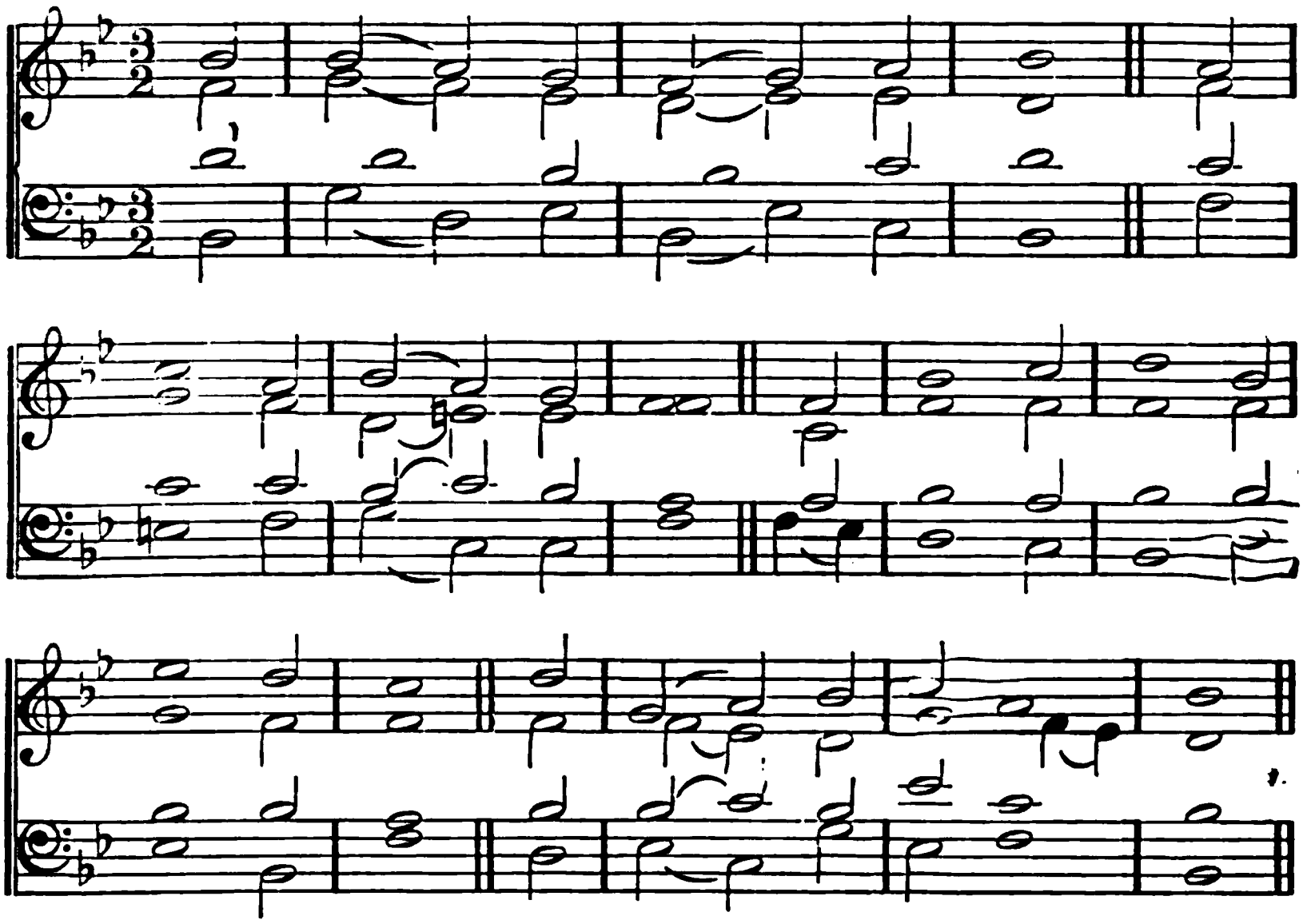
## 208.

THOU art the Way,—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth,—Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

AYNHOE. S. M. JAMES NARES, Mus. D. Died, 1783.



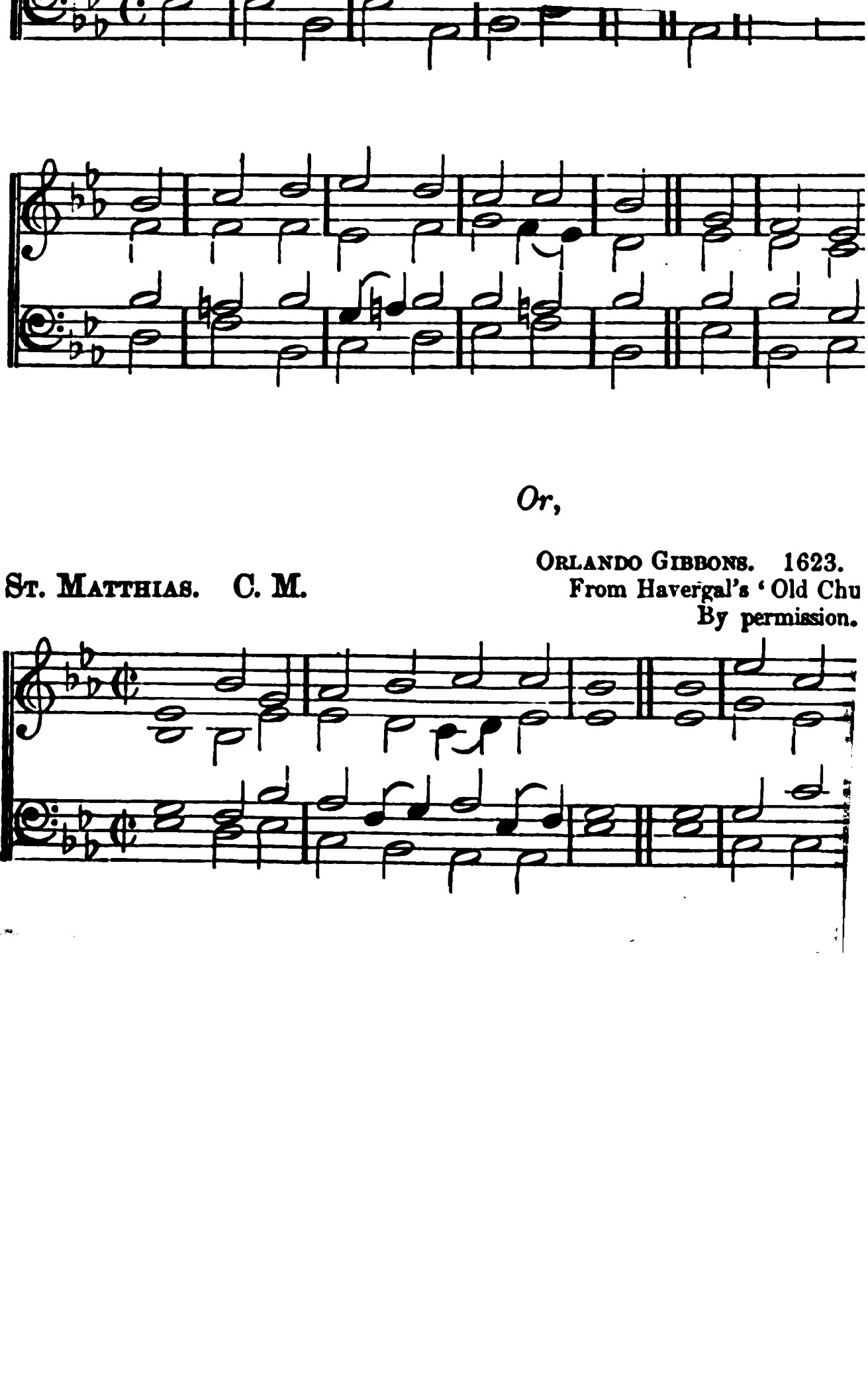
## 209.

PUT thou Thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall Thy work be done.

Commit Thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging Word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.



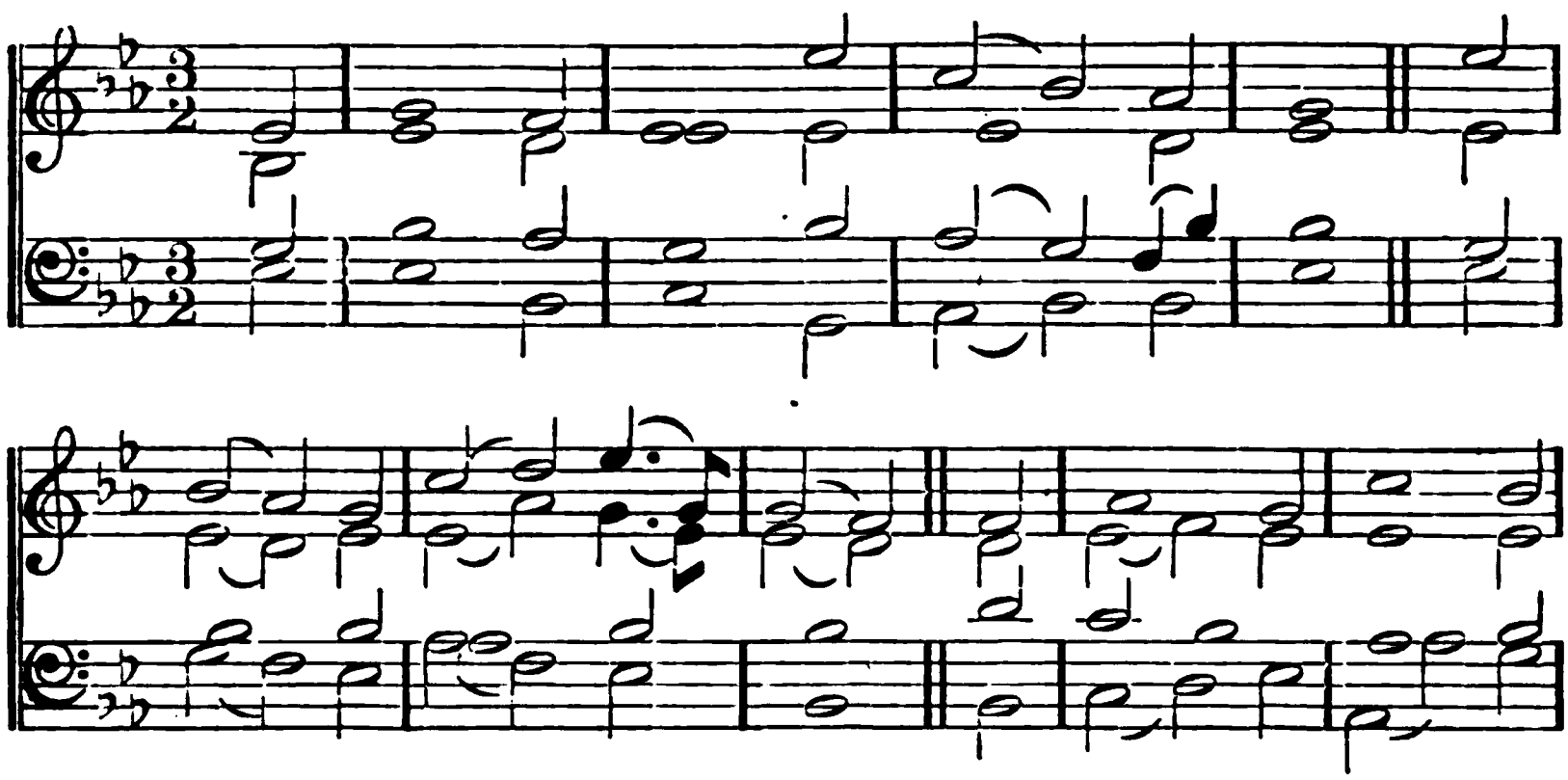
*Or,*

ST. MATTHIAS. C. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.
From Havergal's 'Old Chu
By permission.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

*Or*, MANCHESTER NEW. C. M. Dr. WAINWRIGHT. Died, 1782.



## 210.

FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
On Thee my hope depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

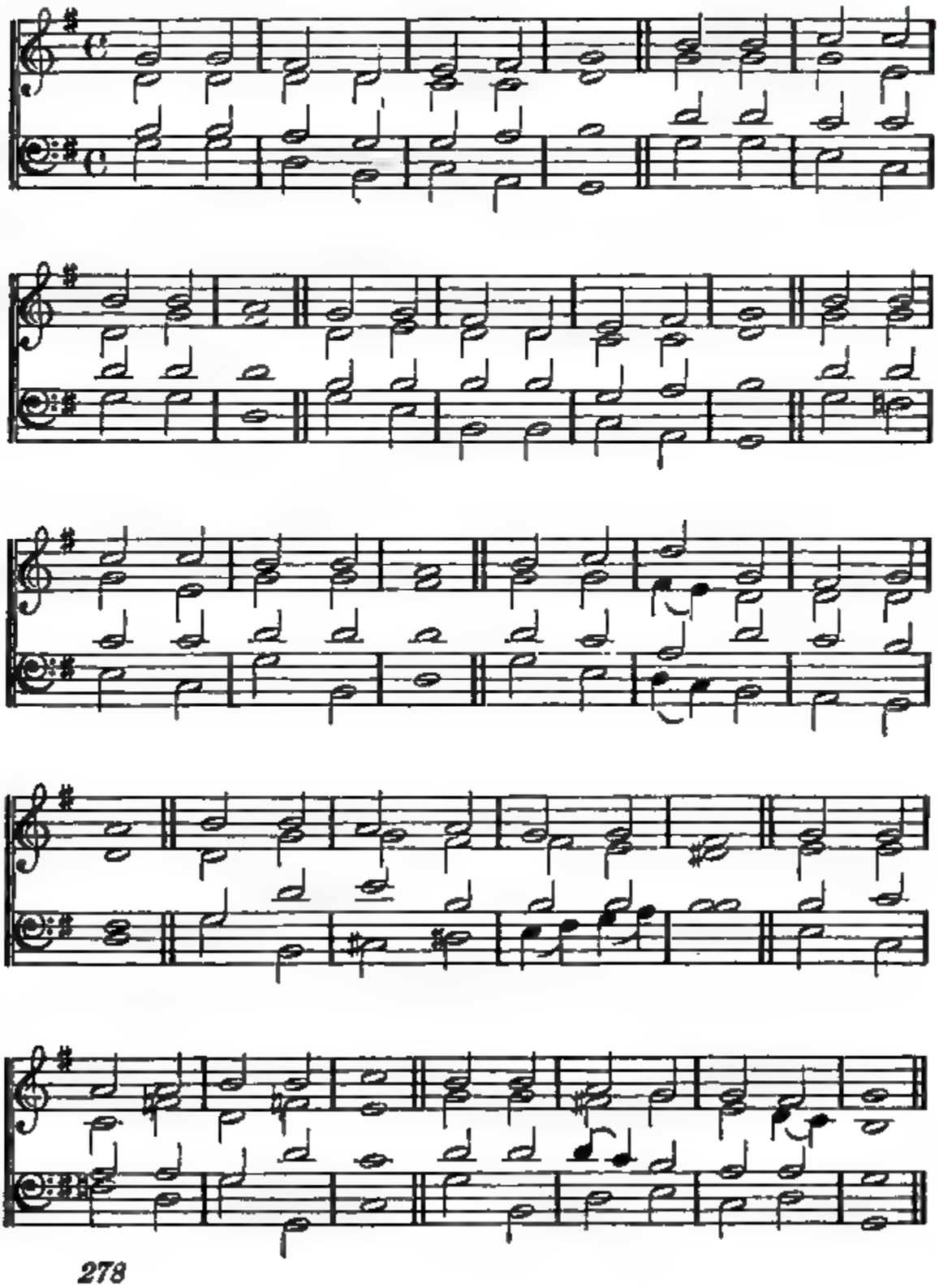
Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is Thine.

From Thee, through JESUS, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Thou, Lord, art all in all.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

ZURICH. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. I. SCHOPPE. 1642.



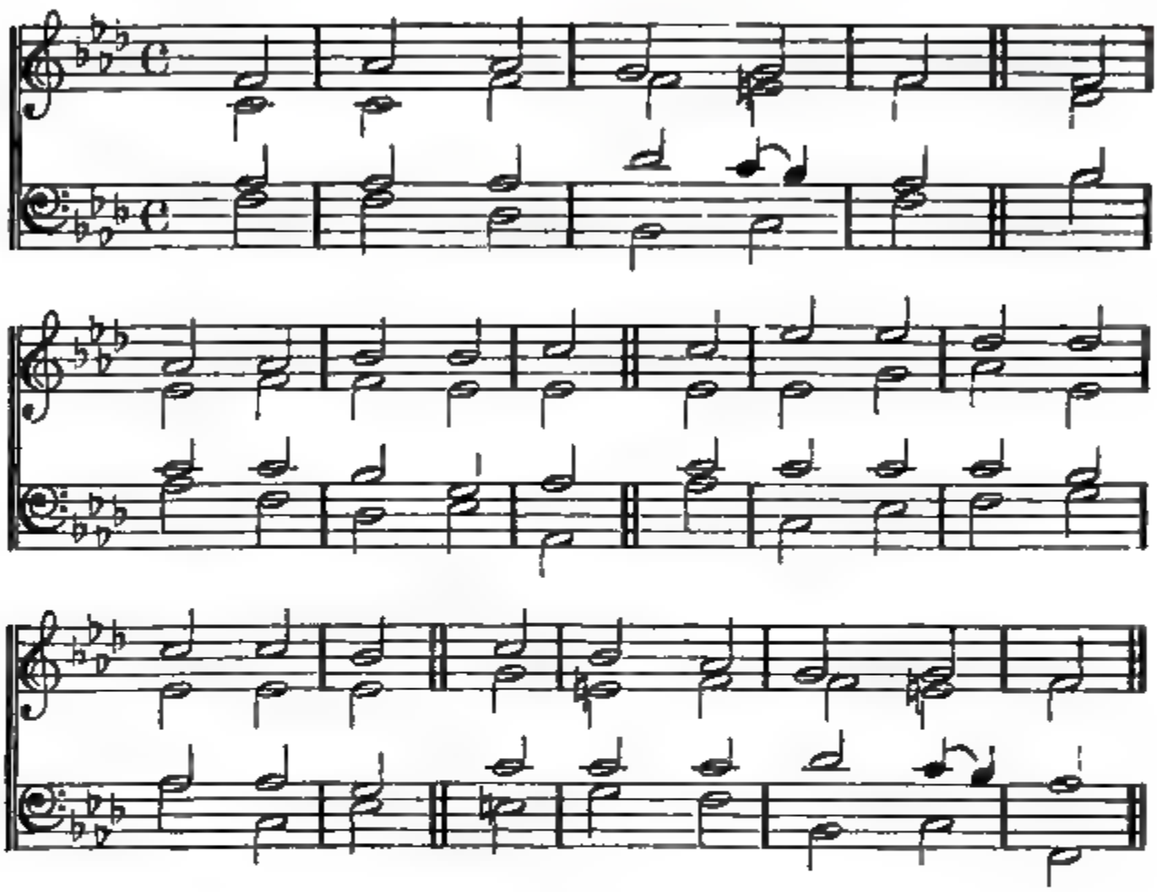
## 211.

OBJECT of my first desire,
JESUS! crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire;
I would seek it, Lord, in Thee:
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Makes the joy of Saints below:
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Makes the bliss of Saints above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows:
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

SOUTHWELL. S. M. From a Psalter printed by H. Denham. 1588.



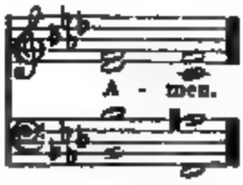
## 212.

IN Thee, O Lord, I trust;
My hope is in Thy Name;
In righteousness deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

From heaven bow down Thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead:
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.

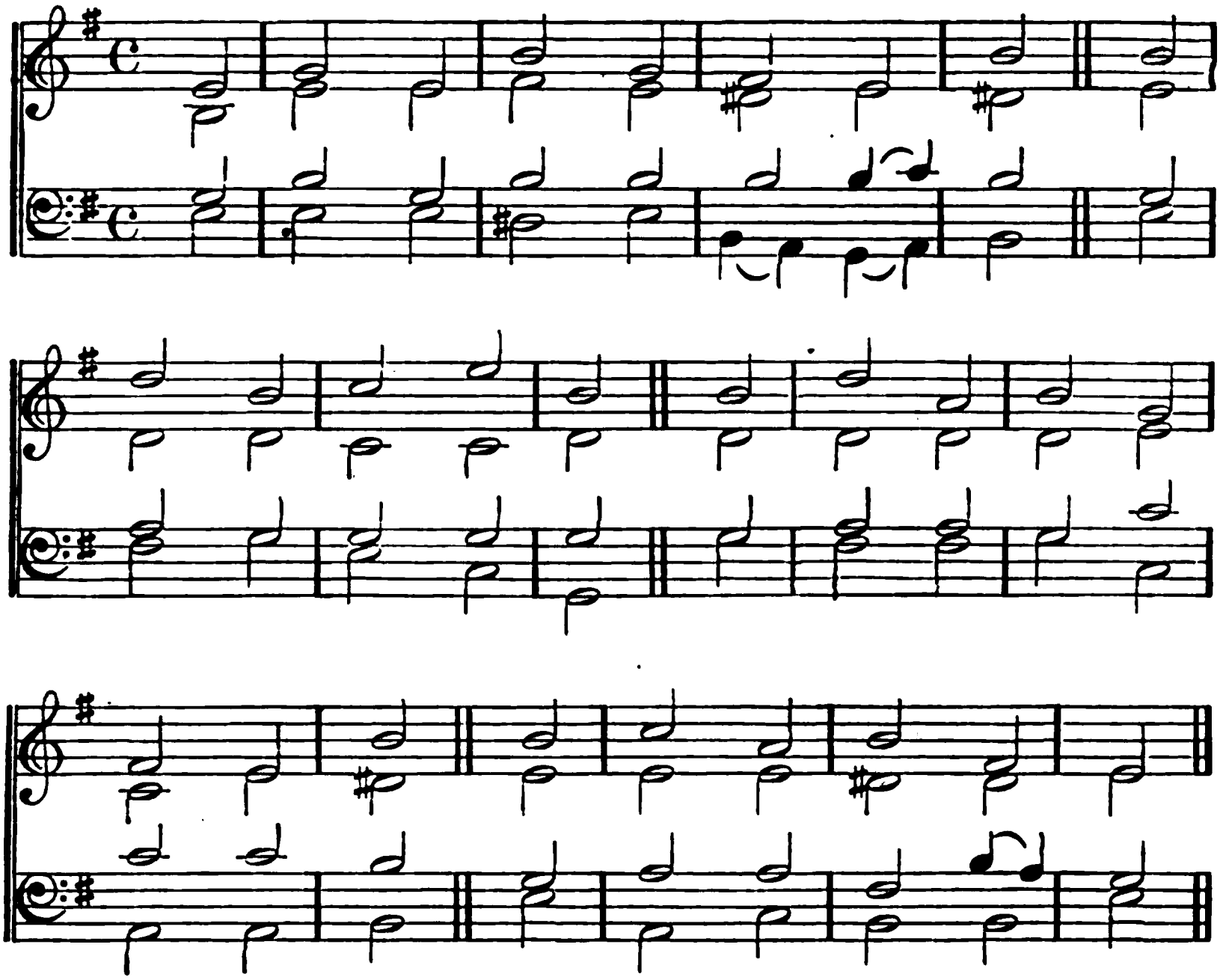
From every snare preserve,
From every foe defend;
For Thy Name's sake, O God, my Strength,
Divine protection send.

Into Thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend;
Thou hast redeem'd me, God of Truth,
In death be Thou my Friend.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

OLD MARTYRS. C. M. From the Scotch Psalter. 1611.



## 213.

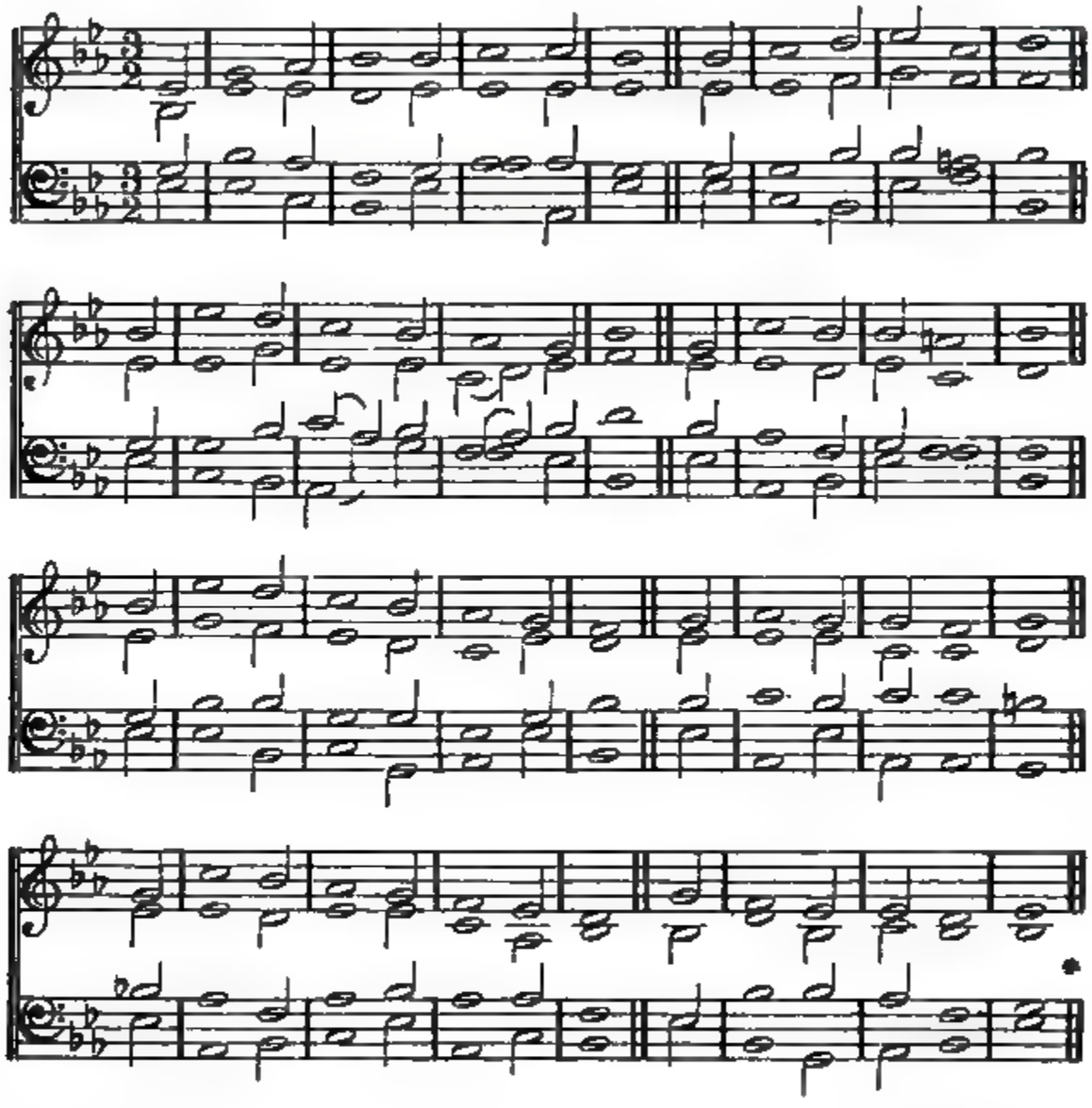
O LORD! in all our trials here,
Whate'er those trials be,
Help us without one doubt or fear
To cast our care on Thee;

To look from earth to yon bright sky,
And there by faith behold
The glories hid from mortal eye,
To mortal ear untold!

And if contempt, reproach, or loss
We suffer for Thy Name,
Teach us to triumph in the cross,
To glory in the shame.

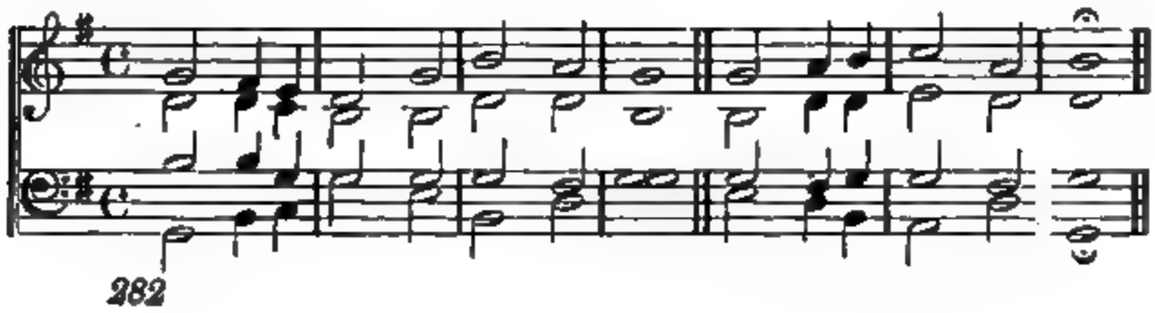
## GENERAL HYMNS.

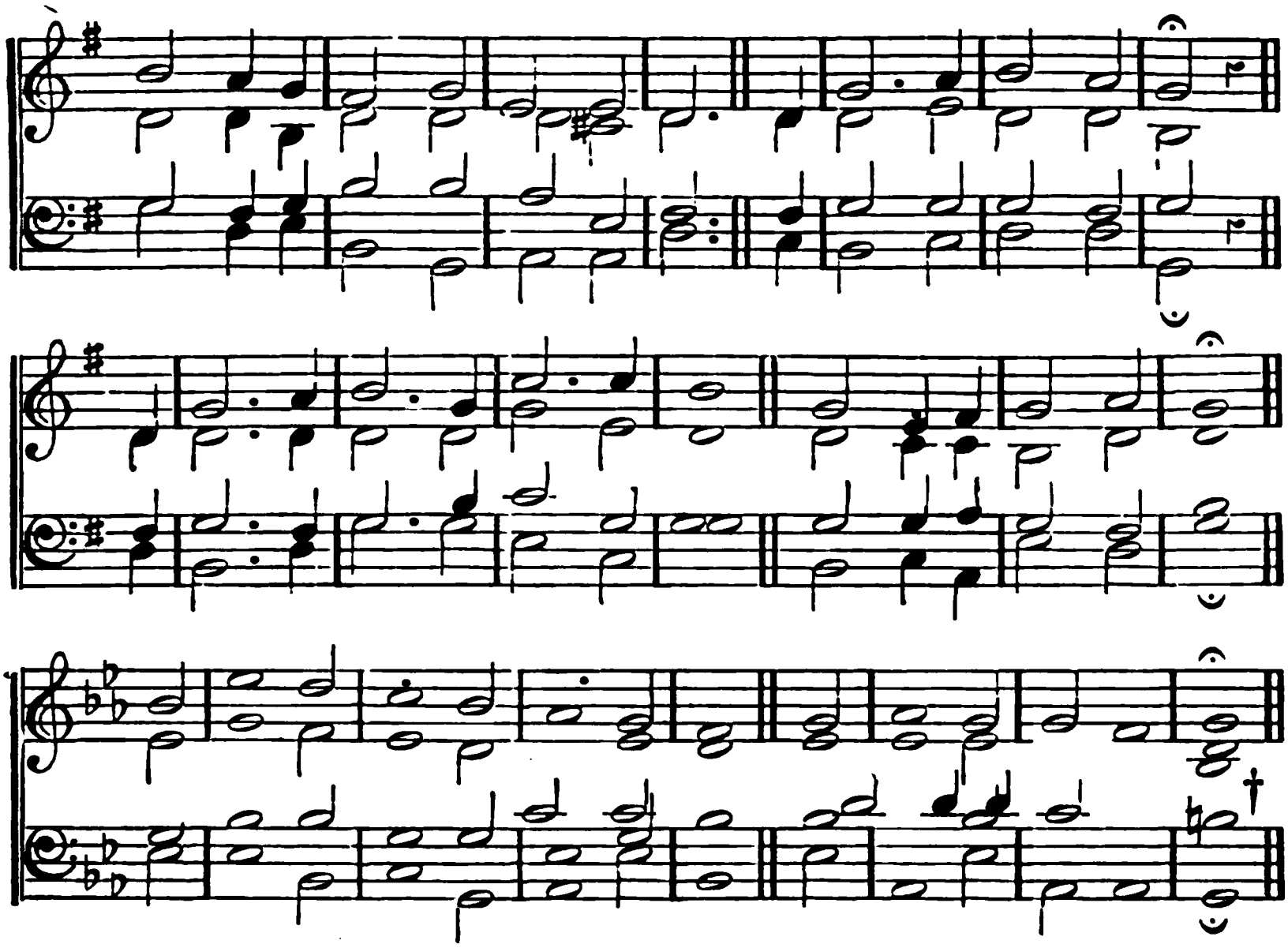
OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



*Or,*

OLD 137TH PSALM. D. C. M. From DAMAN'S Psalter, 1579.

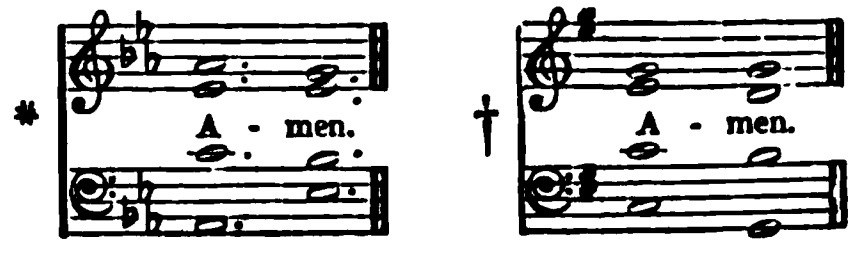




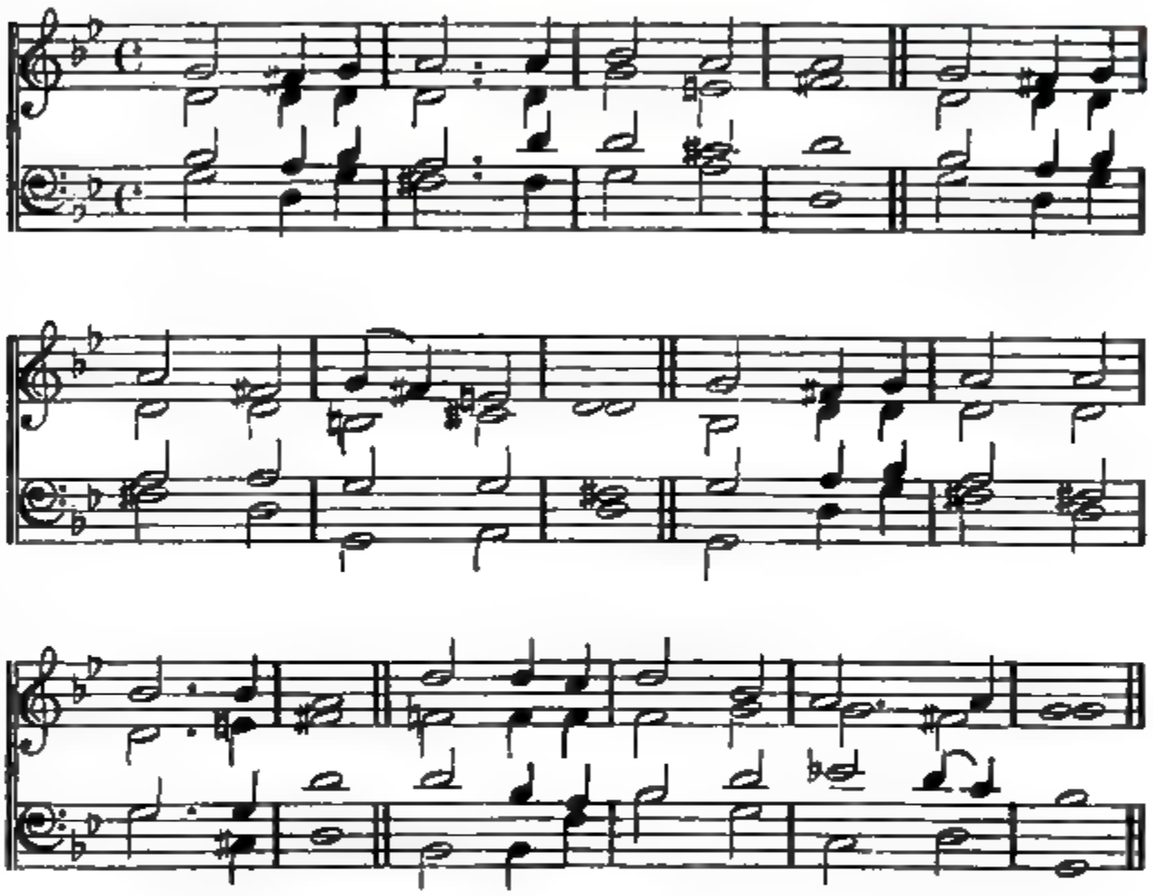
## 214.

O GOD of Abraham! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.



St. Goar. L. M. Rheinfels Hymnal, 1666.

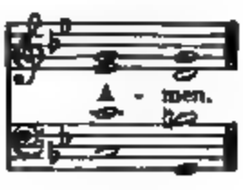


215.

ALMIGHTY FATHER! robed with light,
Seated upon Thy heavenly throne,
O teach our hearts to feel aright
And tongues to say, "Thy will be done."

In all Thy just and righteous ways
Thy grace and goodness may we own;
For every mercy yield our praise,
And say, O Lord, "Thy will be done."

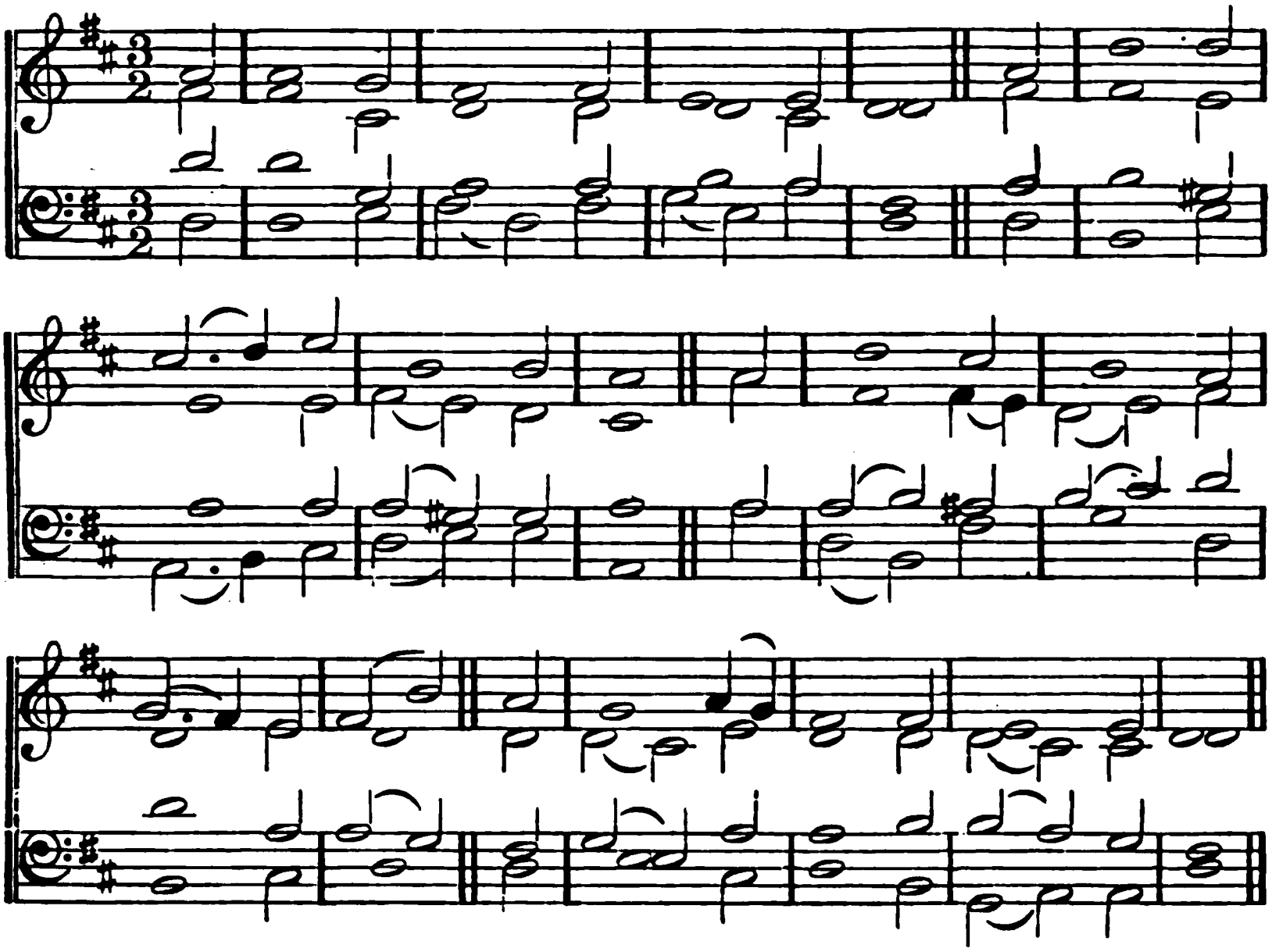
And when oppress'd with grief we lie,
When brighter scenes are fled and gone,
Still may our souls submissive cry,
"Father in heaven! Thy will be done!"



# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Emmanuel.** L. M. (*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*)

Braun's 'Echo Hymnodiæ Cælestis,' 1675.



## 216.

O KING of earth, of air, and sea,
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all!
Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain;
The ravens spread their wings in vain;
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God! Thou carest still for Thine!

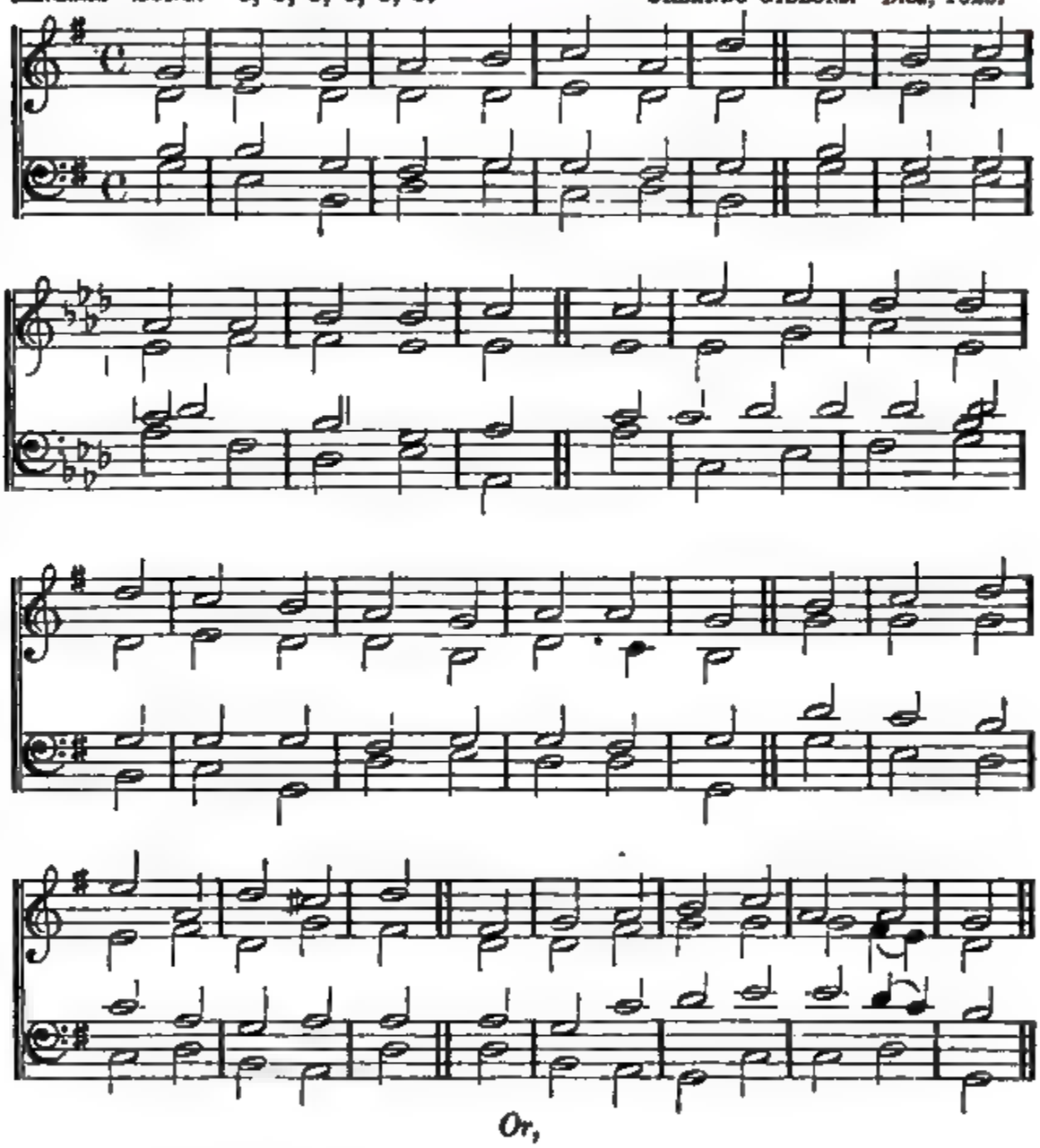
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord! to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
The bread of life from day to day!

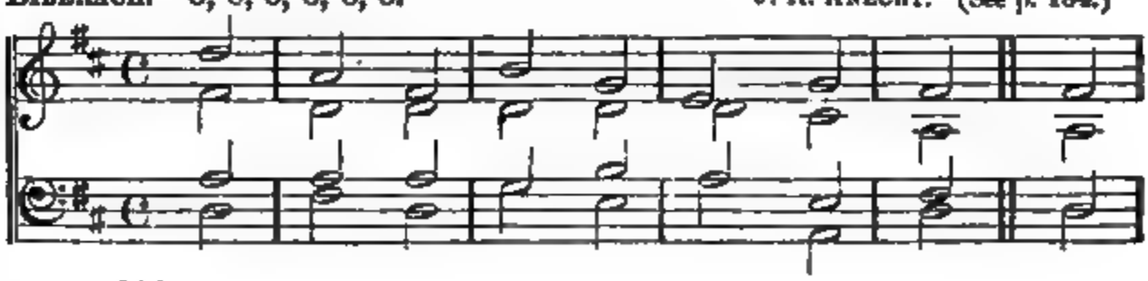
# GENERAL HYMNS.

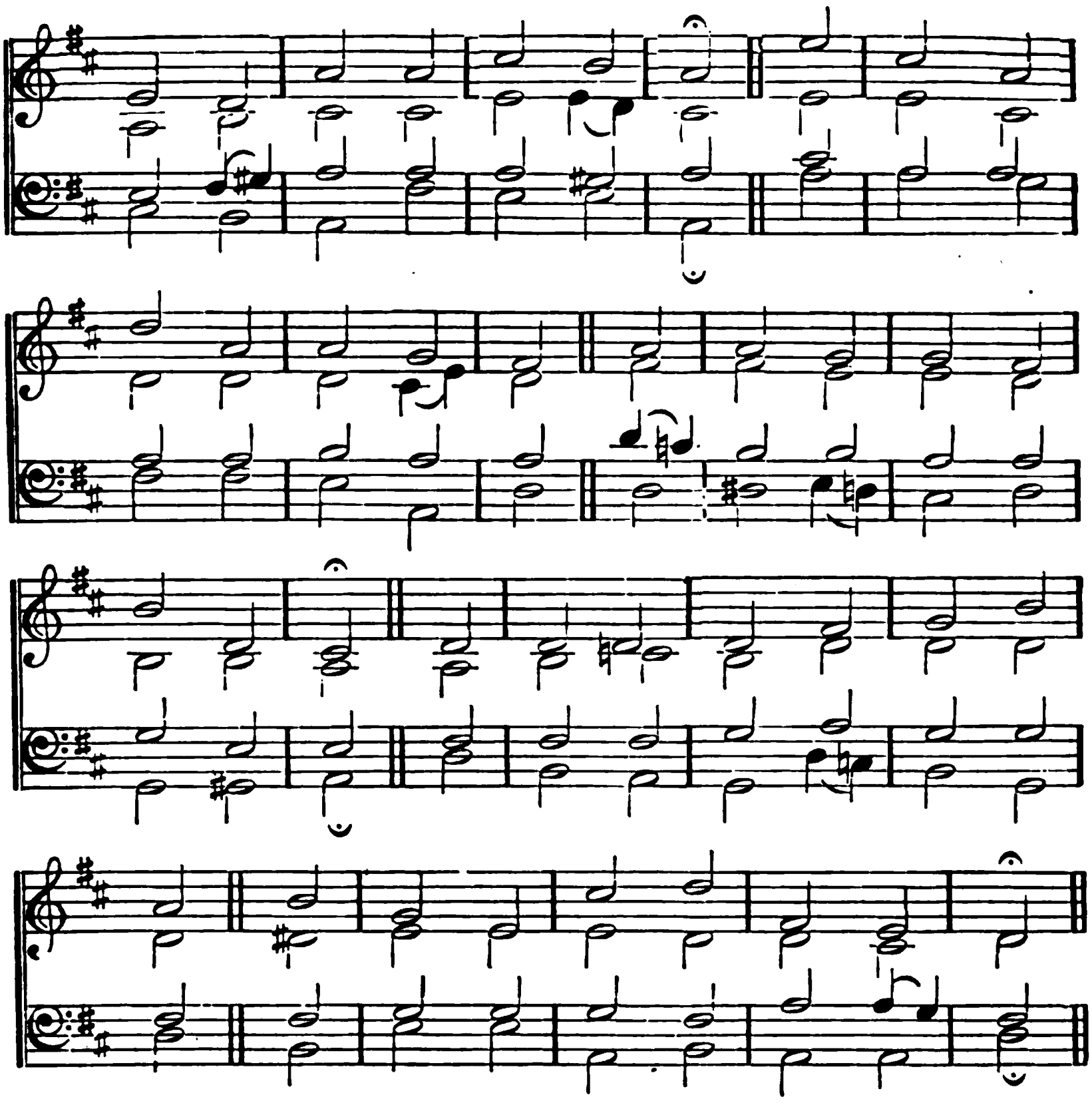
**Angels' Song.** 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. Orlando Gibbons. Died, 1625.



*Or,*

**Biberach.** 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. J. H. Knecht. (See p. 184.)





## 217.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

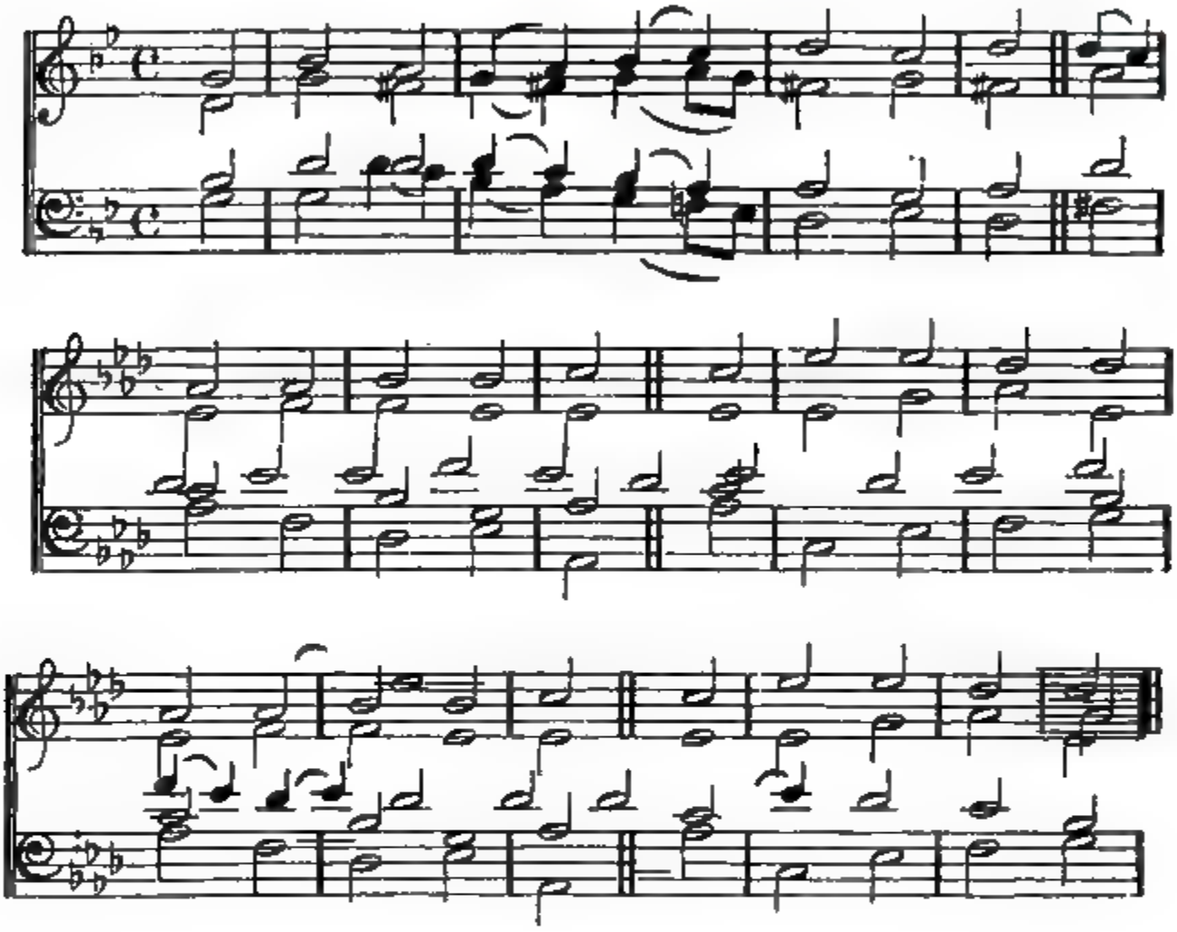
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

ETERNITY. 8, 8, 8, 4.

Latin Church Tune.
From KOCHER'S 'Zion's Harfe.'



218.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say—
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
"Thy will be done!"

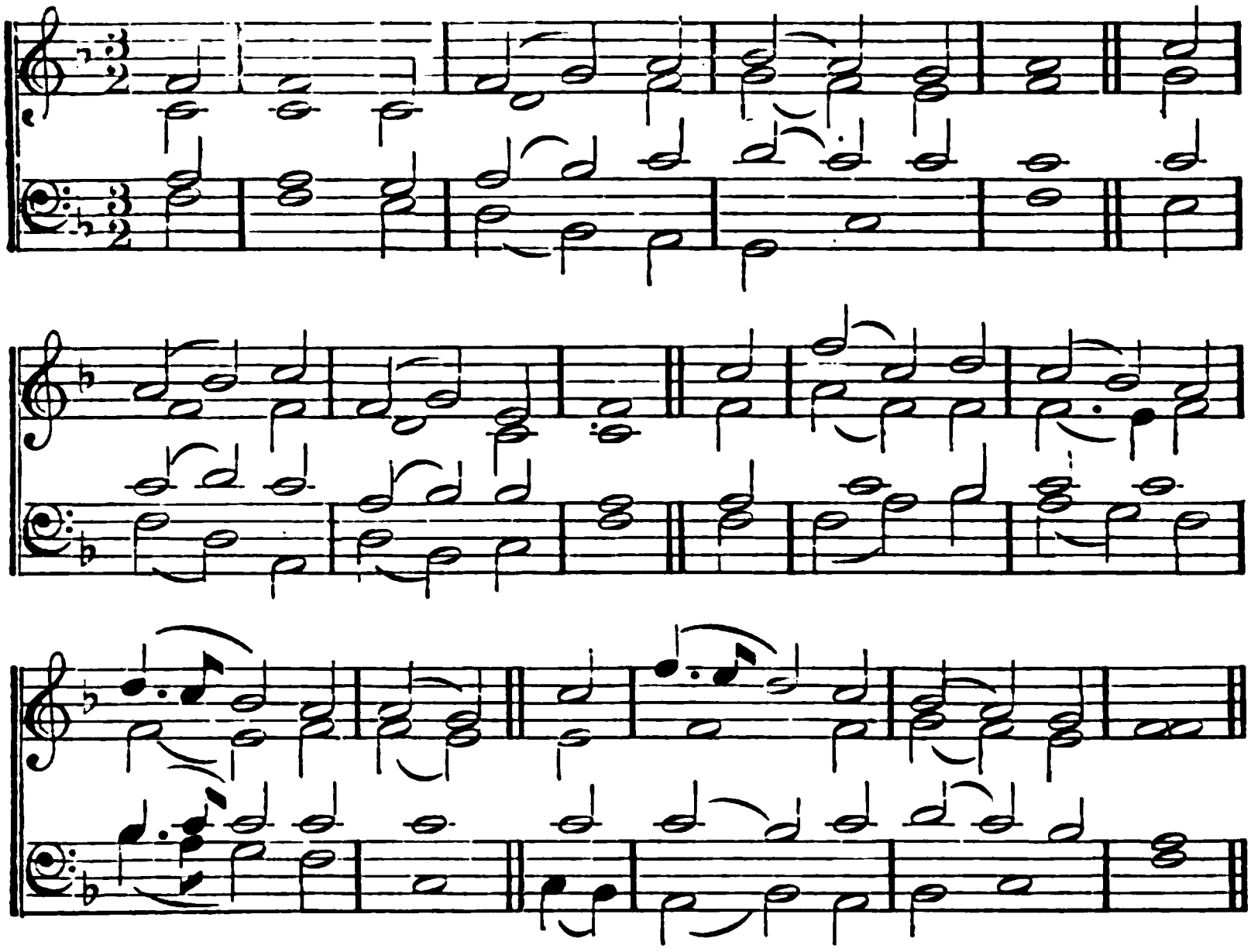
If but my fainting heart be bless'd
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say—
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

# GENERAL HYMNS.

IRISH. C. M. ISAAC SMITH. 1770.



## 219.

THOU boundless Source of every good!
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

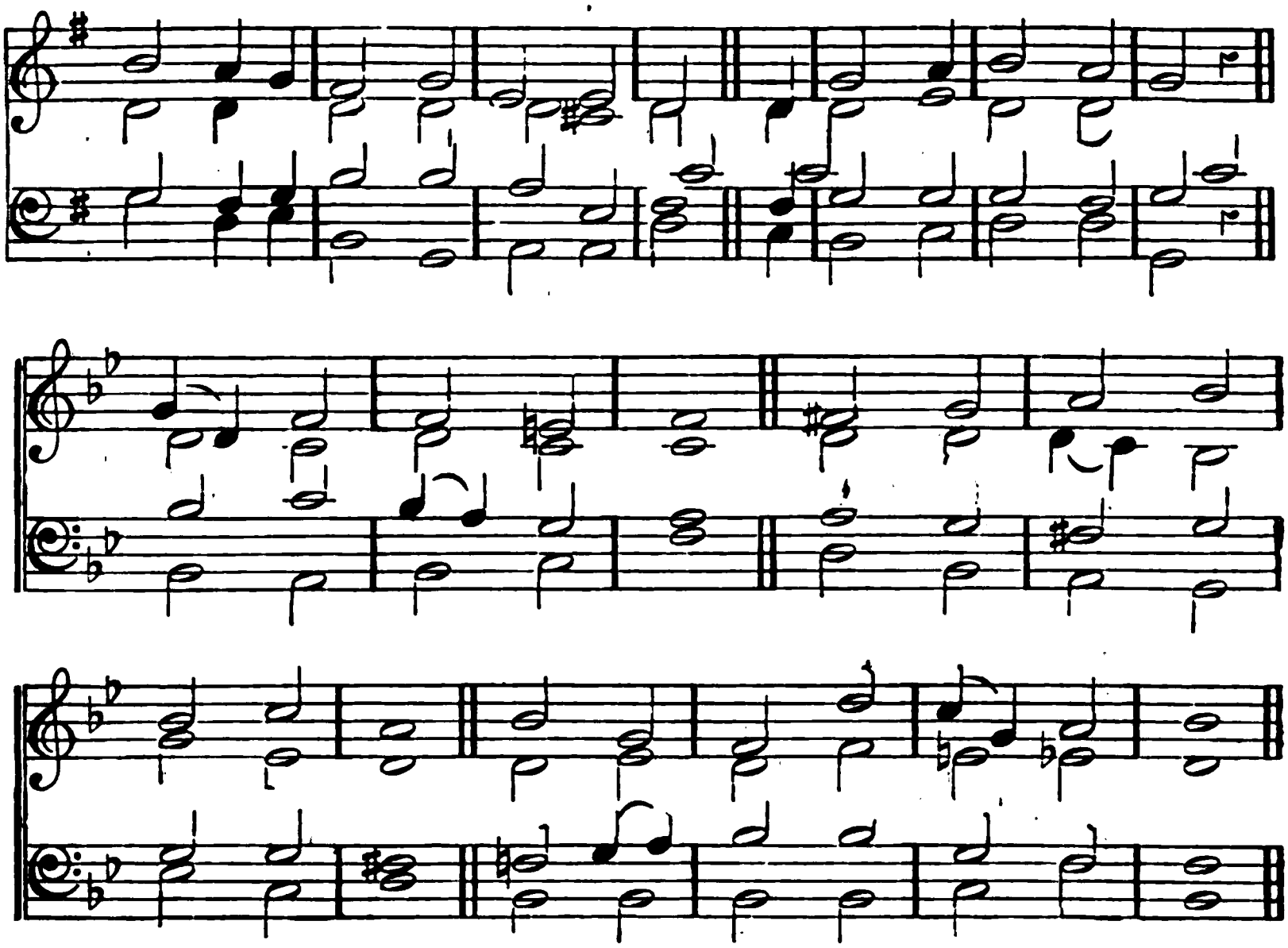
In all T'y mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts,
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy Name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

CHRIST CHAPEL. 7, 7, 7, 7. C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc., Camb. 1848.



## 220.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like the Saviour we shall be,
Clothed with His humility.

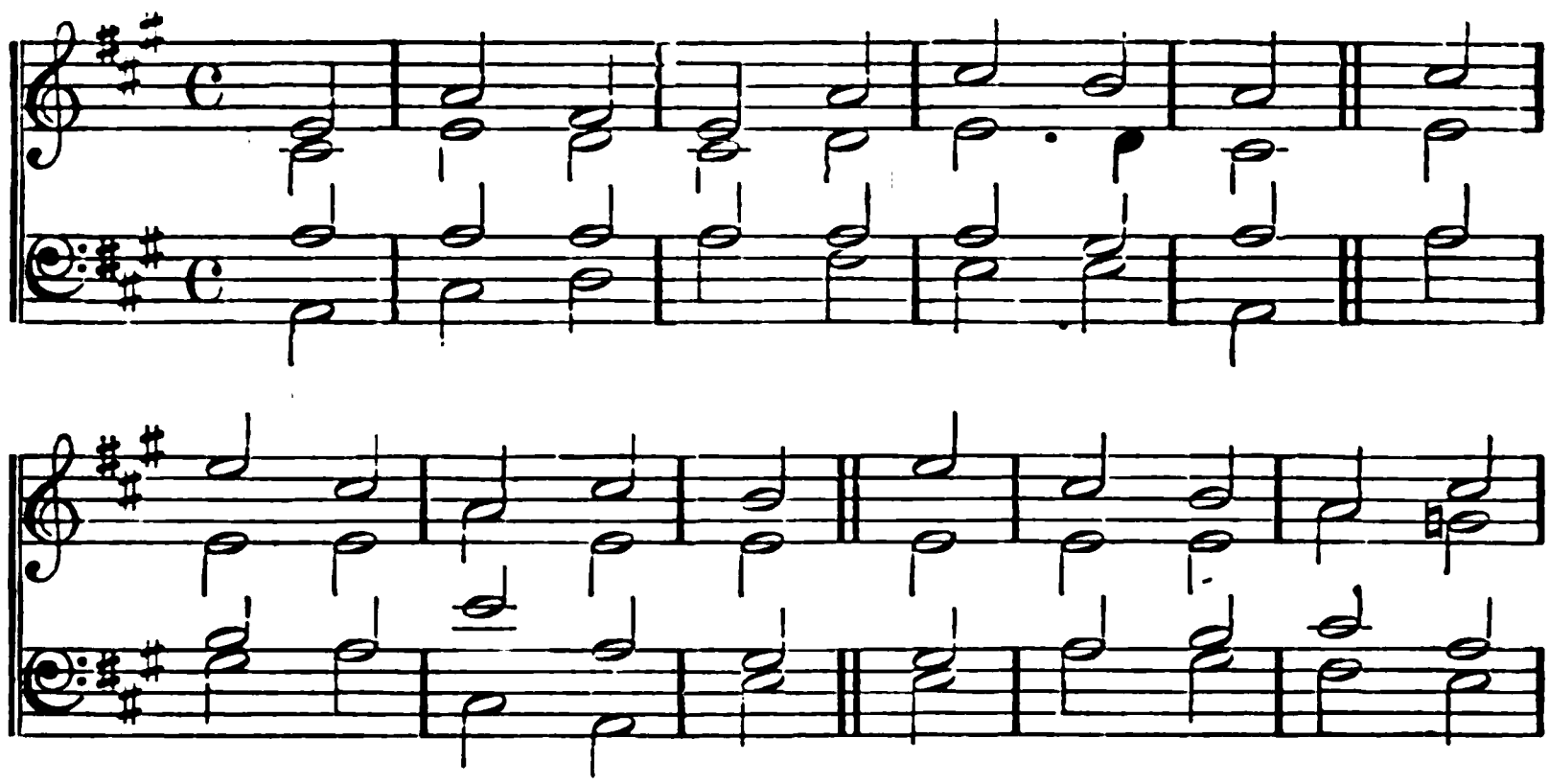
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Humble as a little child,
Pleased with what the Lord provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee;
Every evil let us flee;
Always happy in Thy love;
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined·
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust and praise Him evermore

# GENERAL HYMNS.

MARTYRDOM. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



## 221.

ETERNAL GOD! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

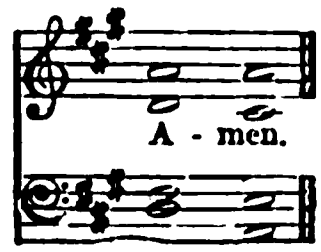
Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply:
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

## 222.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

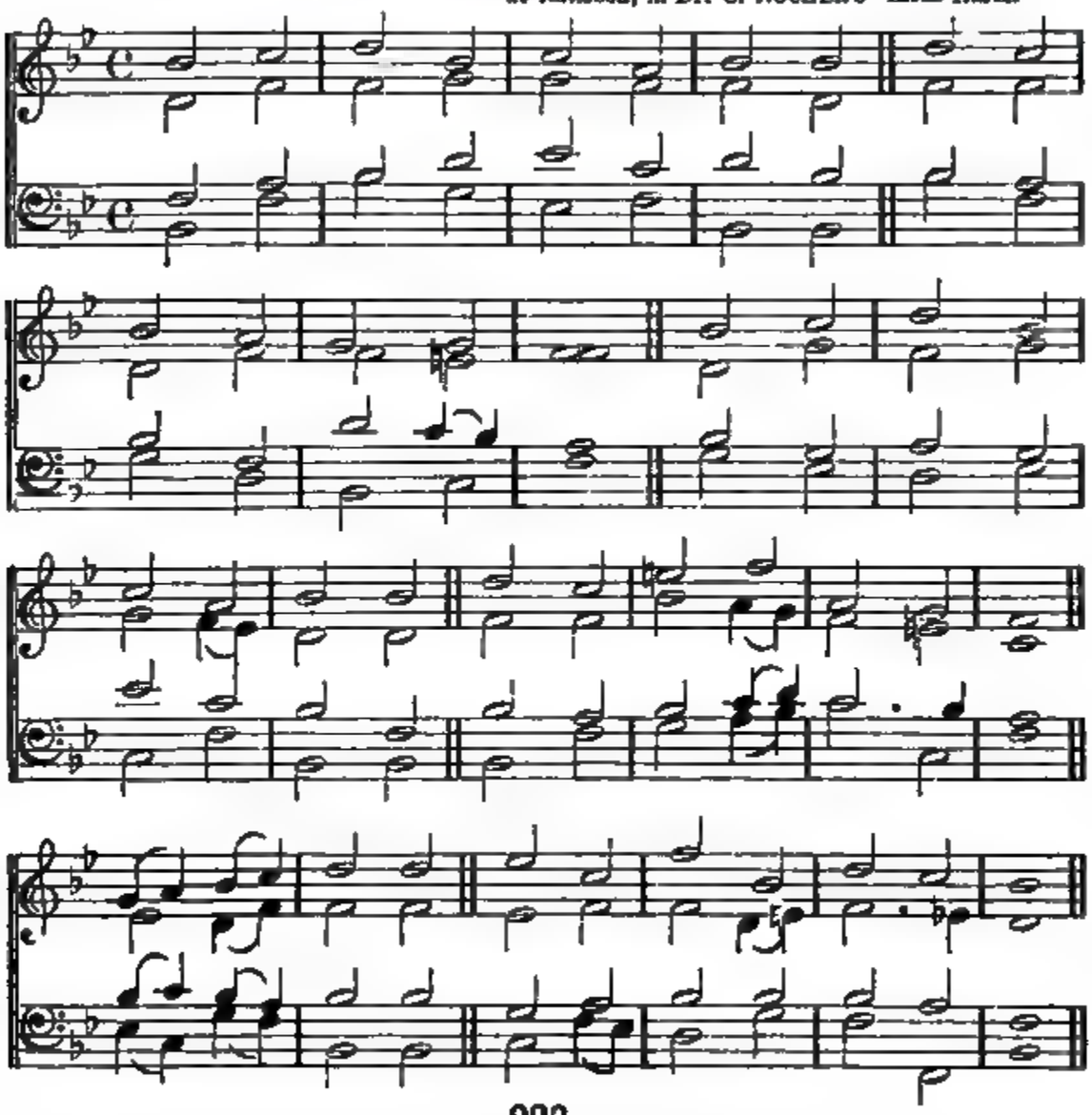
Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart;
And make me live to Thee.

Let the bless'd hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



## GENERAL HYMNS.

**St. Saviour.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Adapted from a Choral by Gerum, "Musikdirector" at Ratisbon, in Dr. C. Kocher's 'Zions-Harfe.'



### 223.

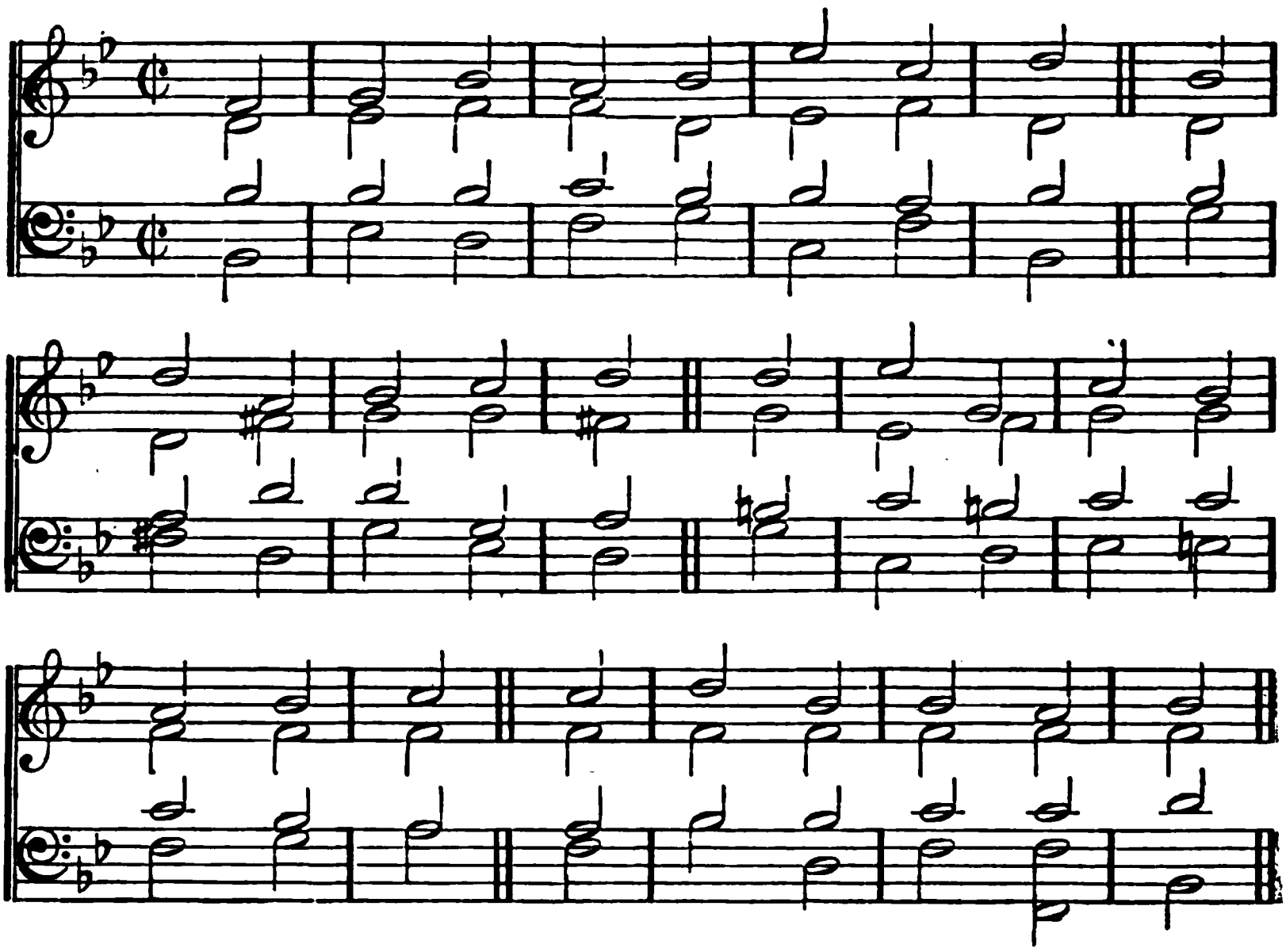
GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land:
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

CLOISTERS. C. M. JAMES TURLE. 1862.



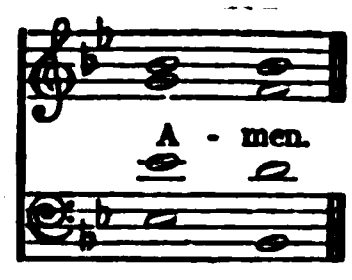
## 224.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

O send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

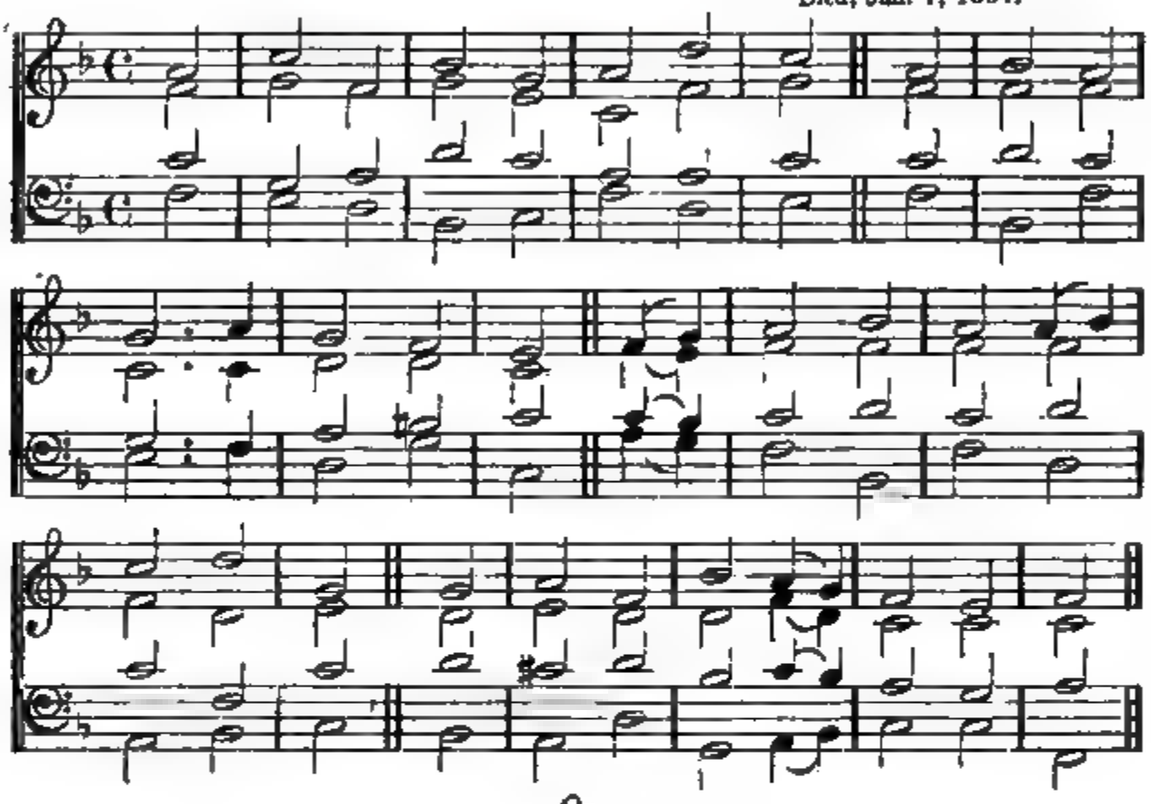
Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.



## GENERAL HYMNS.

THORNEY ABBEY. L. M.

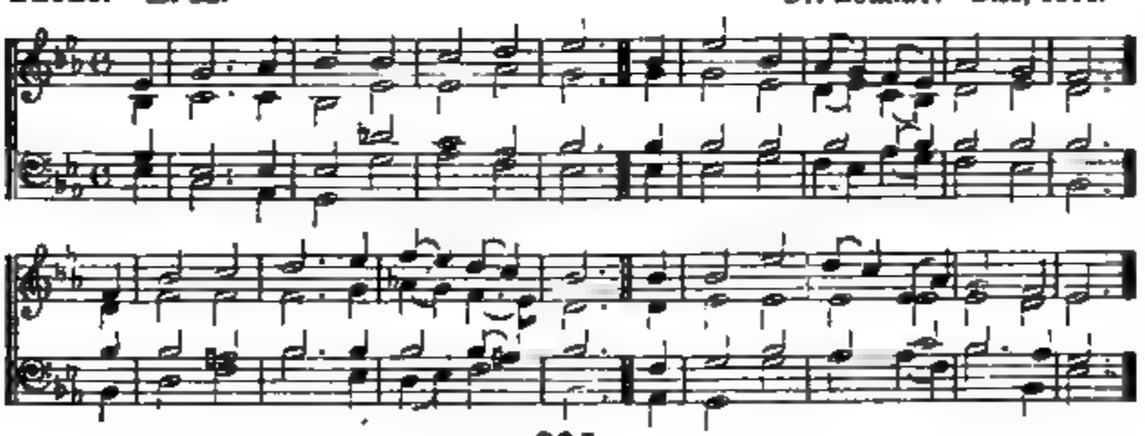
BISHOP OF ELY. December, 1863. Died, Jan. 7, 1864.



*Or,*

TRURO. L. M.

DR. BURNEY. Died, 1814.



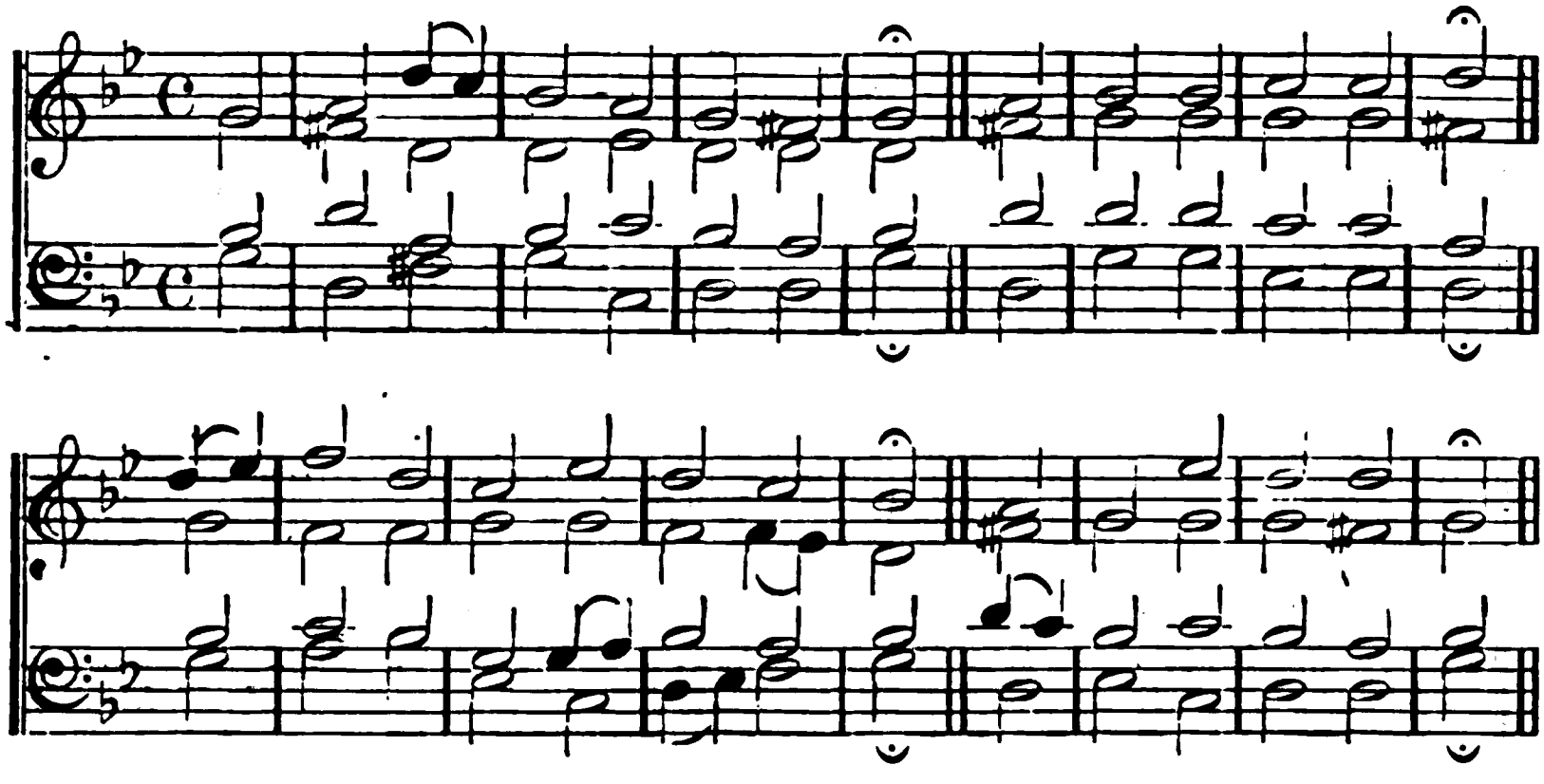
225.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour Divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

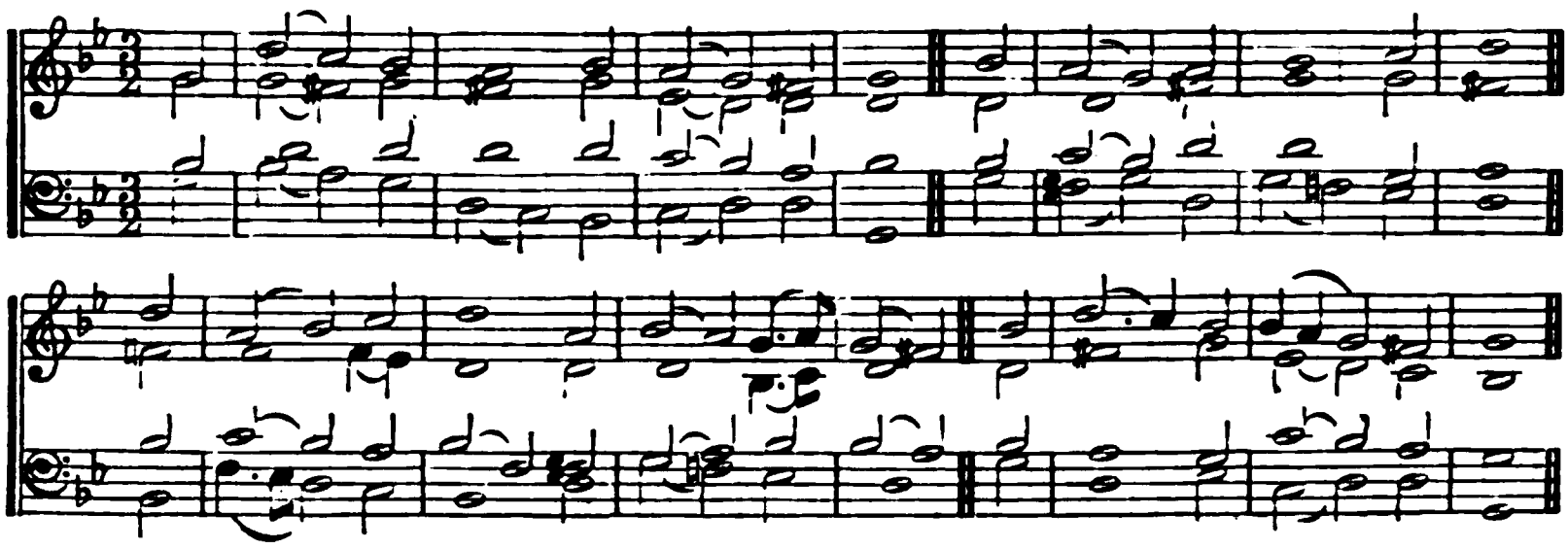
If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee.

DOMINE CLAMAVI. C. M. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT. 1797.



*Or,*

CROWLE. C. M. MAURICE GREENE, Mus. D. Died, 1755.



## 226.

THOU Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

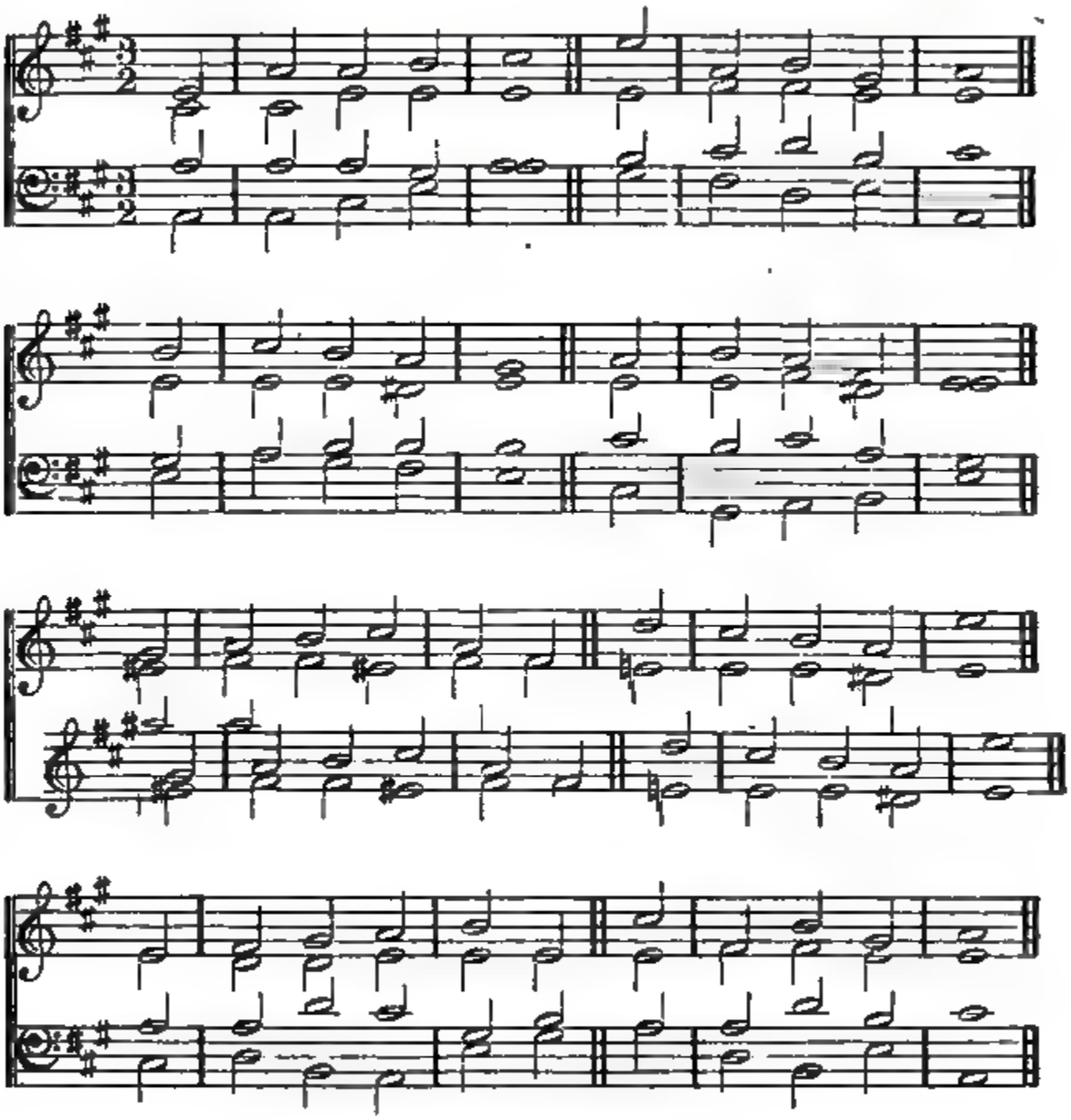
To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal:
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

And still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

HANOVER. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. Dr. CROFT. Died, 1727



### 227.

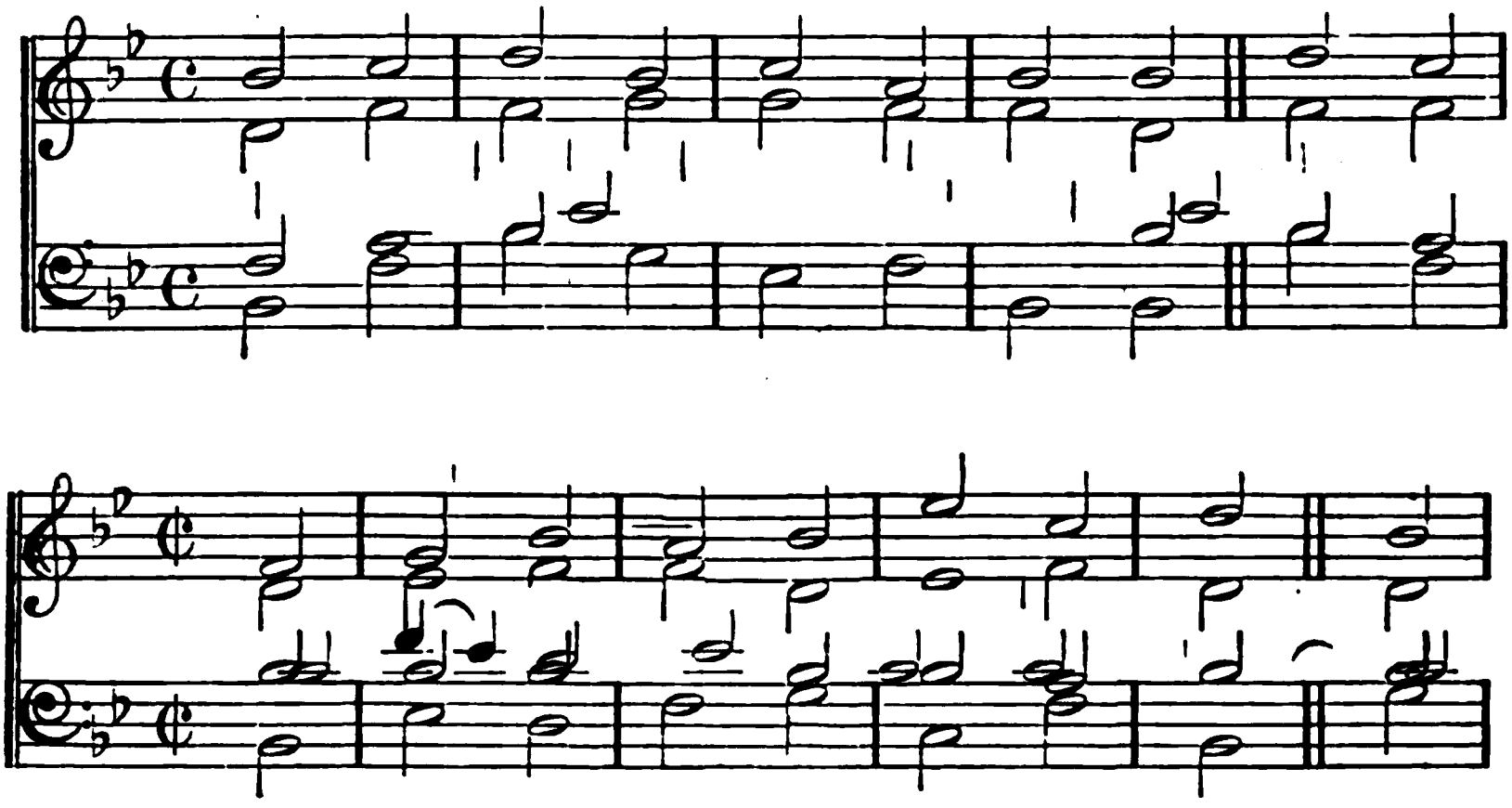
YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

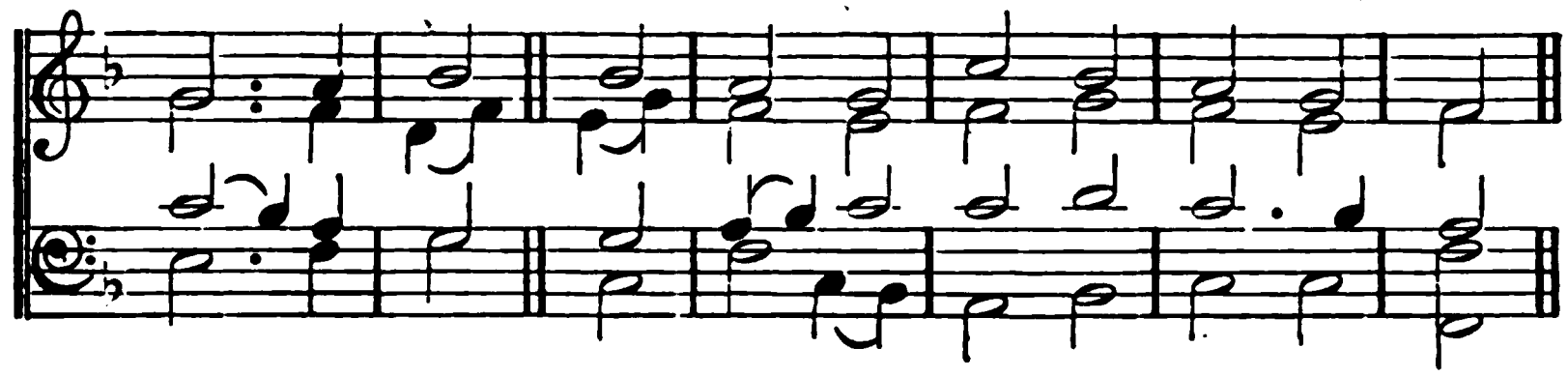
God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To JESUS our King.

Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

MELCOMBE. L. M. S. WEBBE. Died, 1816.





## 228.

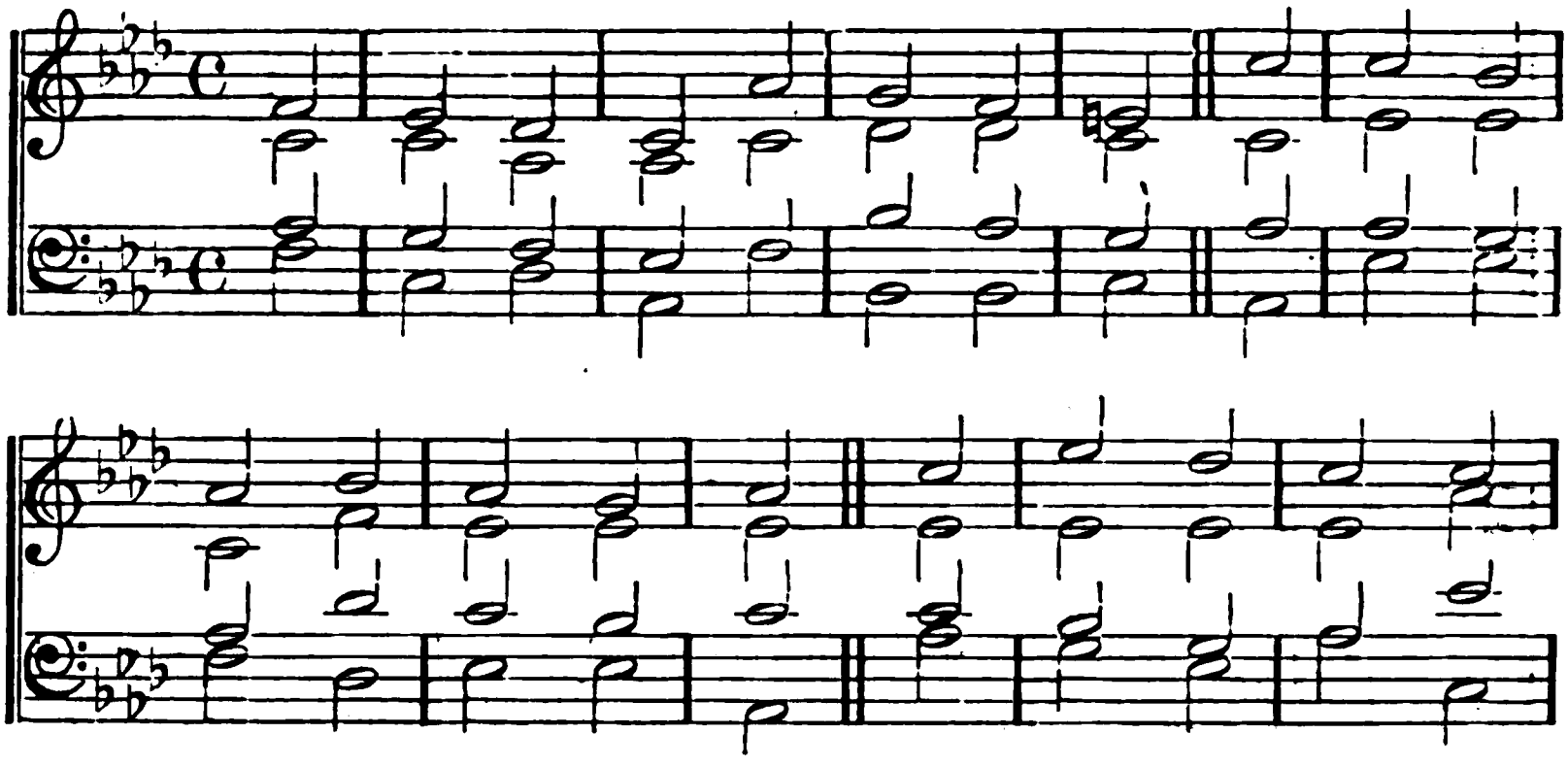
O GOD, our Saviour and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the Spring,
Send down Thy Spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

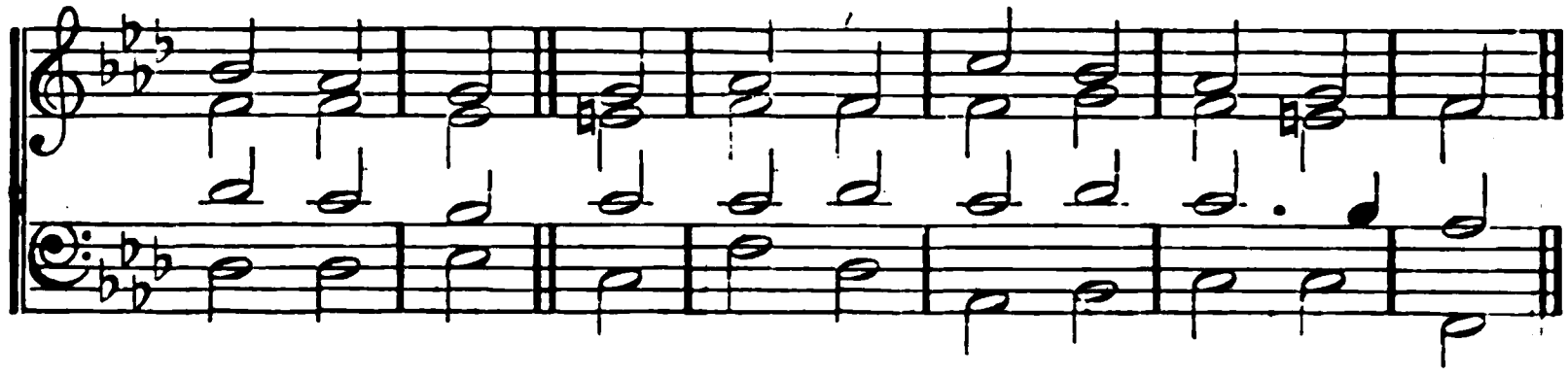
Let love through all our actions shine,
An image fair, though faint, of Thine;
Let us Thy humble followers prove,
Father of grace and God of love.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**St. Luke's. L. M.**

Jeremiah Clark. Died, 1707.
Harmonized by James Turle.

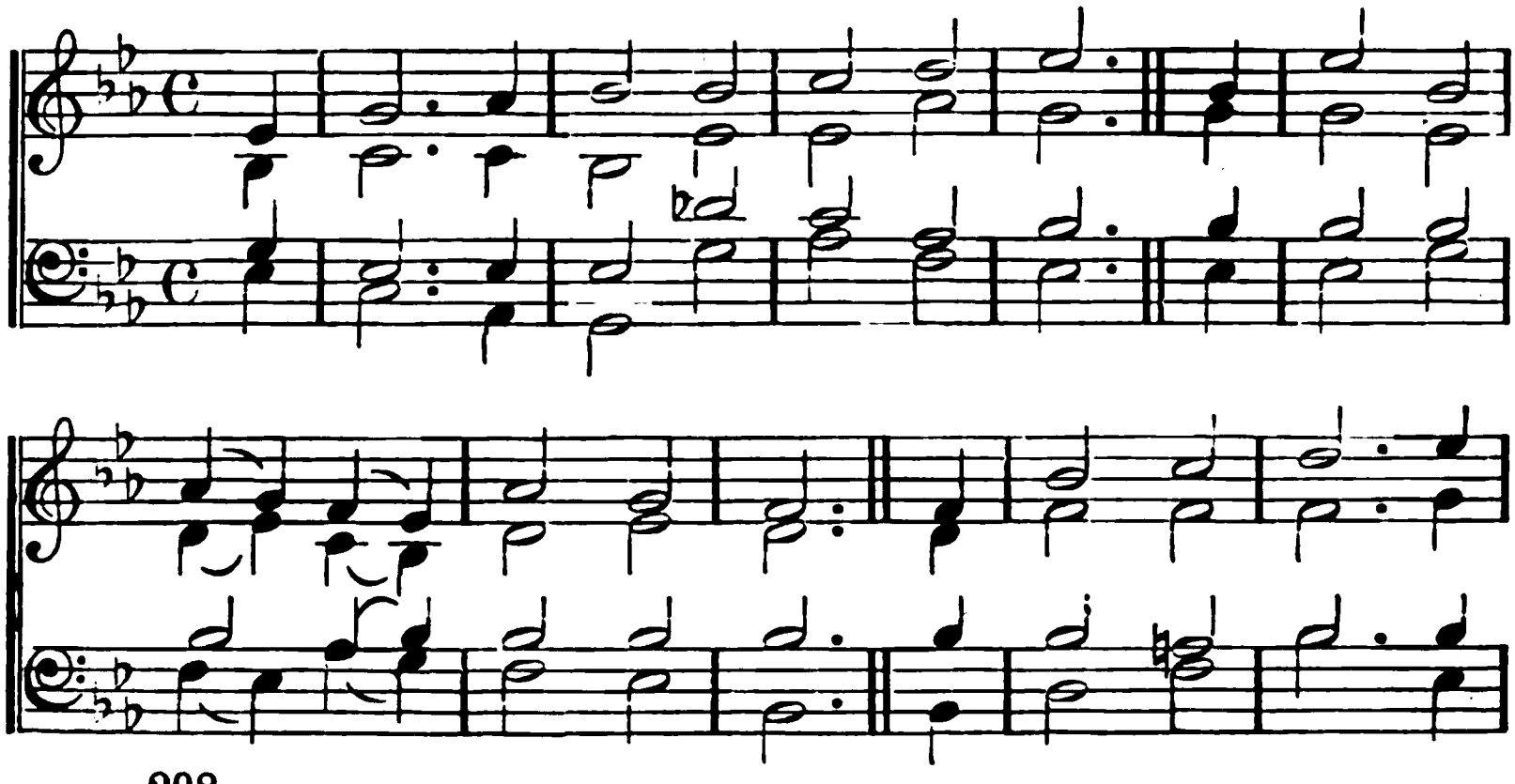




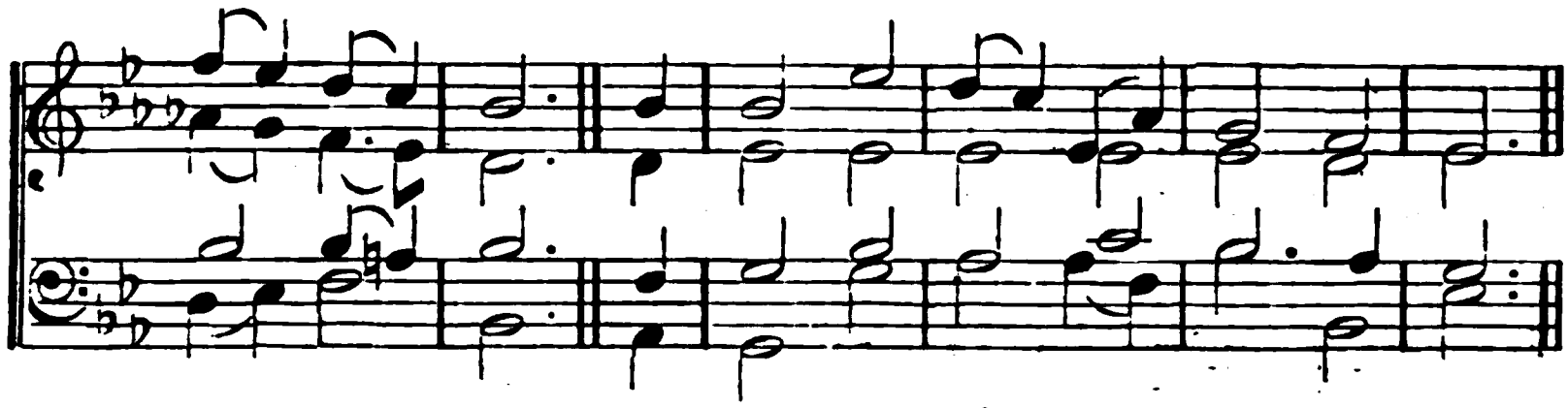
*Or,*

**Truro. L. M.**

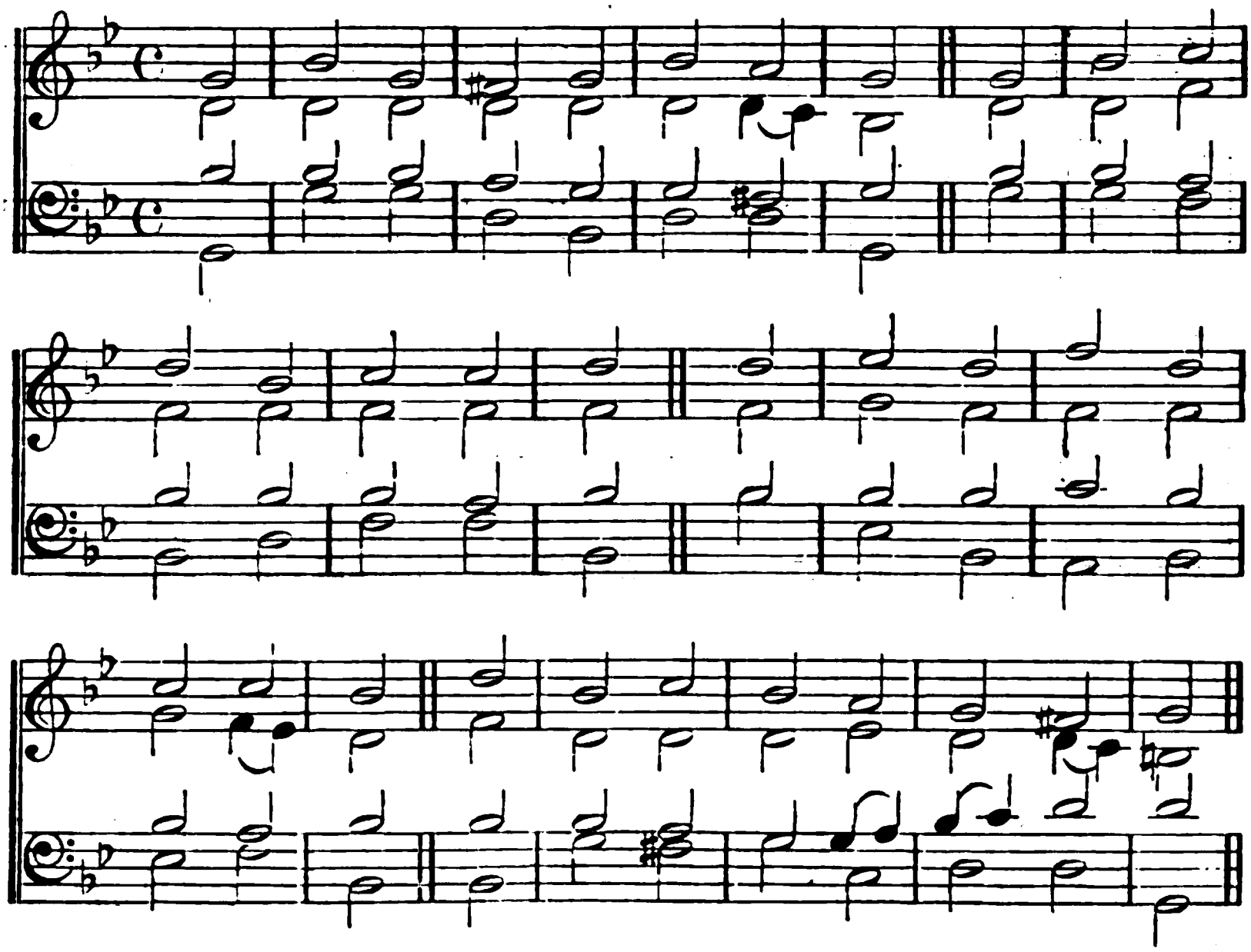
Dr. Burney. Died, 1814.



# GENERAL HYMNS.



WARTBURG. L. M. *Or,* LUTHER. From the Psalter, 1563.



## 229.

AS through this wilderness I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no evil, need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

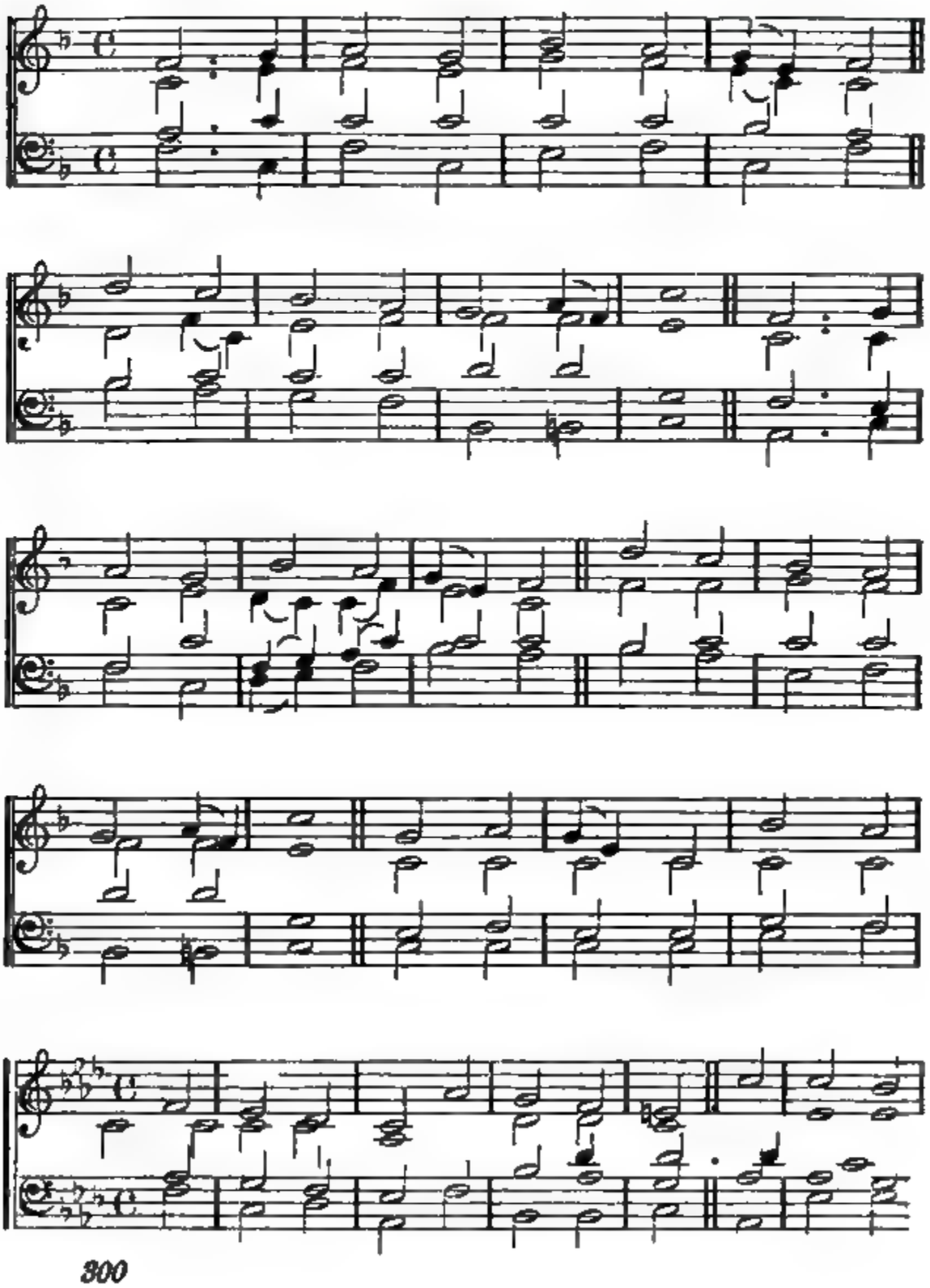
When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my strength in waves of woe,
Saviour, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

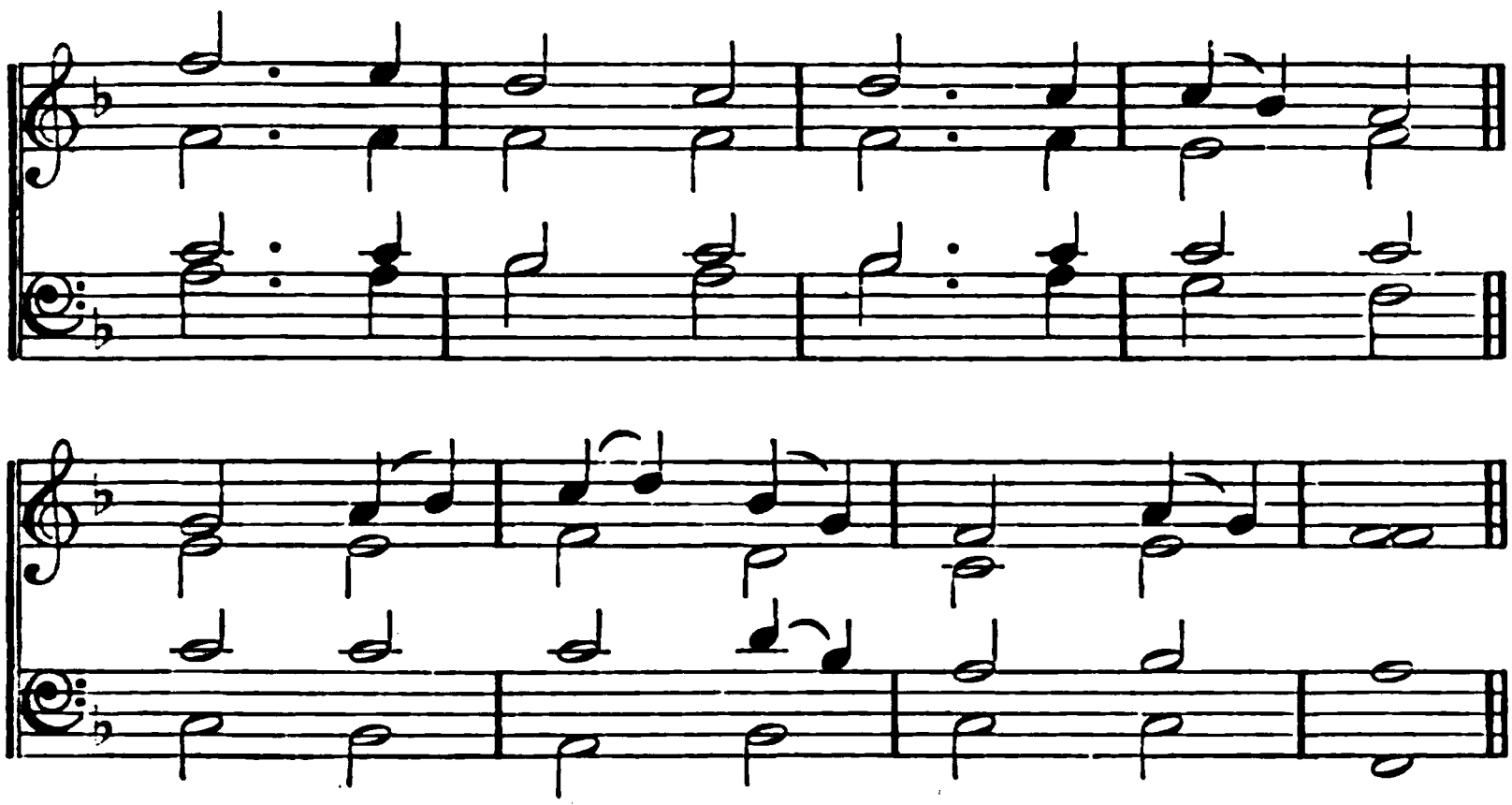
Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

AUSTRIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. JOSEPH HAYDN. Died, 1809.





## 230.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose Word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

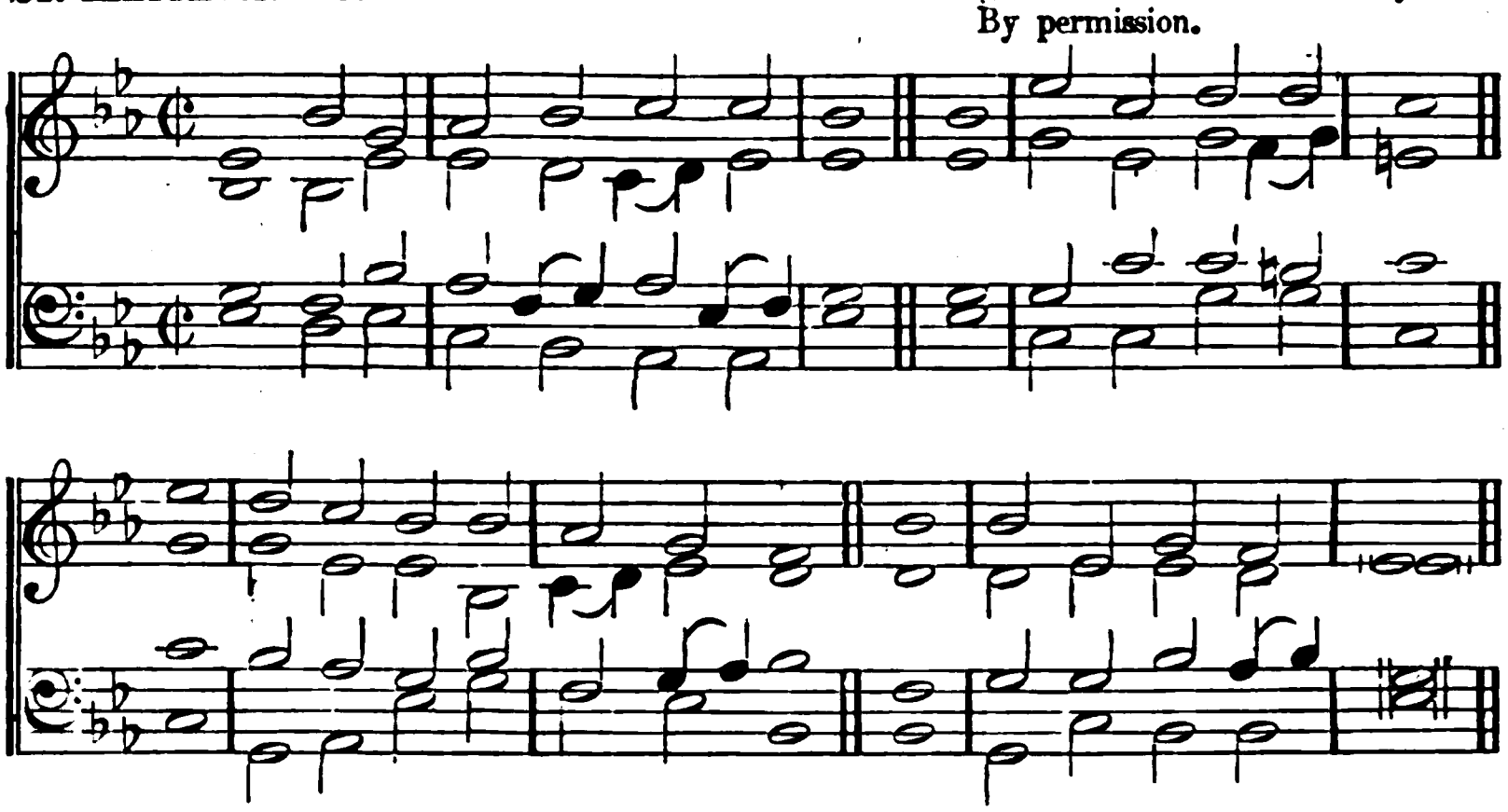
Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
JESUS, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name!
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**St. Matthias. C. M.**

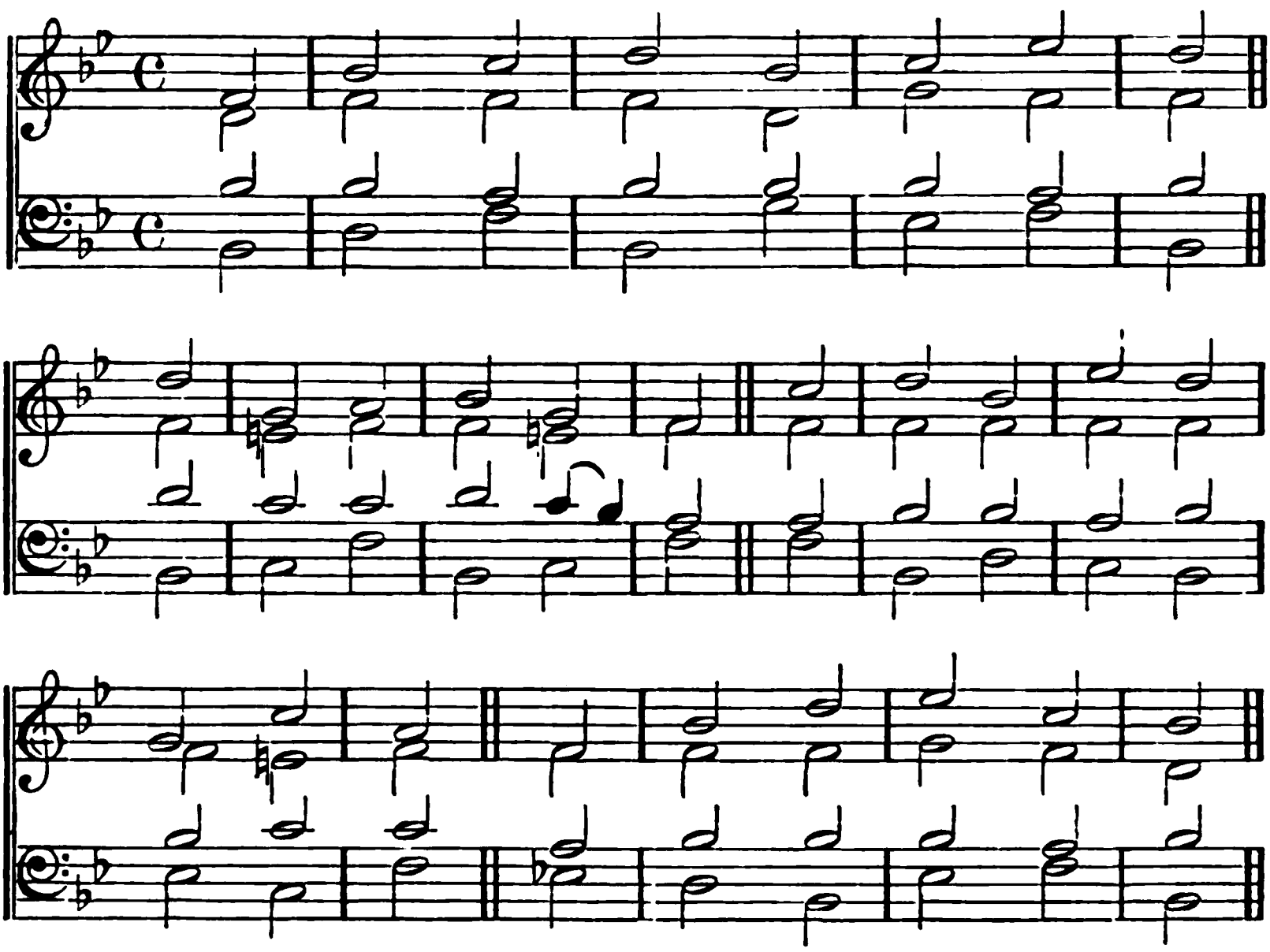
Orlando Gibbons. 1623. Original Key F.
From Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.'
By permission.



*Or,*

**St. James. C. M.**

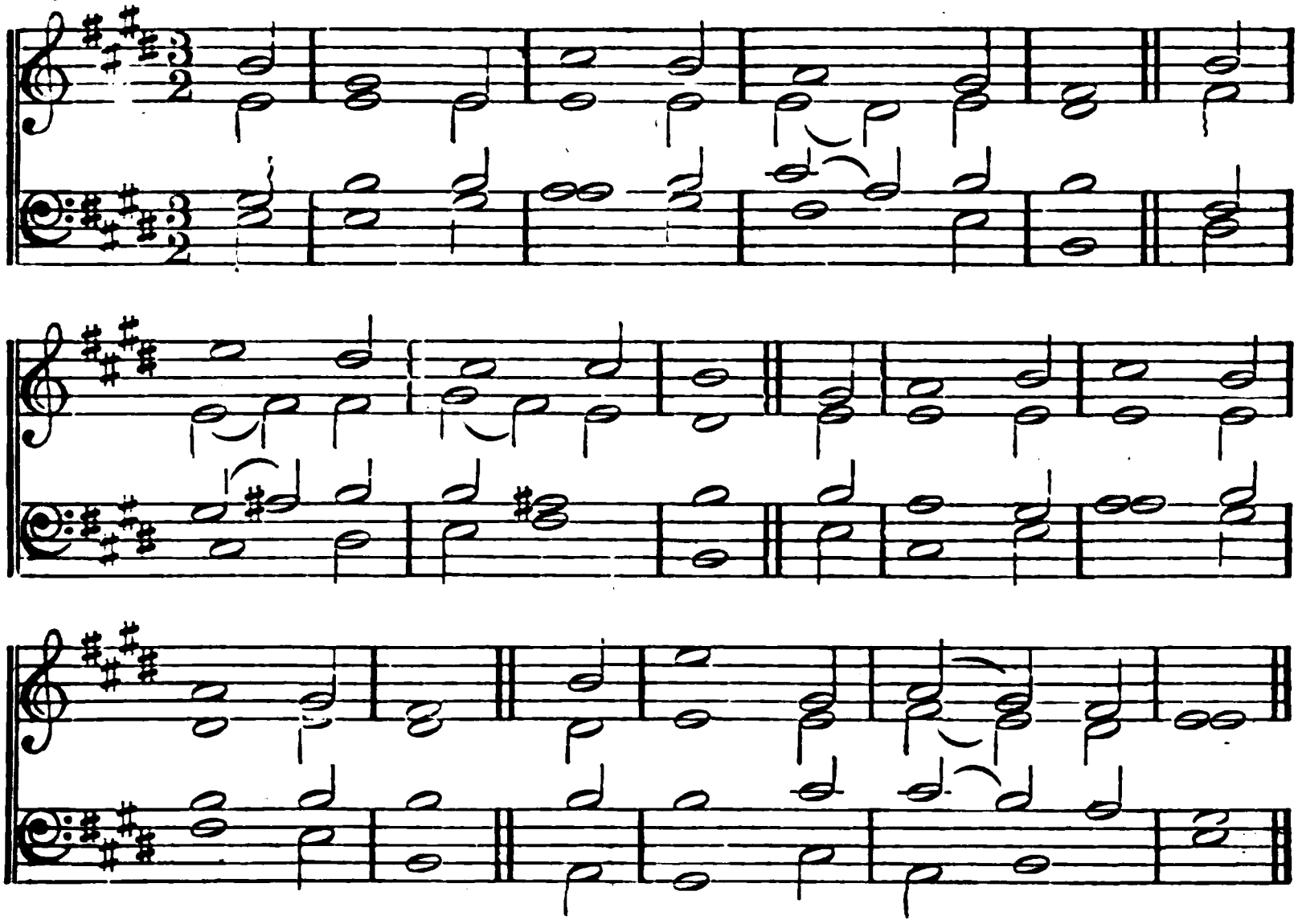
Raphael Courteville, about 1680.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

*Or*, BEDFORD. C. M.

W. WHEALL, Mus. B. Died, 1745.



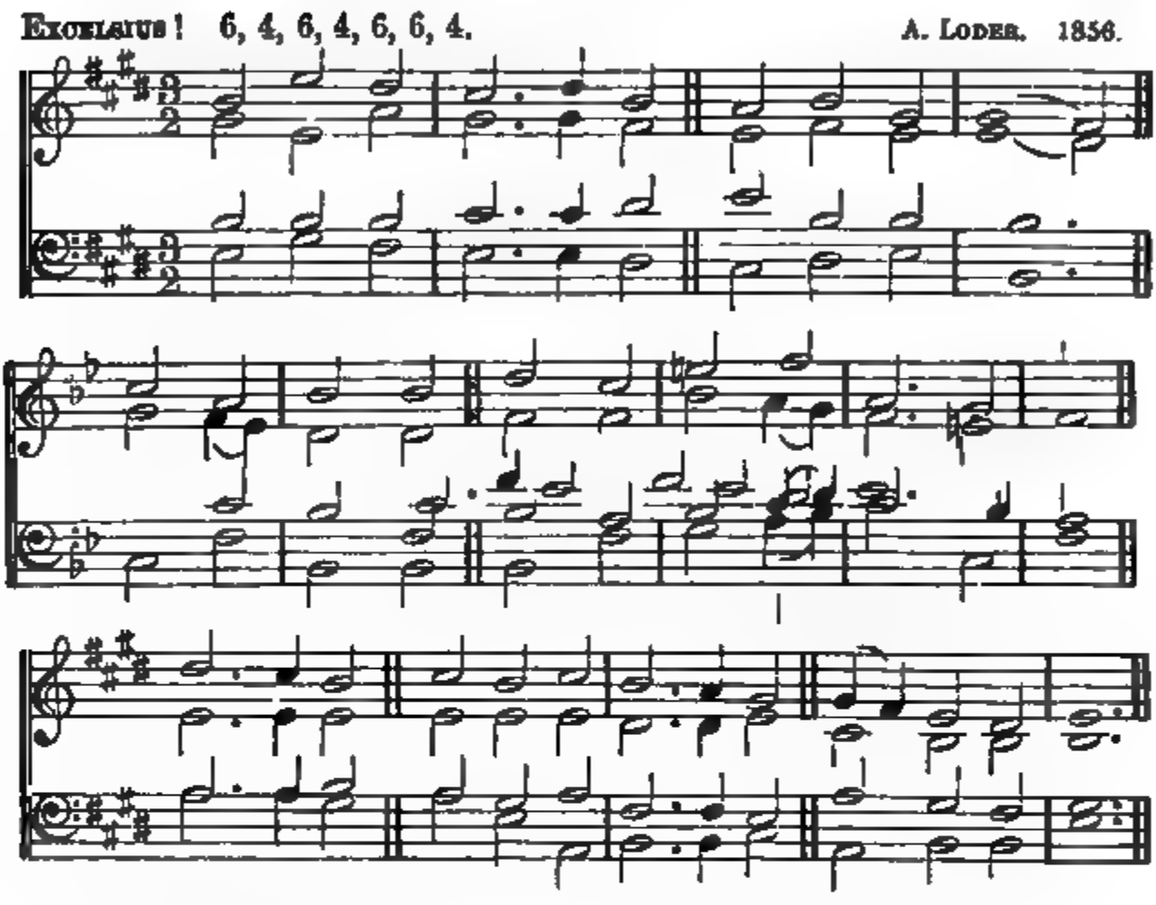
## 231.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.




## 232.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

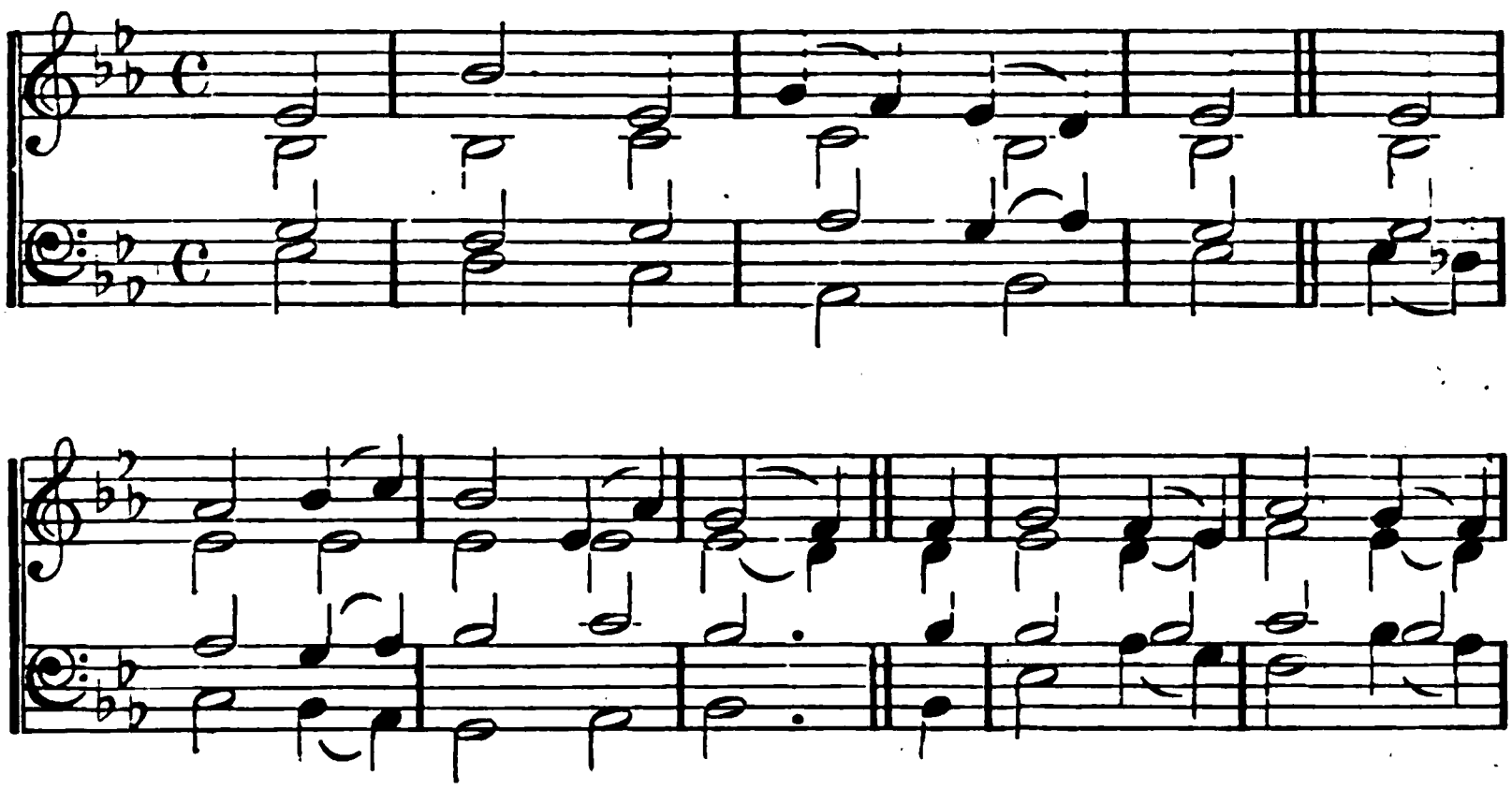
Though like a wanderer
(The sun gone down,)
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

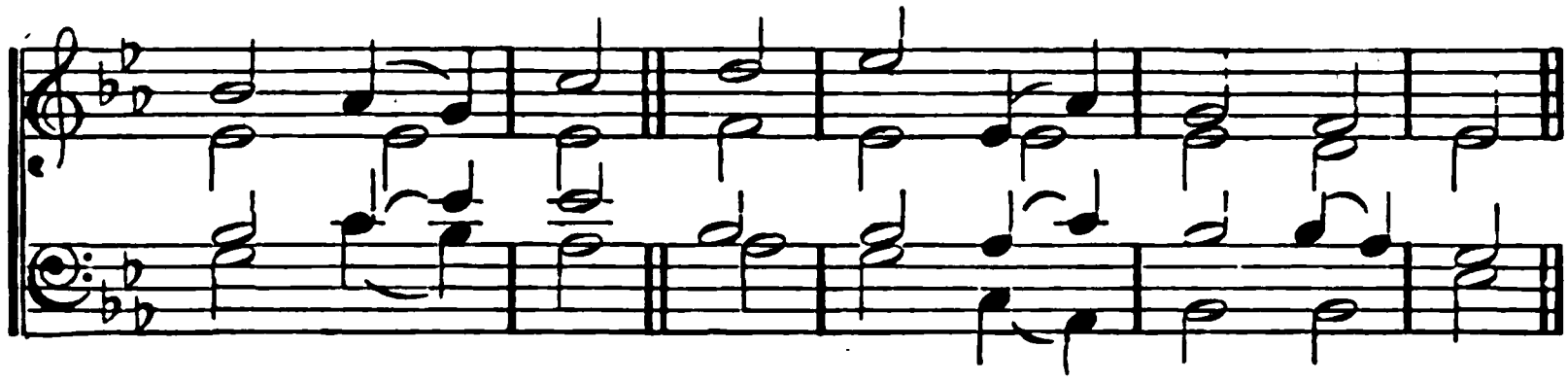
Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly.
Still all my song shall be—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

CARLISLE. S. M. C. LOCKHART. Died, 1816.





## 233.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing, high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

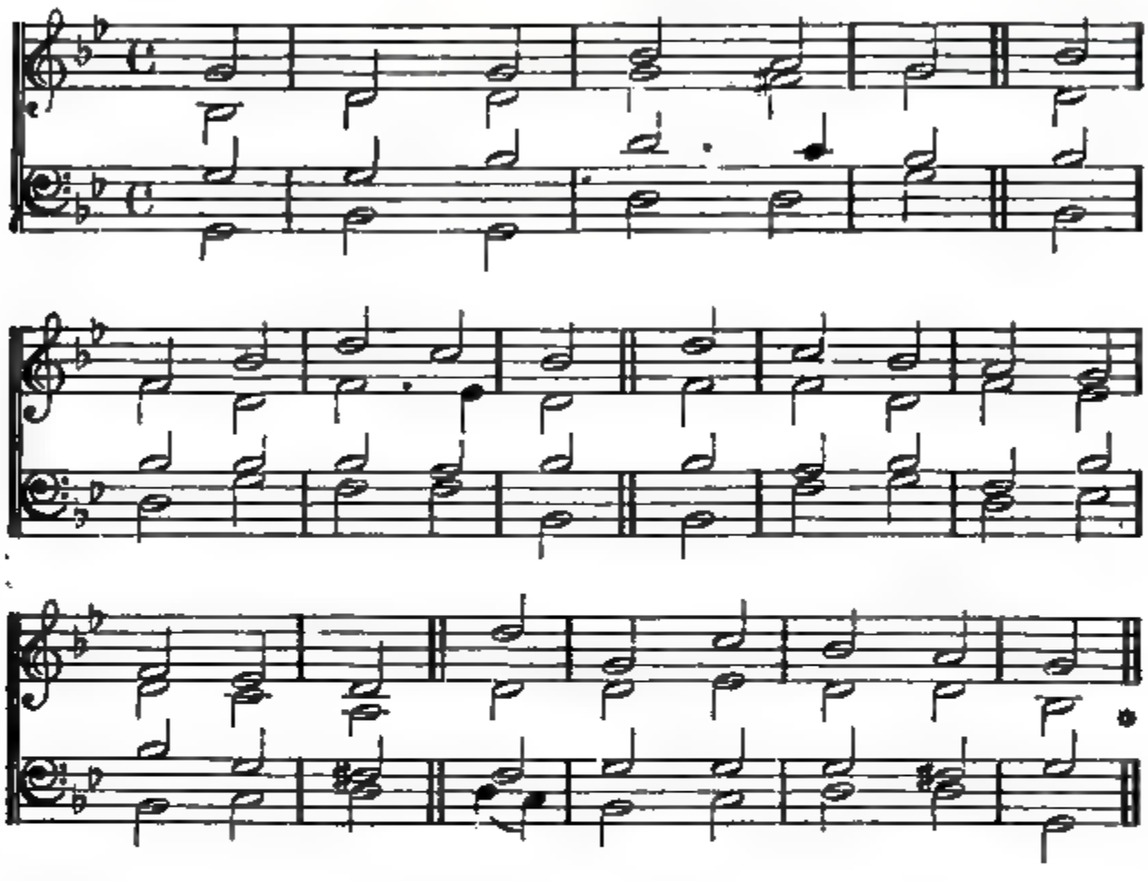
Oh! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

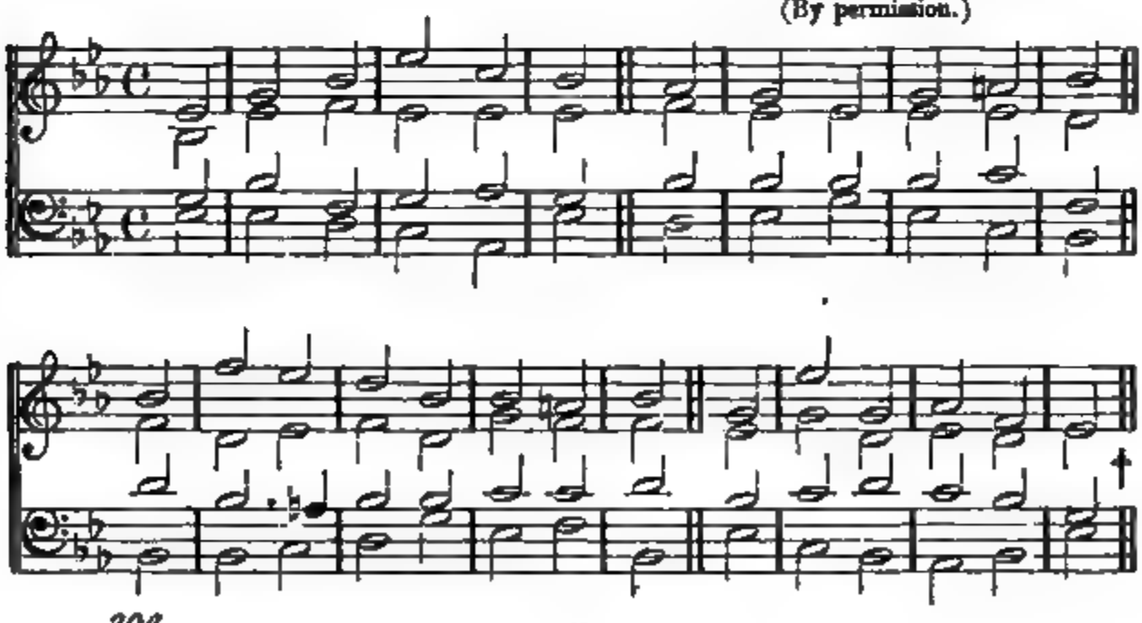
## GENERAL HYMNS.

**St. Bride's. S. M.** Samuel Howard, Mus. D. Died, 1782.



*Or,*

**Moravia. S. M.** Rev. L. West, about 1800. From Havergal's 'Old Church Psalmody.' (By permission.)



## 234.

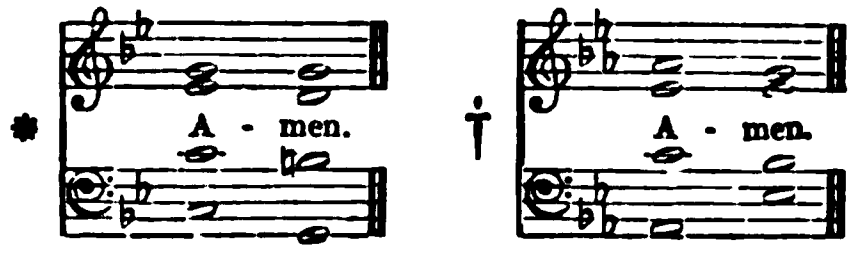
OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

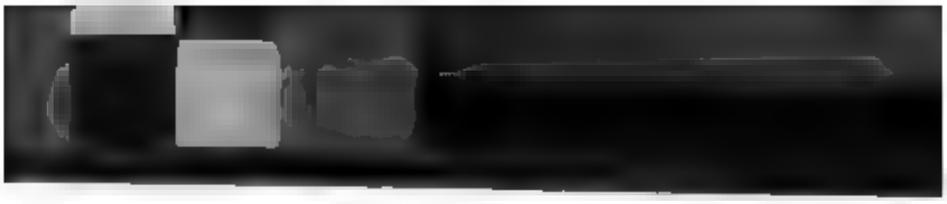
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

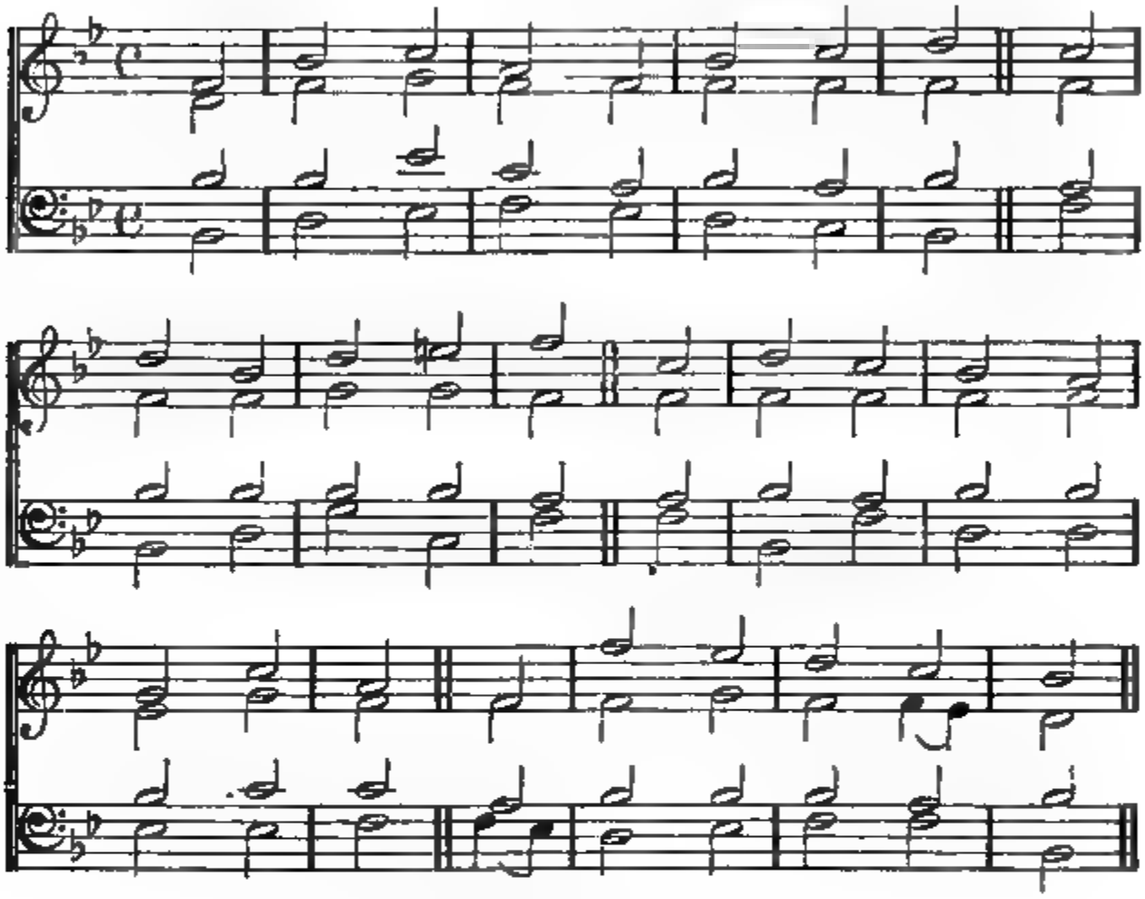
Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from Thy face,
And evermore undone.





## GENERAL HYMNS.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.



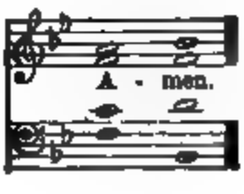
### 235.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

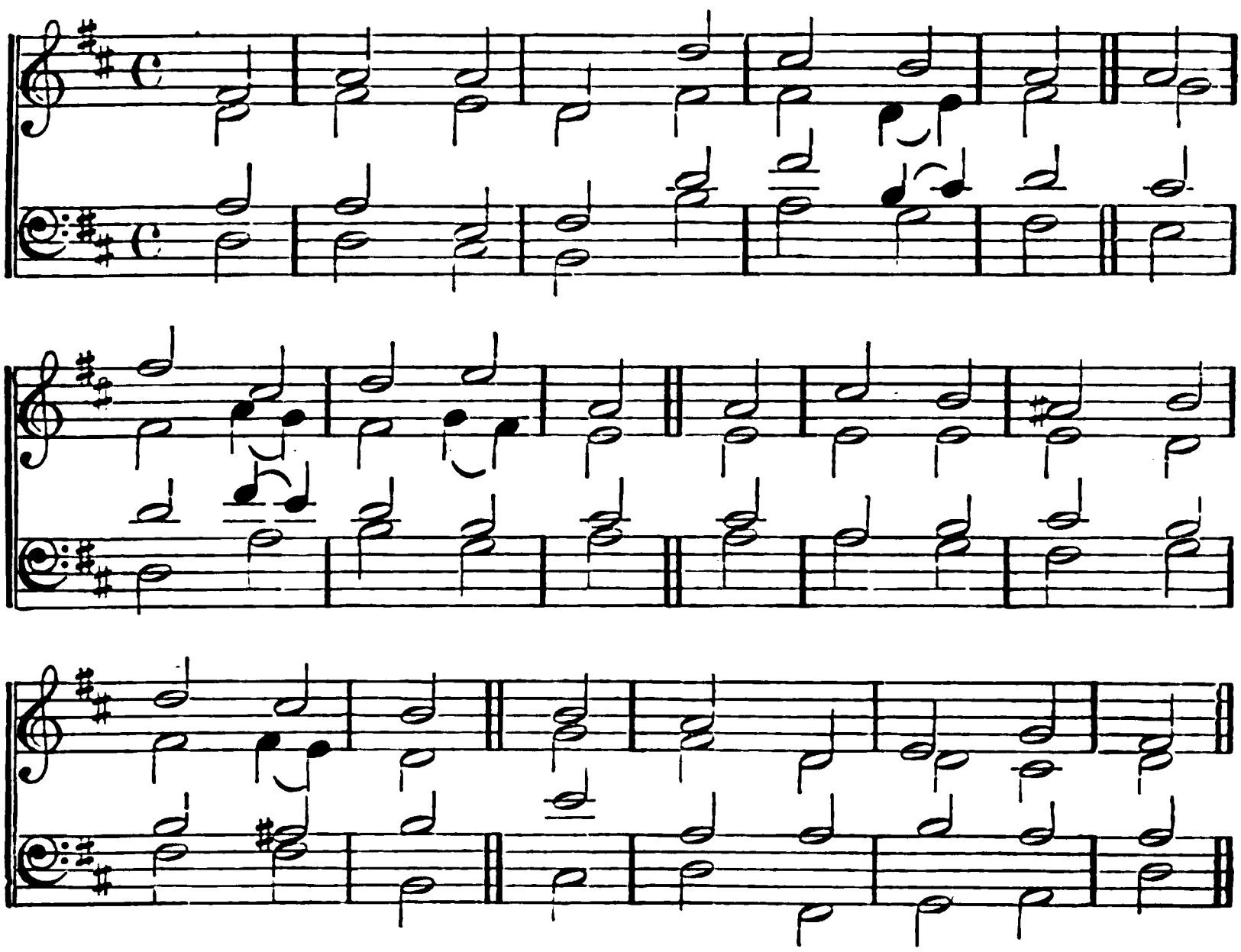
No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

WESTMINSTER. C. M. JAMES TURLE. 1852.



## 236.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

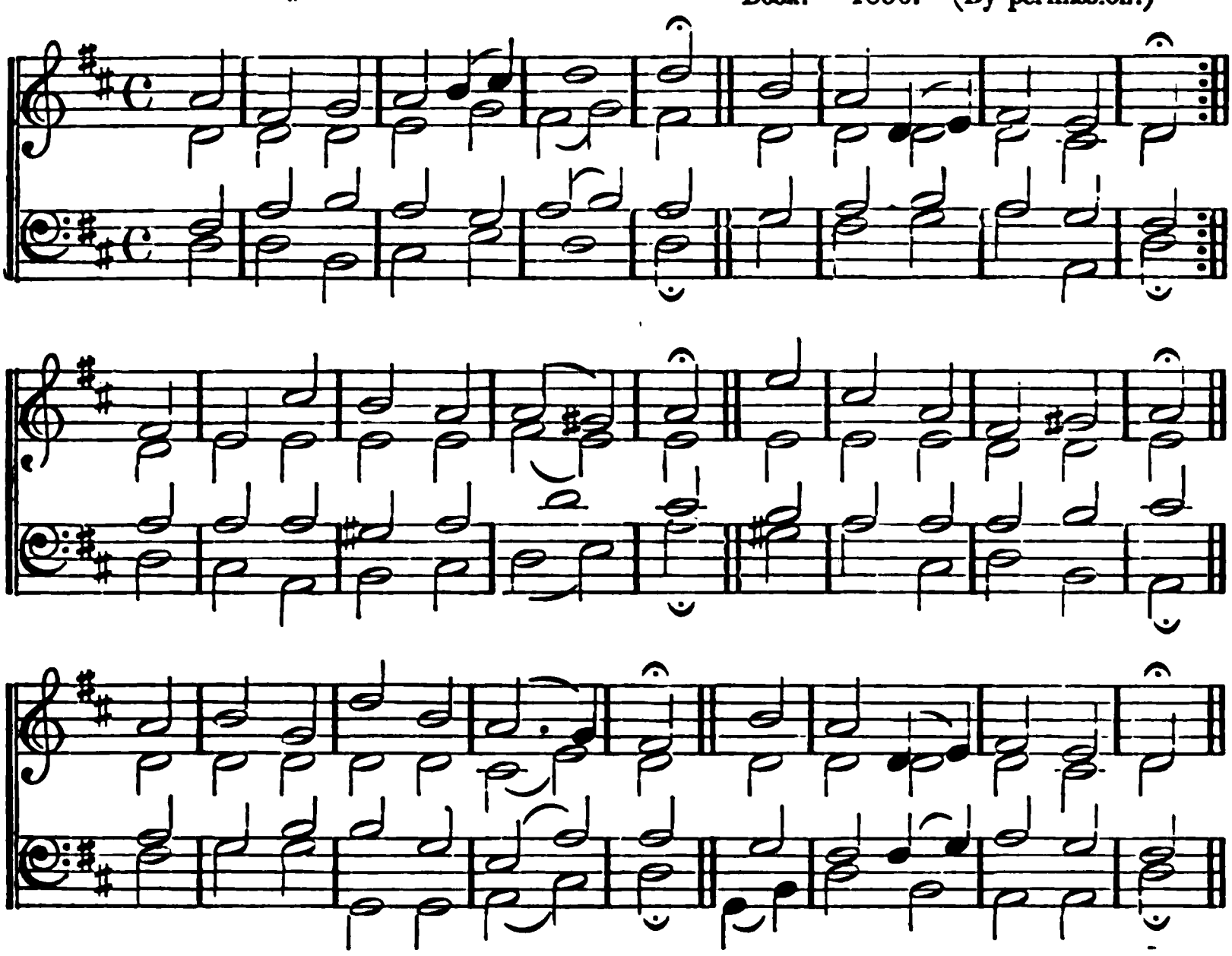
O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Paradise.** 7, 6 :‖ 7, 6, 7, 6.

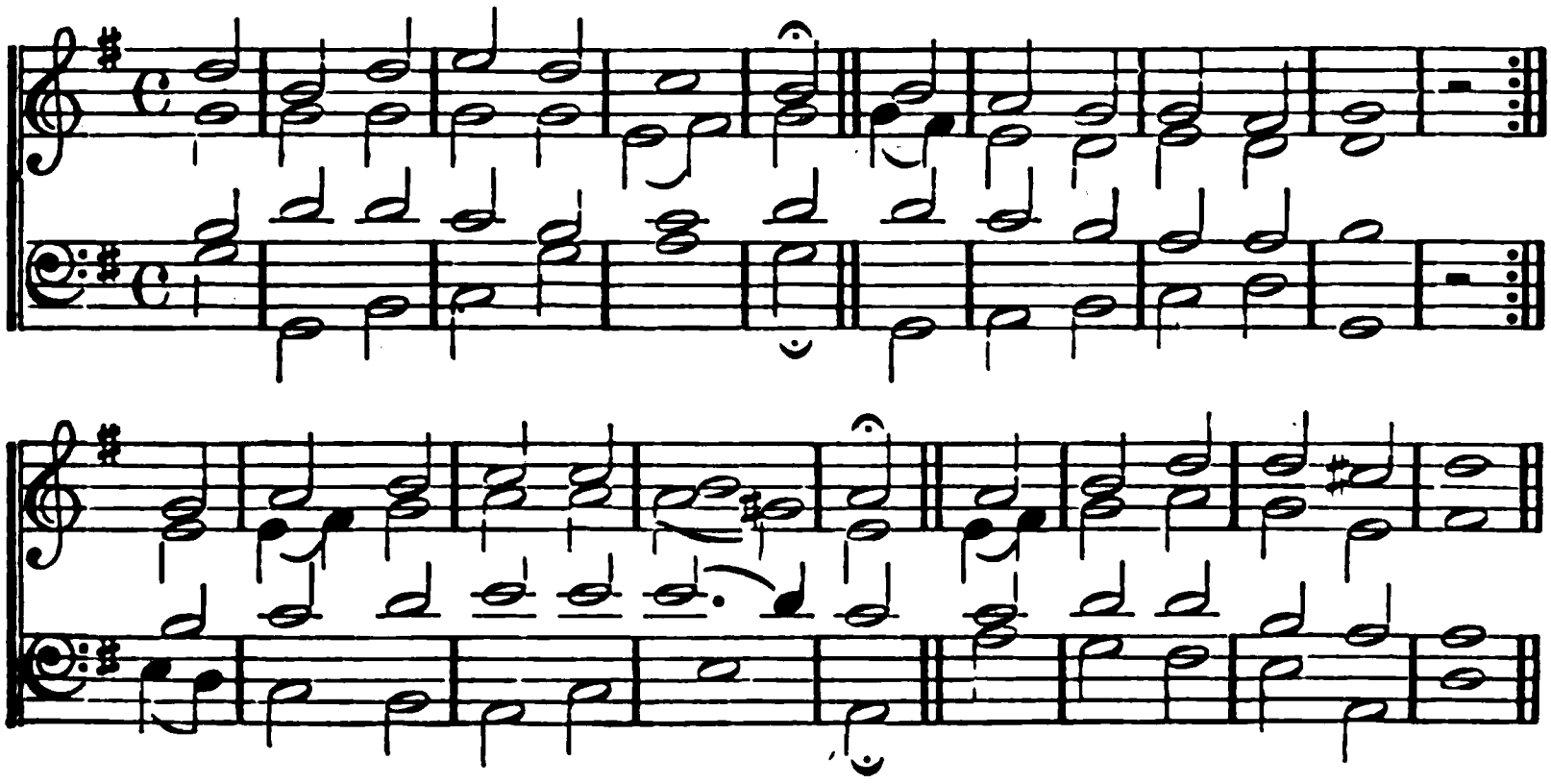
F. Weber's 'Church of England Choral Book.' 1856. (By permission.)

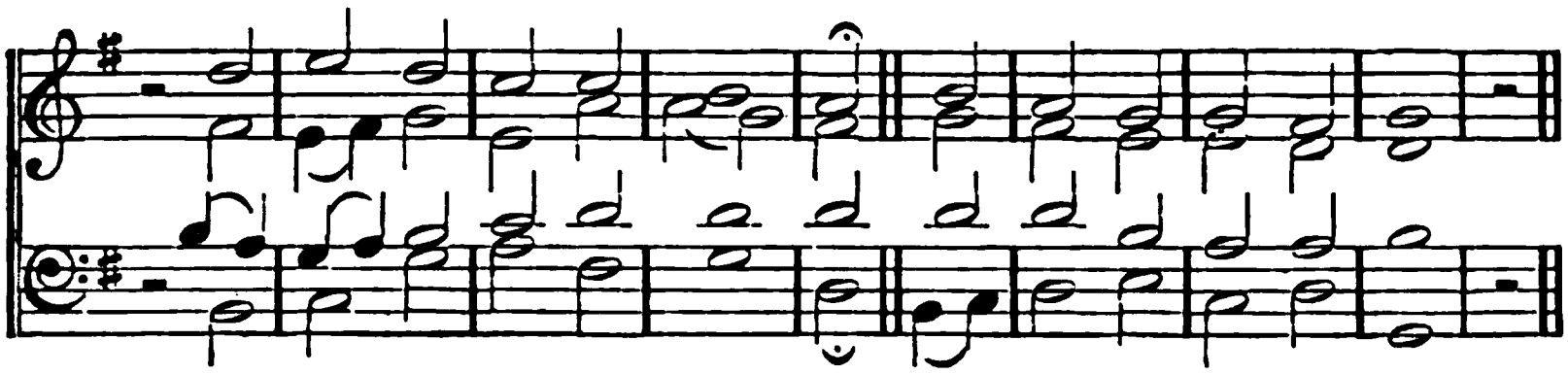


*Or,*

**Eisenach.** 7, 6 :‖ 7, 6, 7, 6.

John Sebastian Bach. 1731.





## 237.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there.*
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the bless'd!

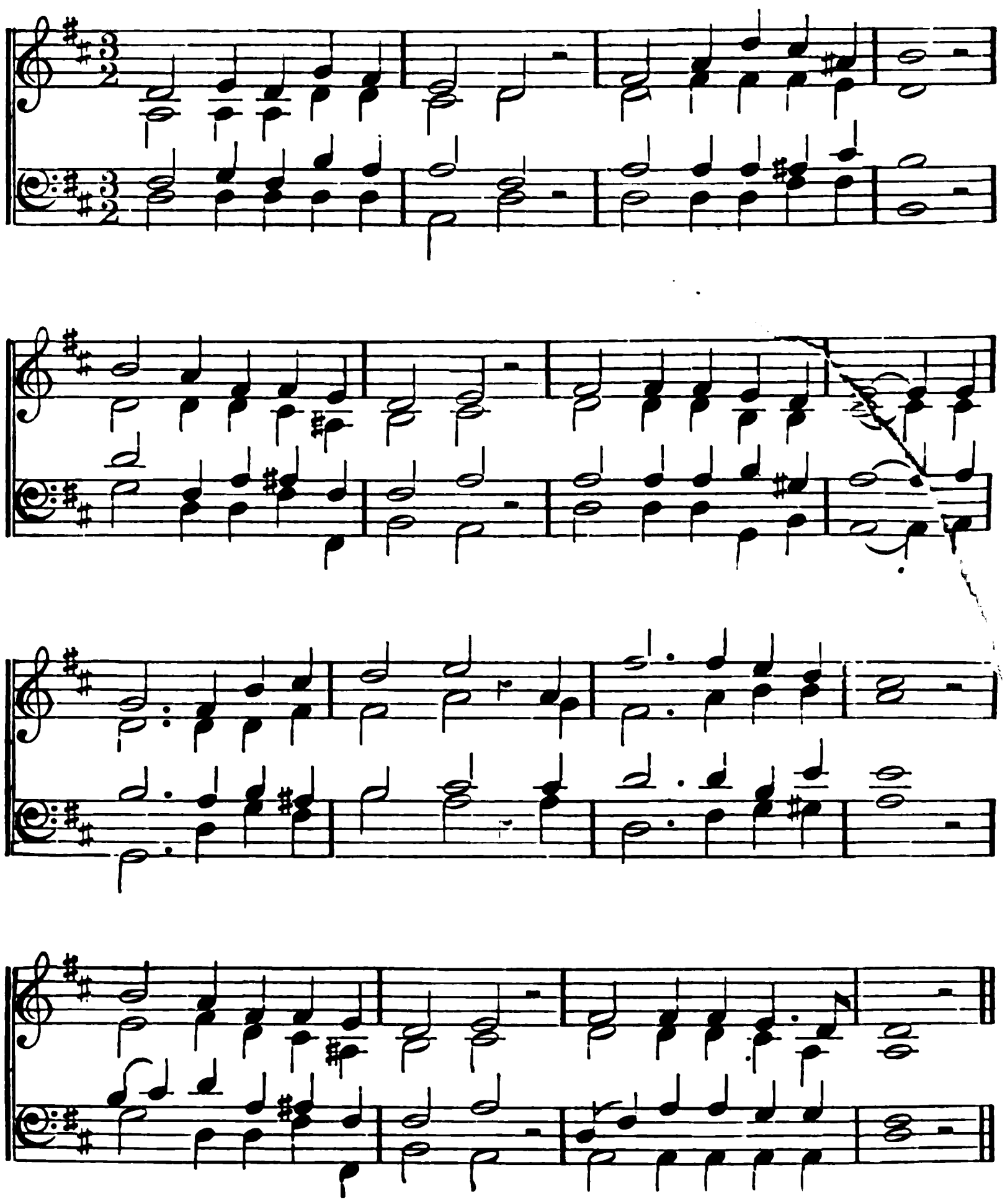
There grief is turn'd to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
Reach forward to that glory,
Press onward to that light;
And strive by hope to grasp it,
Till faith be lost in sight.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
Exult, O dust and ashes;
The Lord shall be thy part,
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

HYMN ON HEAVEN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

ALEXANDER EWING.
By permission.*

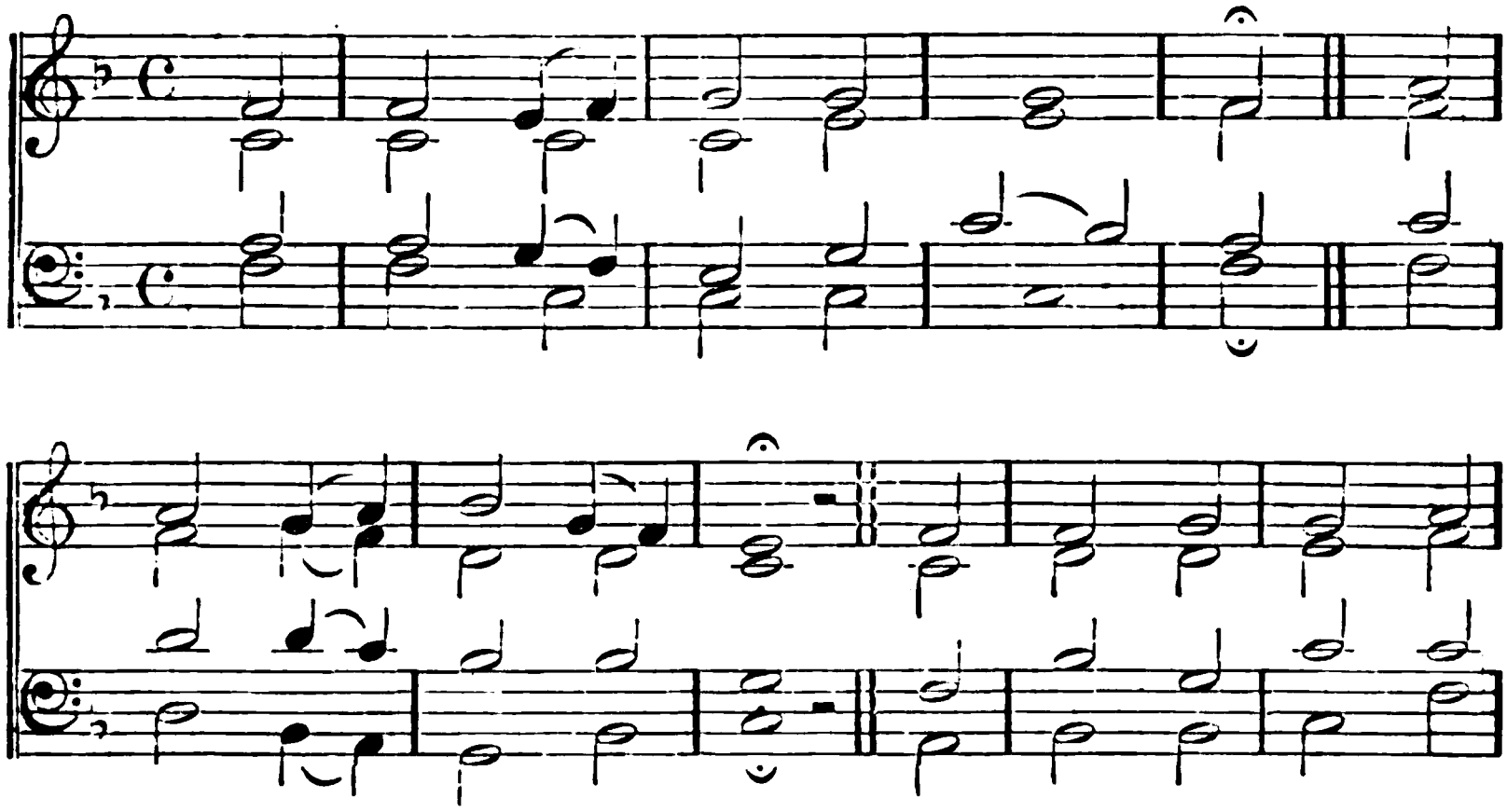


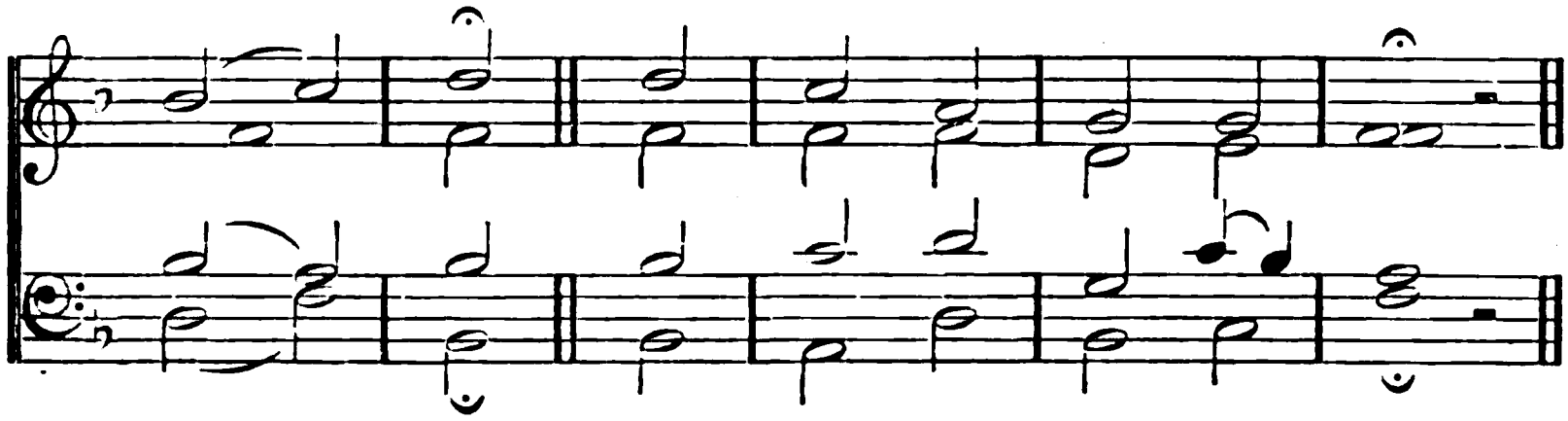
* But deprecating the use of the tune for another part of "the Rhythm" of Bernard de Morlaix, "for which it was not written, and to which it is not suited. The melody is pathetic; whereas 'Jerusalem the Golden' is exulting, and requires a tune of a different character."

# GENERAL HYMNS.

*Or*, MORLAIX. 7, 6, 7, 6.

J. H. KNECHT. 1793.





## 238.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is balm to the distress'd;
Is medicine in sickness;
Is love, and life, and rest.

O one abiding City,
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy.

*There* shall be no more hunger;
*There* shall be no more thirst:
No longer aught defiling;
No longer aught accurst.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thy mystic wall is garnish'd
With amethyst unpriced:
The Saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.

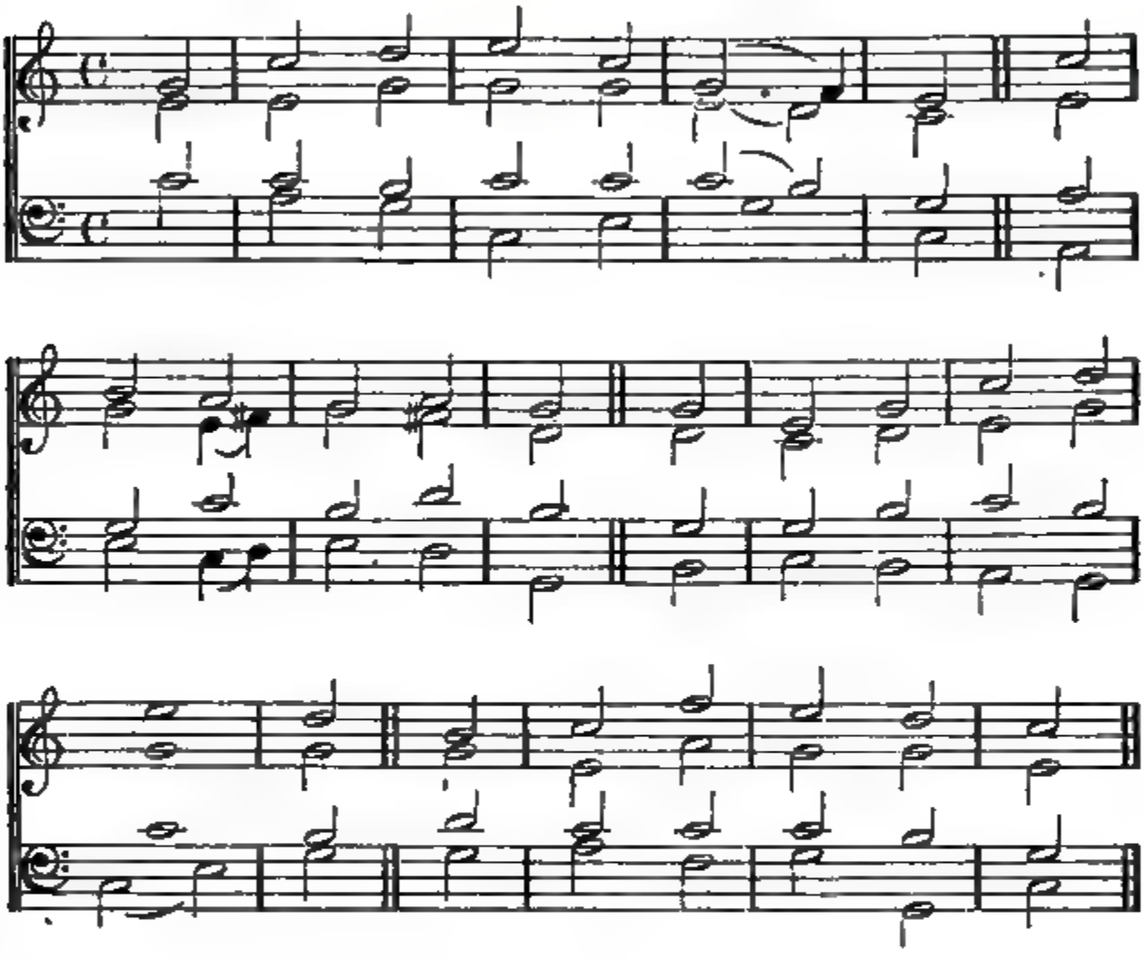
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

While all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings
The ill that was thy merit—
The wealth that is thy King's.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

**Song of Zion.** 7, 6, 7, 6.

From Dr. Kocher's 'Zion's Harfe.' Stuttgart. 1855. (By permission.)



### 239.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey bless'd,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.

I know not, oh I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the martyr throng.

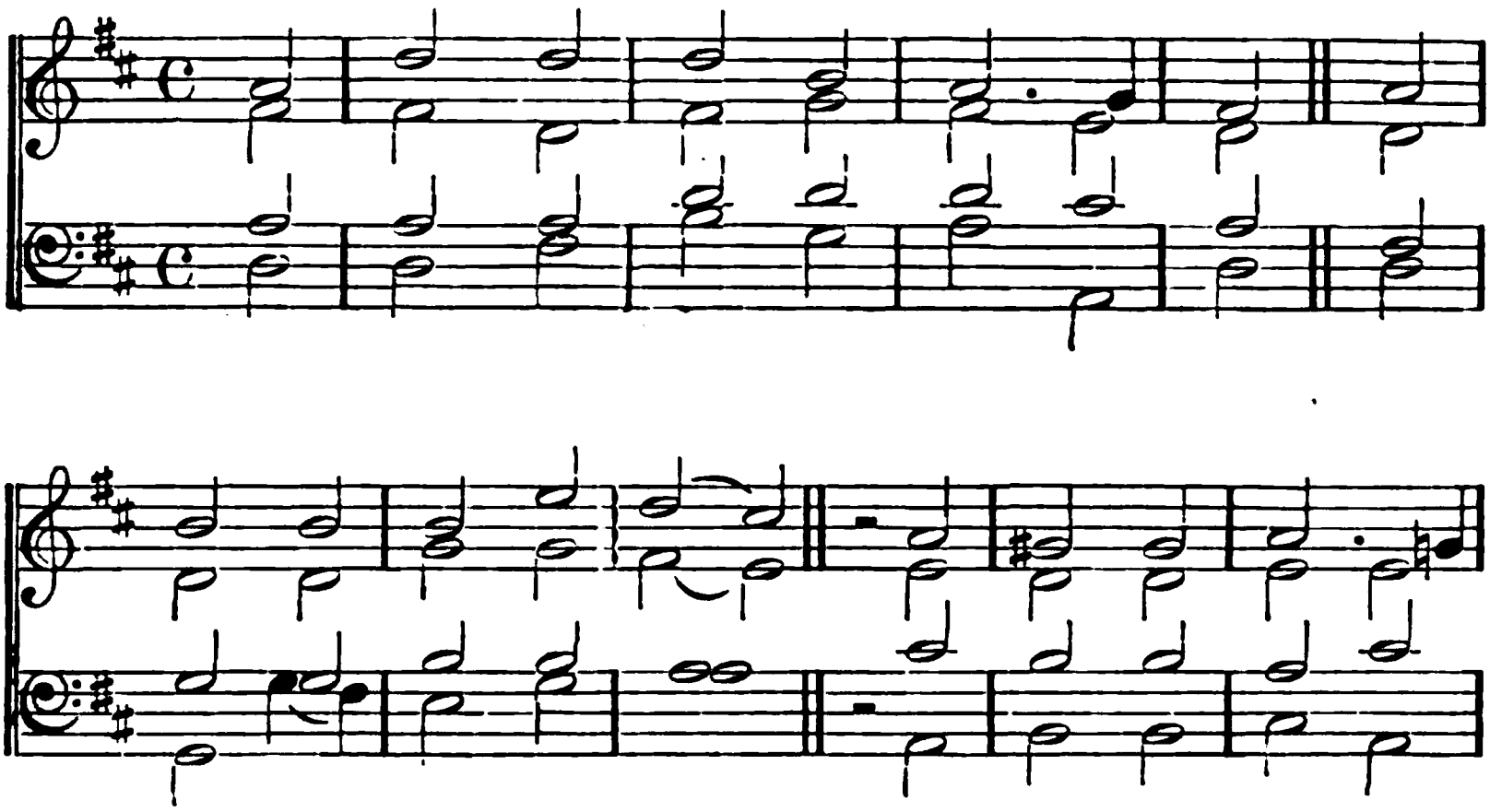
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

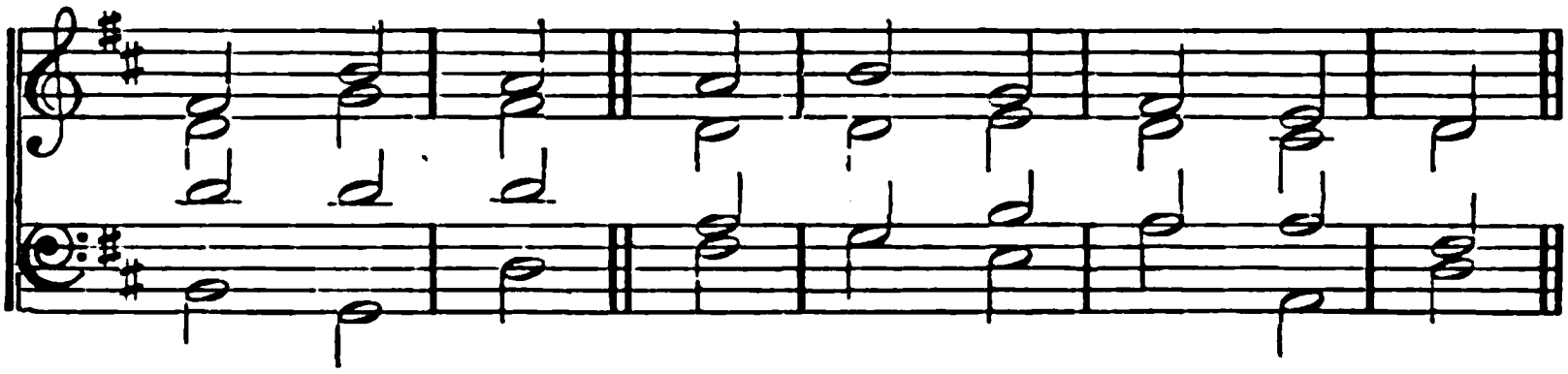
There is the throne of David,
And there from care released,
The shouts of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

BRAYBROOK. C. M. J. H. KNECHT. 1793.





## 240.

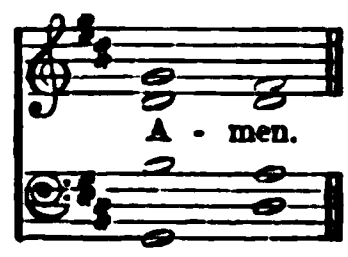
JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, in peace, and thee?

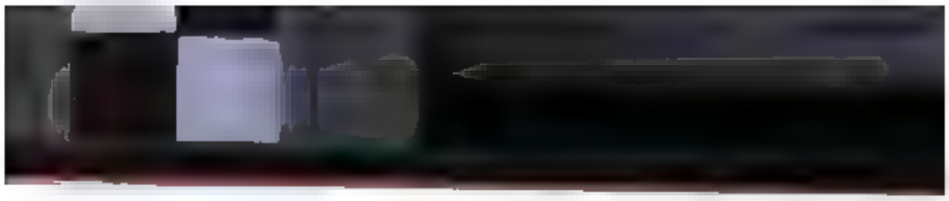
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

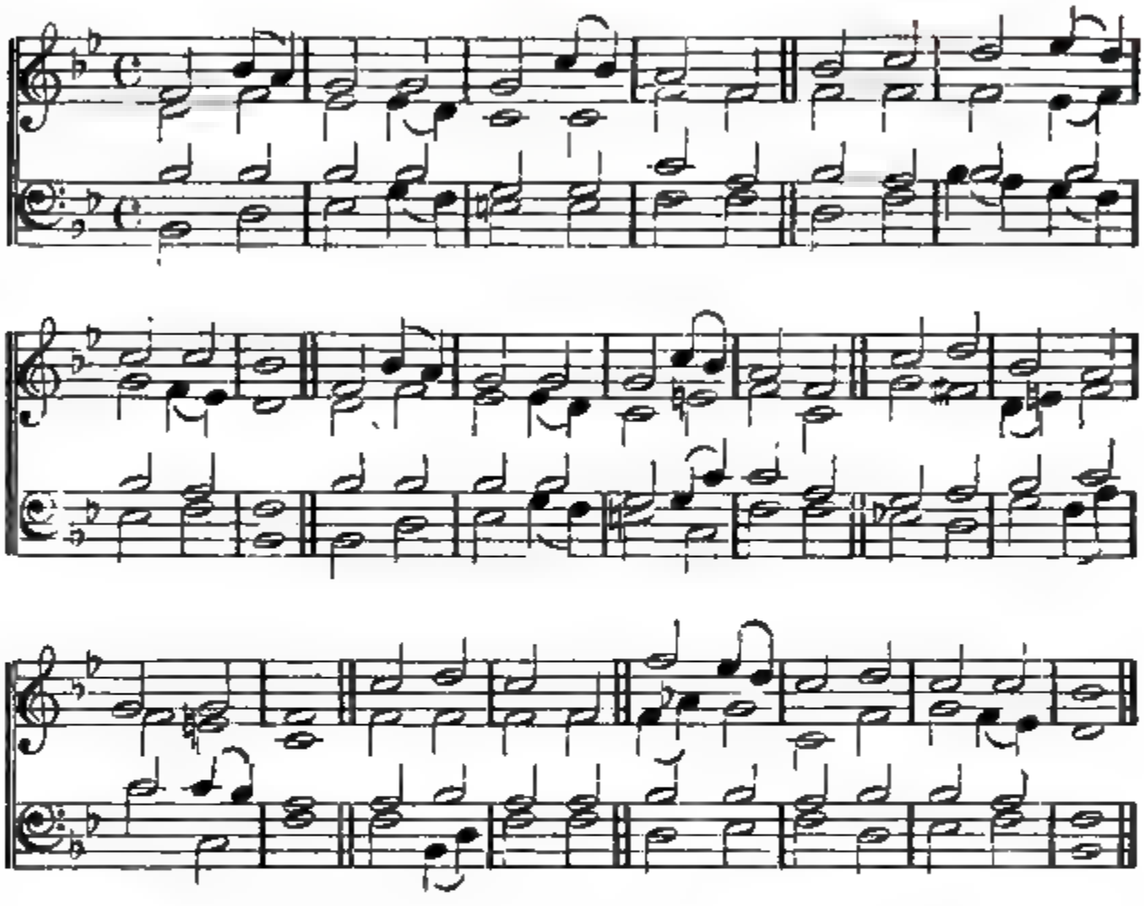
Praise to the Father and the Son,
Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One;
Through all eternity.





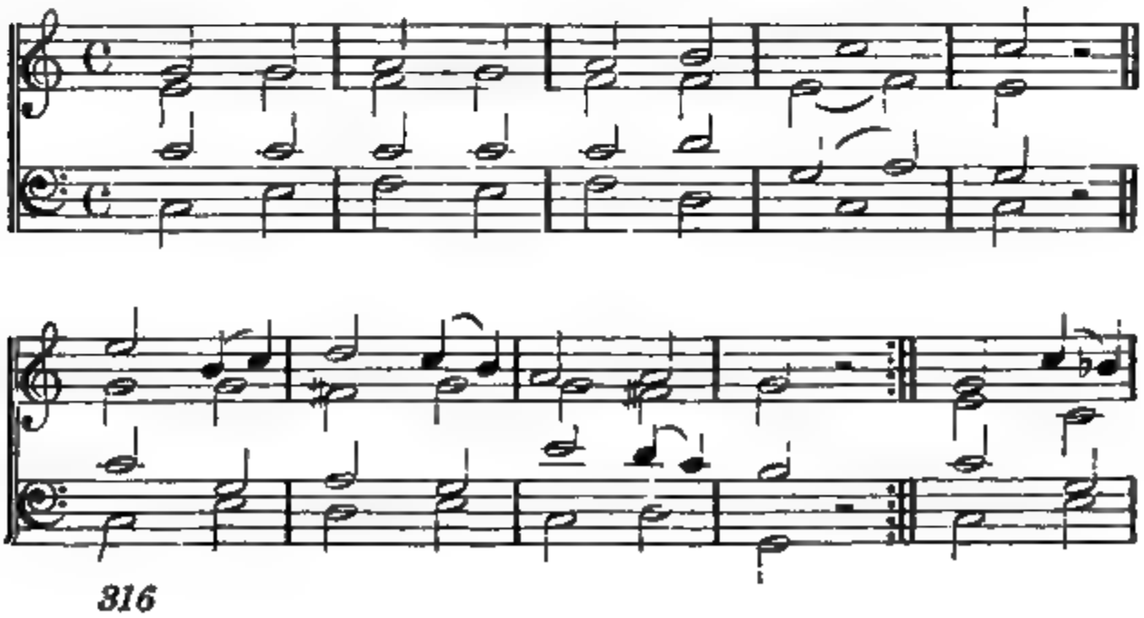
## GENERAL HYMNS.

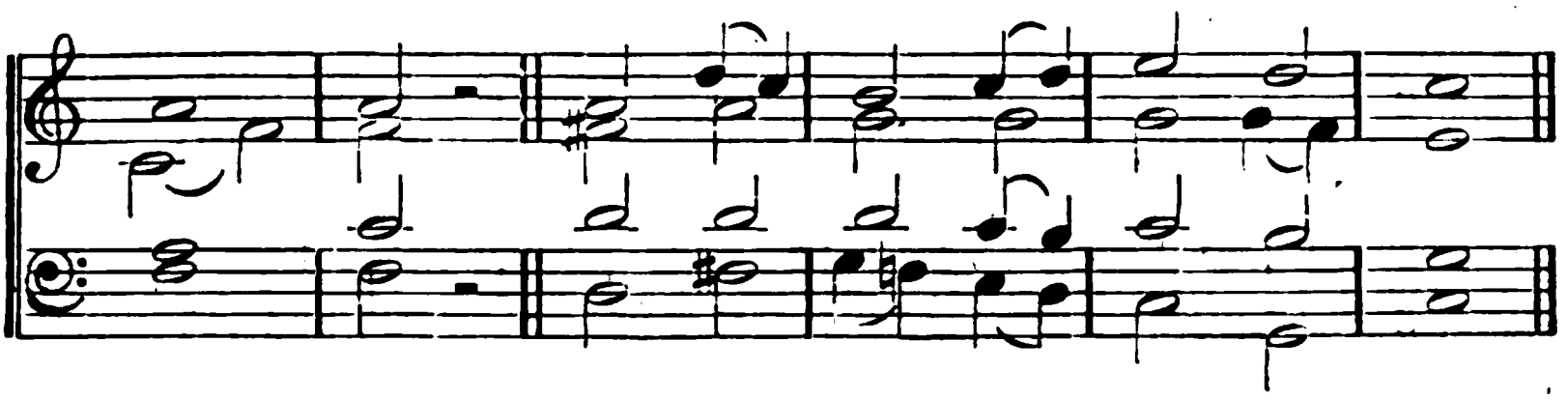
ALLELUIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. STÖRL. 1744.



*Or,*

ENFIELD. 8, 7 :‖ 4, 7. F. WEBER'S 'Church of England Choral Book.' 1856. (By permission.)





## 241.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

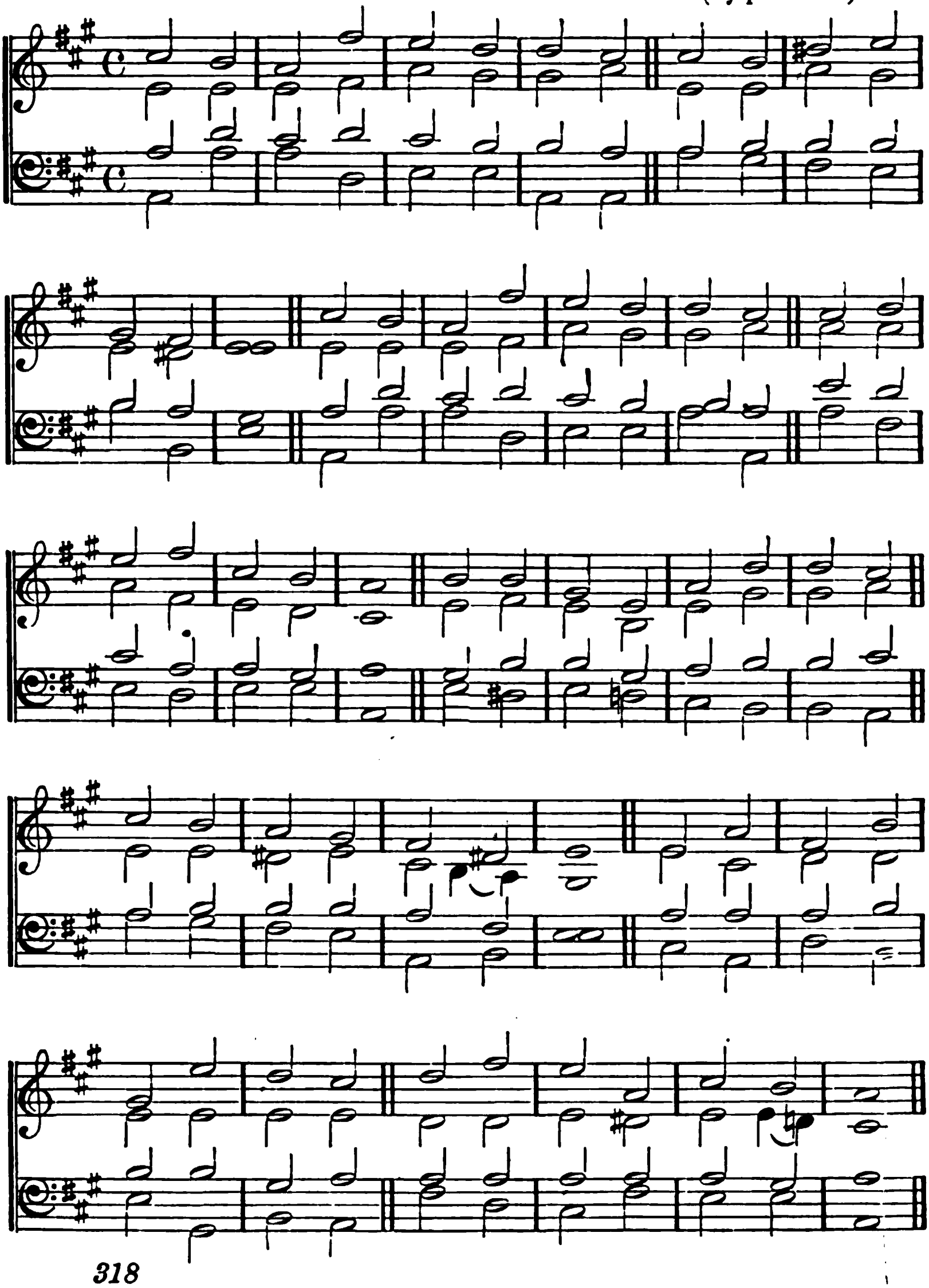
Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face!
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Merton College.** 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

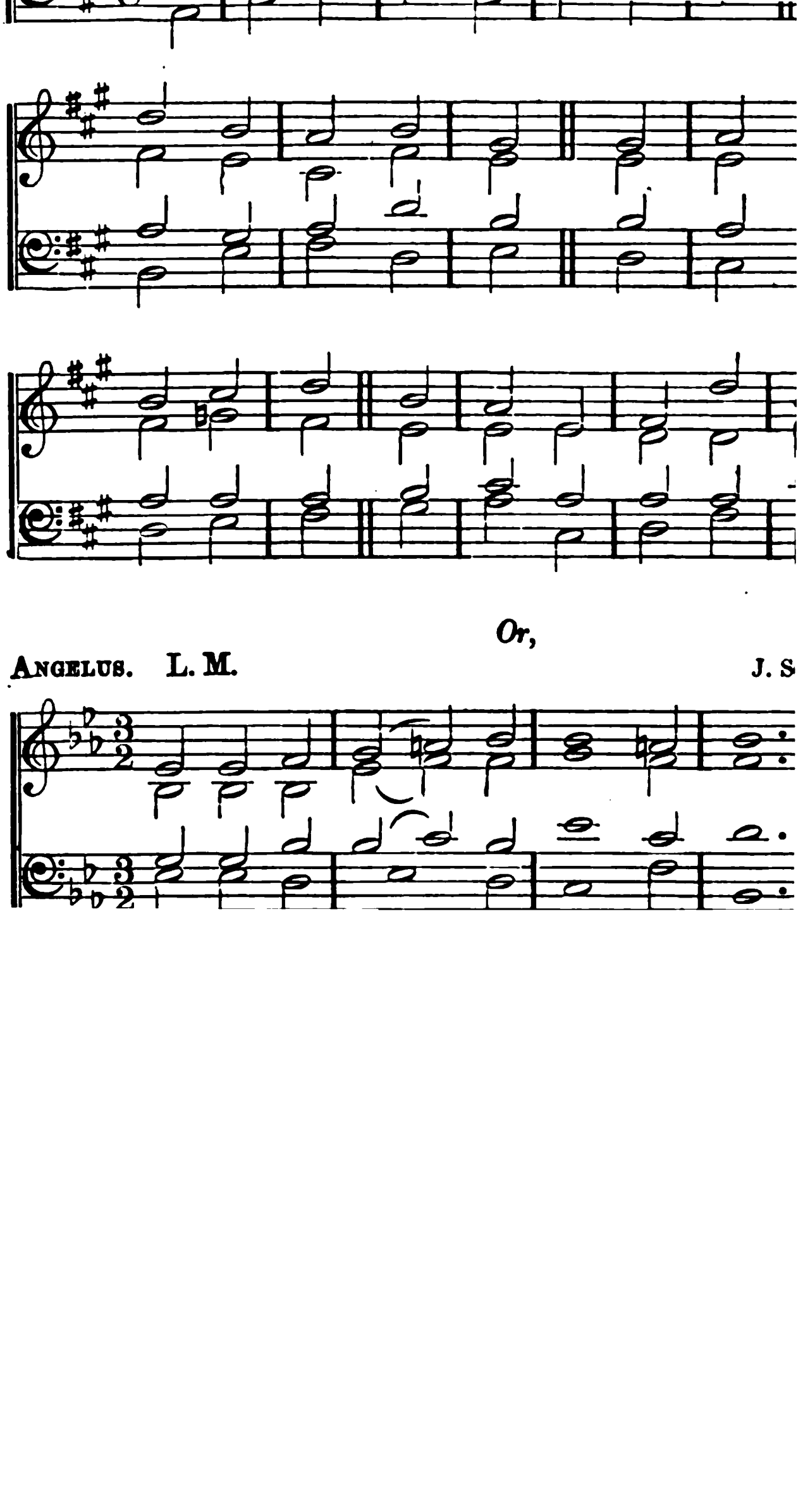
A. R. Reinagle. 1826.
(By permission.)



## 242.

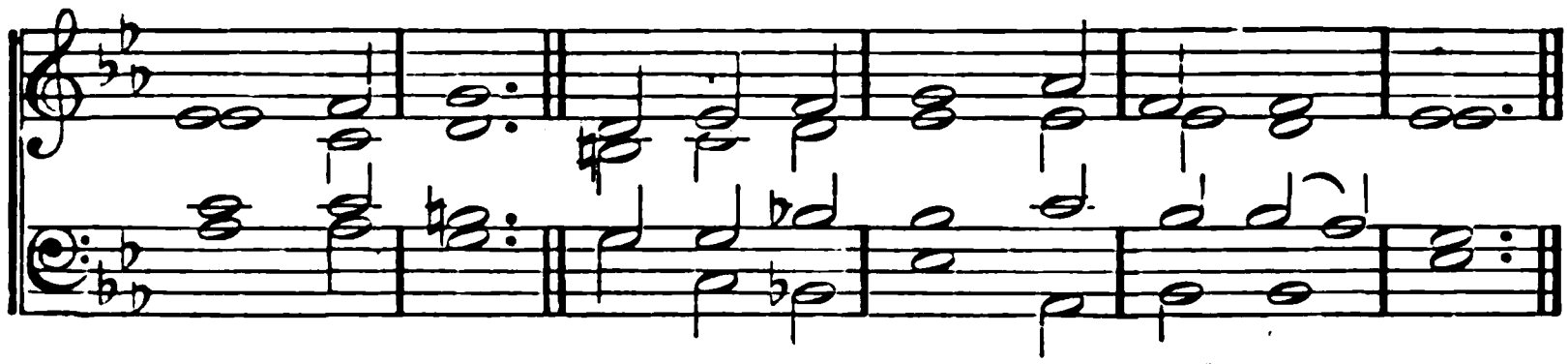
PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His Name.



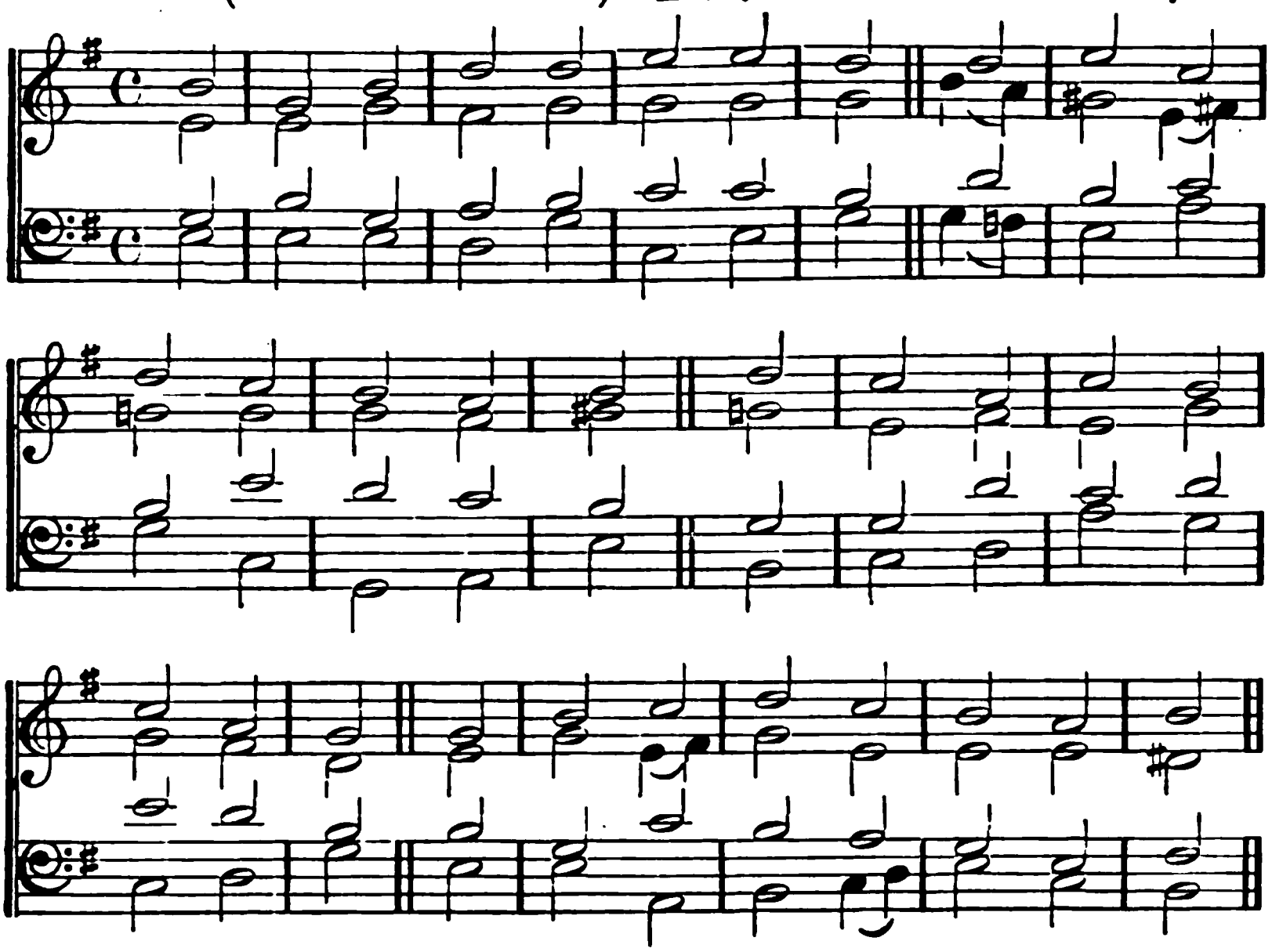
*Or,*

ANGELUS. L. M. J. S



*Or,*

HEREFORD. (*Conditor alme siderum.*) L. M. From an Ambrosian Hymn.



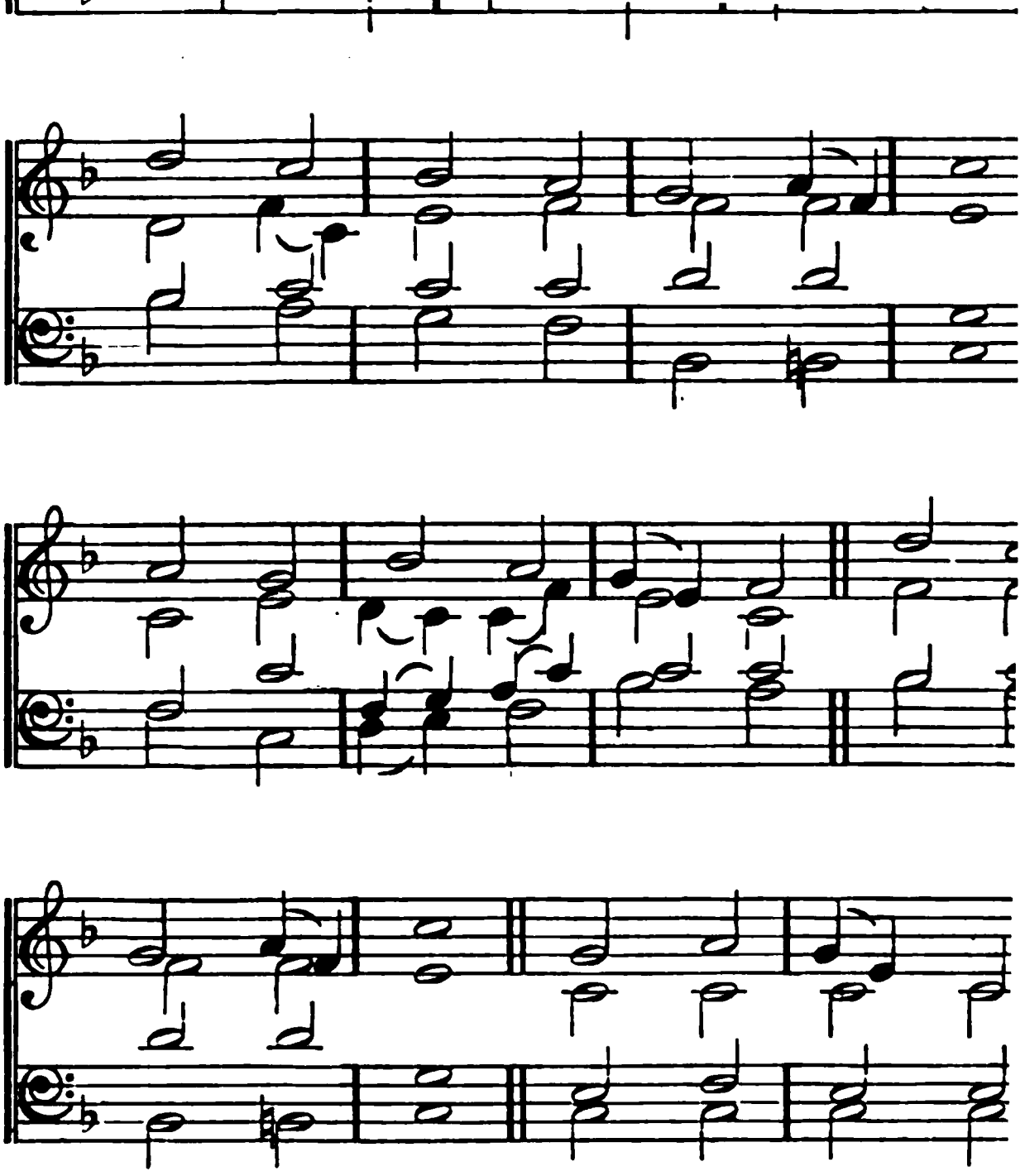
## 243.

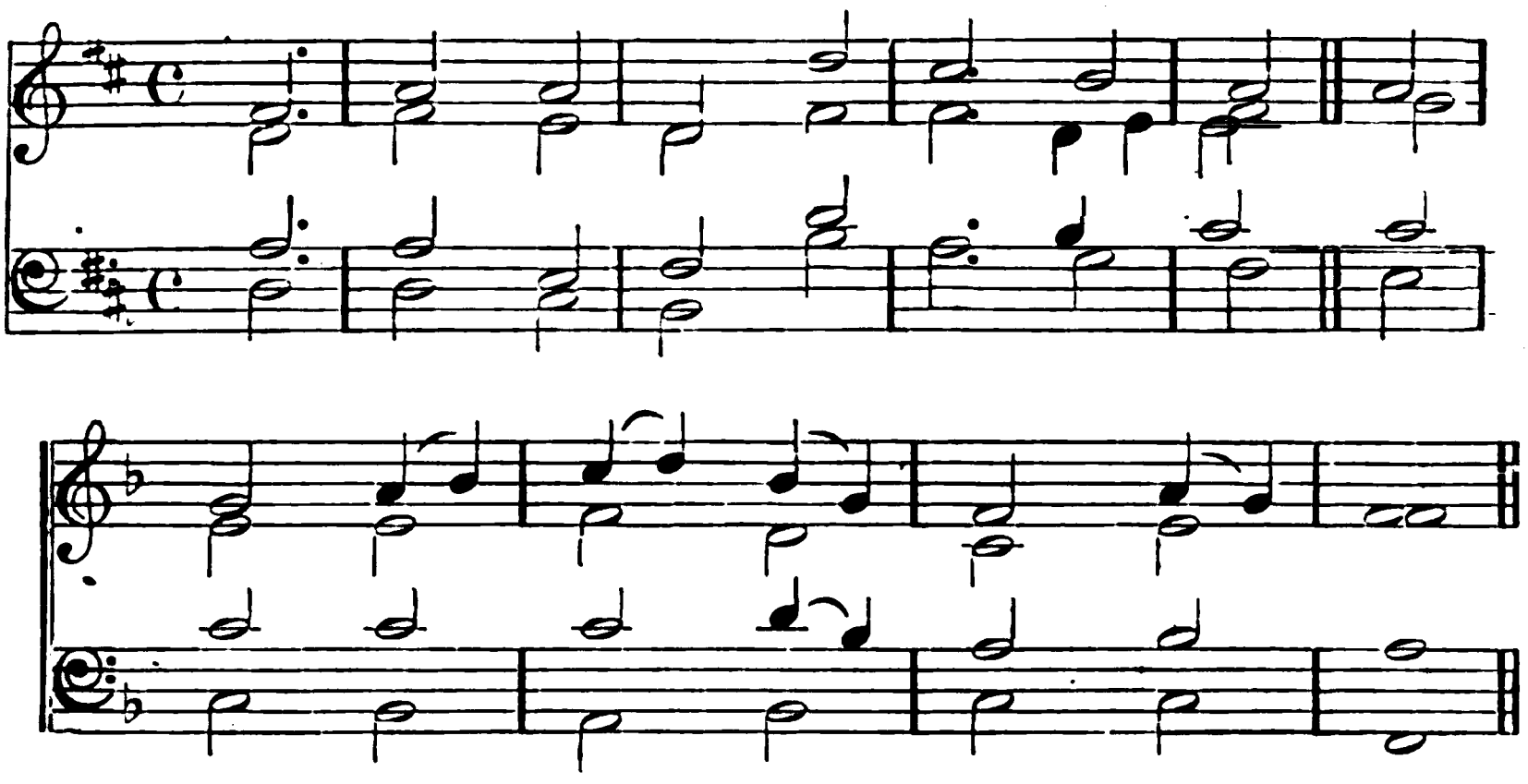
GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

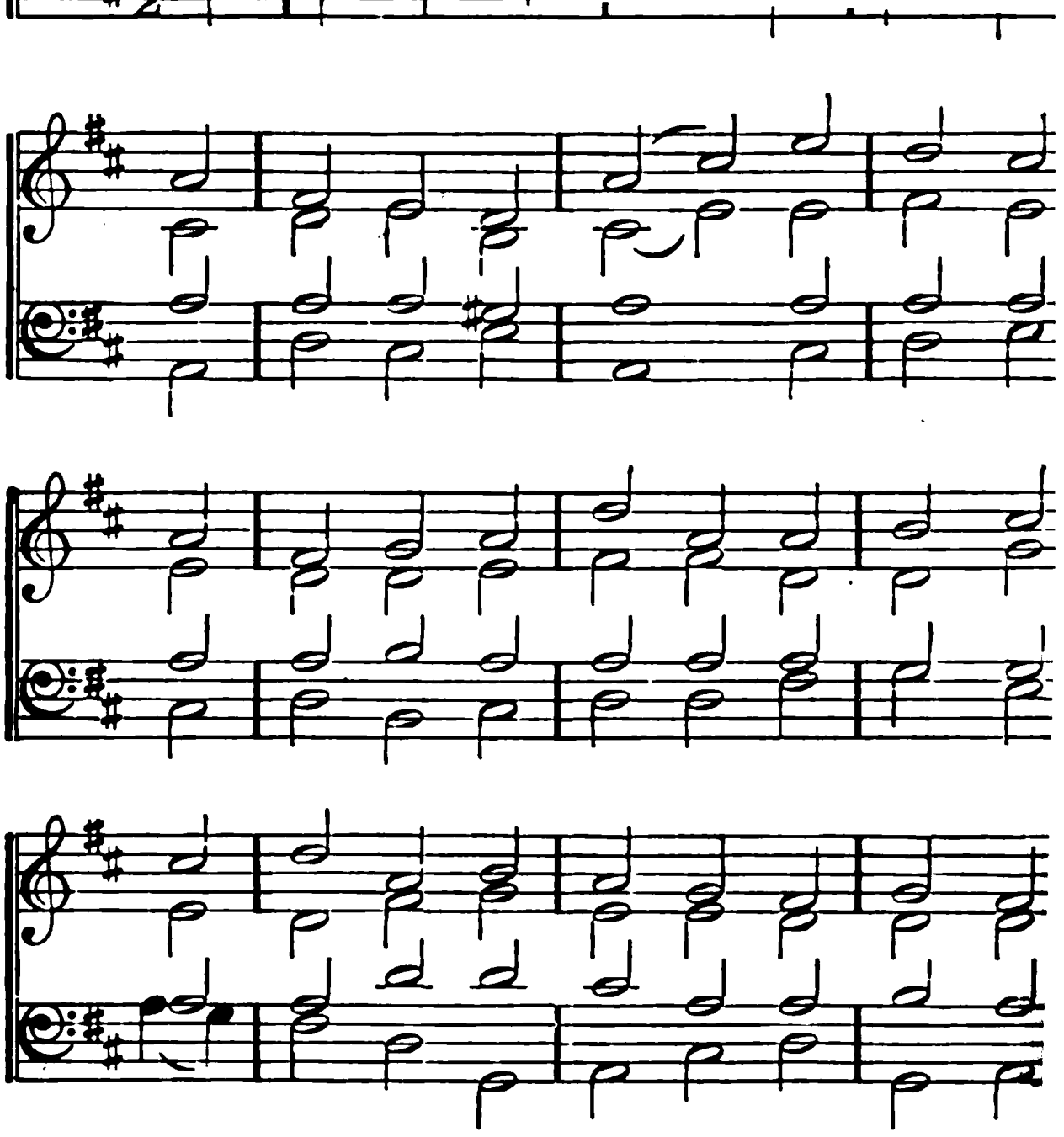




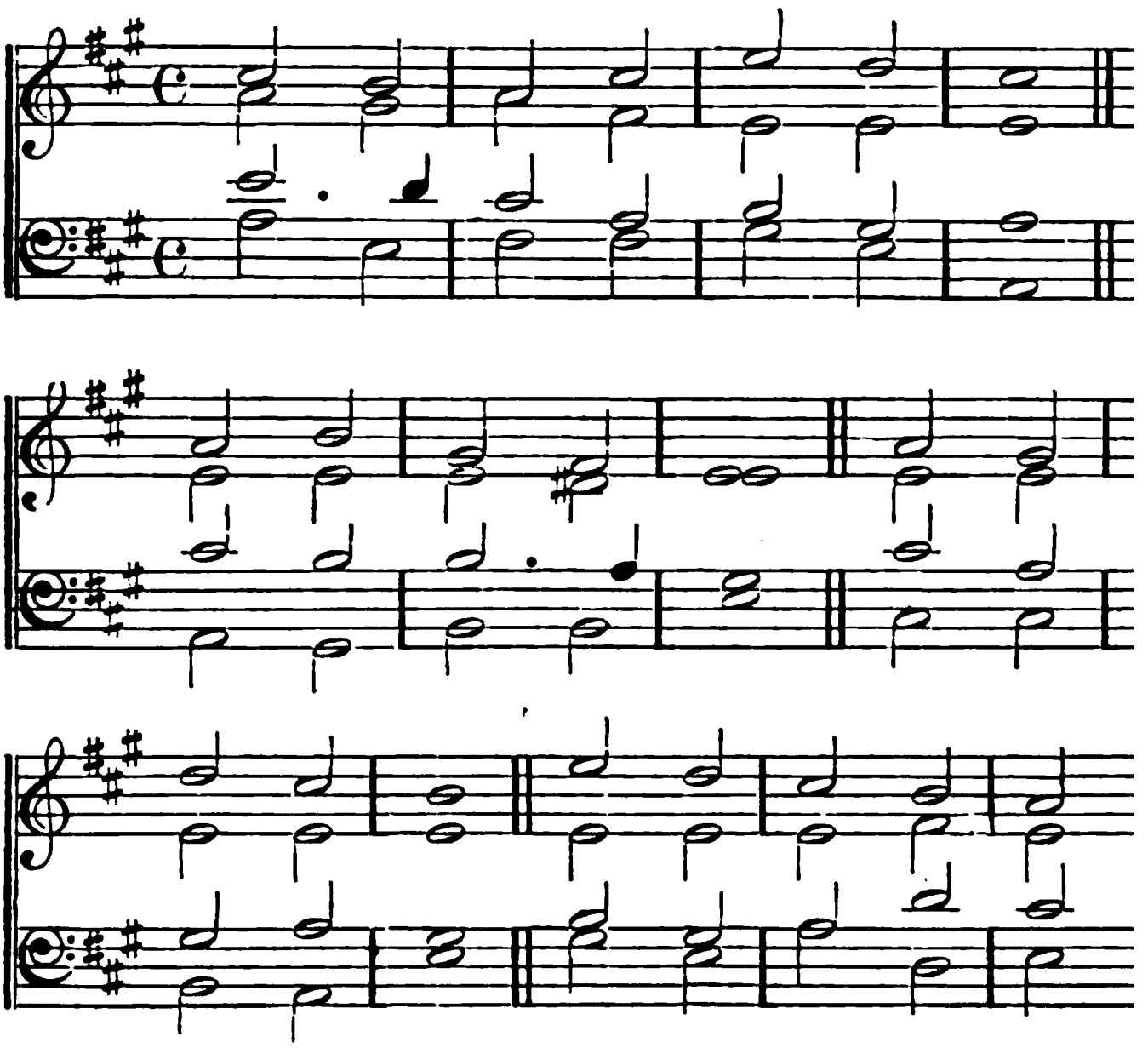
244.

LORD, supreme in glory dwelling,
Of Thy wondrous power and might
Earth and heaven rejoice in telling,
Day to day, and night to night.
Through each clime, to every nation,
Trumpet-tongued, by sea, by land,
Nature speaks her adoration
Of the great creative hand.

See, the sun in bridal splendour
Tells from whence his glories rise:
See the moon her homage render
As she climbs the spangled skies.
Glorious thus Thy Word: it beameth
O'er the soul supremely bright,
Speaking Him whose love redeemeth—
Joy of nations—Light of Light.



VIENNA. 7, 7, 7, 7. J. H. KN



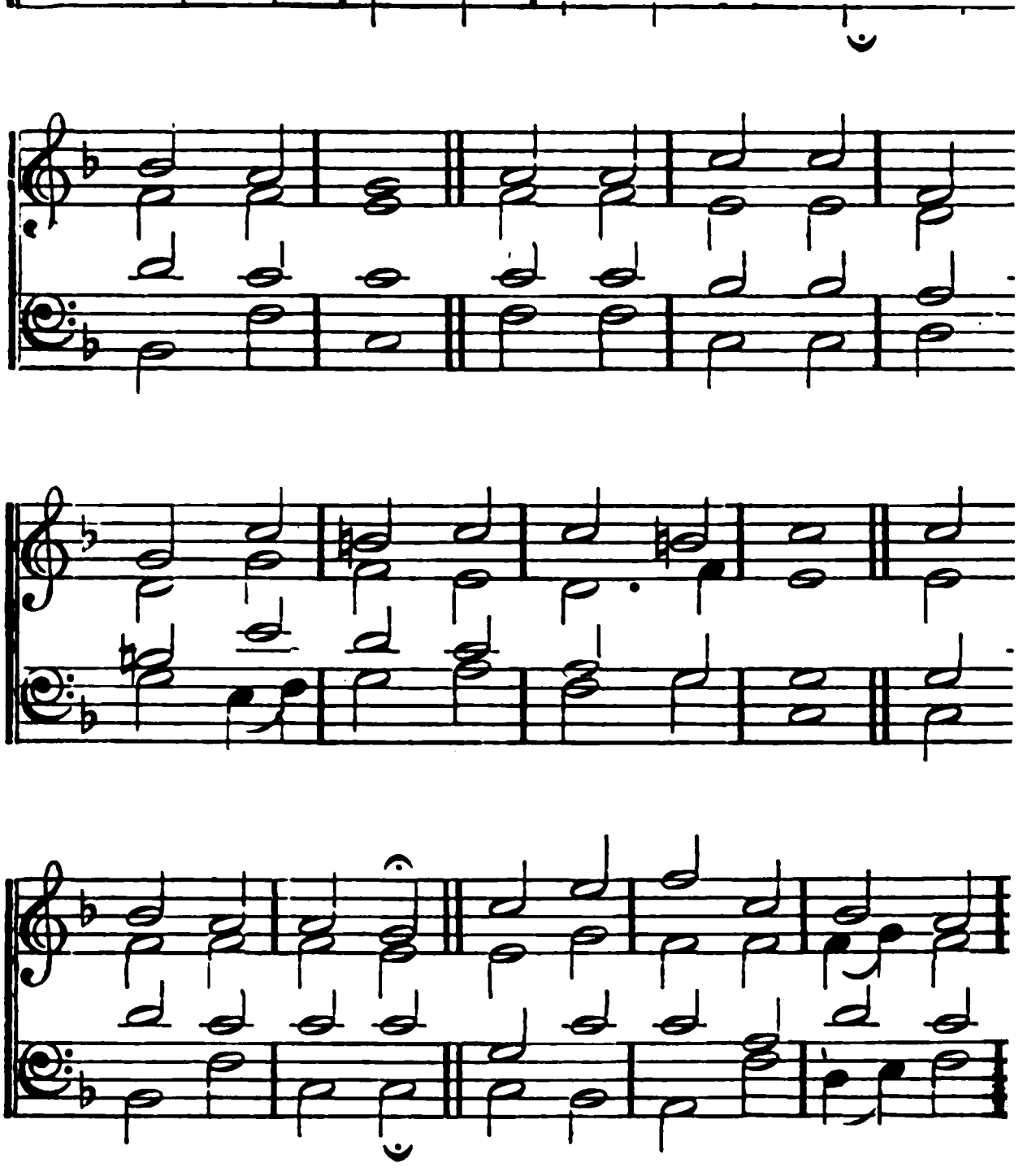
## 246.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a piteous eye
Look'd upon our misery;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

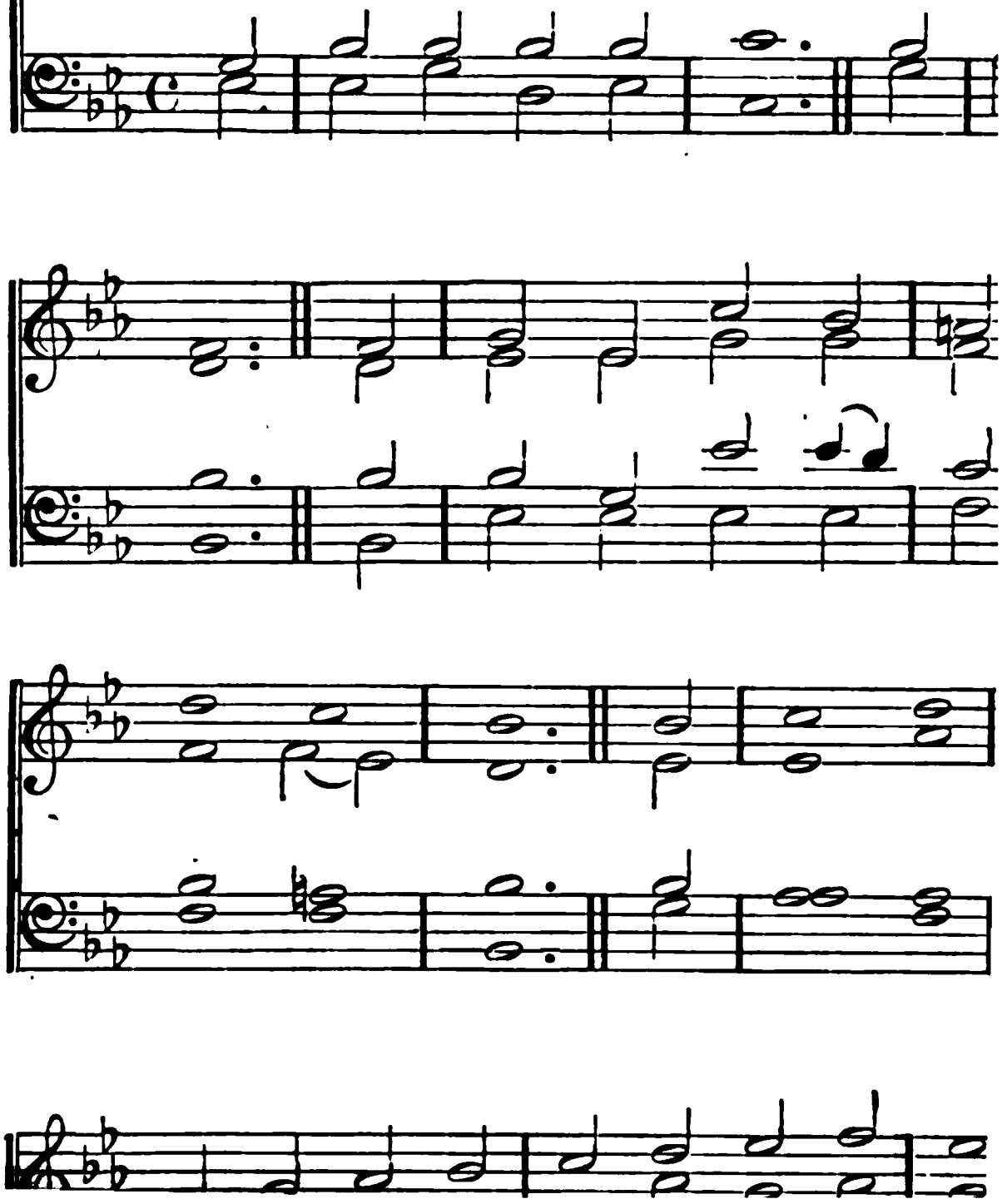


## 247.

PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders
Earth, and air, and seas display;
Him, who high in tempests thunders,
Him whom countless worlds obey.
In the eastern skies ascending,
Praise Him, glorious orb of day;
Ocean, round the globe extending,
Praise Him, o'er thy boundless way.

Pines that crown the lofty mountains
Bow in sign of worship low;
All ye secret springs and fountains
Warble praises as ye flow:
Beasts, through nature's drear dominions,
Praise Him, where the wilds extend;
Praise Him, birds, whose sounding pinions
Up to heaven's gate ascend.

Man below, the lord of nature,
Angel choirs in realms above,
Hymning, praise the great Creator,
Praise the eternal Fount of Love.
Teach us, Lord, to sing Thy glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



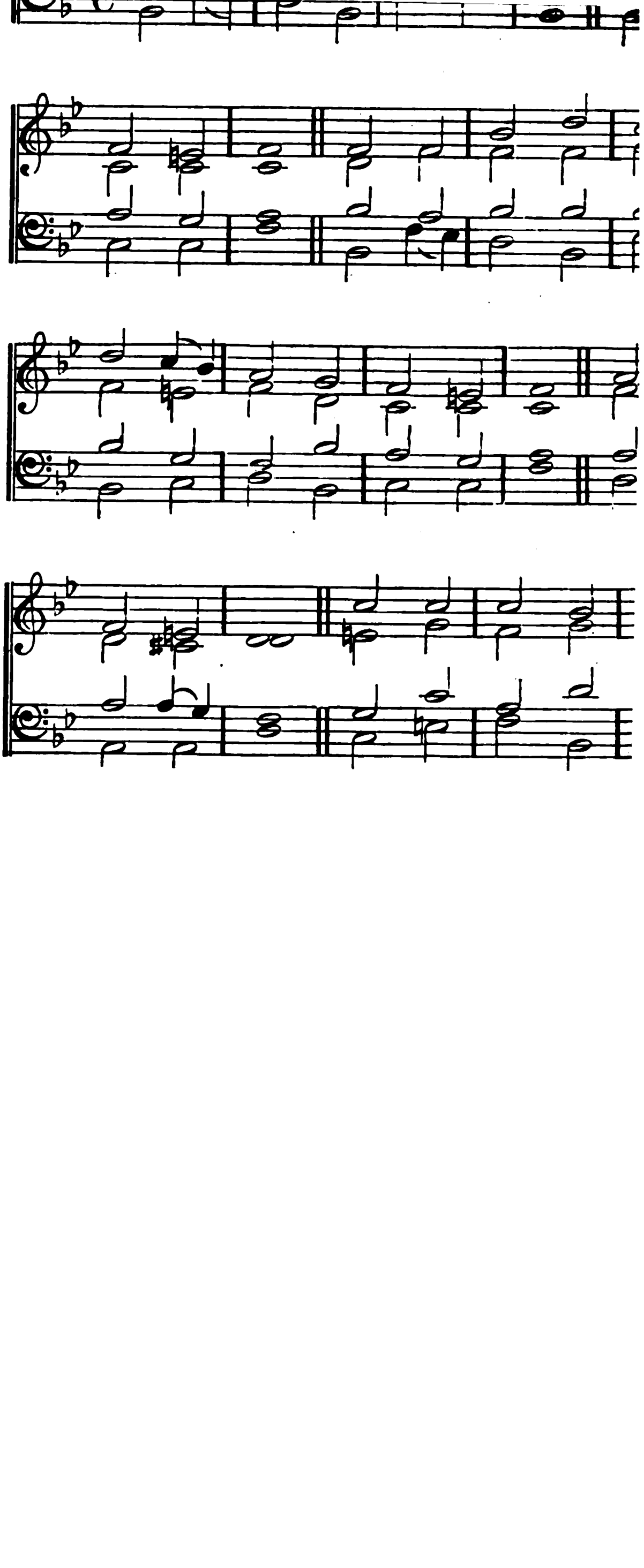
# GENERAL HYMNS.

## 248.

GIVE thanks to God Most High,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be His grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same!
And let His Name
Have endless praise.

How mighty is His hand!
What wonders hath He done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy Word.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy Word.



## GENERAL HYMNS.

### 249.

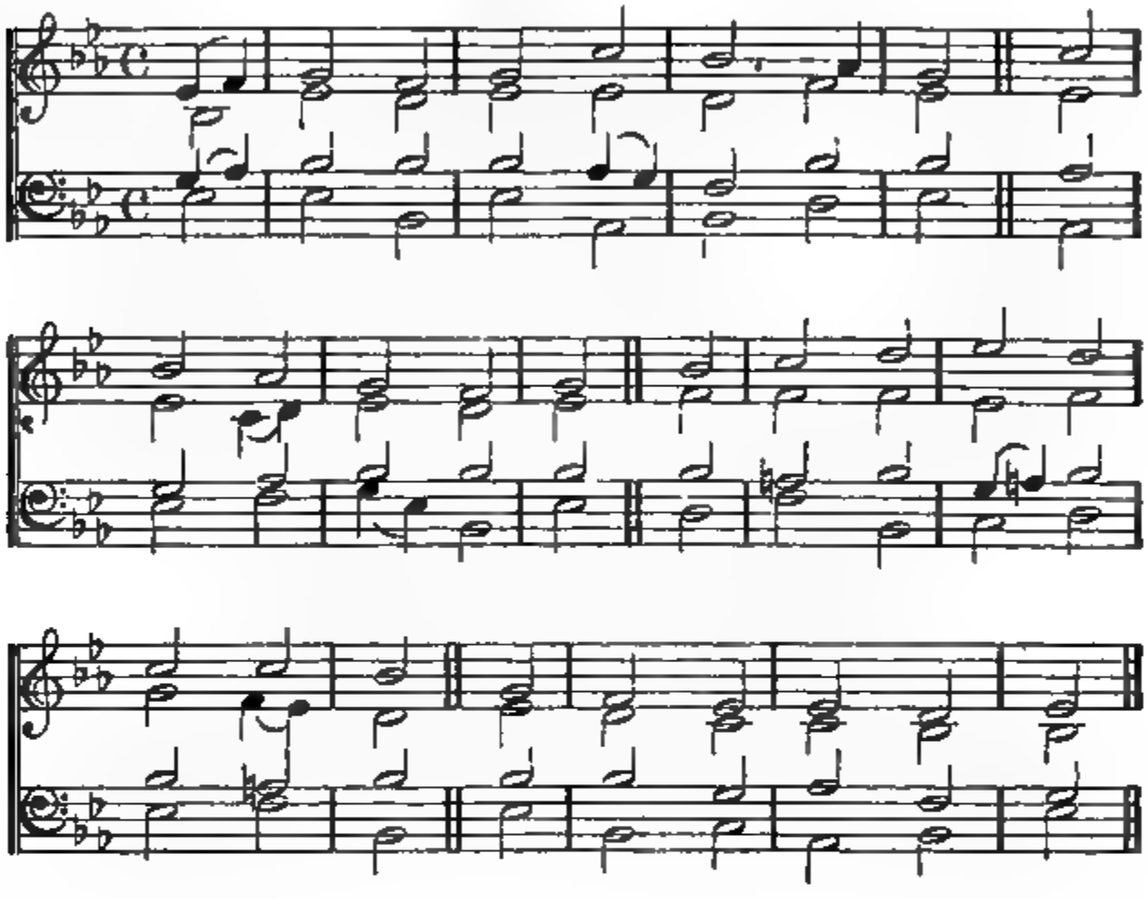
COME, O come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
To your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Not a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, all ye that creep
On the earth or in the deep.
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you stars augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
And amid this mortal throng
Be ye masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He.

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessing shower;
All this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be.
Then our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere.
Come, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

BRAMPTON ASH. C. M. VULPIUS. 1609.



## 250.

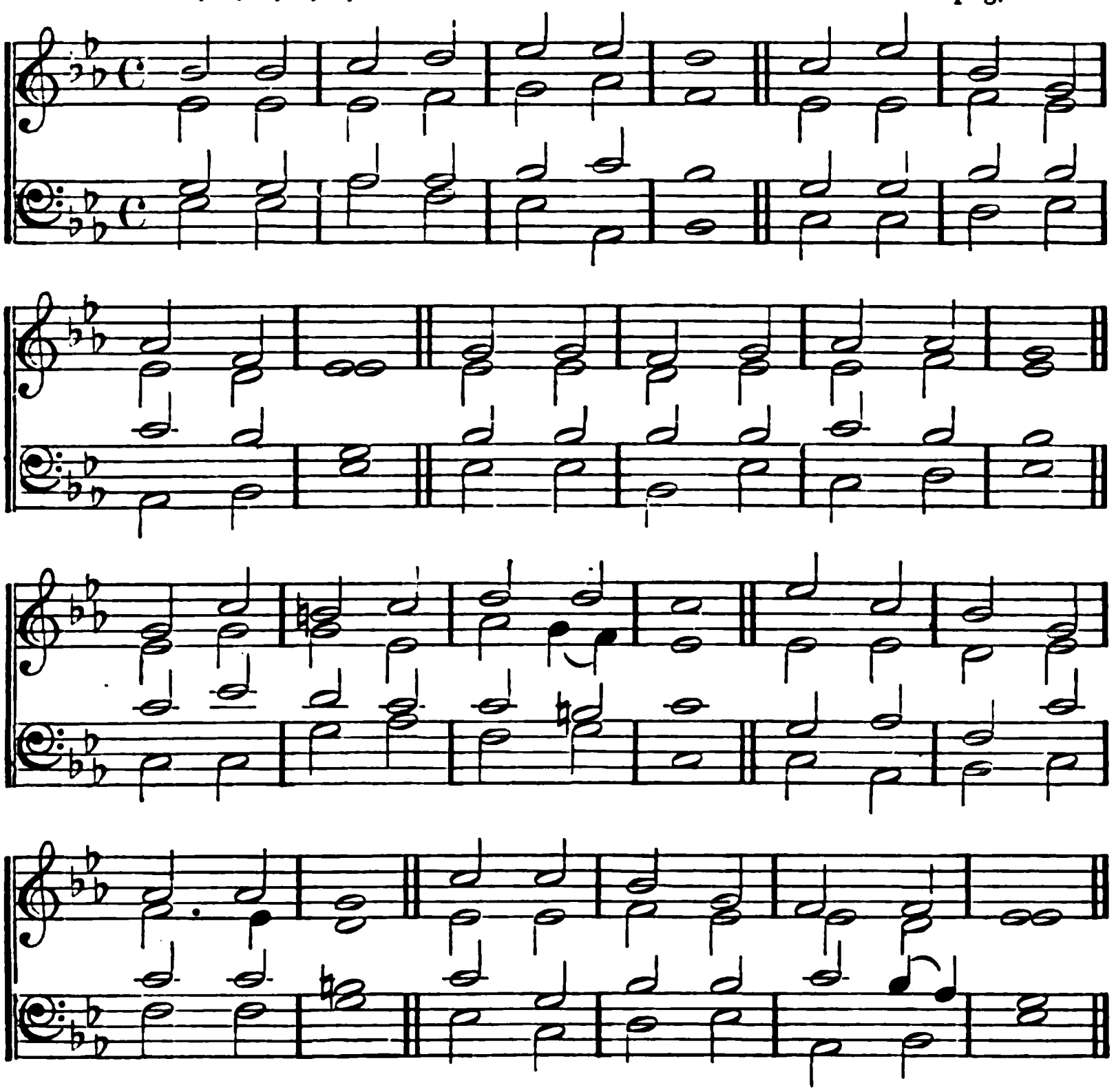
SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Ratisbon.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Werner's Choral-Book. Leipsig, 1814.



## 251.

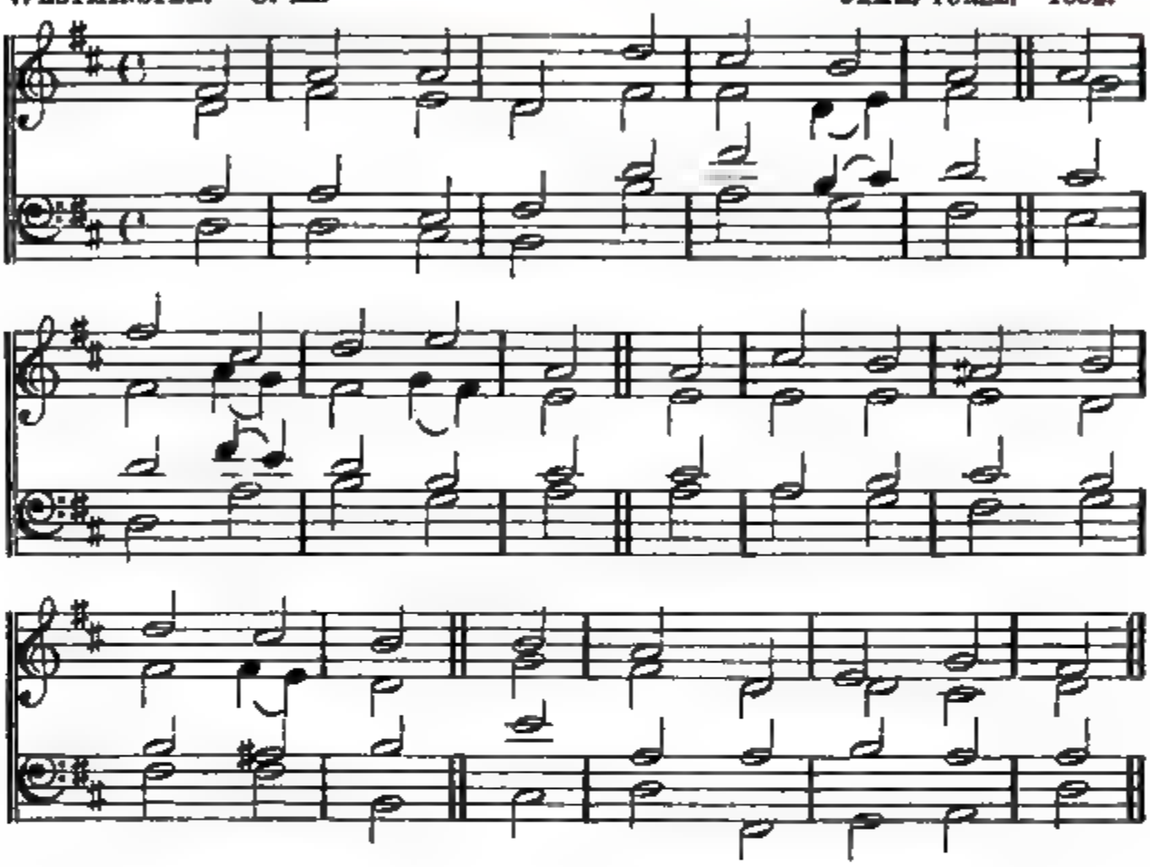
GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

WESTMINSTER. C. M. JAMES TURLE. 1852.



## 252.

THE THANKSGIVING IN THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still.

And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heavenly King! the God
And Father of all might!

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O JESU CHRIST! God! Lamb of God!
The Father's only Son!

Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
*Who art the* Holy One!

Thou, Lord,—who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

## 253.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive,
Since all things by Thy power were made,
And by Thy bounty live.

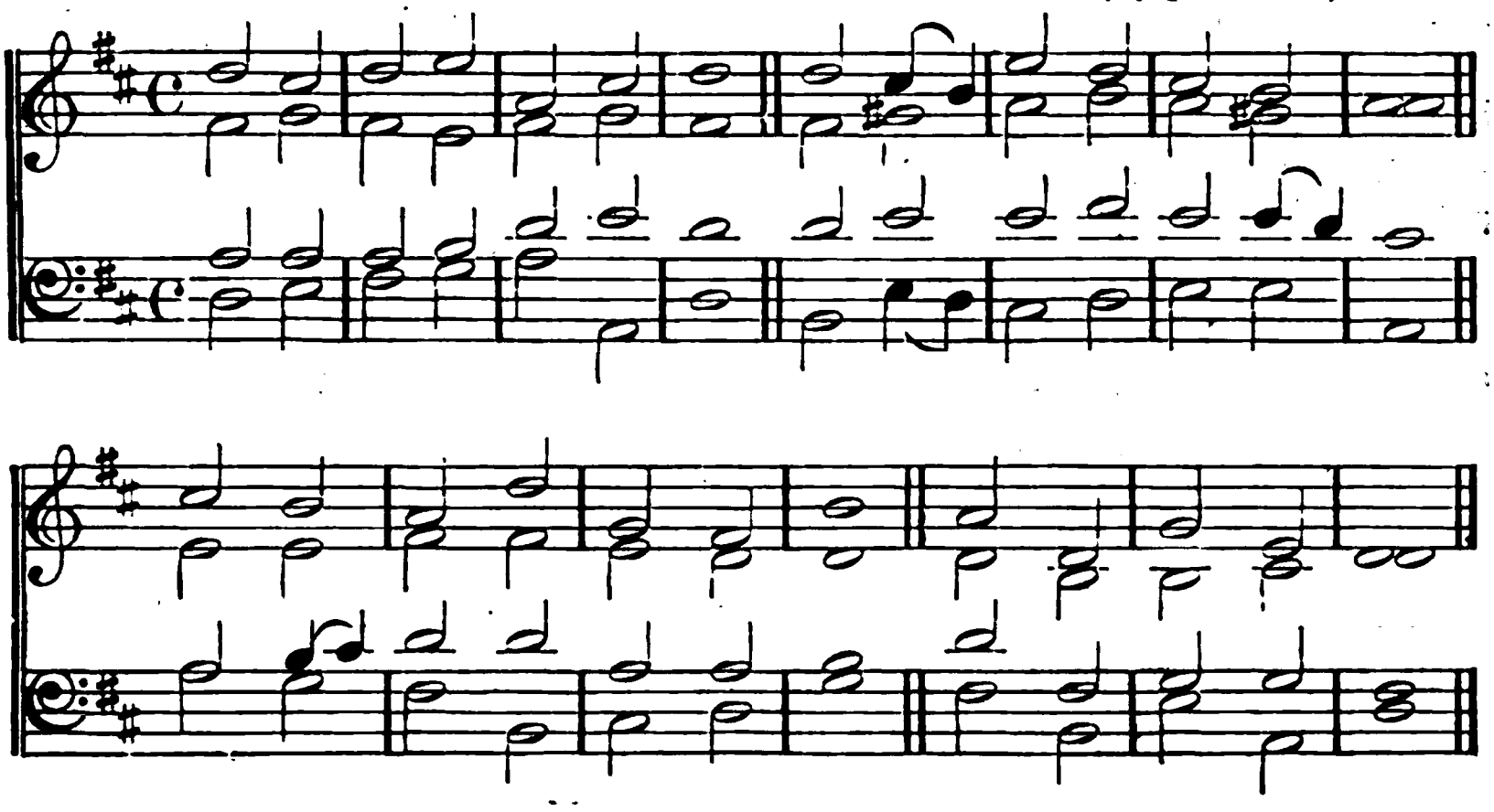
And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

BETHANY. 7, 7, 7, 5.

Rev. J. F. THRUPP. 1854.
(By permission.)



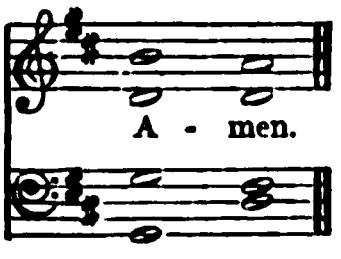
254.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
JESUS, hear and save!

Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESUS, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
JESUS, hear and save!

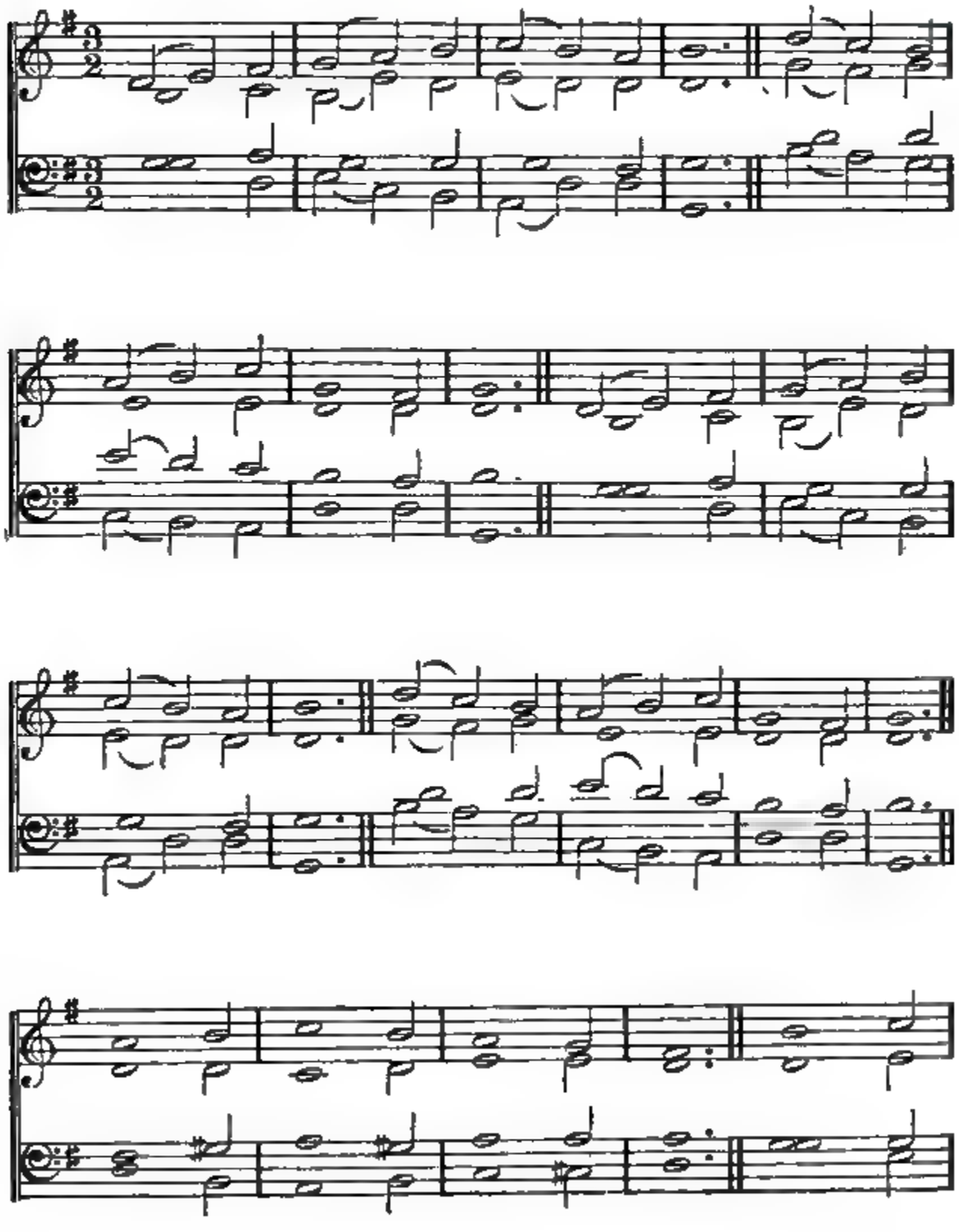
Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us, when we cry,
JESUS, hear and save!

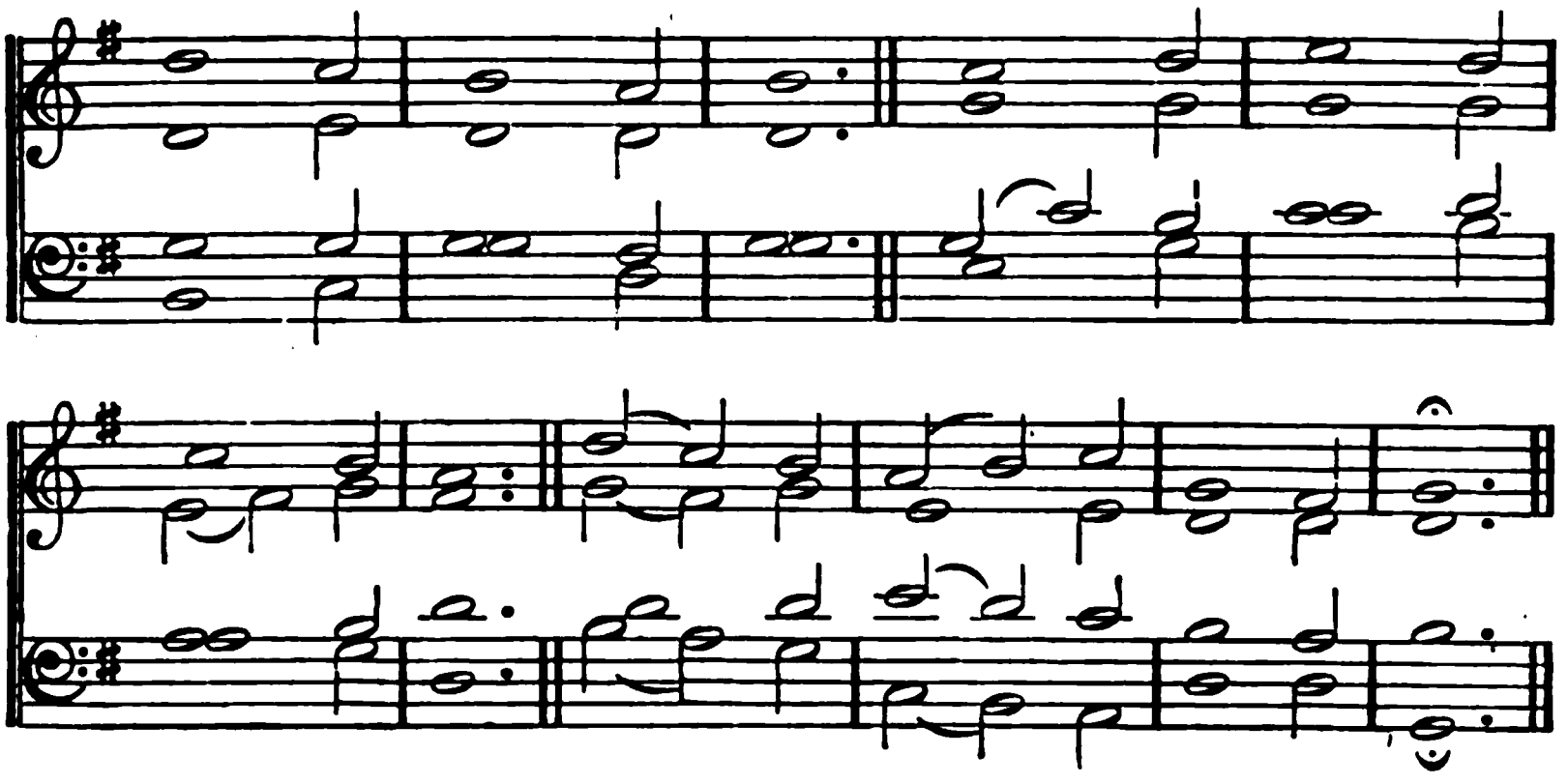


## GENERAL HYMNS.

**Maidstone.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.
By permission.





255.

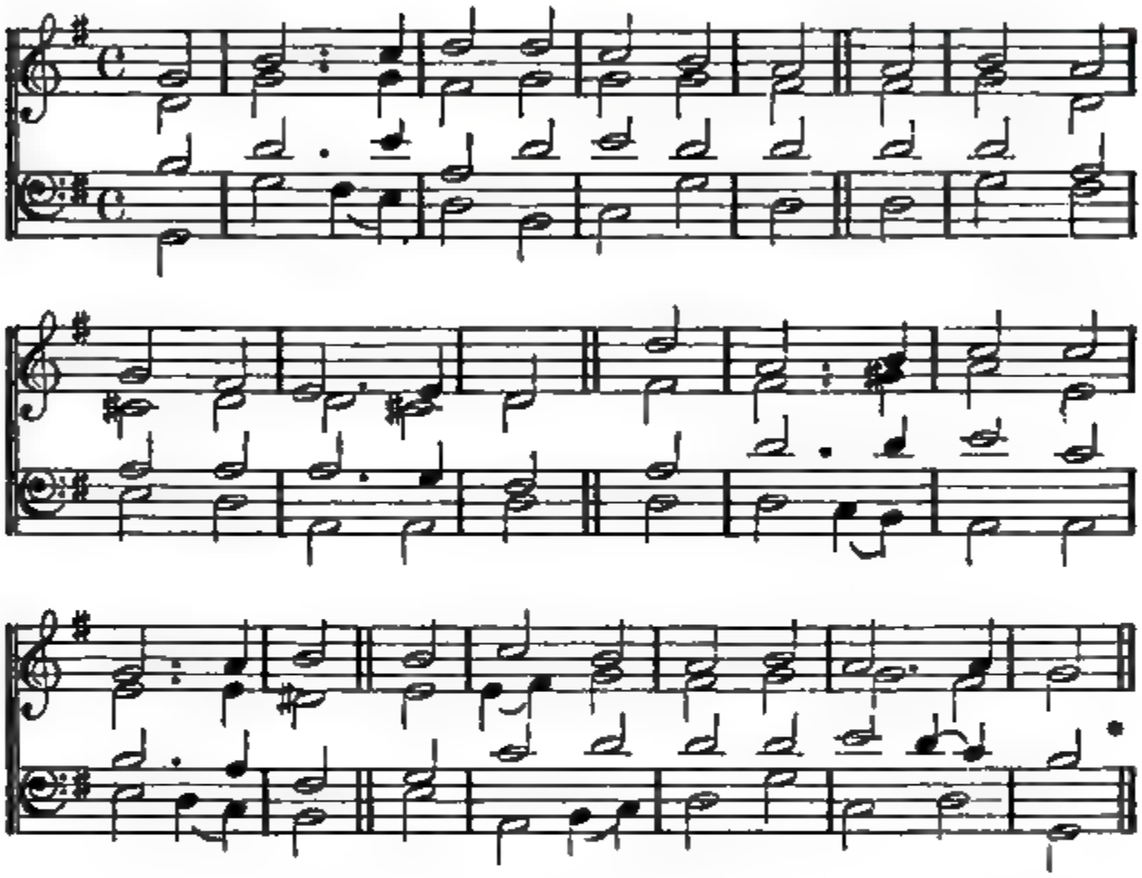
SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

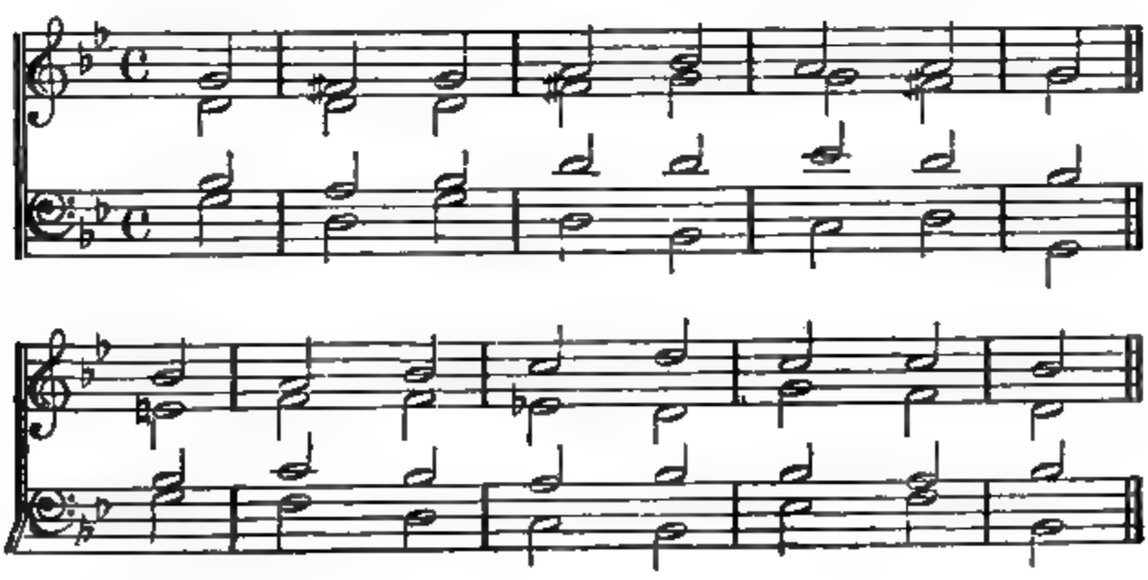
# GENERAL HYMNS.

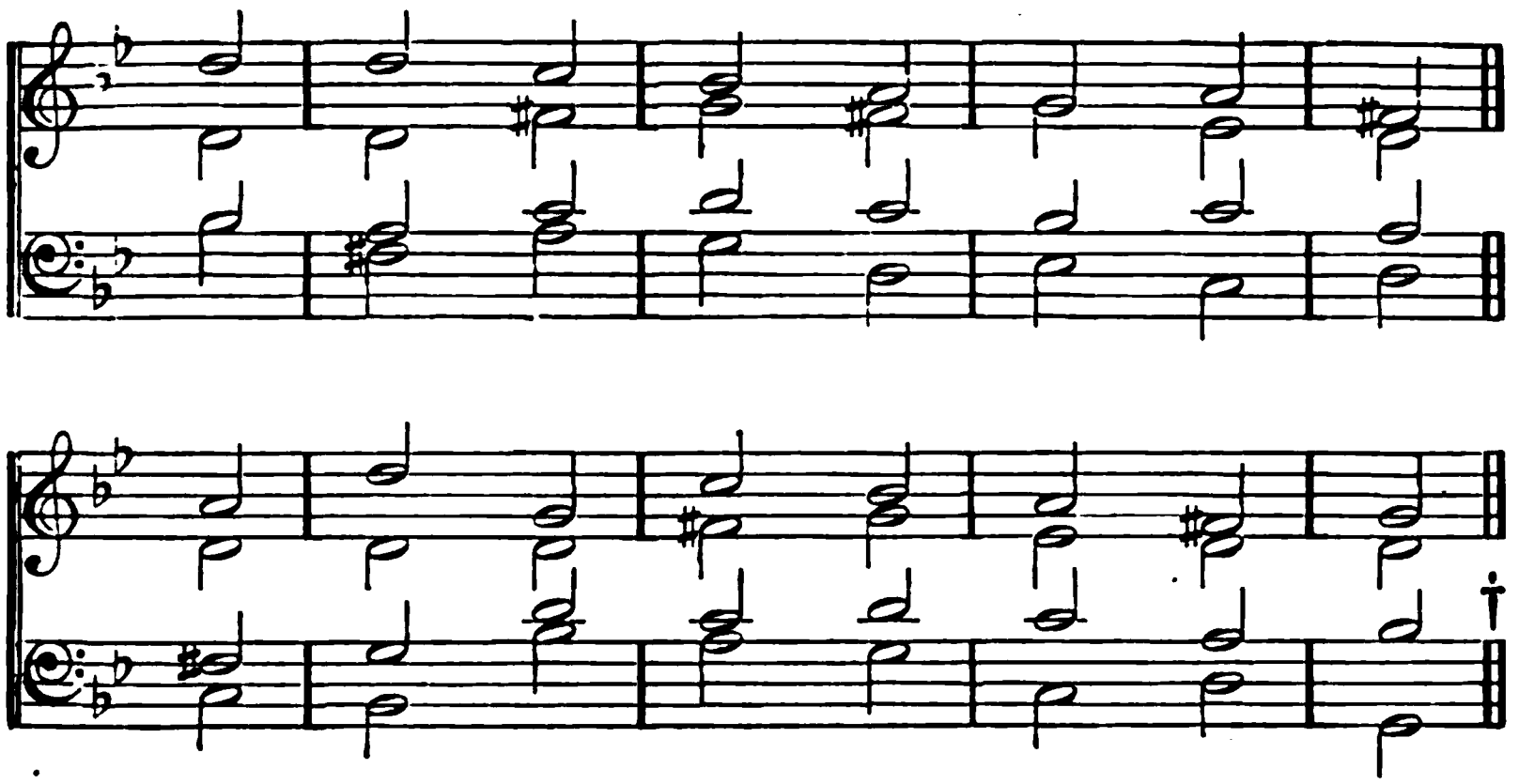
**St. Faith. L. M.** Bamberg Hymn-Book. 1732.



*Or,*

**Prayer. L. M.** James Tuble. 1862.





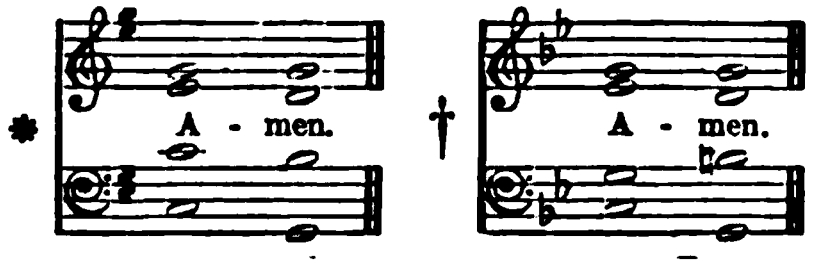
256.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring Thee where They come;
And, going, take Thee to their home.

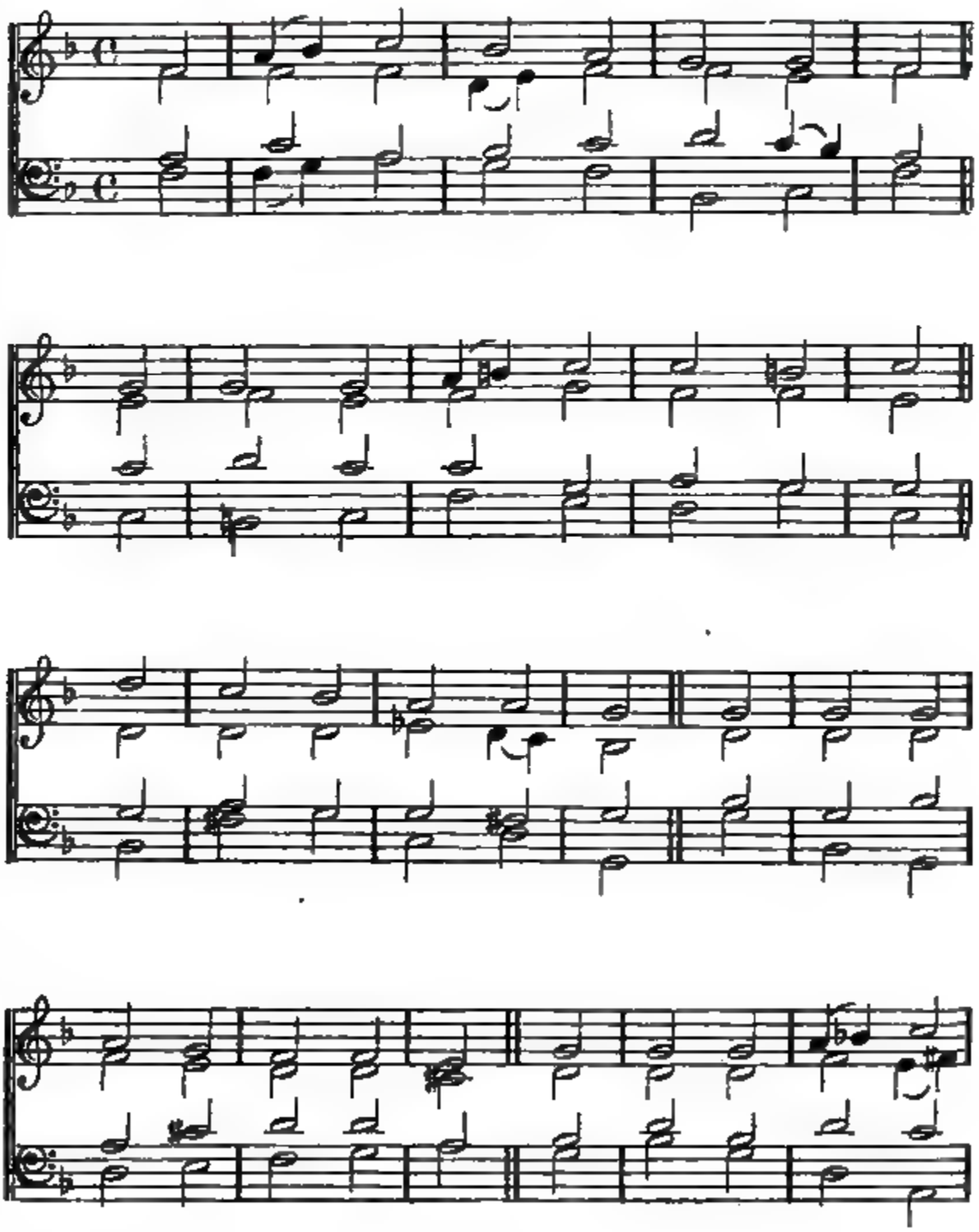
Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

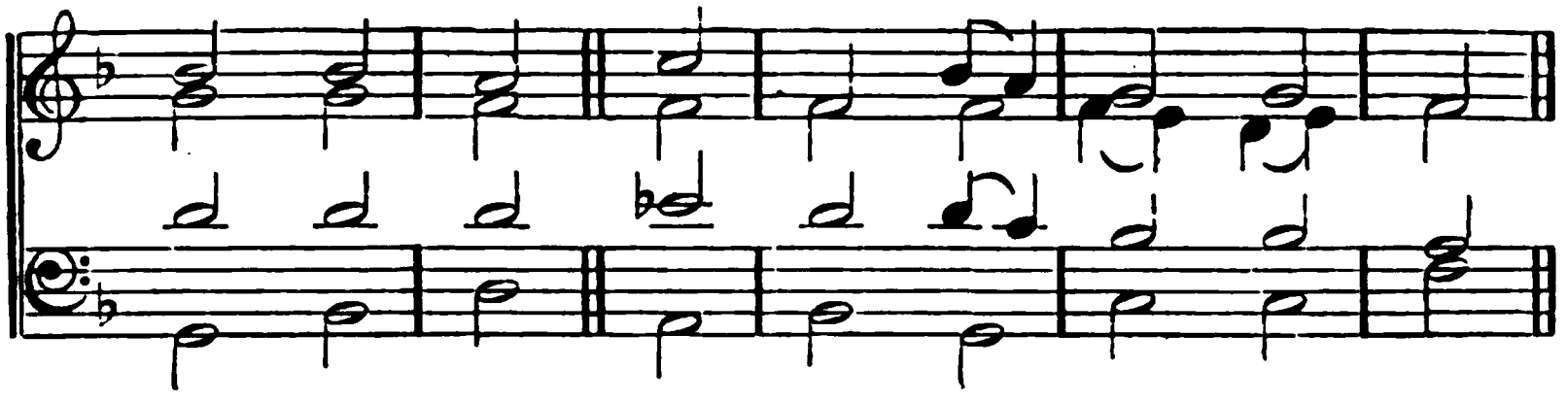
Lord, we are few, but Thou art near:
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!



## GENERAL HYMNS.

WÜRTTEMBERG. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. Ancient Württemberg Melody.

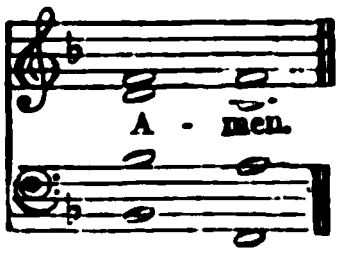




257.

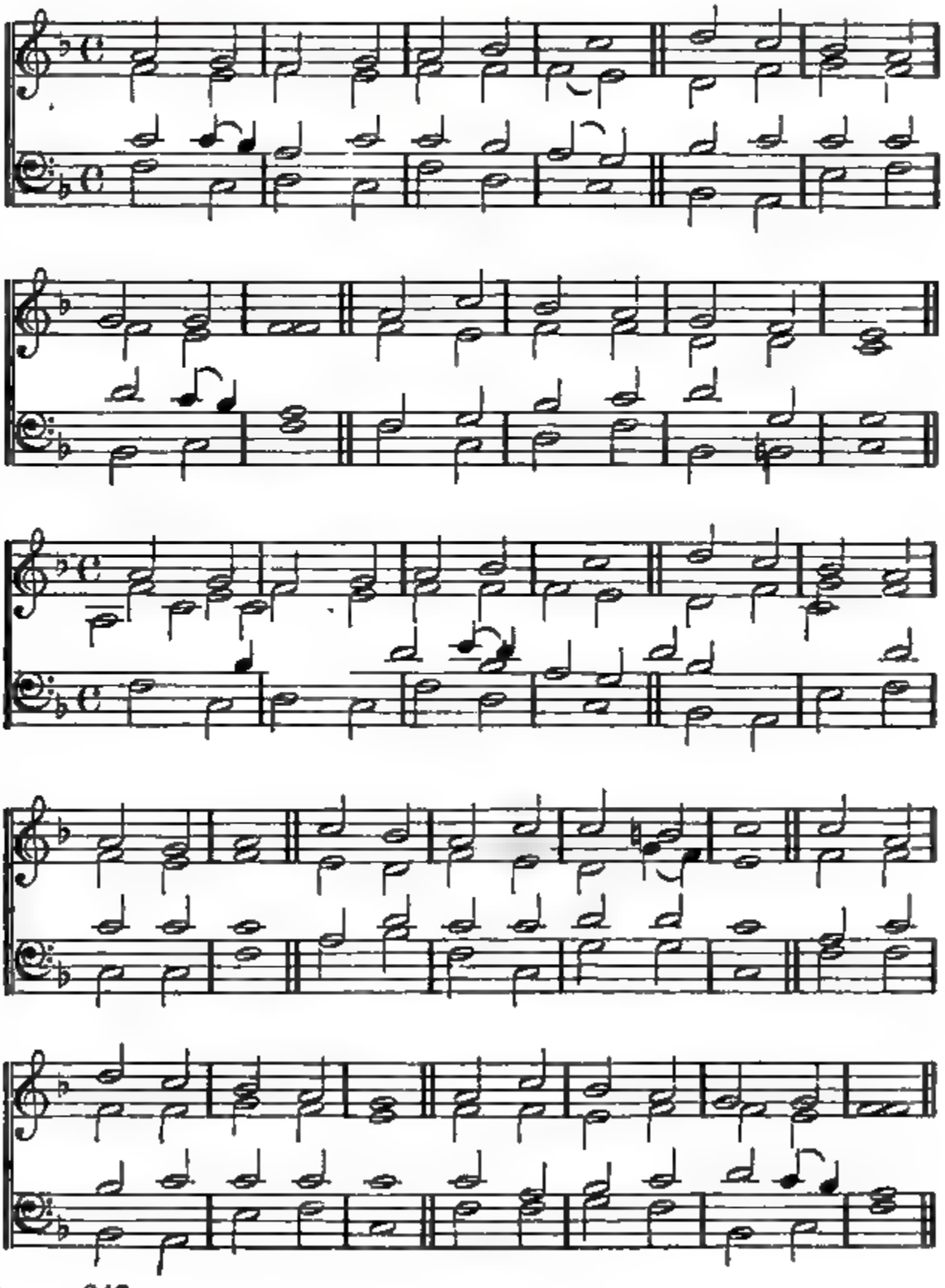
WHILE we in supplication join,
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow Thine ear!
And while we listen to Thy Word,
Or praise Thy Name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.

The veil that hides Thy glory rend;
In love and saving power descend,
To visit Thine abode;
Here, to each heart Thy grace reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Weimar.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. — Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



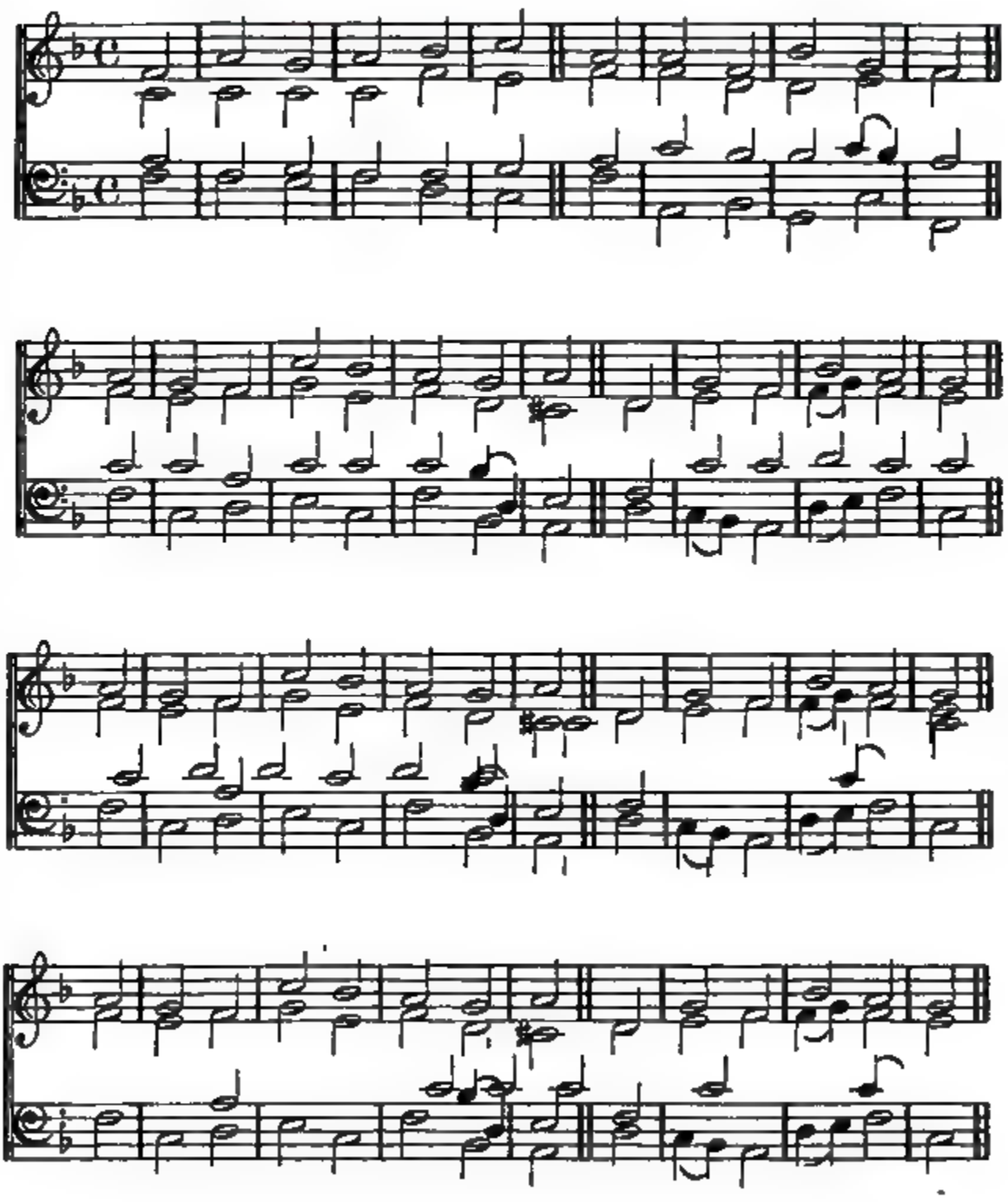
## 258.

MIGHTY Saviour, Gracious King!
Now Thy waiting people bless;
Thou that dost deliverance bring,
Come to reign in righteousness.
Thou dost heavenly light impart;
Tune the ear to Sion's song;
Teach and guide the wayward heart;
Loose and prompt the stammering tongue.

Pour Thy Spirit from on high;
Come Thy mourning Church to bless;
Streams of life and joy supply;
Fill the world with righteousness.
Light shall then possess Thine own,
Holy quiet, perfect peace;
And when heavenly seed is sown,
Thou wilt give the bless'd increase.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

OLD 25TH PSALM. D. S. M. From ESTE's Psalter. 1592.



## GENERAL HYMNS.

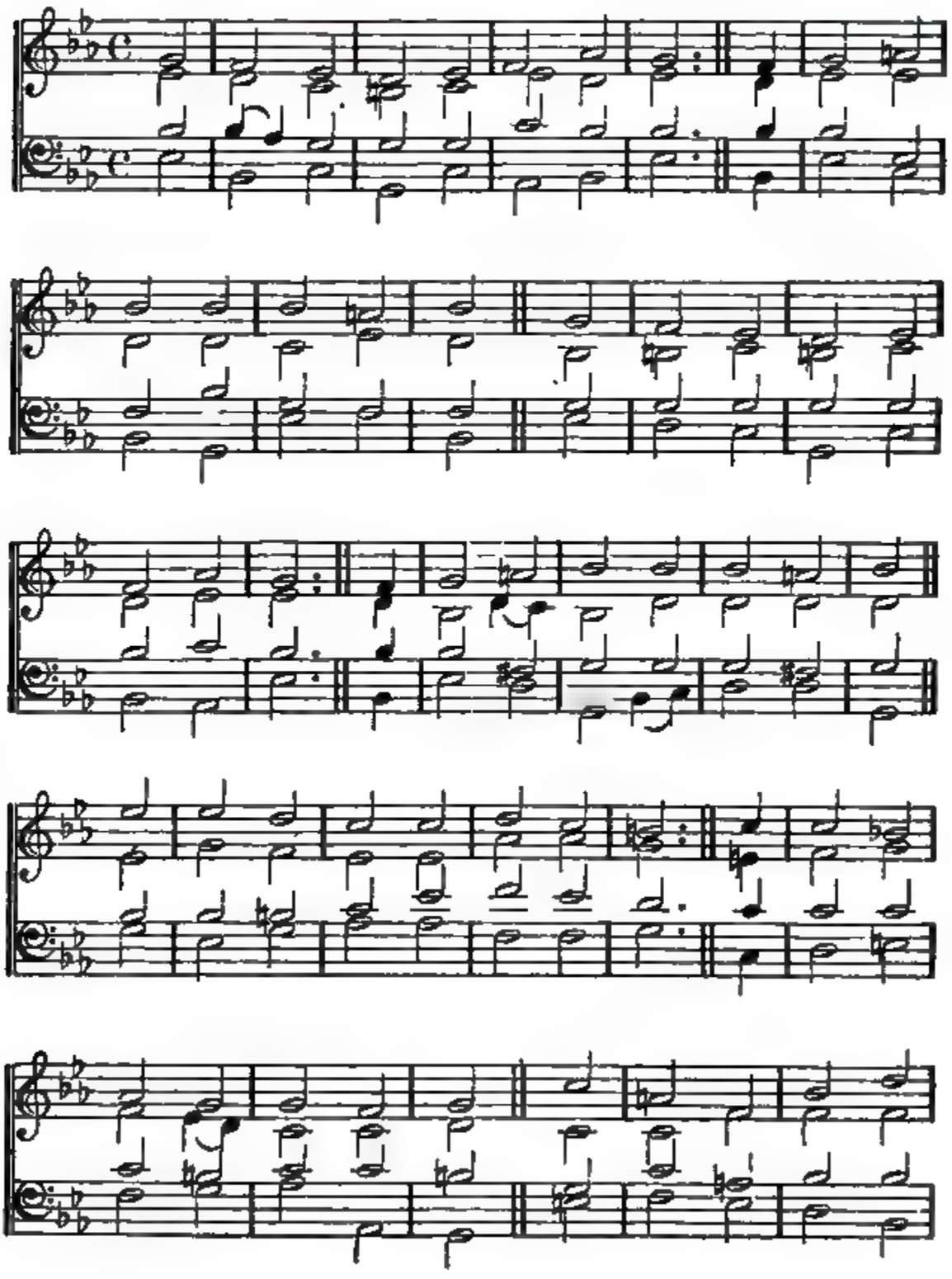
### 259.

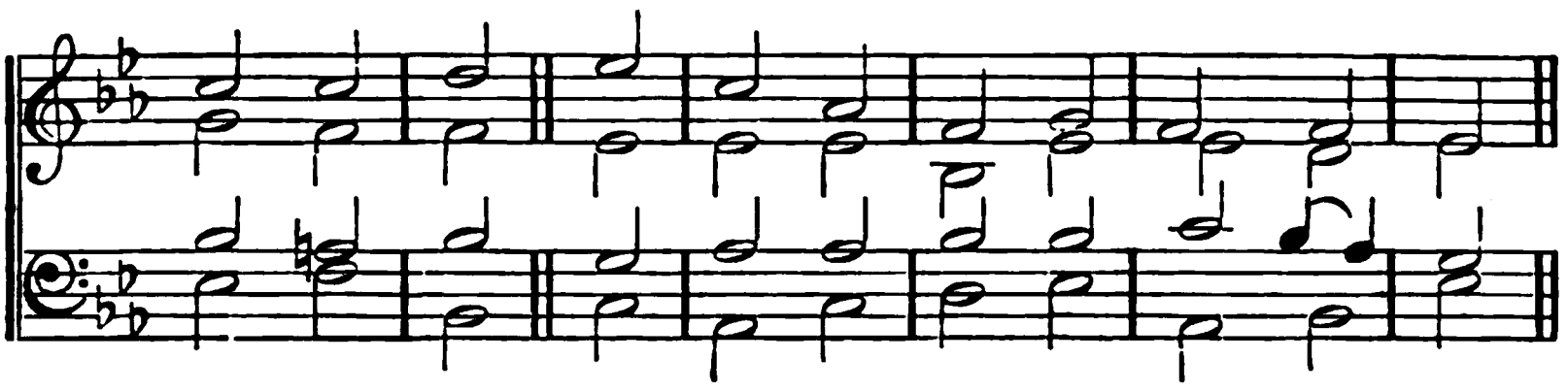
COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all His own,
And His the solid ground.

Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He form'd us by His word.
To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

LAMBETH. D. L. M. ROBERT KING, Mus. B. 1695.



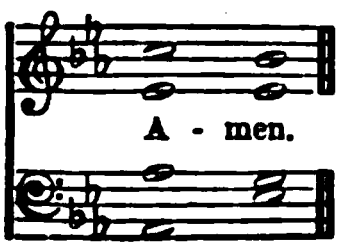


## 260.

LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine,
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine:
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place.
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all Thy power and glory see,
Within Thy hallow'd sanctuary.

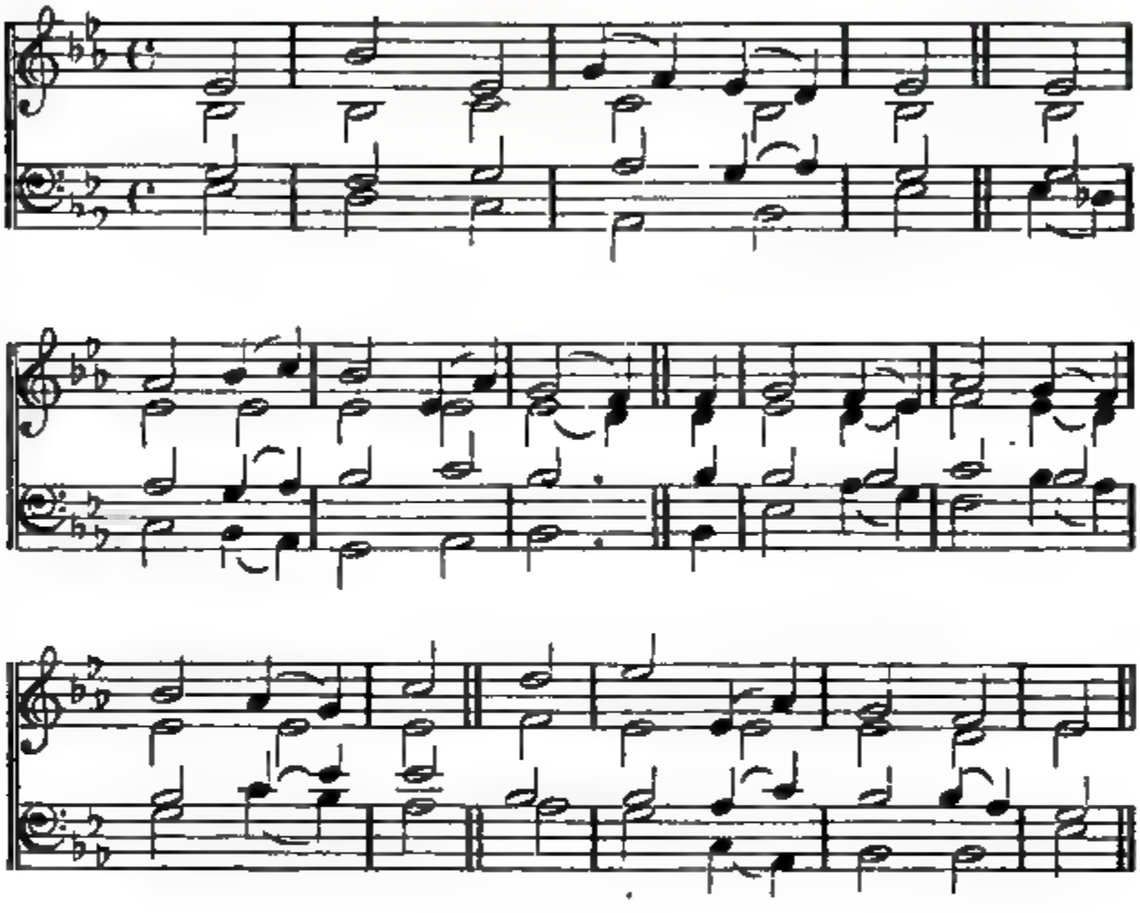
Bless all, whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless;
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
Let many, in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

O King of Salem, Prince of Peace!
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease;
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom Thy church and people call.
O may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in Thee!



## GENERAL HYMNS.

CARLISLE. S. M. C. LOCKHART. Died, 1816.



### 261.

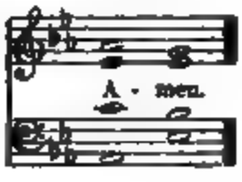
COME to Thy temple, Lord,
Thy waiting church to bless
Let here Thy glory be adored,
Give here Thy Word success.

Our inmost hearts refine,
And for Thyself prepare:
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,
And reign triumphant there.

Thy servants, Lord, we are,
Baptized into Thy Name;
All hurtful things put from us far,
*All works* of sin and shame.

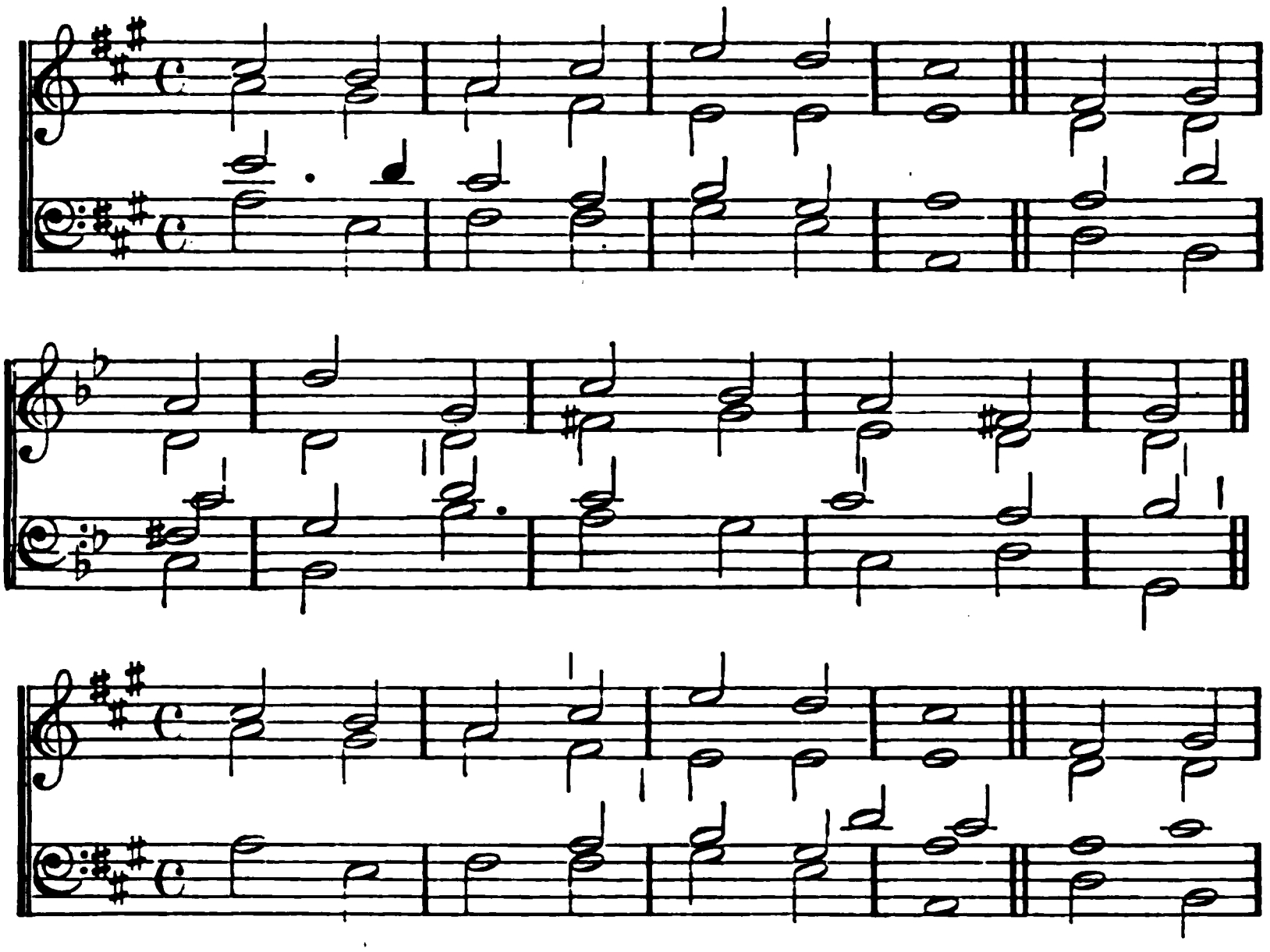
Come to Thy temple, Lord,
Thine own assembly bless;
That all may offer with accord
Offerings of righteousness.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

VIENNA. 7, 7, 7, 7. J. H. KNECHT. 1793.



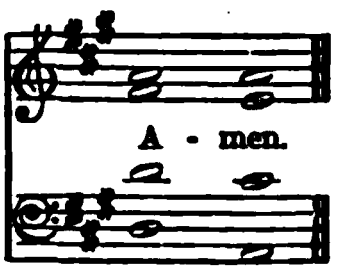
## 262.

HAPPY they that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Happy they whose praises flow
Even in this vale of woe.

They shall mount from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

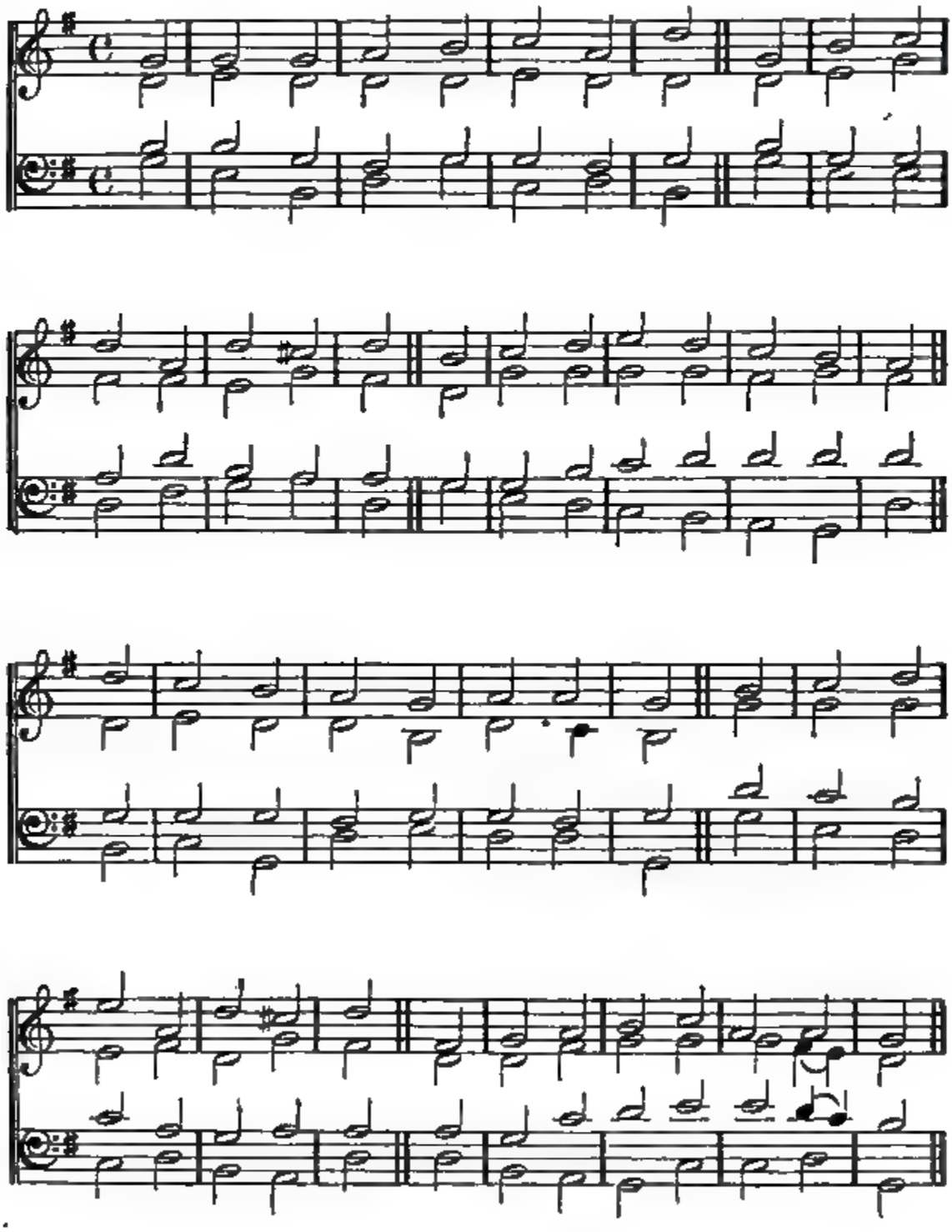
Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.

Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

ANGELS' SONG. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. ORLANDO GIBBONS. Died, 1625.



## 263.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
In mortal guise, this sinful earth,
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with Thee on the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darken'd eyeball sight.

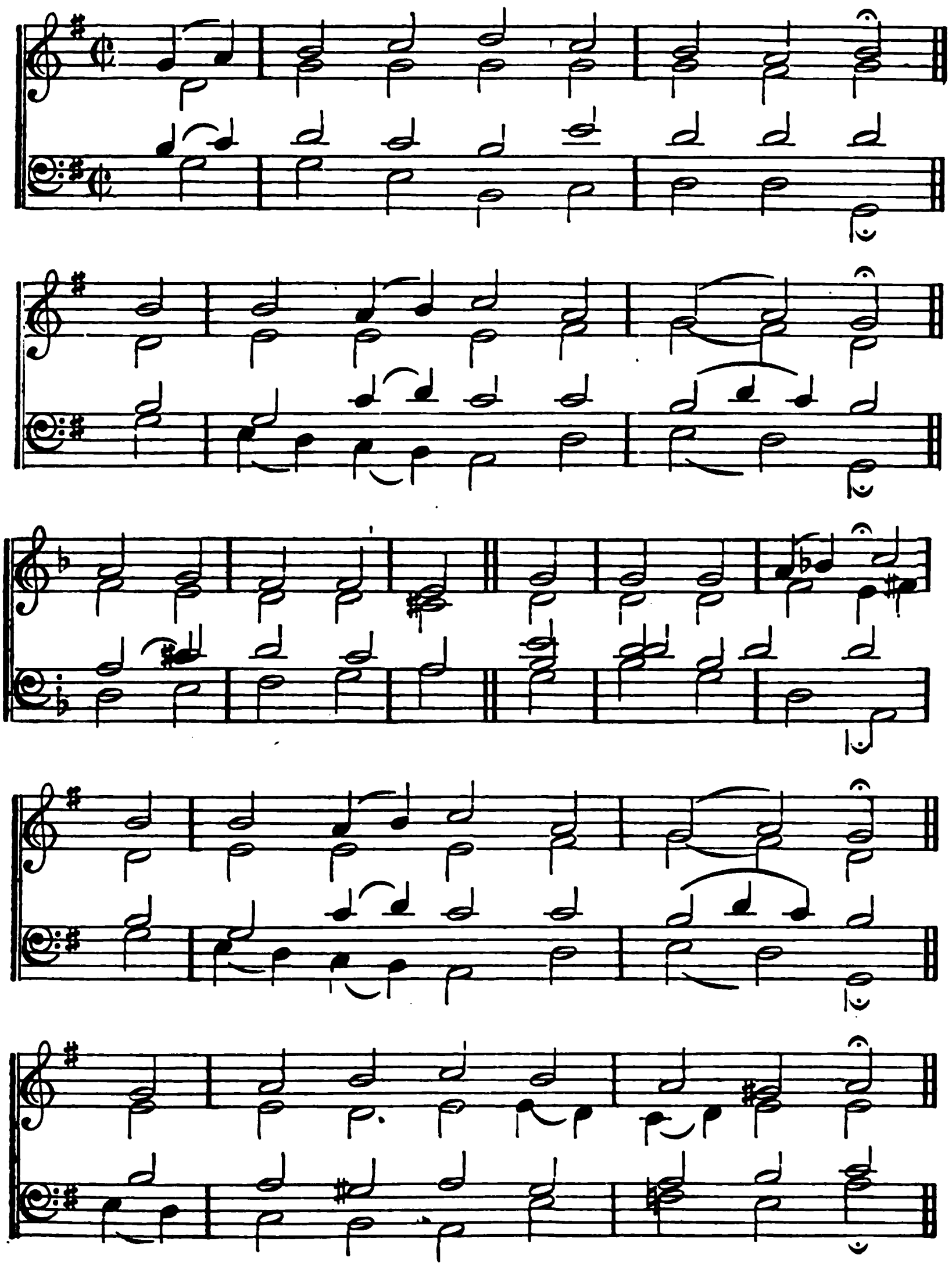
We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

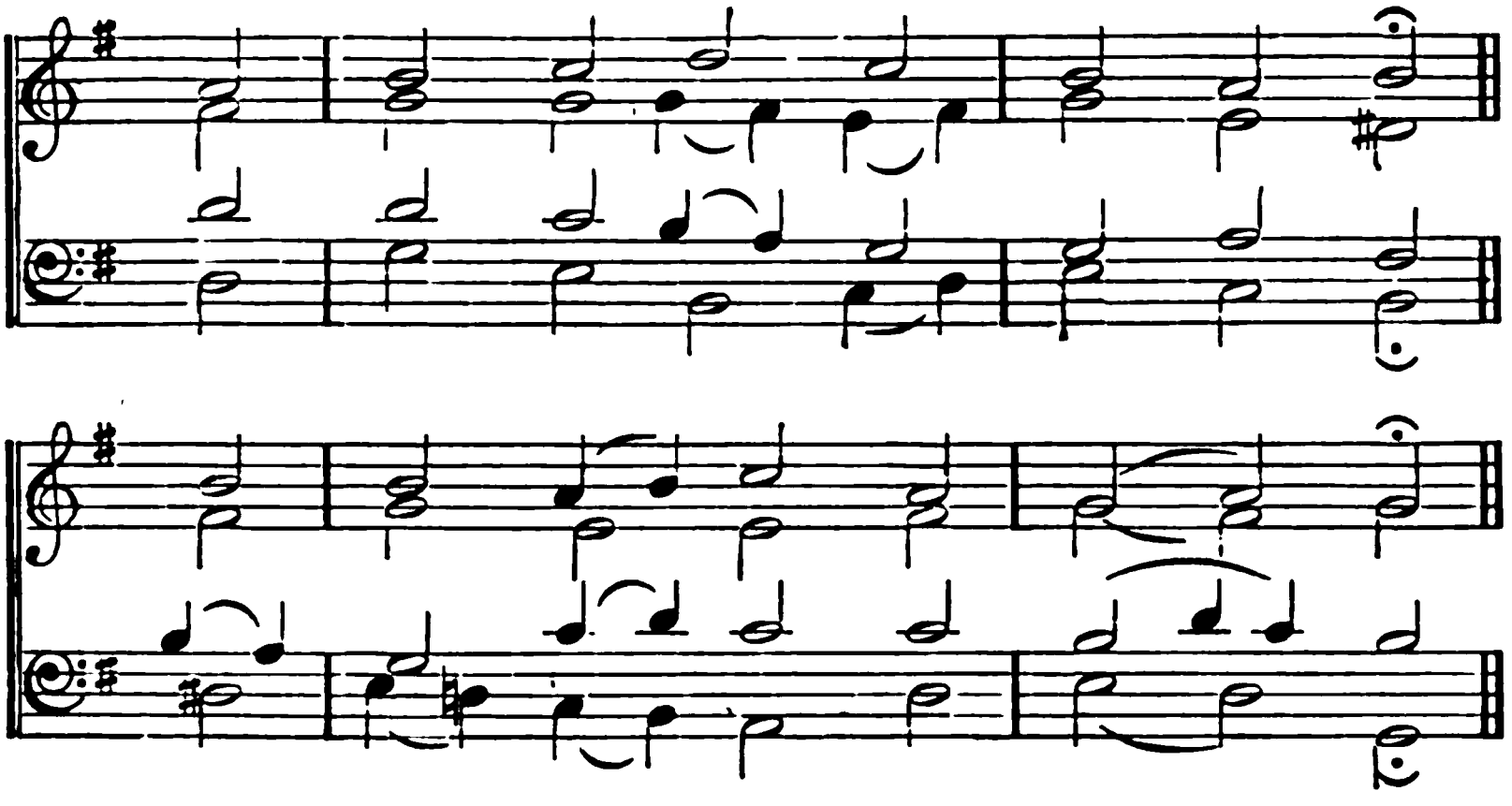
And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy faithful people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And sing Thy praise, and lift our prayer.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

GLORY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Melody of a "Gloria," by
NIC. DECIUS. 1529.





264.

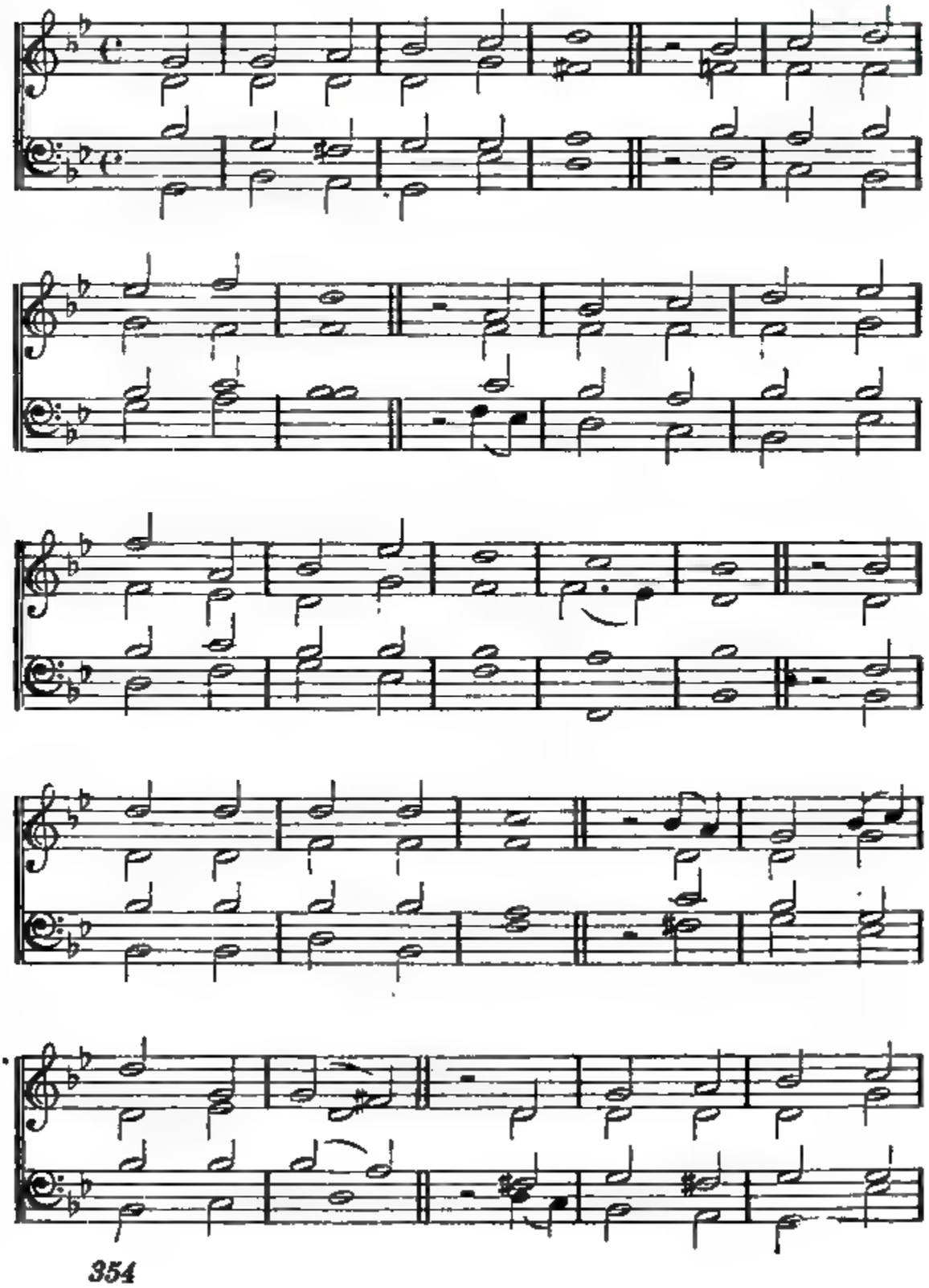
THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

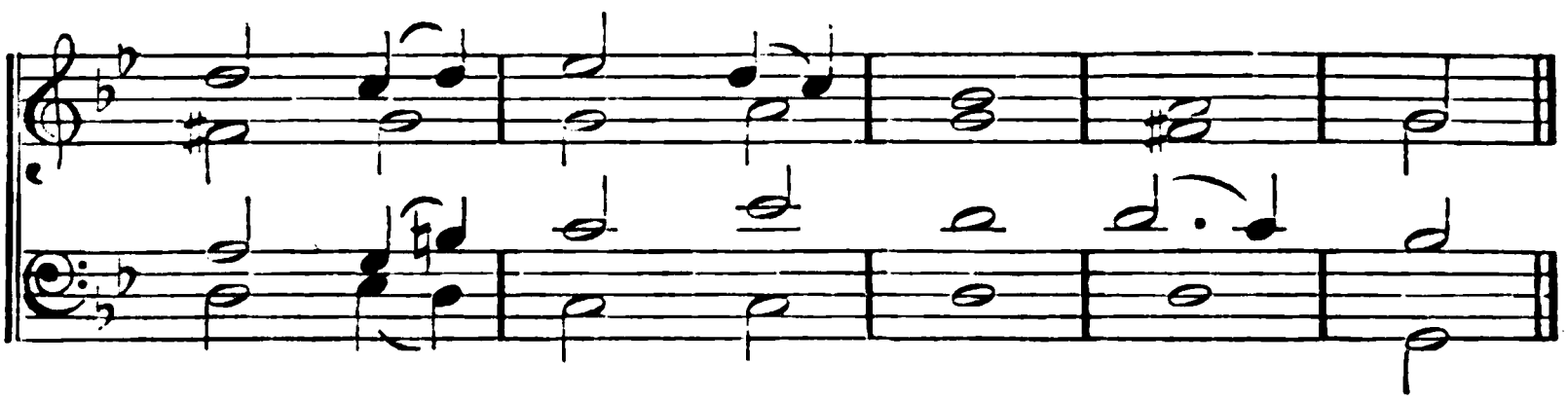
The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and Angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

LEONI. 6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4. Ancient Hebrew Melody.





## 265.

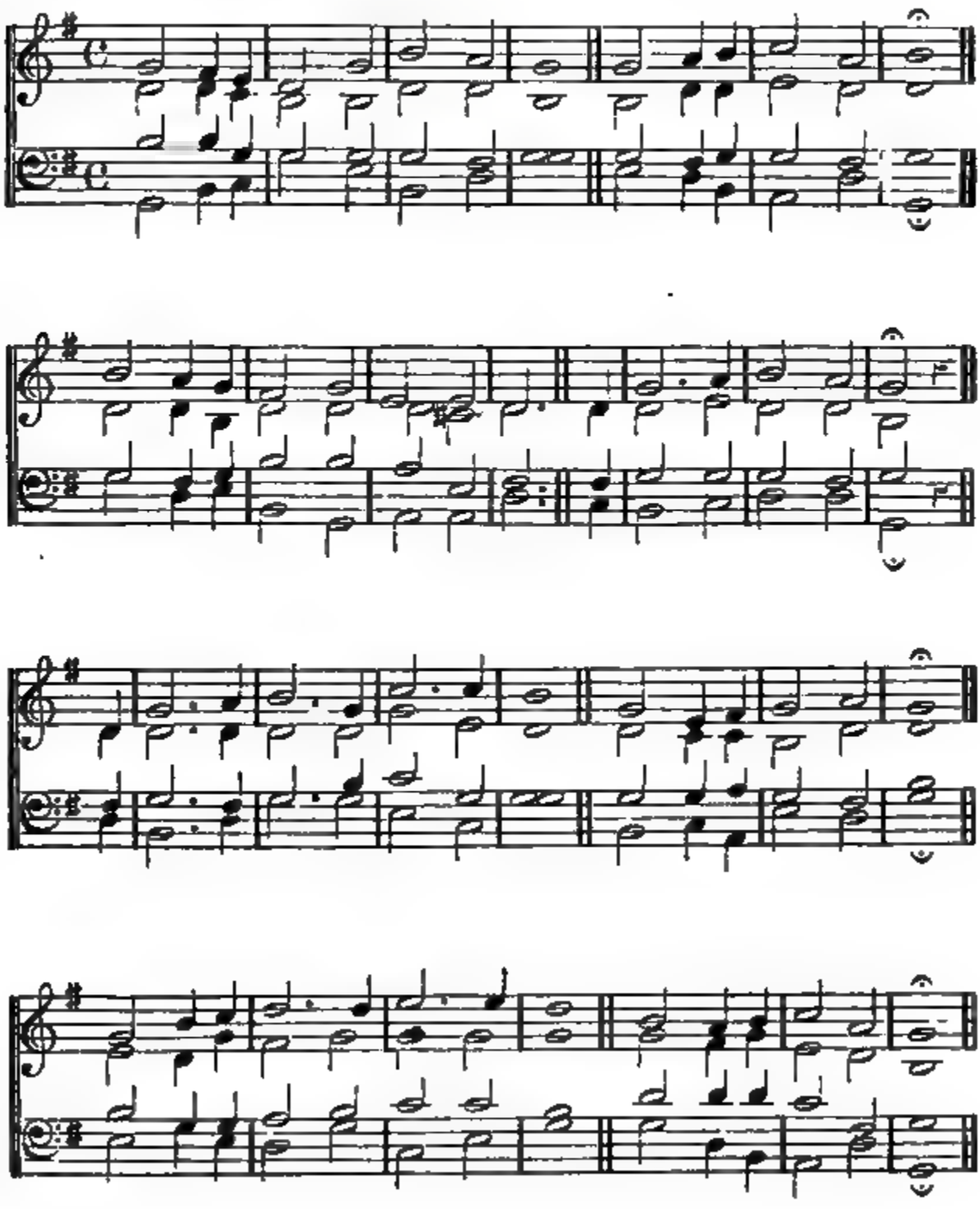
THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command;
The watery deep I pass,
With JESUS in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty bless'd;
The land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.

His whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry!
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

OLD 137TH PSALM. D. C. M. From DAMAN's Psalter, 1579.

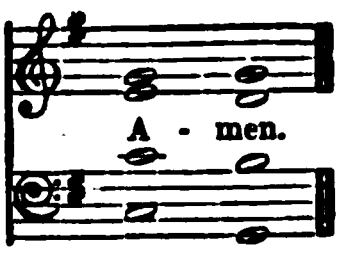


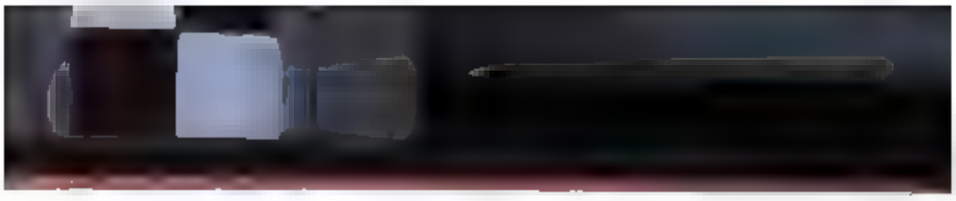
## 266.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

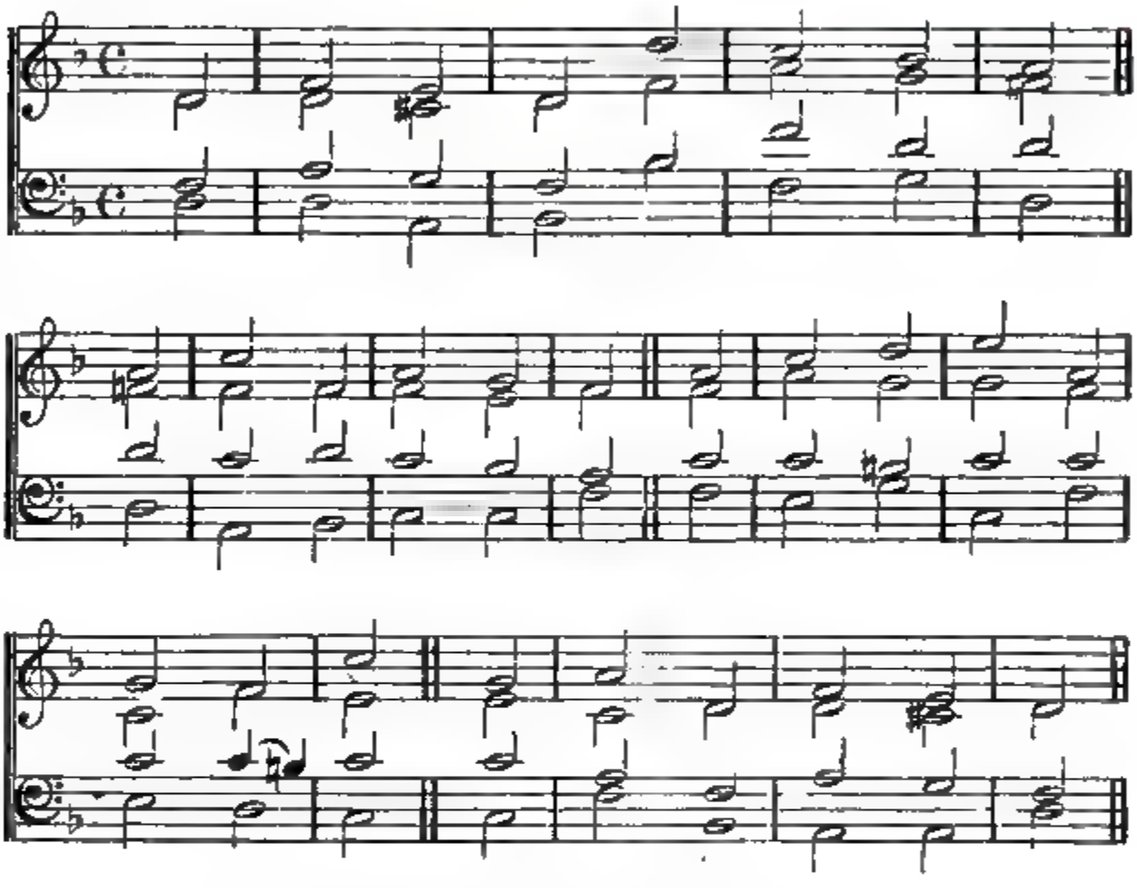
Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
O God! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!





## GENERAL HYMNS.

St. Mary's. C. M. From Playford's Psalter, 1671.



### 267.

WHEN cares of life around me press,
And worldly thoughts invade,
Thou, Lord, wilt succour my distress,
And grant Thy Spirit's aid.

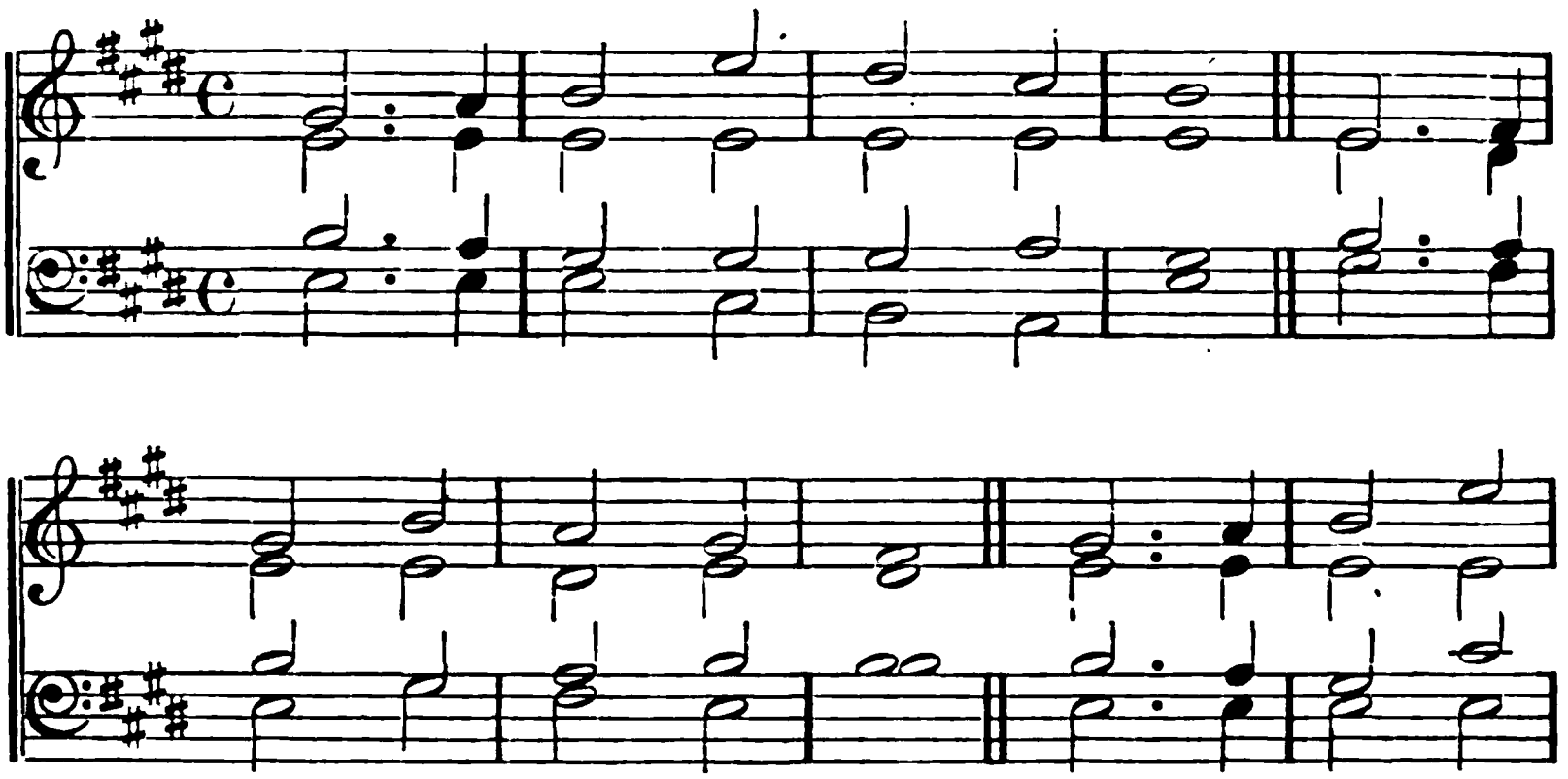
When sin, the world, and Satan try
To snare and fetter me,
Thou wilt Thy heavenly grace supply,
And set Thy servant free.

Guarded by Thee, my dying day
Shall need no help beside;
Thy rod and staff shall be my stay,
Thy light shall be my guide.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

INNOCENTS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

THIBAUT, King of Navarre.
Died, 1254.



## 268.

LET my life be hid with Thee,
Gracious Saviour! Lord of might!
Saved from sin, from dangers free,
Lighten'd by Thy perfect light.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
When my raging foes abound,
Cover'd by Thy panoply,
Safe within Thy holy ground.

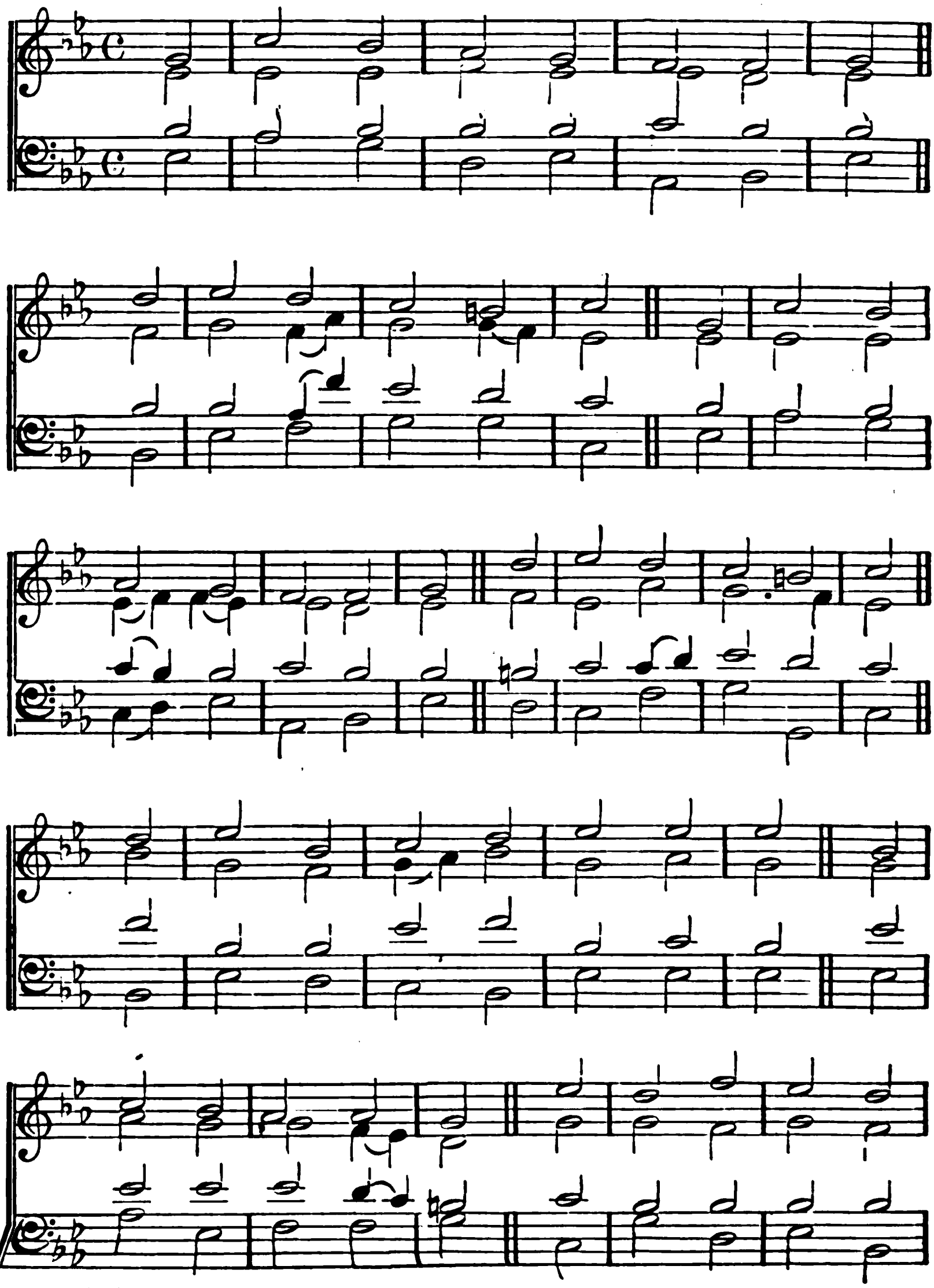
Let my life be hid with Thee,
When my soul is vex'd below;
Let me still Thy mercy see,
When bow'd down by grief and woe.

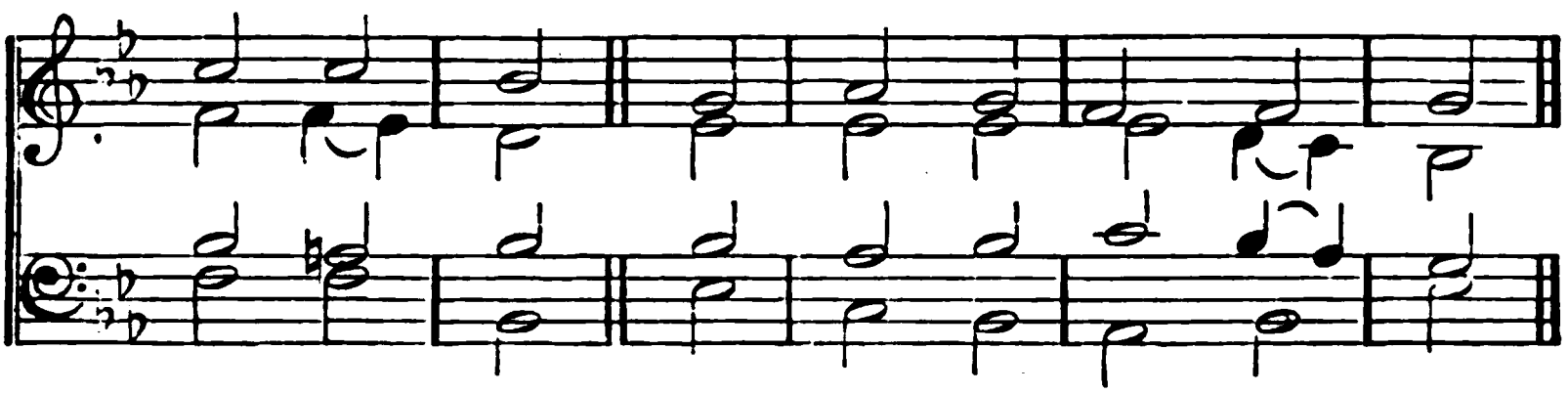
Let my life be hid with Thee,
When in death I sink and fail;
Lest my raging enemy
In that dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
Bound within Thy life above;
Living through eternity,
In the realms of peace and love.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Bernberg.** D. C. M. **Hans Leo Hassler.** 1601.





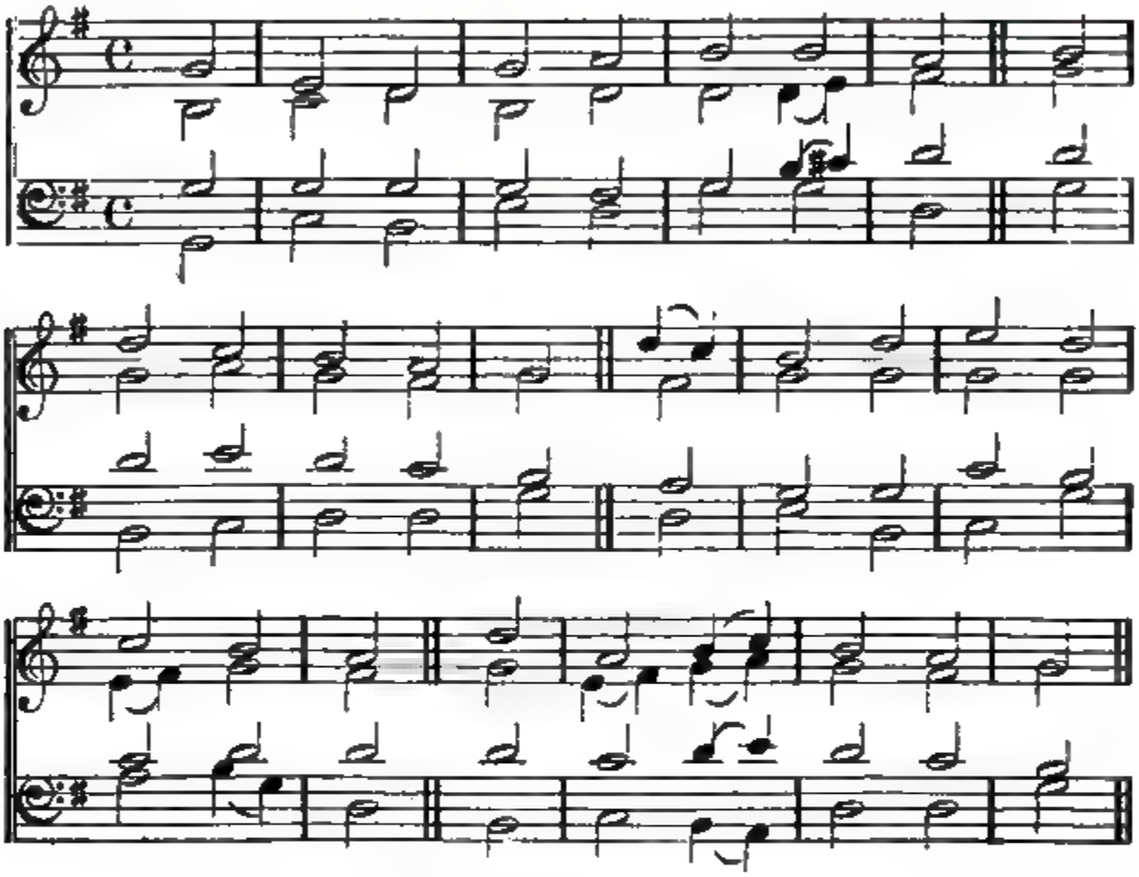
## 269.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh! for the golden floor,
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh! for a heart that never sins,
Oh! for a soul wash'd white,
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh! by Thy life laid down!
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

THANKSGIVING. C. M. JOH. CRÜGER. 1658.



270.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

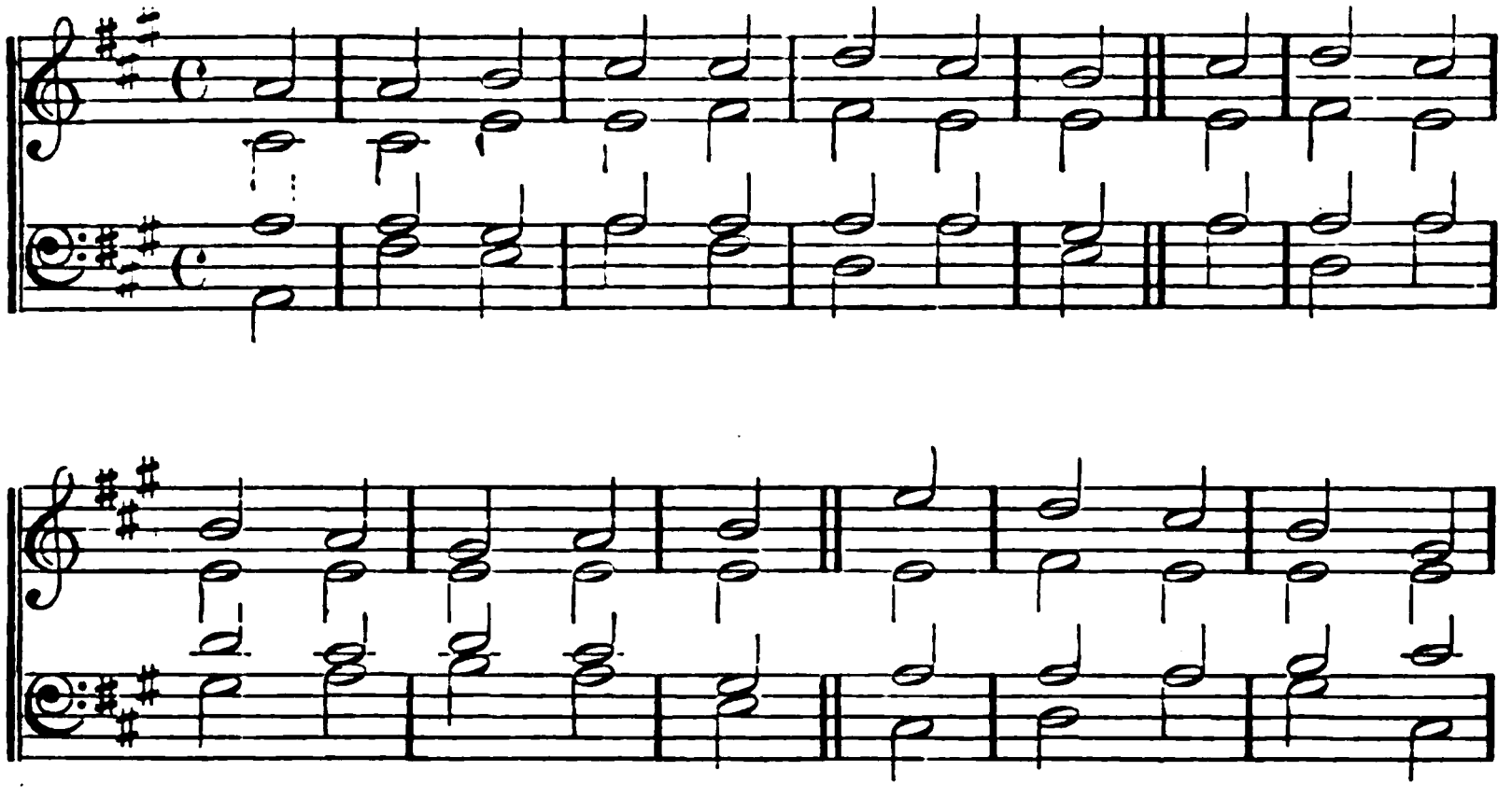
Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

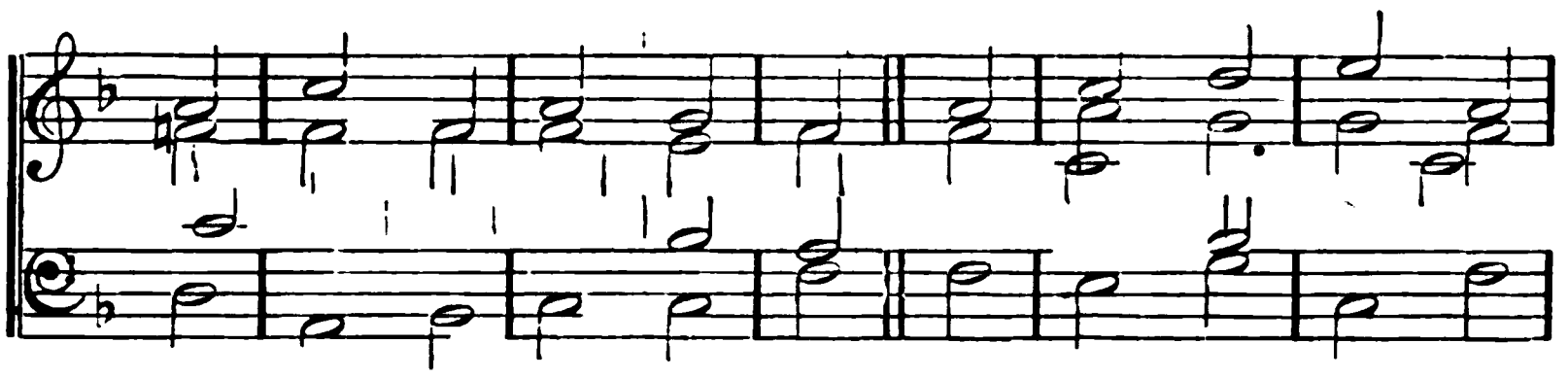
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

ST. MARK'S, *or* AUDI ISRAEL. L. M. Genevan Psalter. 1562.





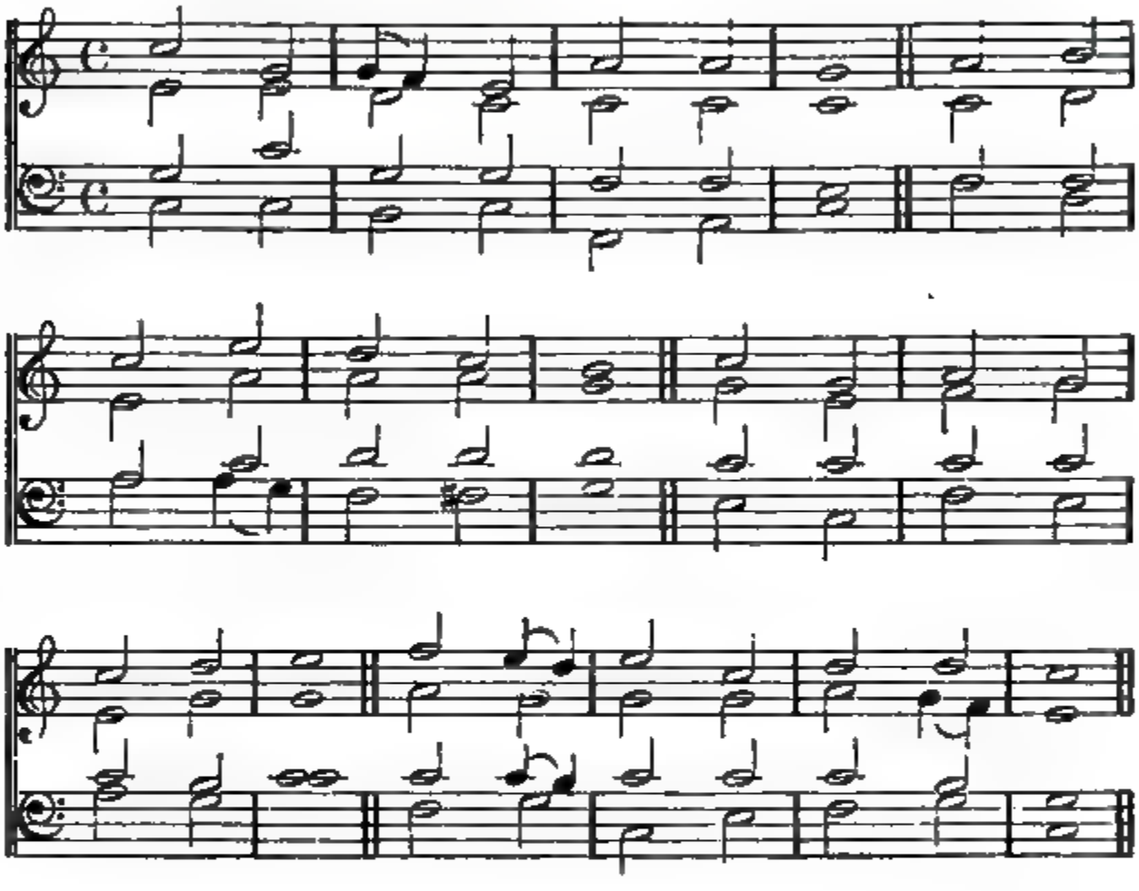
## 271.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends Thy Word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

GERMAN CHAPEL ROYAL. 7, 7, 7, 7. F. WEBER, 1856.



### 272.

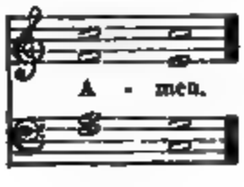
CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

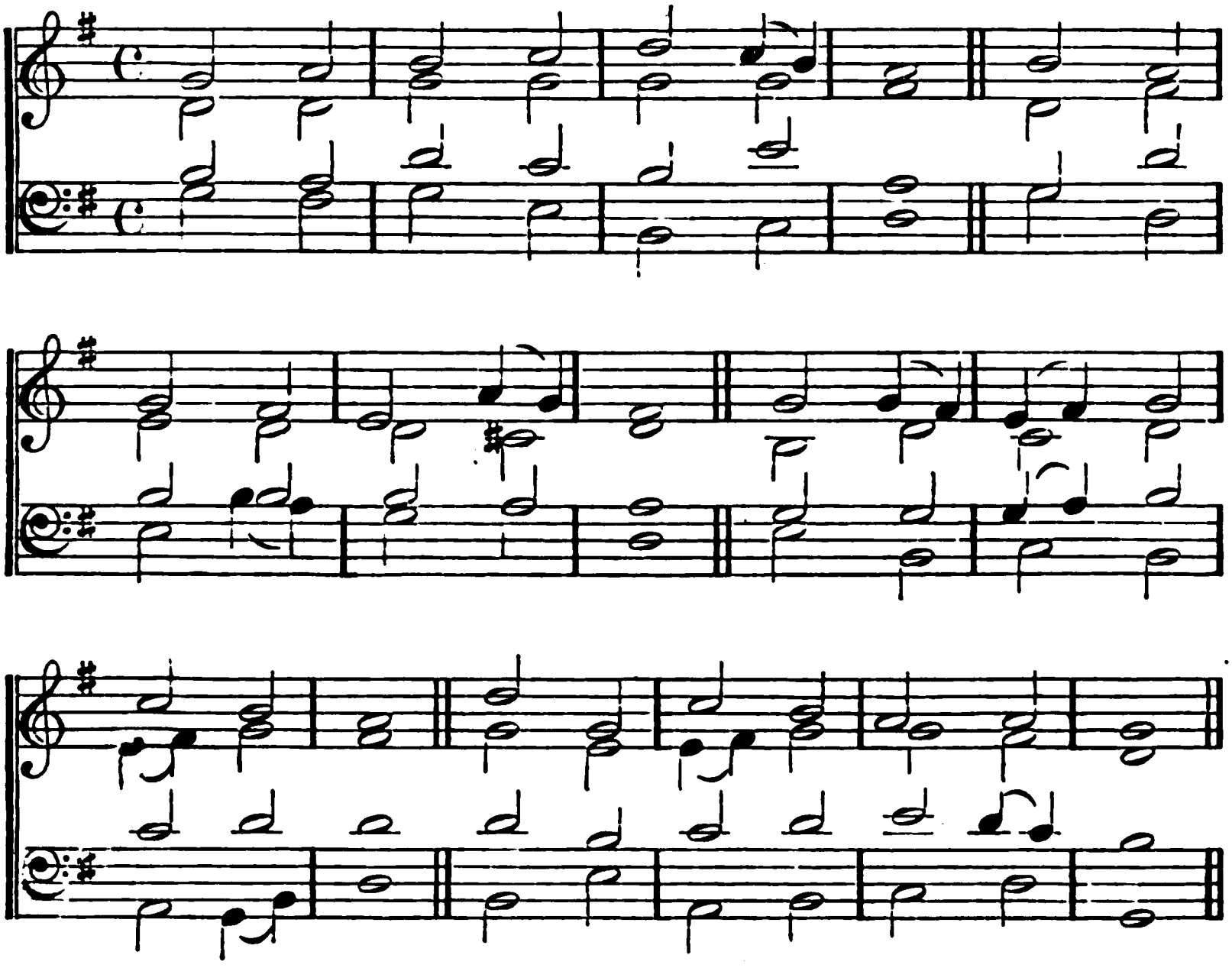
Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, God's only Son,
*Bids you* undismay'd go on.

Lord, obedient we will go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, O Christ, our King,
And the Holy Ghost, we sing.



HALL. 7, 7, 7, 7. Württemberg Melody. 1760.



## 273.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

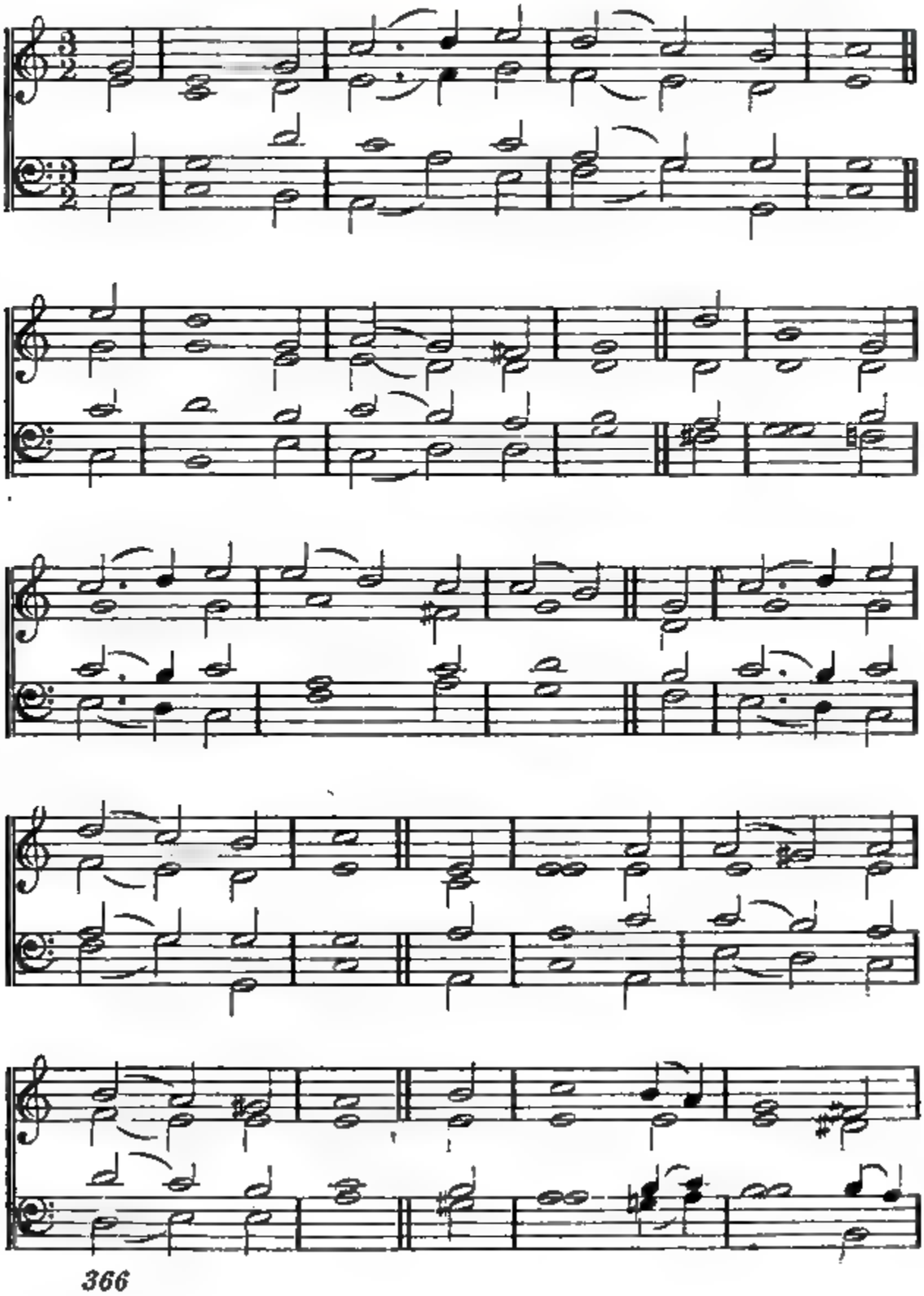
Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

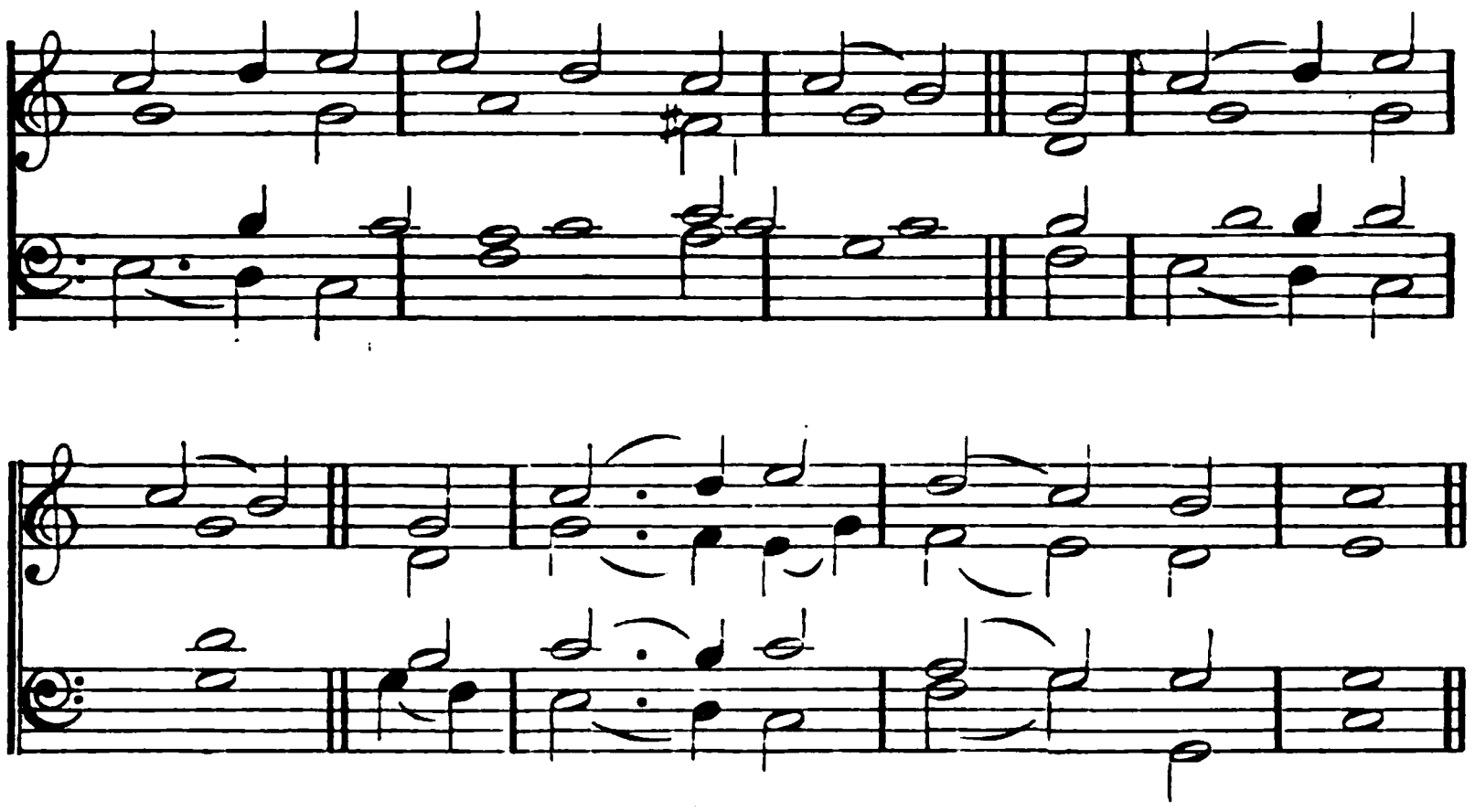
Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

ST. MATTHEW'S. D. C. M. Dr. CROFT. Died, 1727.



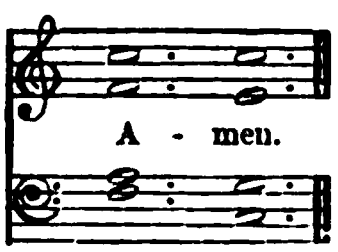
# GENERAL HYMNS.



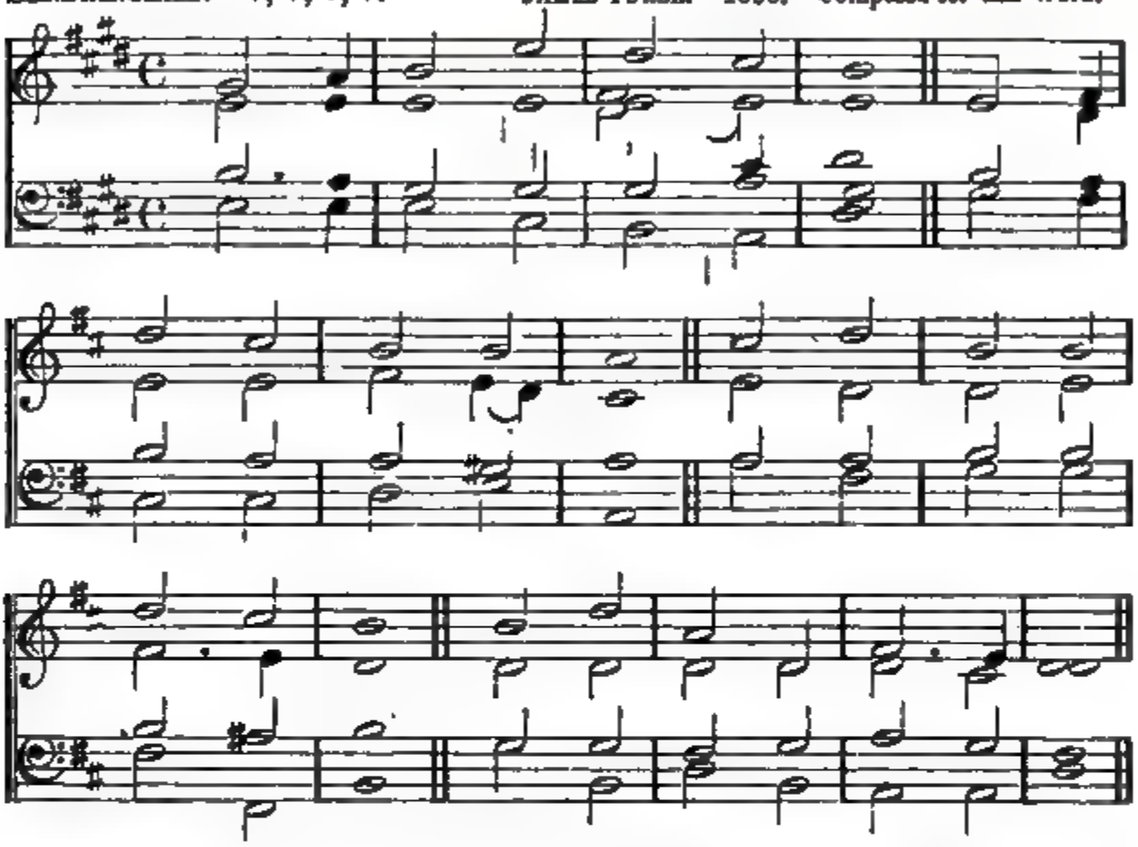
274.

O THOU, whose mercy, truth, and love
From age to age endure;
Whose Word, though heaven and earth remove,
Shall stand for ever sure:
Before Thy face, Almighty God,
Thy guilty creatures fall;
And plead the Saviour's precious blood,
So freely shed for all.

The sanctifying Spirit give,
To make us pure within;
That we may serve Thee while we live,
And hate the works of sin:
Give us a new, a perfect heart;
From evil set us free;
The mind that was in Christ impart,
And make us live to Thee.



SANDRINGHAM. 7, 7, 7, 7. JAMES TURLE. 1863. Composed for this Work.



### 275.

BLESSED Lord, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be."

Fix, O fix, each wavering mind,
To Thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Make us Thine, O Son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious blood.

Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

### 276.

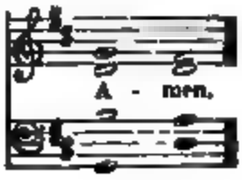
THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
*Here and in eternity.*

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife.
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

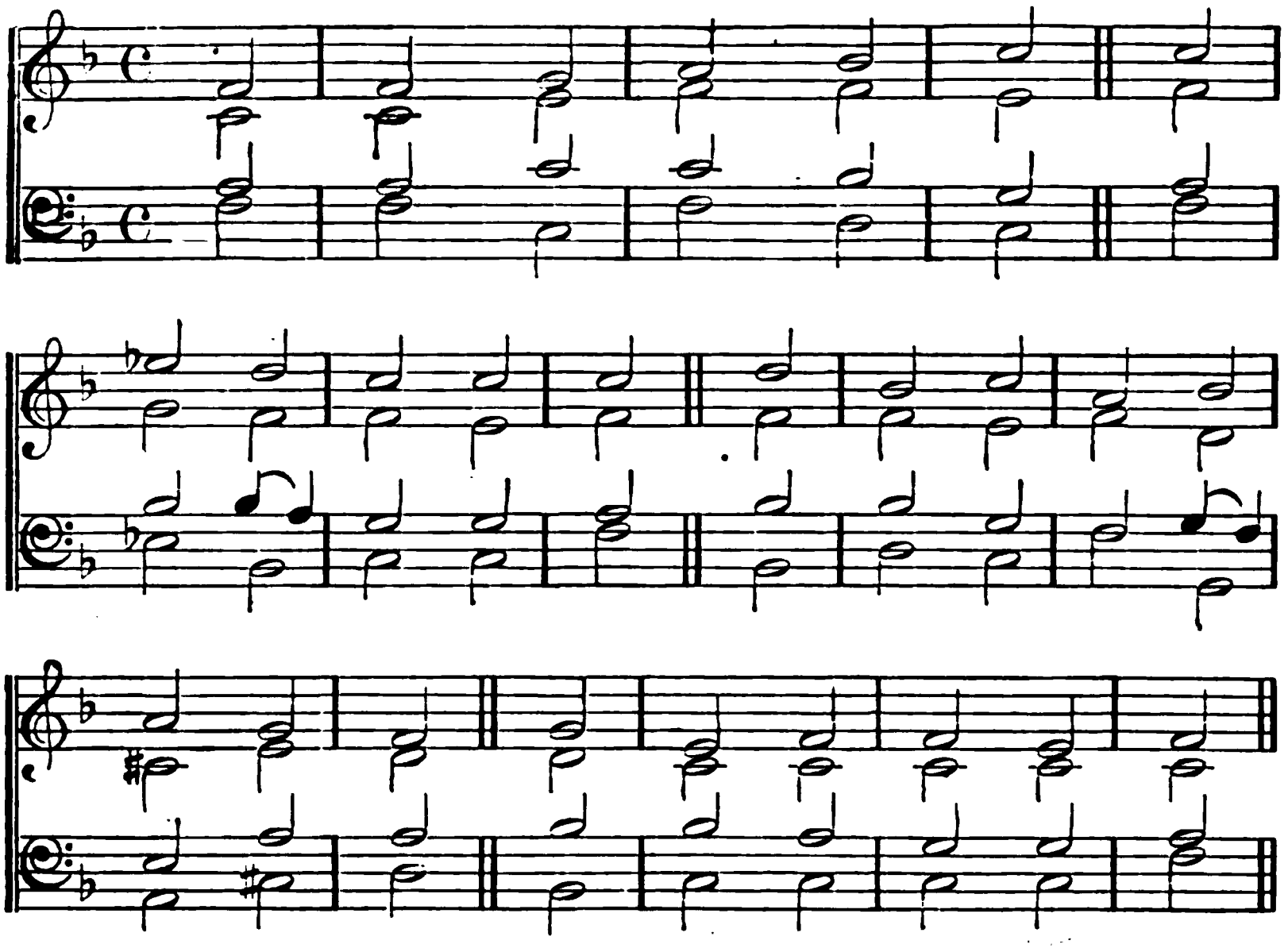
Thine for ever! O how blest'd
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.



EMMAUS. S. M. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1862.



## 277.

JESUS! our Truth, our Way,
Our sure unerring Light,
On Thee our feeble souls we stay,
Which Thou wilt lead aright.

Our Wisdom, and our Guide,
Our Counsellor, Thou art;
O never let us leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart.

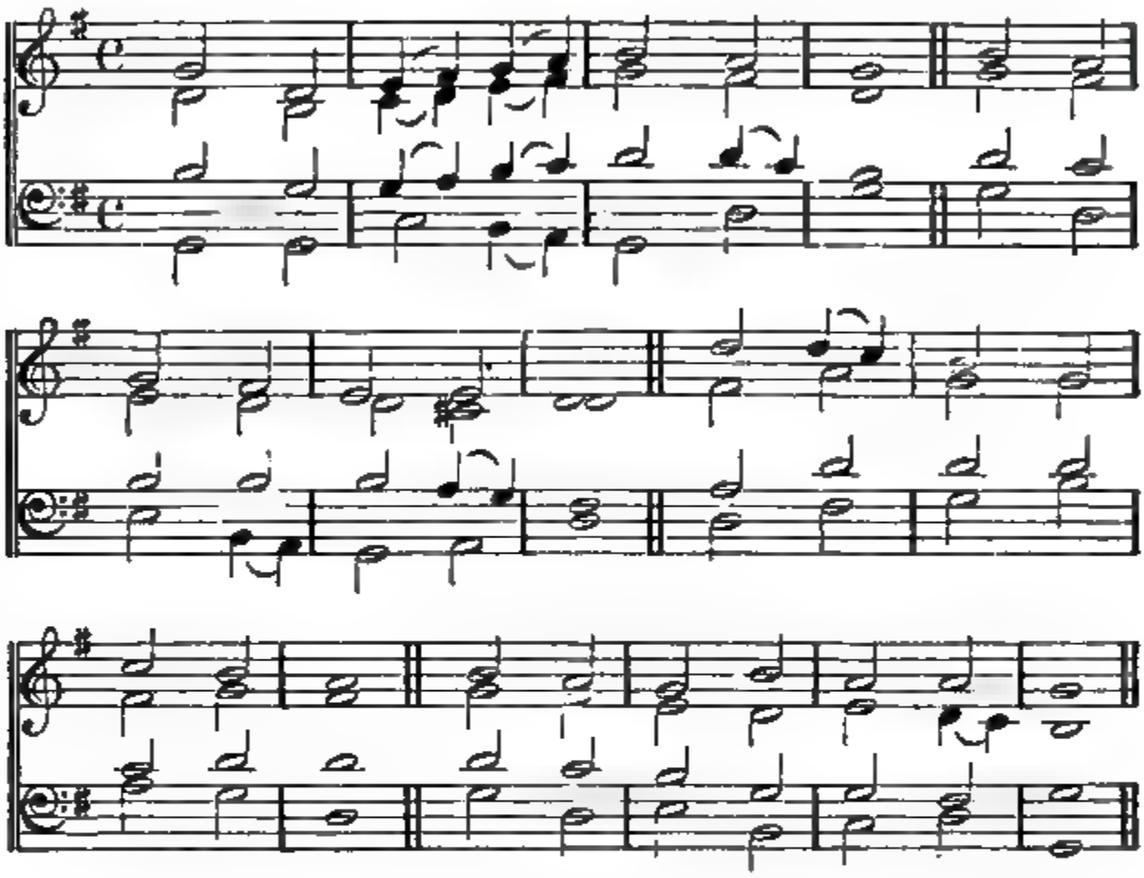
Ourselves we cannot save,
Ourselves we cannot keep,
But strength in Thee we surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

Our souls to Thee alone,
We therefore now commend,
Thou, Jesus! having loved Thine own,
Wilt love us to the end.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

**Brasted.** 7, 7, 7, 7.

From a Choral by Peter Weimar.
About 1780.



### 278.

SHEPHERD of the ransom'd flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

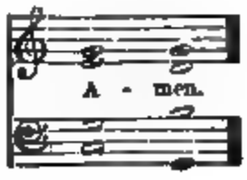
Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way;
Gently call Thine own by name;
All our wand'ring steps reclaim.

Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in Thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
*Let no harm* Thy fold assail.

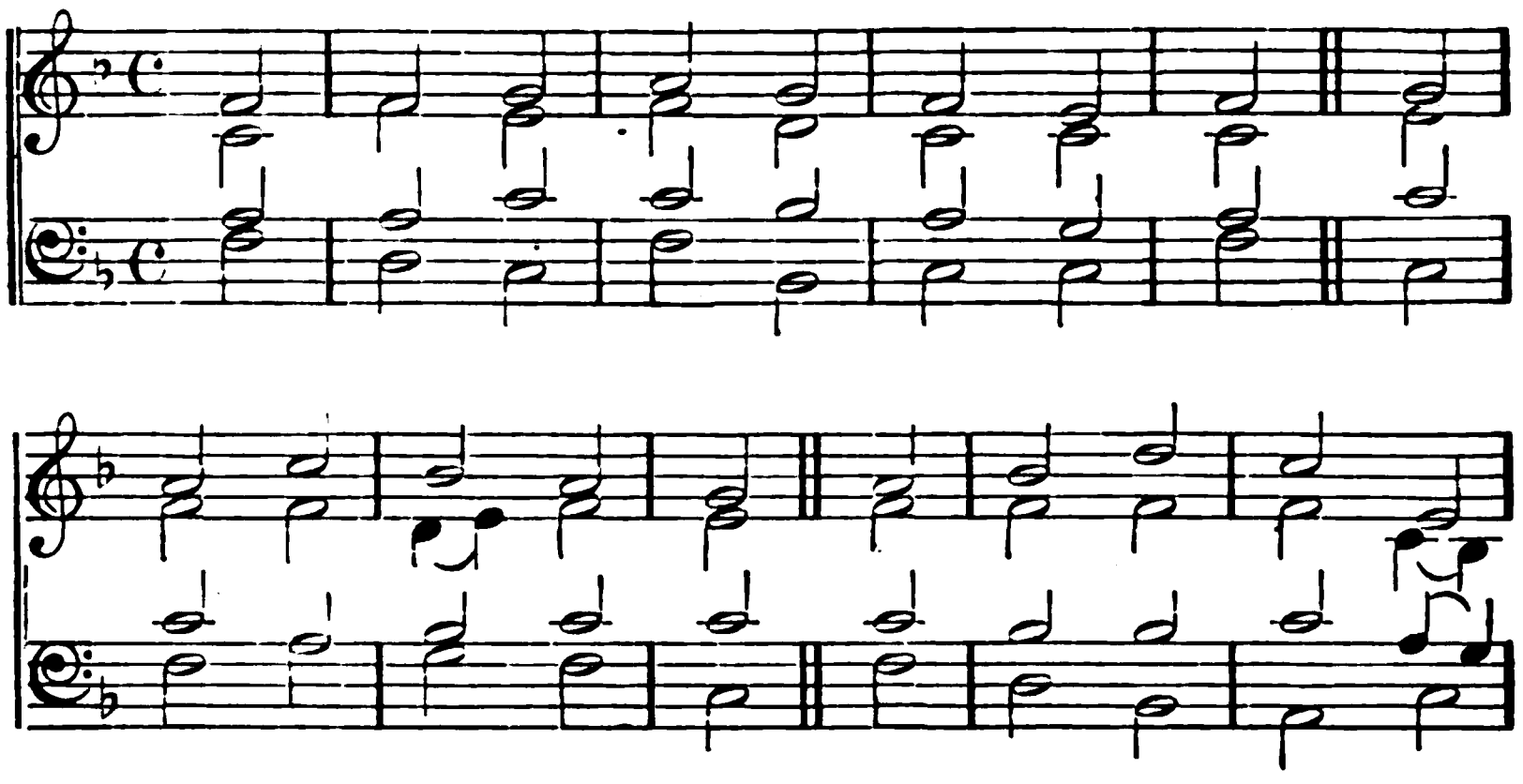
Jesus, who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live;
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort bless'd.

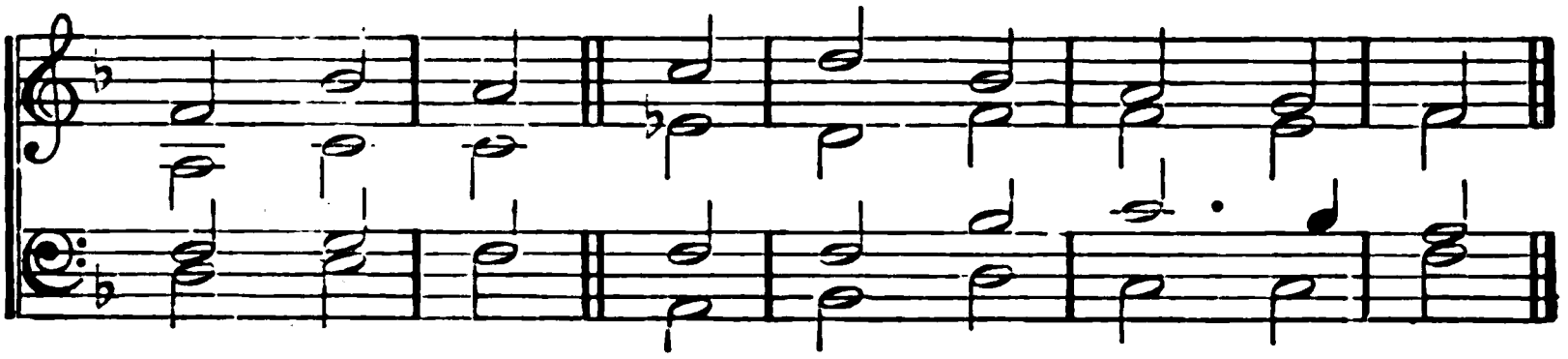
Jesu, praise to Thee be given,
Now return'd in peace to heaven;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

ST. ETHELDREDA. C. M. The late BISHOP OF ELY. 1860.





## 279.

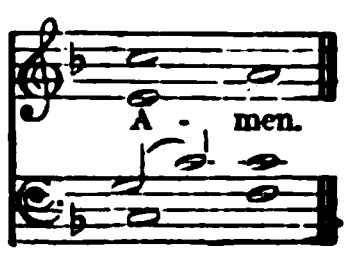
LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

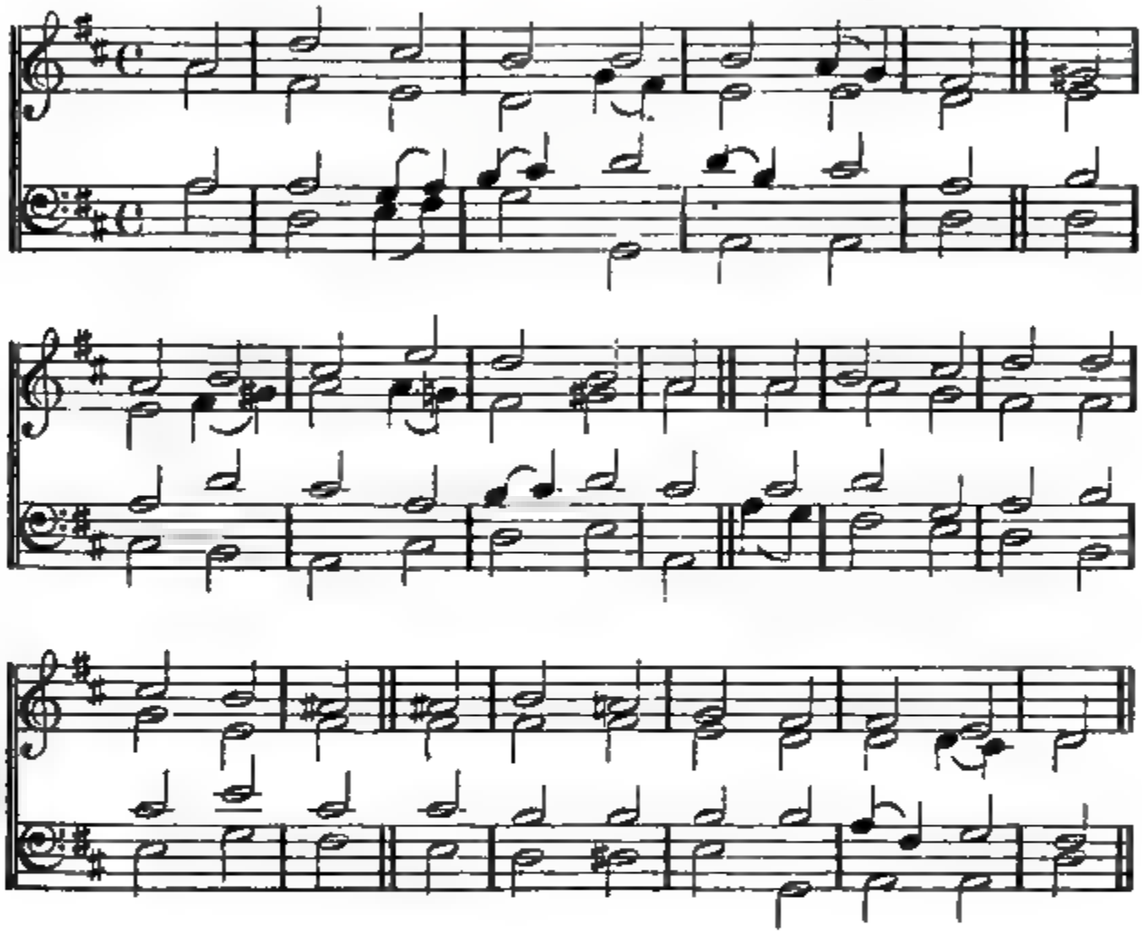
Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!



# GENERAL HYMNS.

St. Andrew's. L. M.

Joseph Barnby. 1862.
Composed for this Work.



## 280.

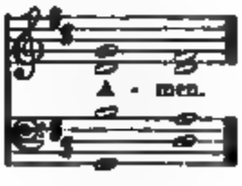
UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He guides our feet; He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest!
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
*Admit no* slumber nor surprise.

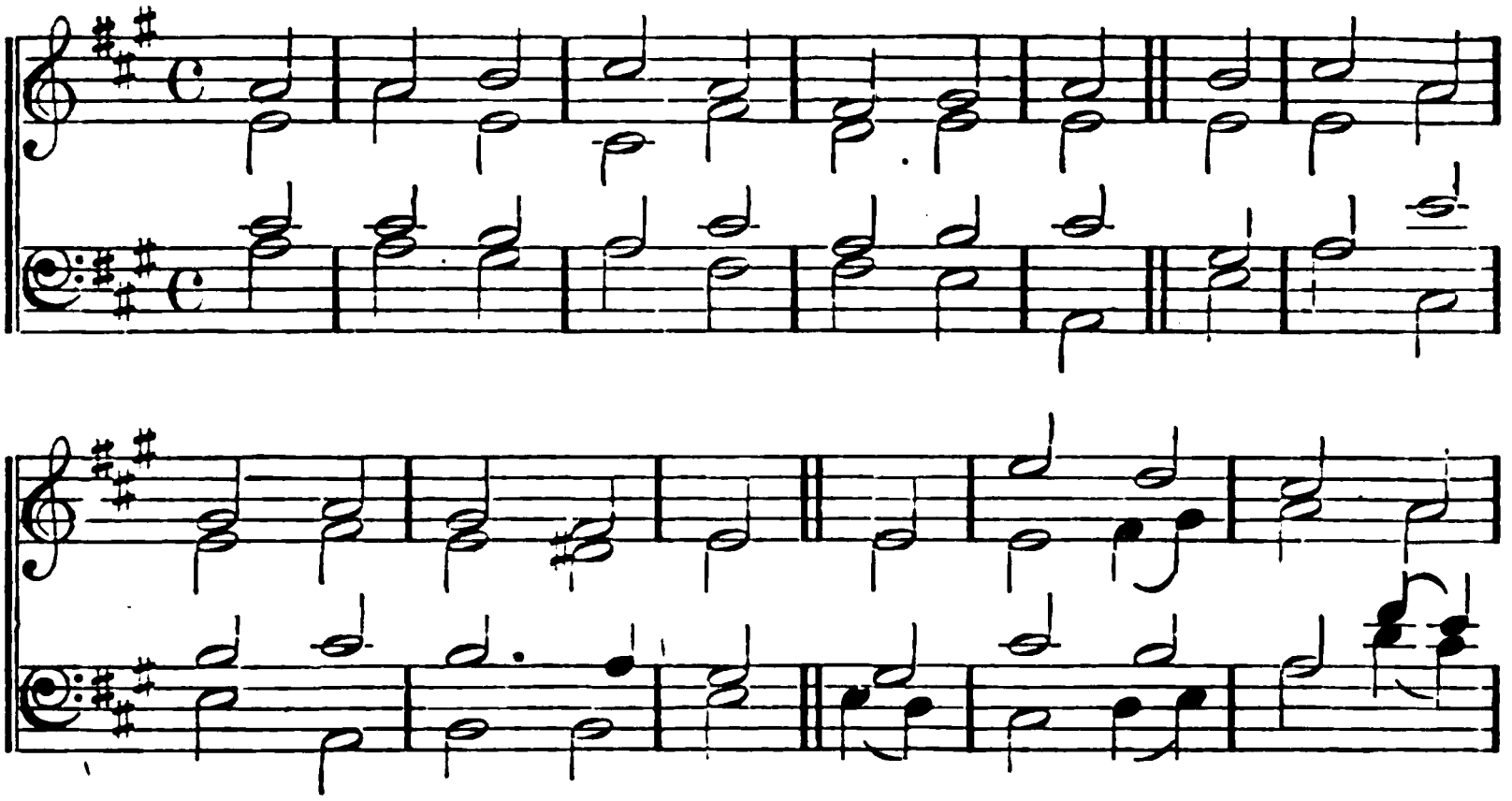
On thee foul spirits have no power:
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

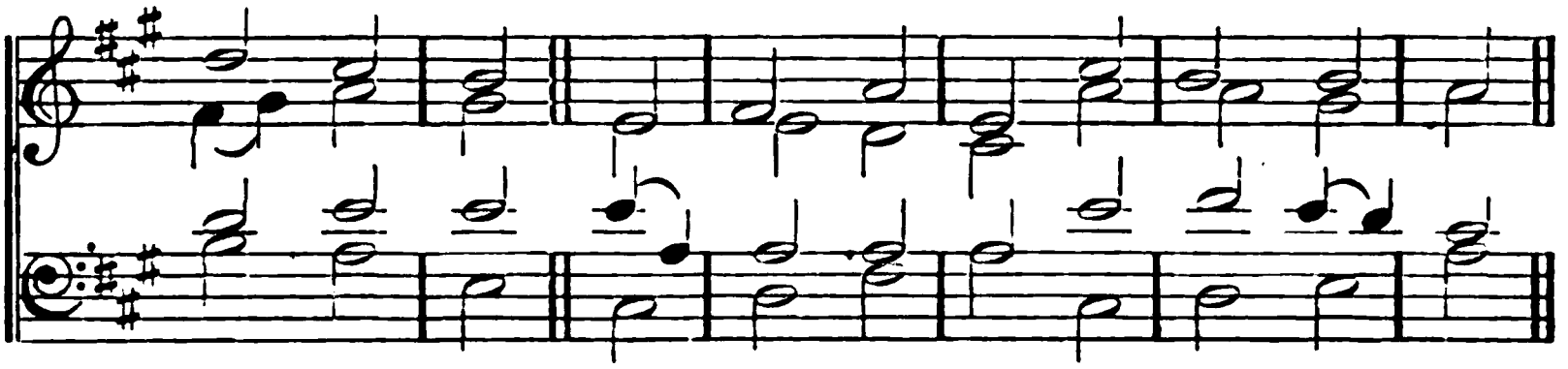
O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M. The late BISHOP OF ELY. 1844.





## 281.

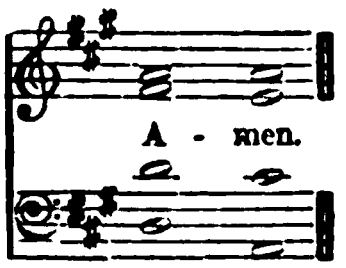
JEHOVAH reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love His holy Name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

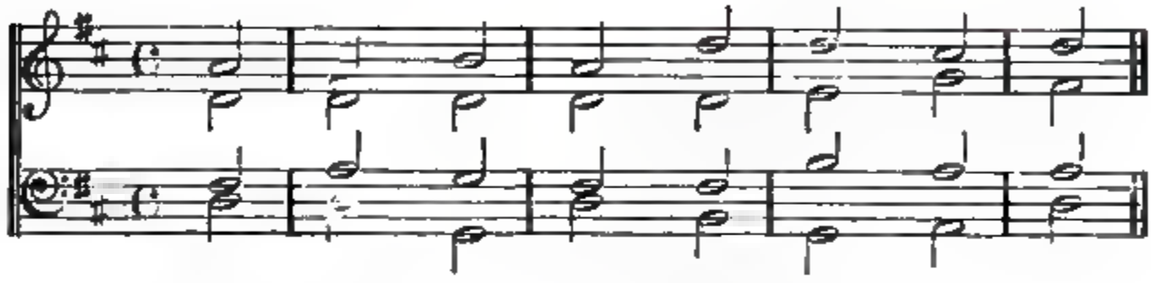
Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

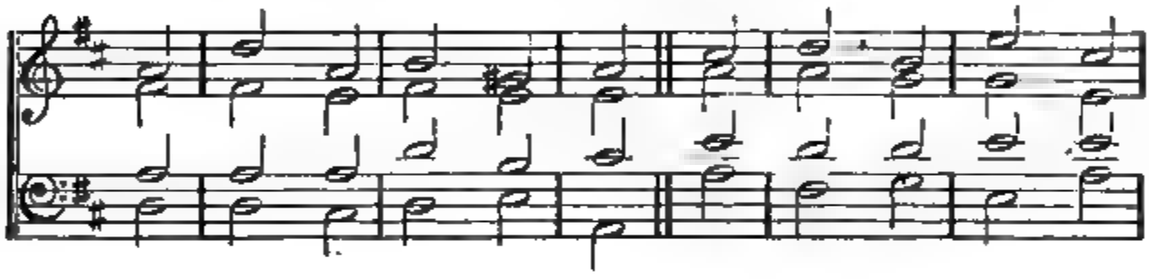
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

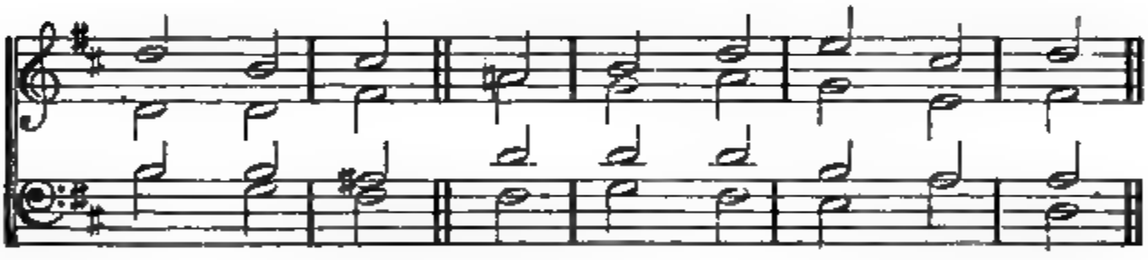


# GENERAL HYMNS.

St. Ann's. C. M. Dr. Croft. Died, 1727.





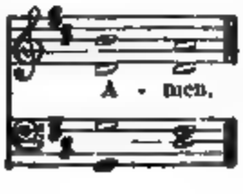


## 282.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of glory shine;
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.




## 283.

NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory given,
For every gracious thought and word,
Which brings us nearer heaven!

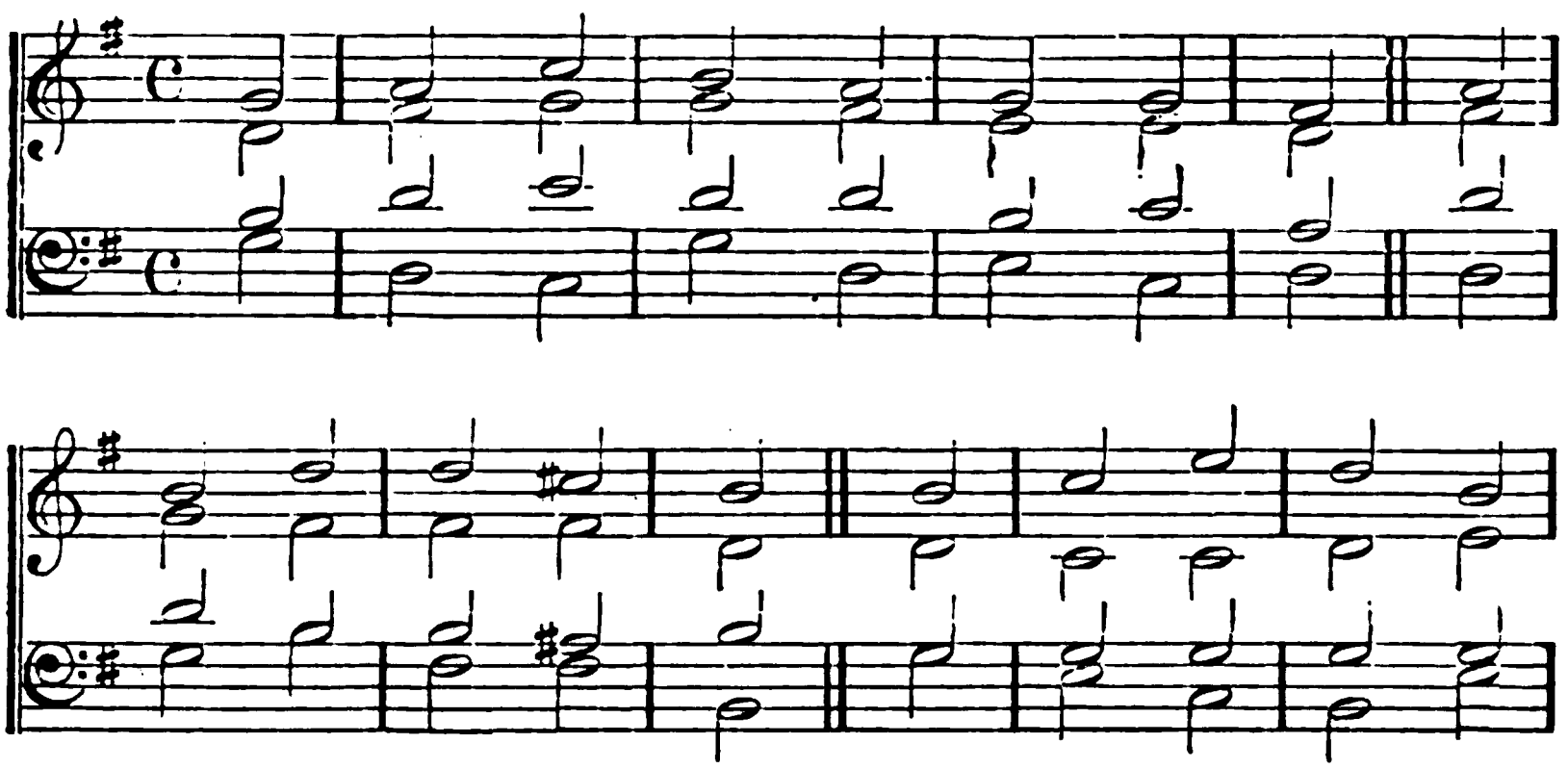
Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath Thine eye!
And safe, at last, they all shall stand
Before Thy Throne on high.

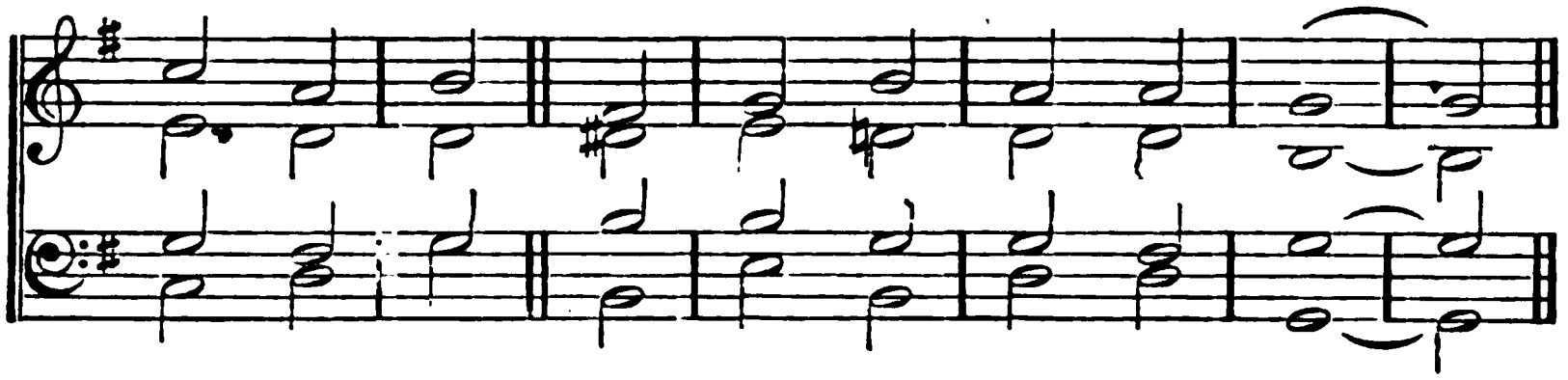
Redeem'd from sin, and saved by grace,
Thy glory they shall see;
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with Thee.

Oh, hasten, Lord, the glorious day;
Call all Thy children home;
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,
Lord Jesus, quickly come!—Amen.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

CARMEL. C. M. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL. 1859.





## 284.

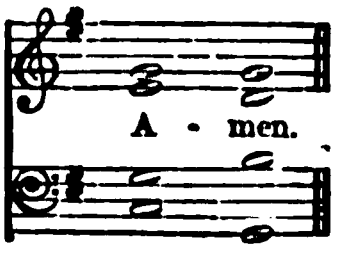
TRY us, O God! and search the ground
Of every evil heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

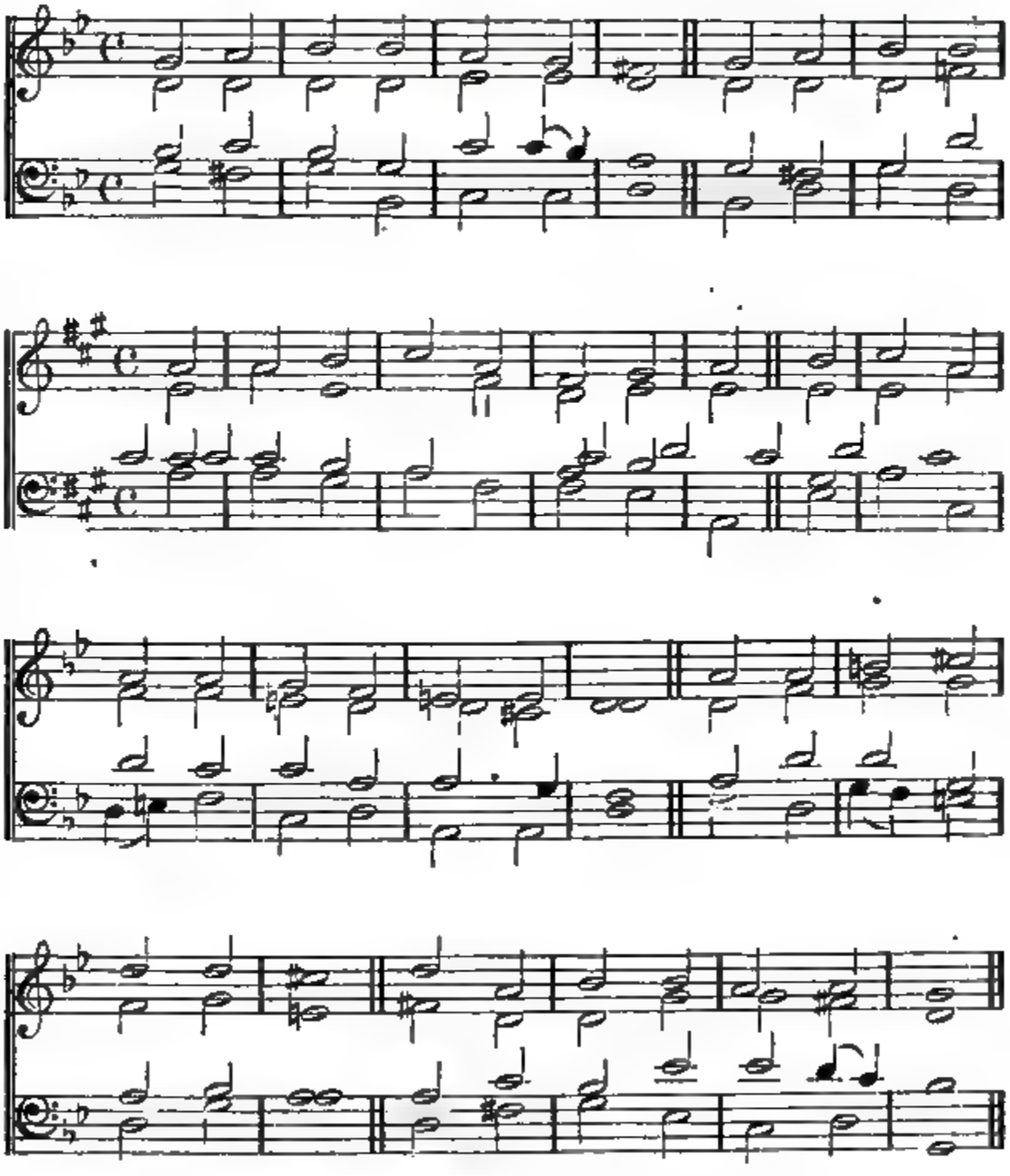
Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest;
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever bless'd.



## GENERAL HYMNS.

BIRCHINGTON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Original Tune of a 'Passionslied,' by SIGMUND VON BIRKEN.*



* Born near Eger, in Bohemia, 1626; died at Nürnberg, 1681. He assumed the name of Betulius.

## 285.

SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

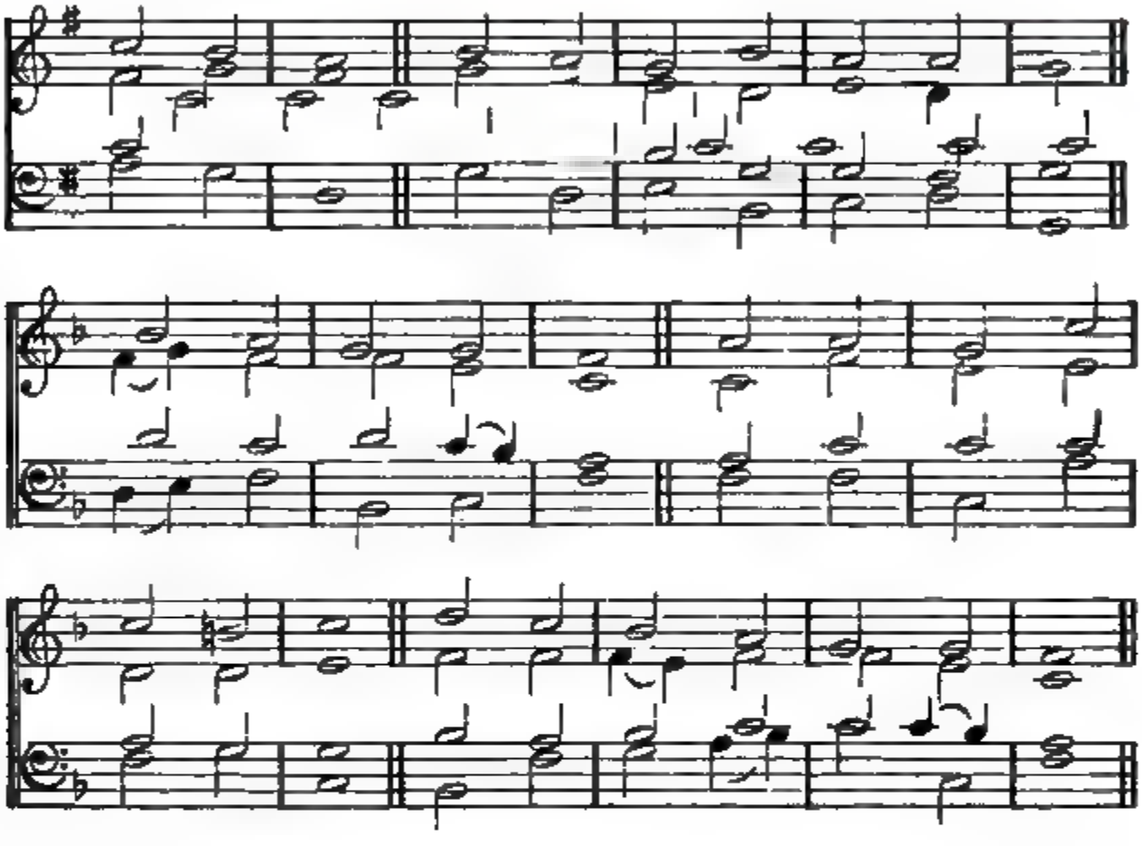
Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

## GENERAL HYMNS.

SUNDRIDGE. 7, 7, 7, 7. From the Württemberg Hymn-Book. 1841.



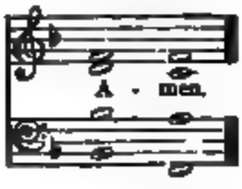
### 286.

LAMB of God! for sinners slain;
By Thy mercy born again,
For Thy guidance still we pray,
Lest from grace we fall away.

By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the water and the blood,
Wash d and sanctified to Thee,
Pure and holy let us be.

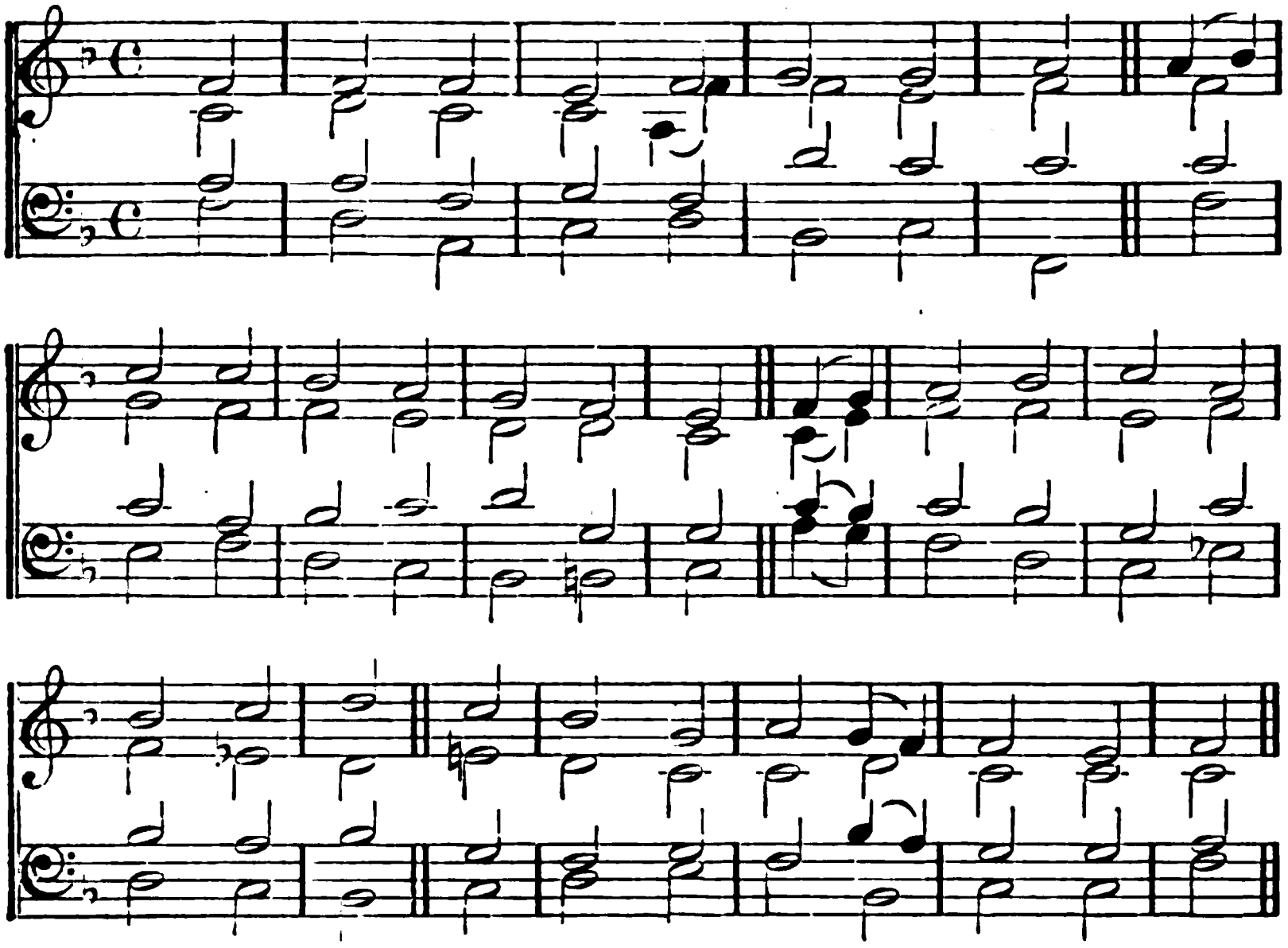
Aid us with Thy daily grace,
Stedfastly to run our race;
Grant us victory in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.

Laud and praise from all on earth,
To the God of our new birth;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



MADINGLEY. L. M.

The late BISHOP OF ELY. 1863.
Composed expressly for this Work.



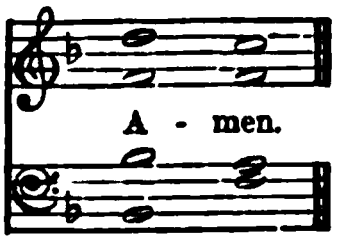
## 287.

COME, magnify the Saviour's love;
Come, praise our great Redeemer's Name,
Who left the Father's throne above,
And stoop'd for us to death and shame:

At God's right hand exalted now,
With glory, majesty, and power,
Let every knee before Him bow,
And every tongue His Name adore.

Thy lowly spirit, Lord, impart;
With holy fear our bosoms fill
O give the meek, obedient heart,
To suffer and to do Thy will.

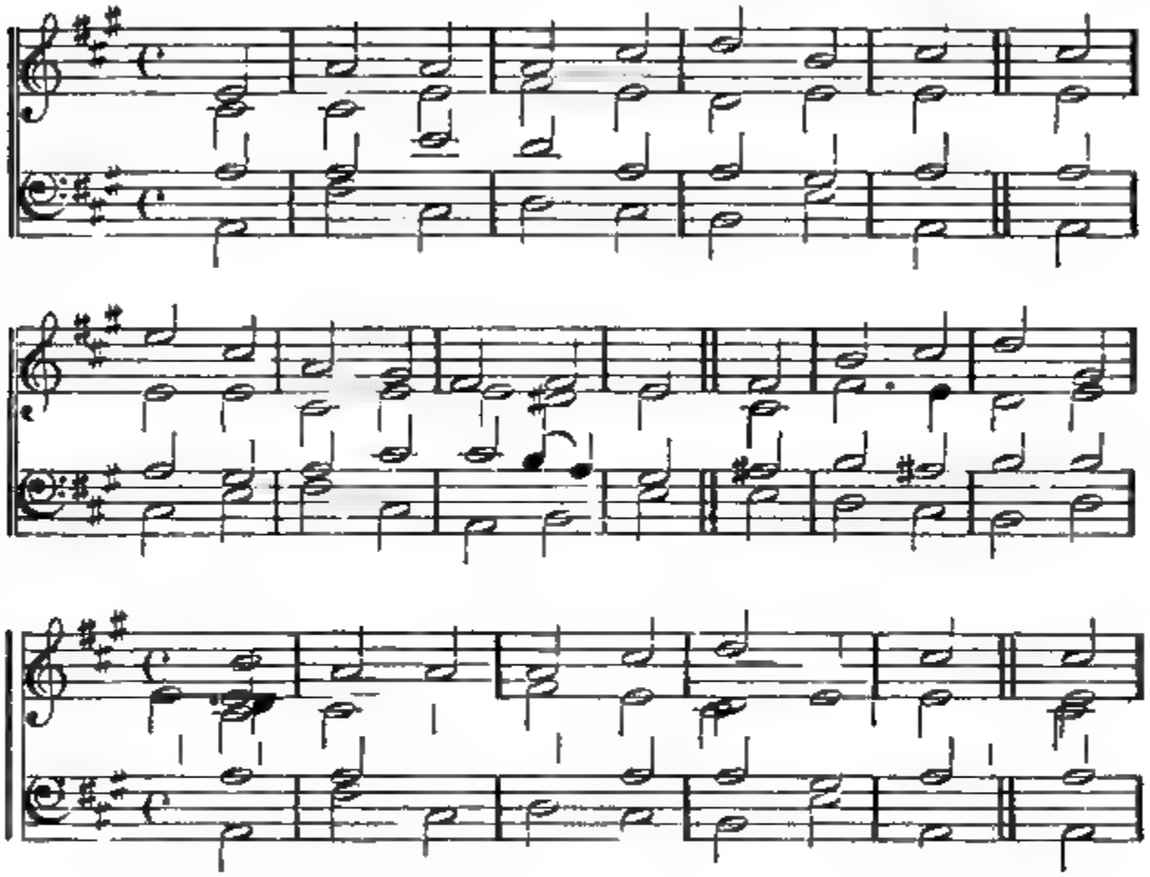
Thy cross, bless'd Saviour, may we bear;
Mark the example Thou hast given;
Follow in all Thy footsteps here;
Rise to Thy glorious rest in heaven.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

CHANTRY. L. M.

The late Rev. GEORGE CROKE ROWDEN, D.C.L.*
Composed expressly for this Work.



## 288.

THE Lord is King! lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

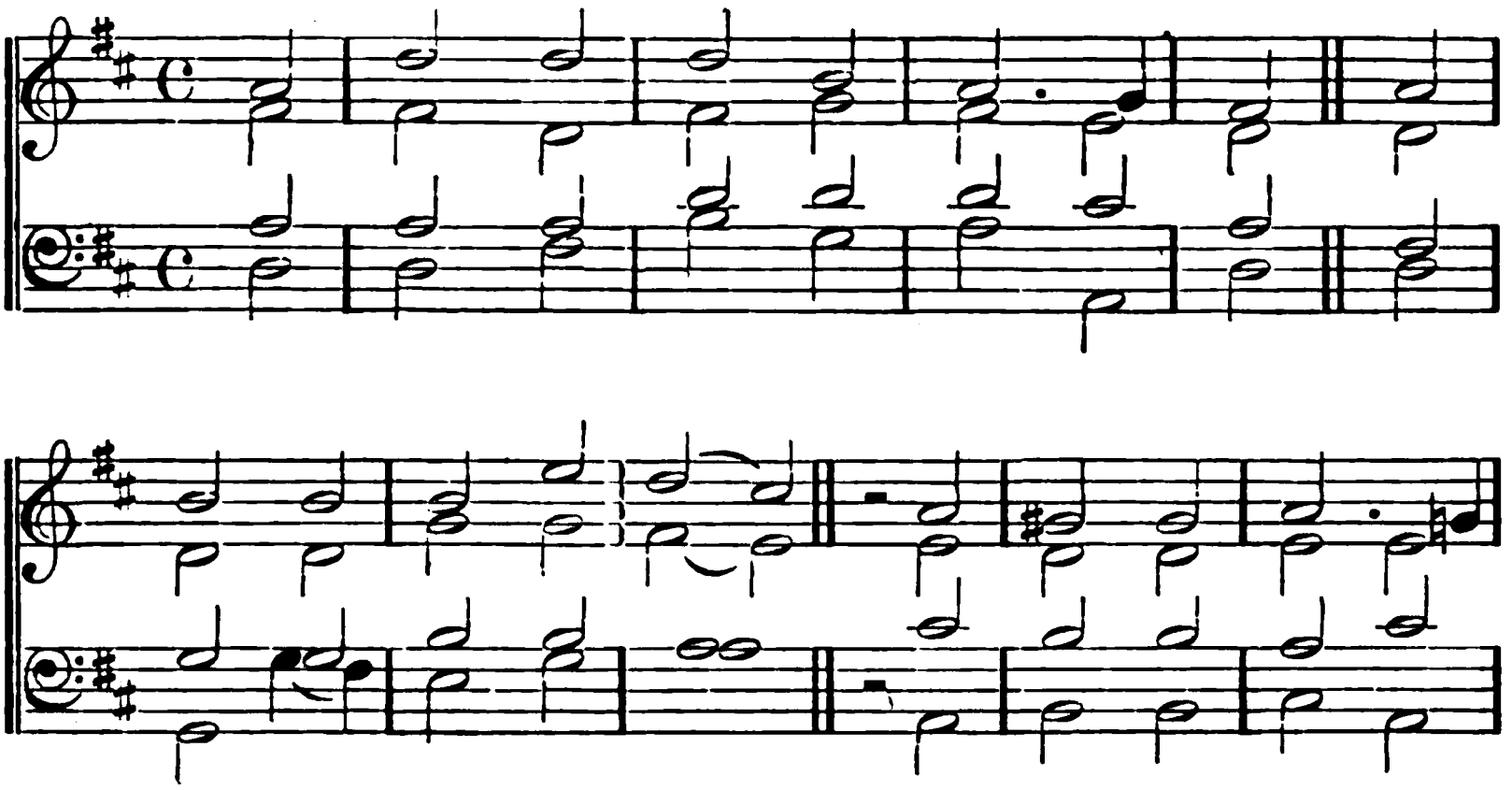
Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And Angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

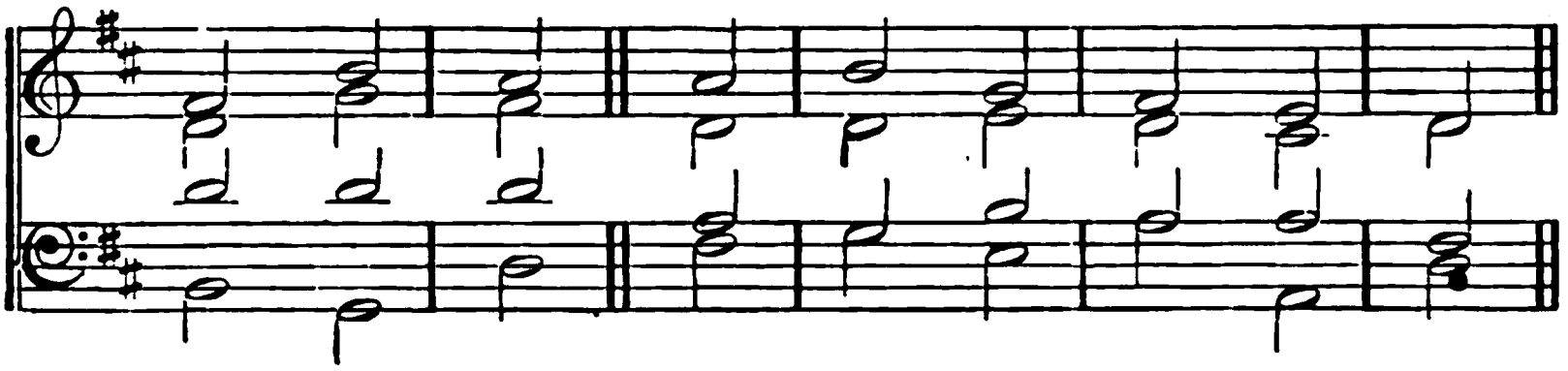
O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King."

* *Precentor and Prebendary* of Chichester Cathedral, and Chaplain to the Royal Society of Musicians, 1863.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

BRAYBROOK. C. M. J. H. KNECHT. 1793.





## 289.

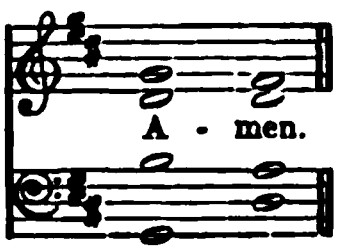
FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see
And still increasing light!

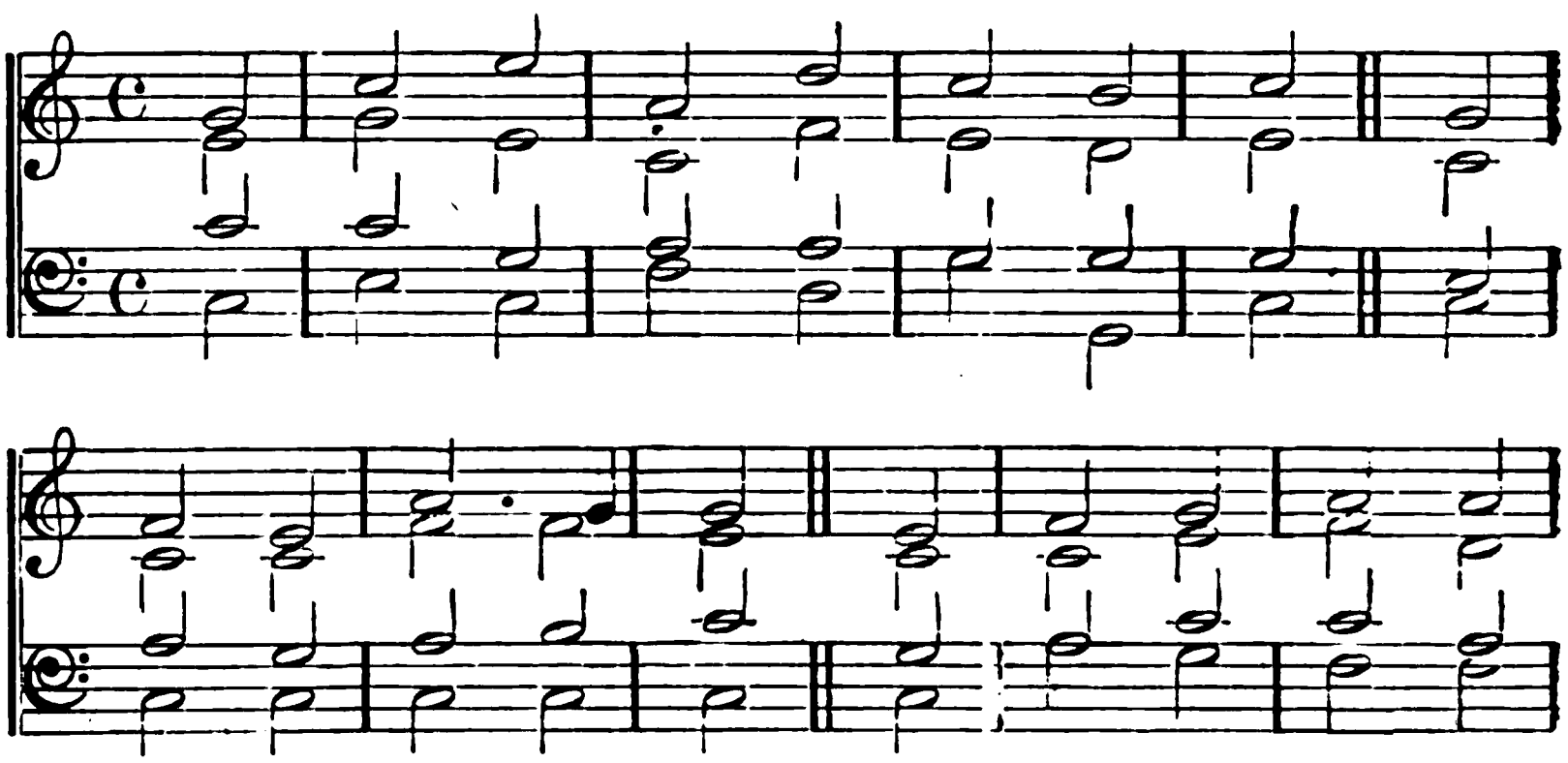
Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,
And view our Saviour there.

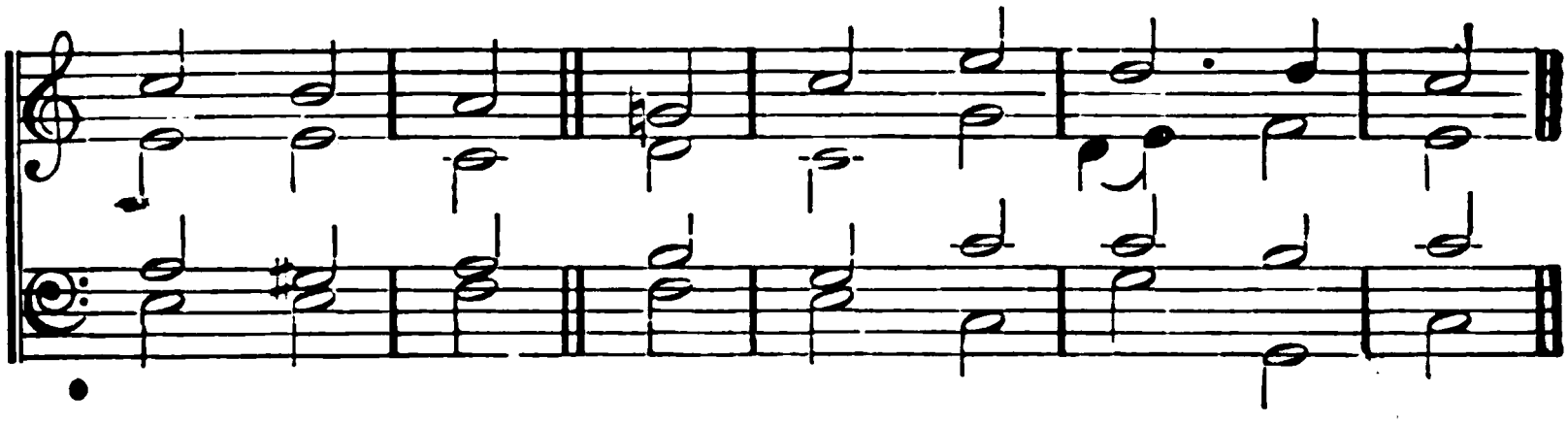
All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.



# GENERAL HYMNS.

St. Cyriac. C. M. The late Bishop of Ely. 1862.





## 290.

LORD, what Thy providence denies
We calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just and wise;
O bend our will to Thine.

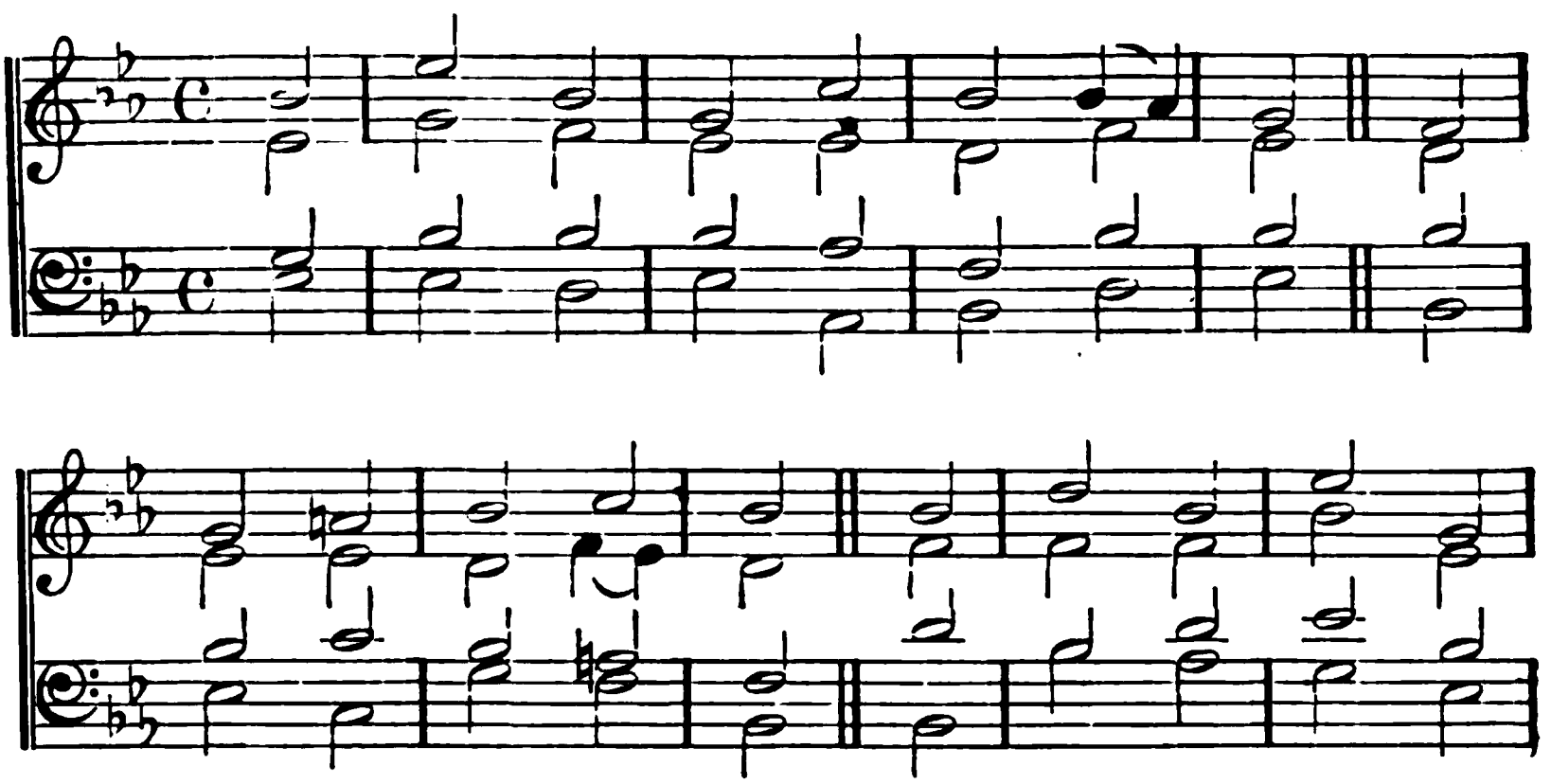
Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give us strength to bear;
And let us know our Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

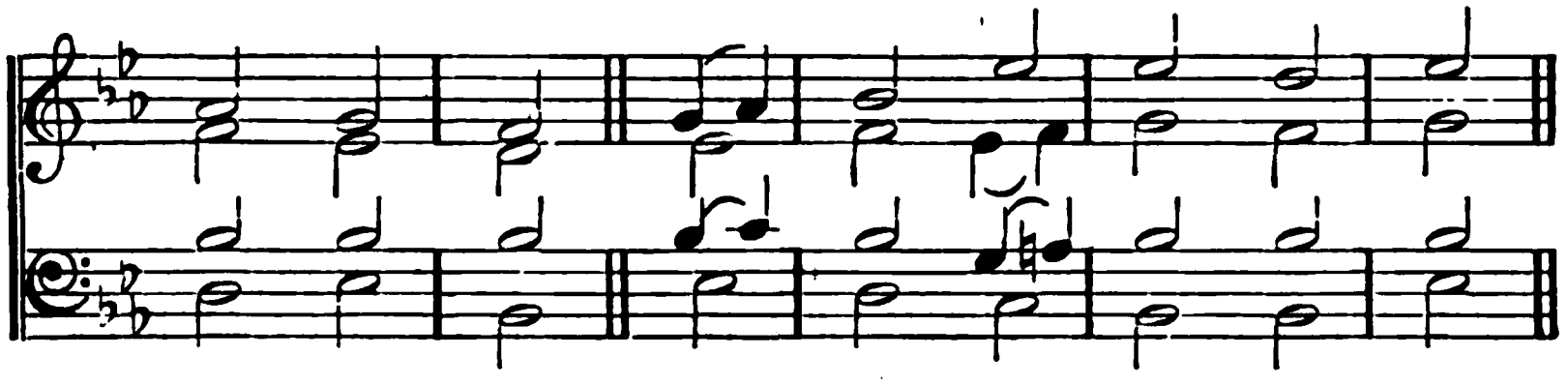
Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To our weak, erring sight;
Yet let our souls adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

Our God, our Father! be Thy Name
Our solace and our stay;
O, wilt Thou seal our humble claim,
And drive our fears away?

## GENERAL HYMNS.

SARRATT. C. M. J. G. FRECH. 1823.





### 291.

HOW are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

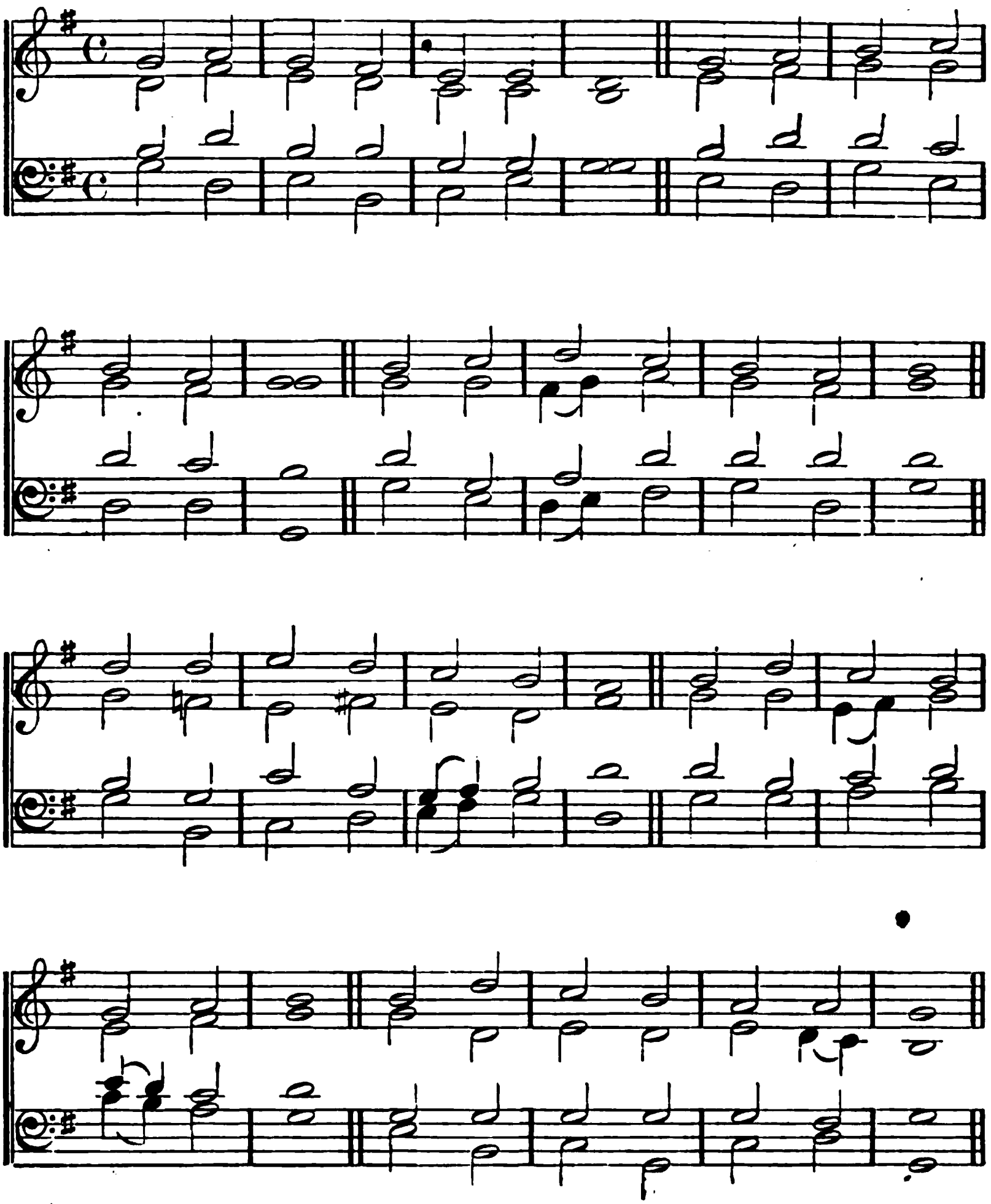
The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more!

My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

**Mayenne.** 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Goudimel? Died, 157[illegible].



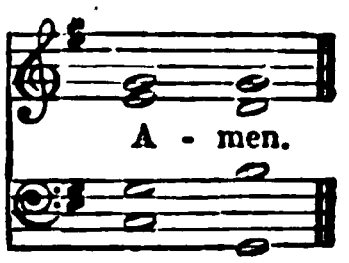
## 292.

'TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above,
Acting each a Christian part,
One in life, and one in heart.

As the precious ointment, shed
Upon Aaron's hallowed head,
Downward through his garments stole,
Spreading odour o'er the whole,
So from our High Priest above
To His Church flows heavenly love.

Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all;
Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head

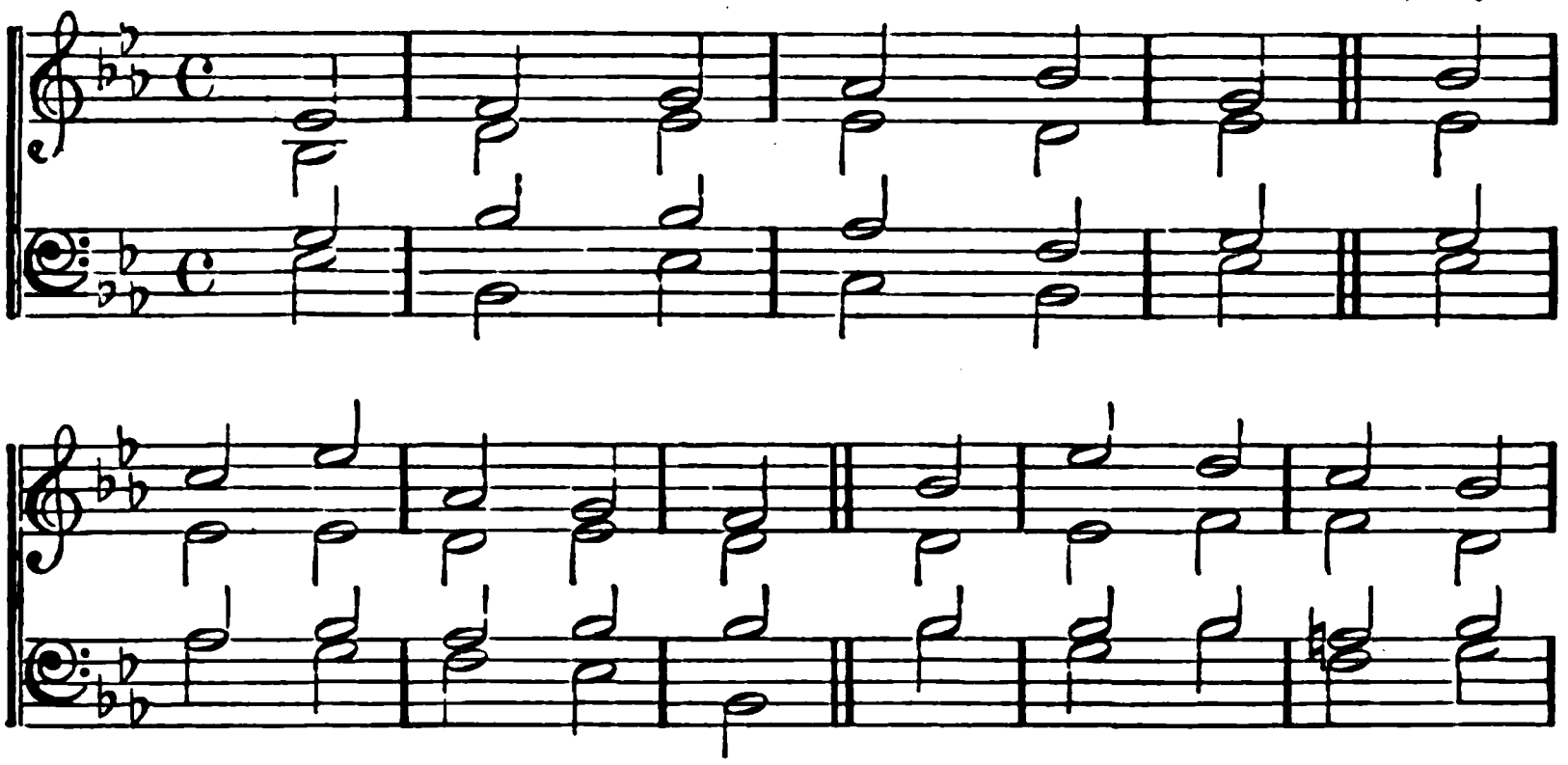
Where divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives,
There His will on earth is done,
There His heaven is half begun;
Lord, our great example prove,
Teach us all like Thee to love

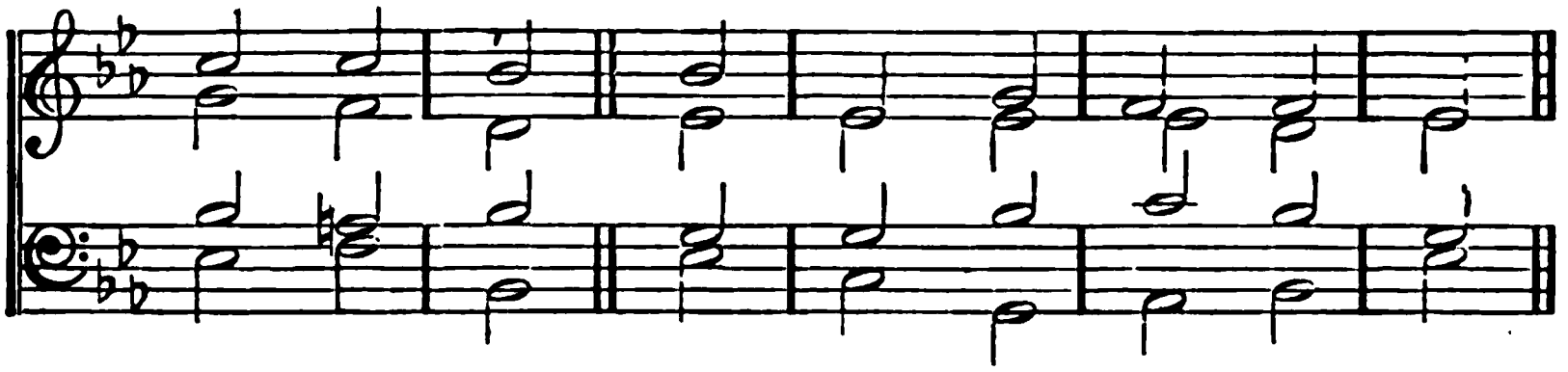


# GENERAL HYMNS.

**FRANCONIA. S. M.**

German Melody. About 1720.
From HAVERGAL'S 'Old Church Psalmody.'





## 293.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly Word,
And watchful at His gate.

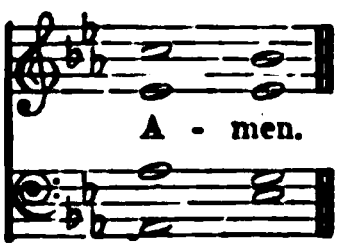
Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
*And be with* honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

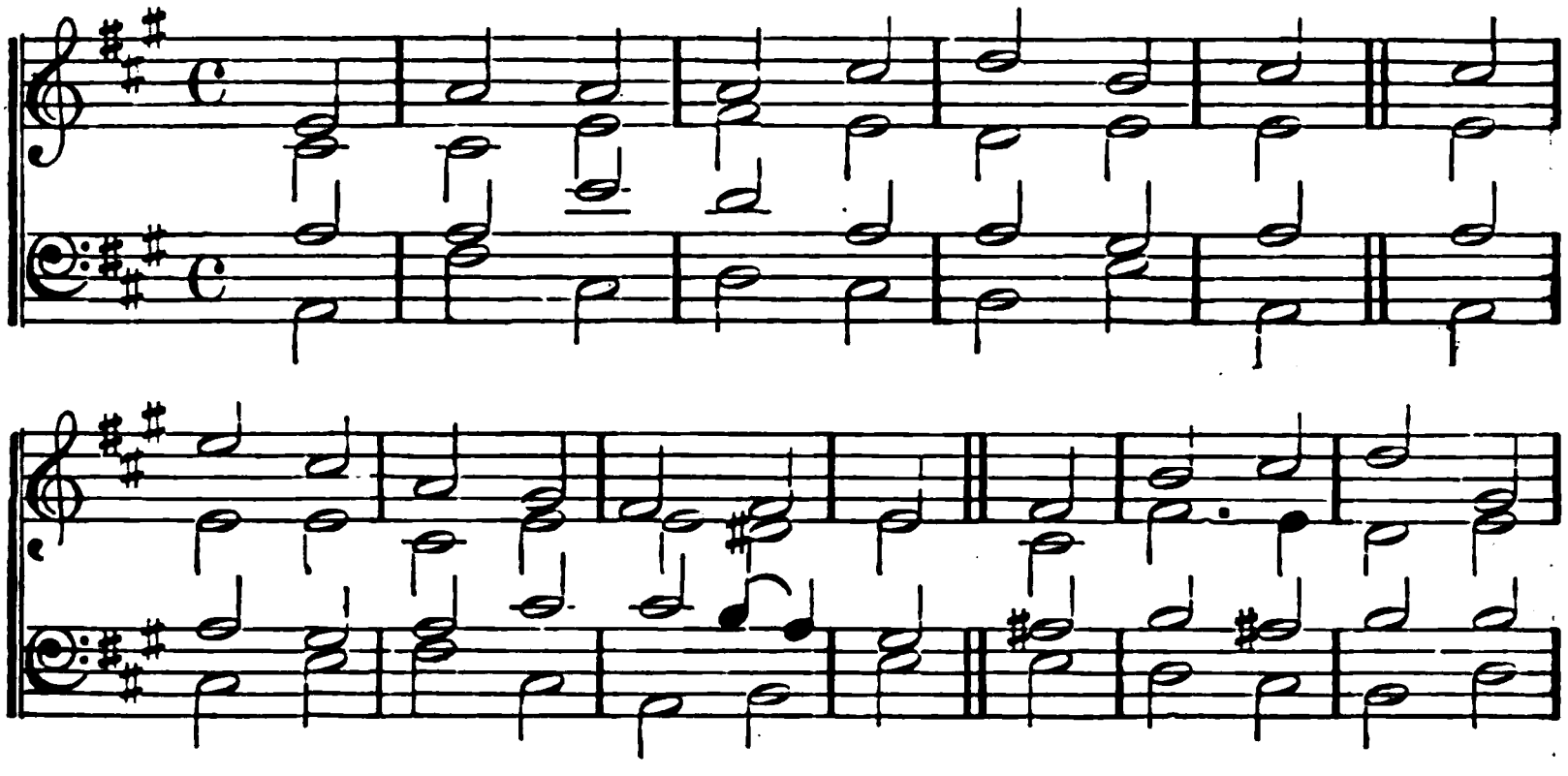
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.

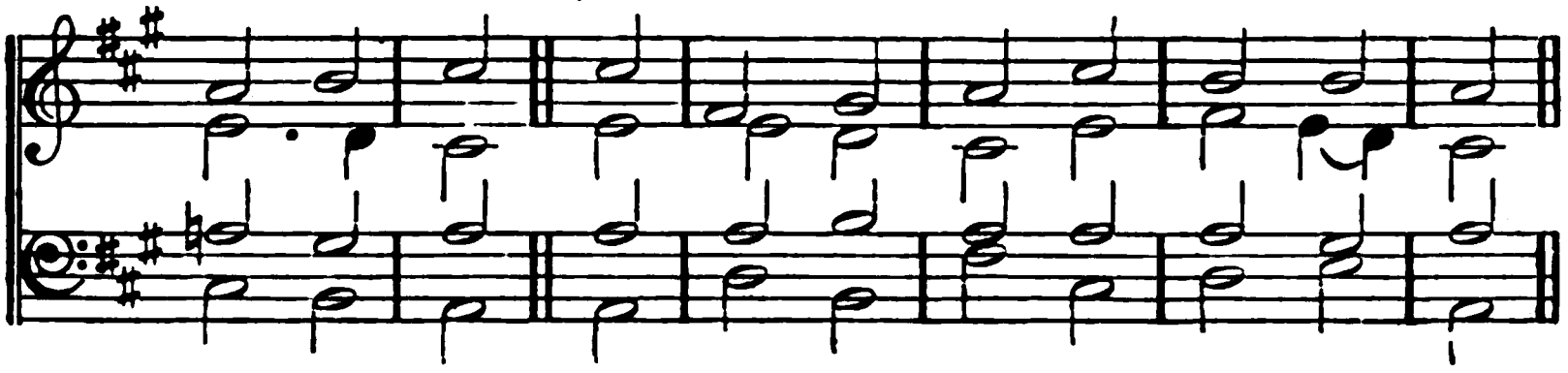


# GENERAL HYMNS.

CHANTRY. L. M.

Rev. Dr. ROWDEN, who died at the Chantry, Chichester, April 17, 1863.





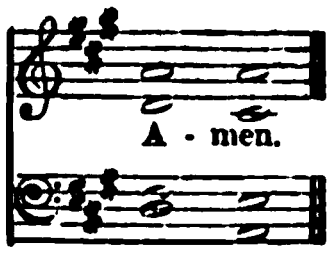
294.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word;
Thy w rks of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

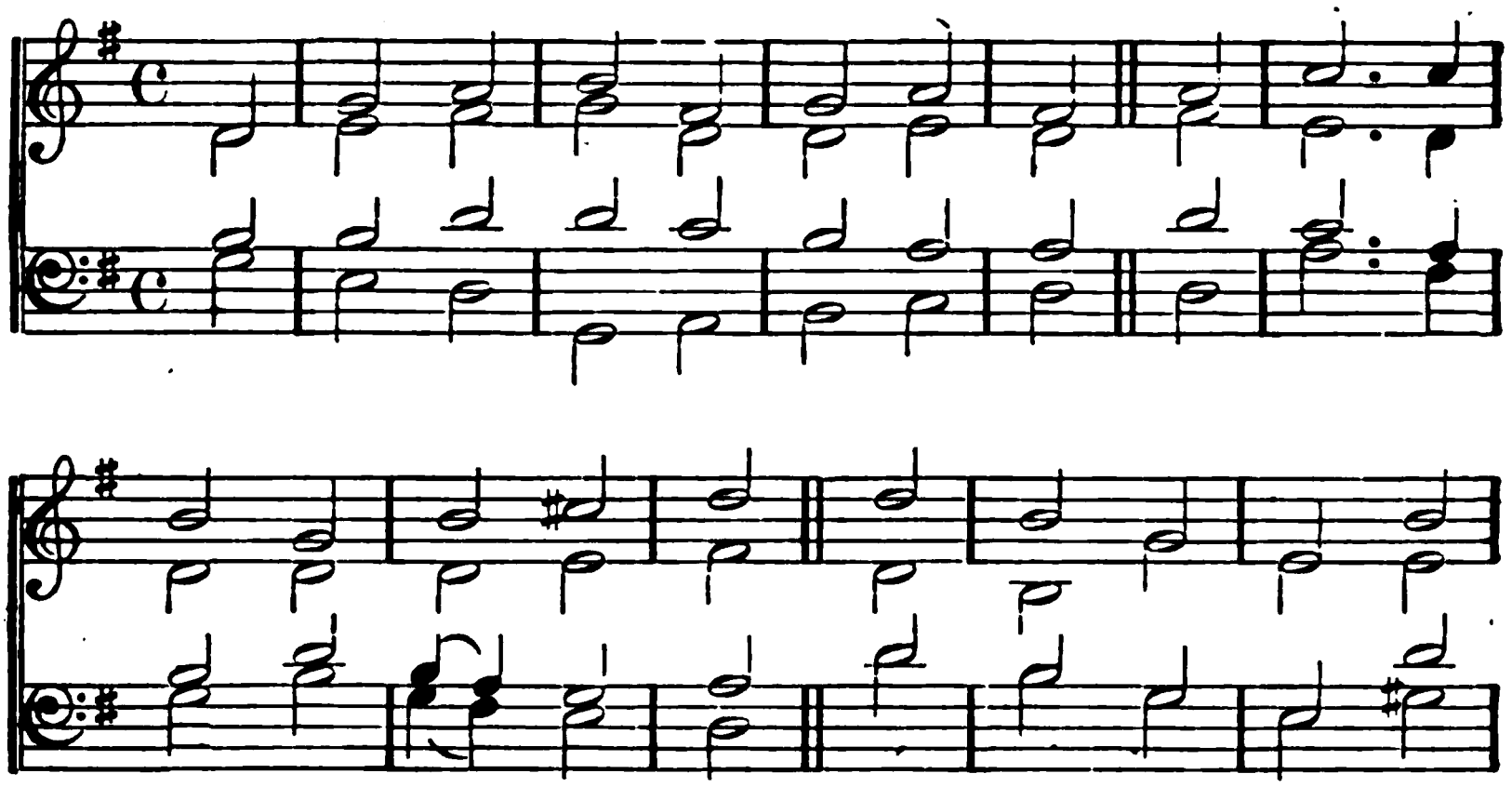
Soon may I see and hear and know
All I desired and wish'd below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

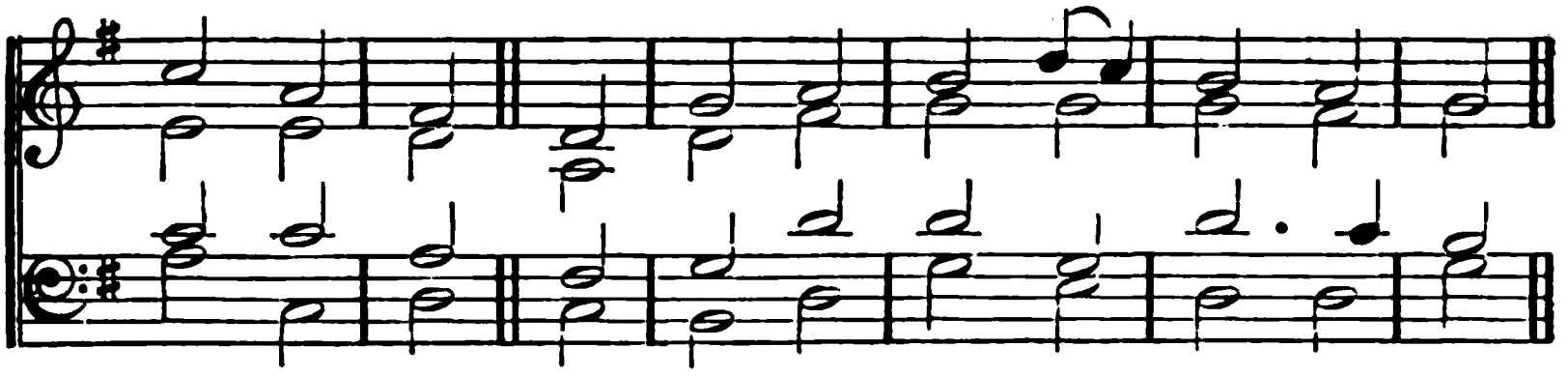


# GENERAL HYMNS.

BROCKHAM. L. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK. Died, 1707.

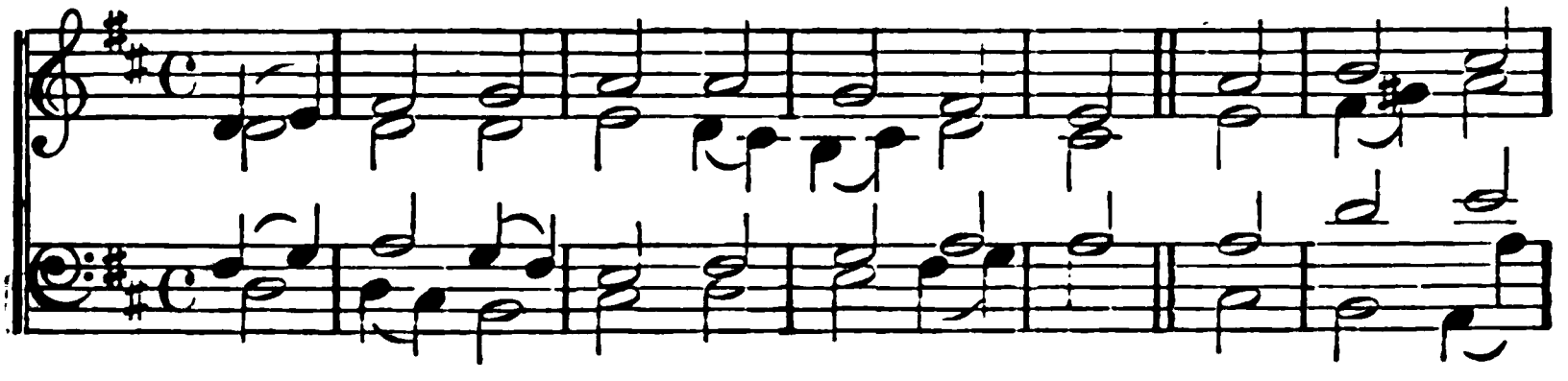


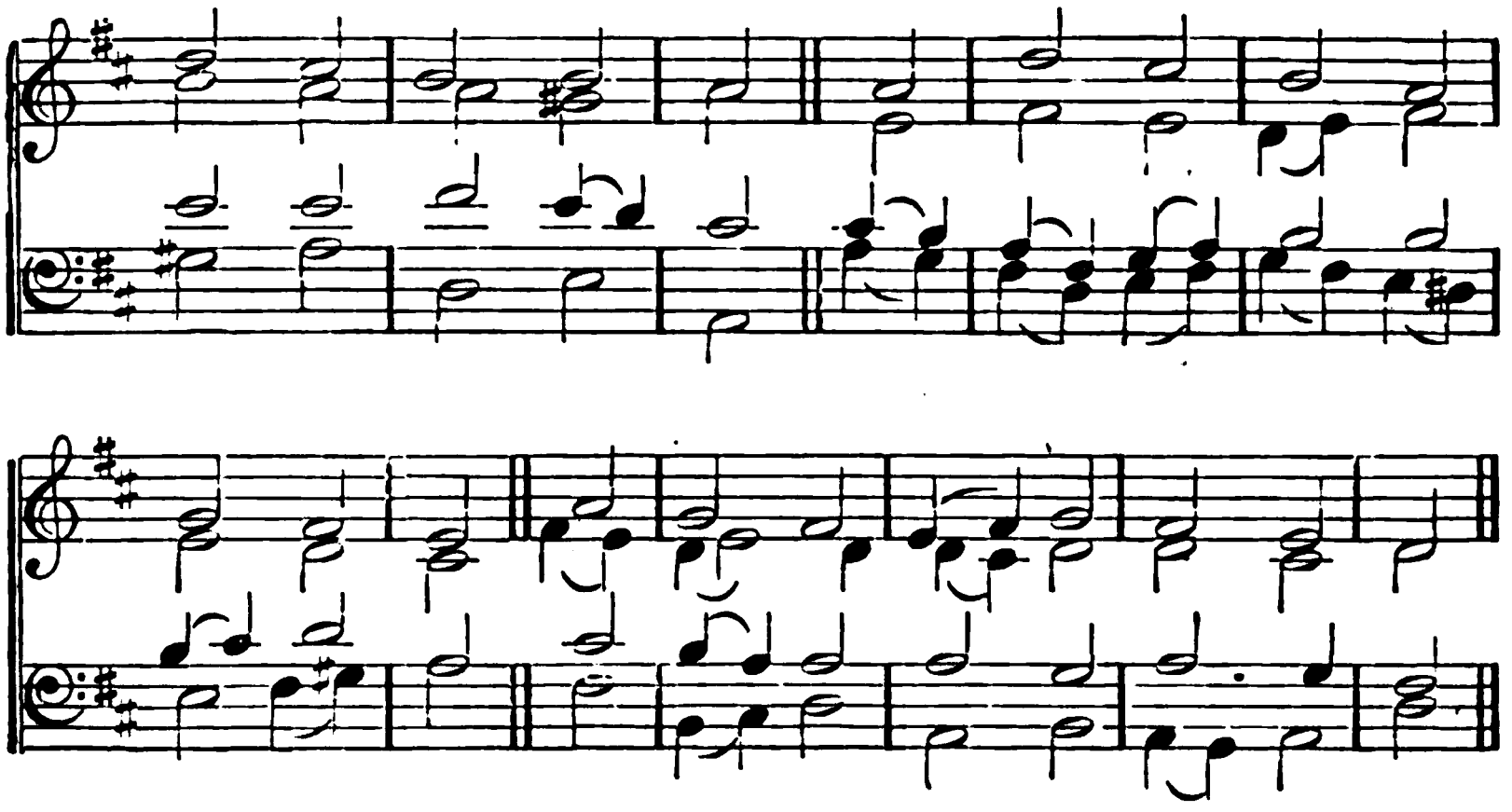


*Or,*

FREIBURG. L. M.

Arrangement of 'Leipsig' (Hymn 52) by
JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Died, 1754.





295.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

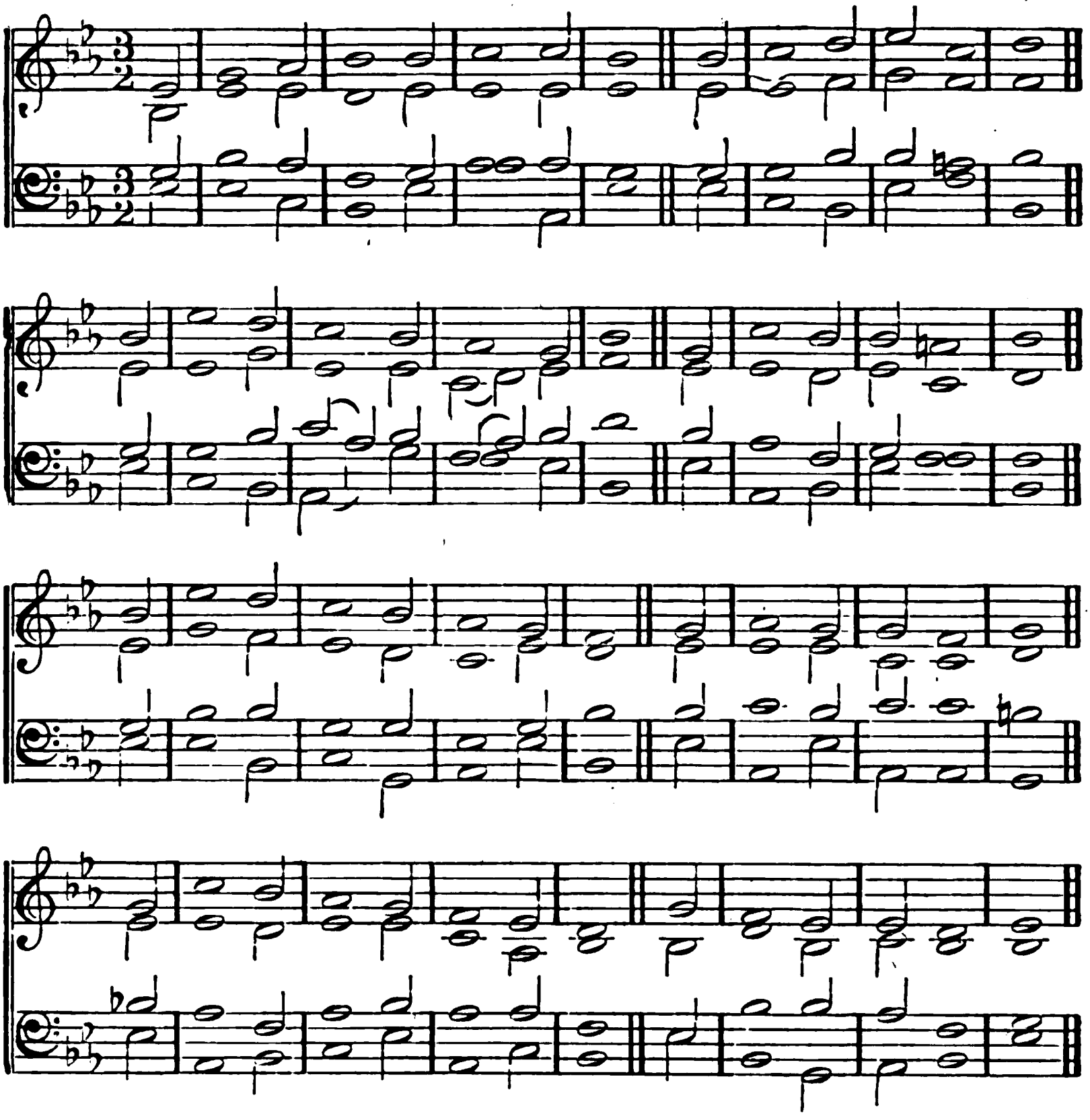
Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the weakness of our frame.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touch'd with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at His throne,
Come let us make our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

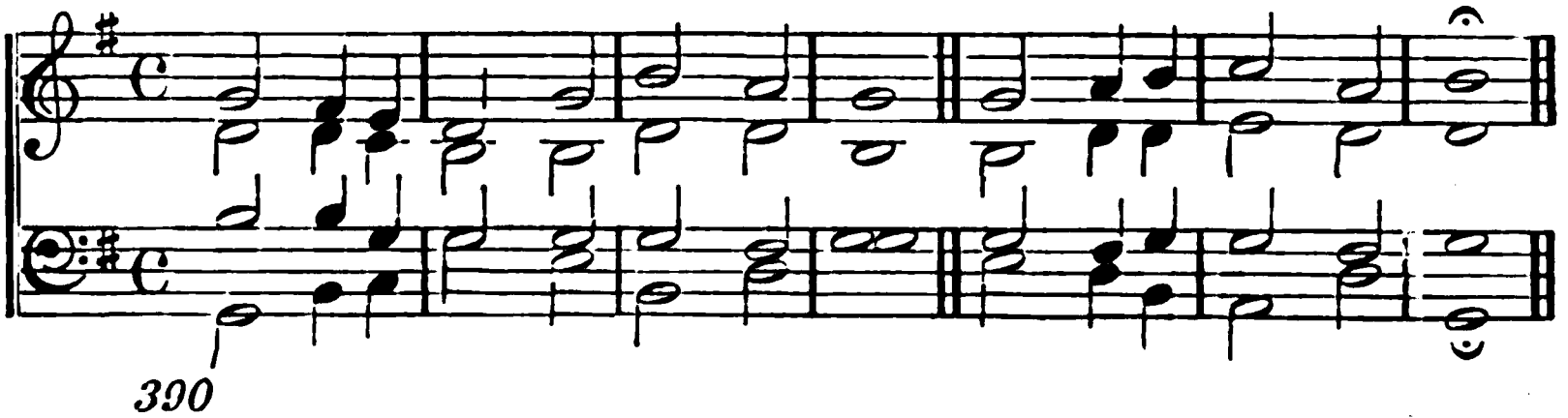
# GENERAL HYMNS.

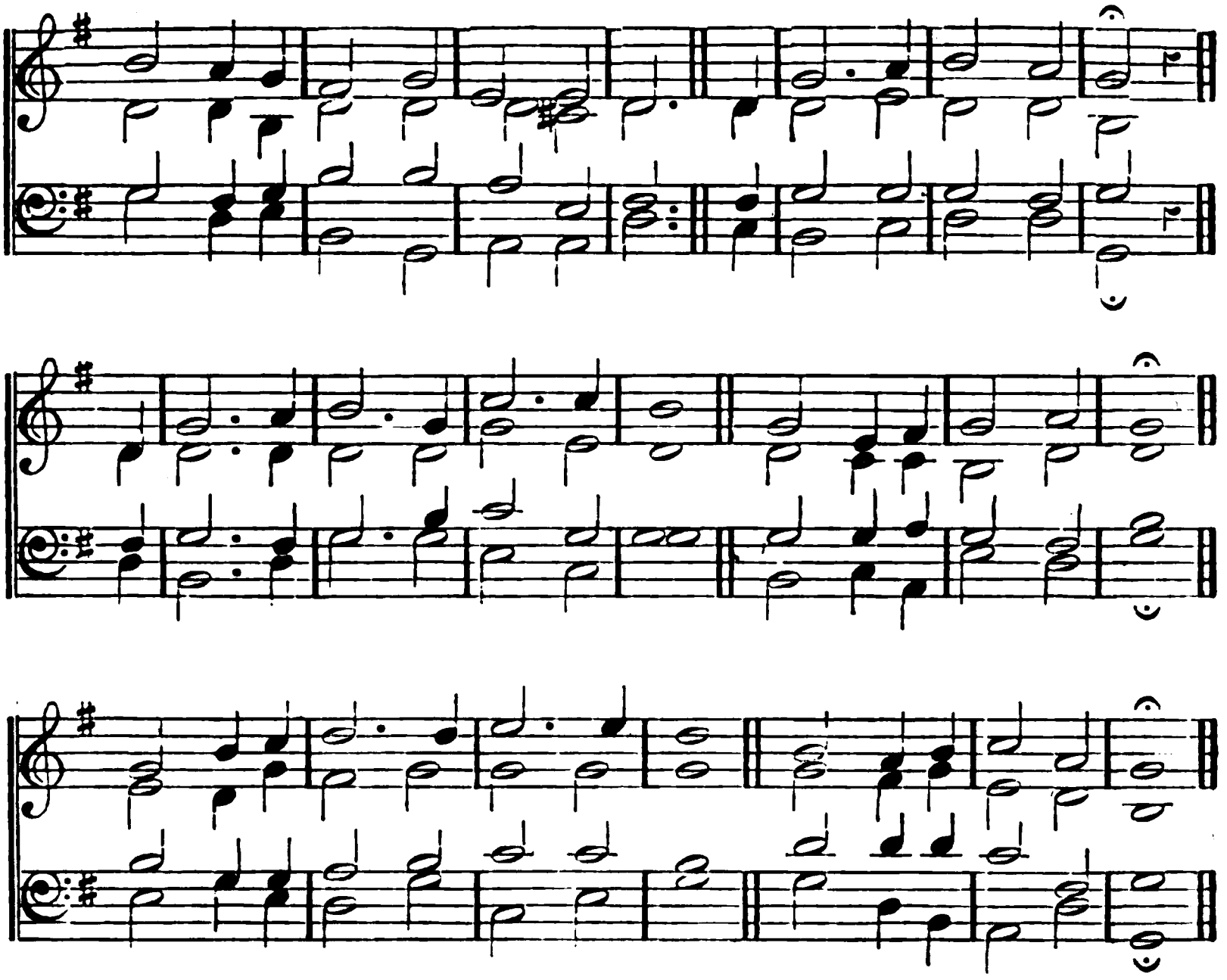
OLD 81ST PSALM. D. C. M. From RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



*Or,*

OLD 137TH PSALM. D. C. M. From DAMAN'S Psalter, 1579.





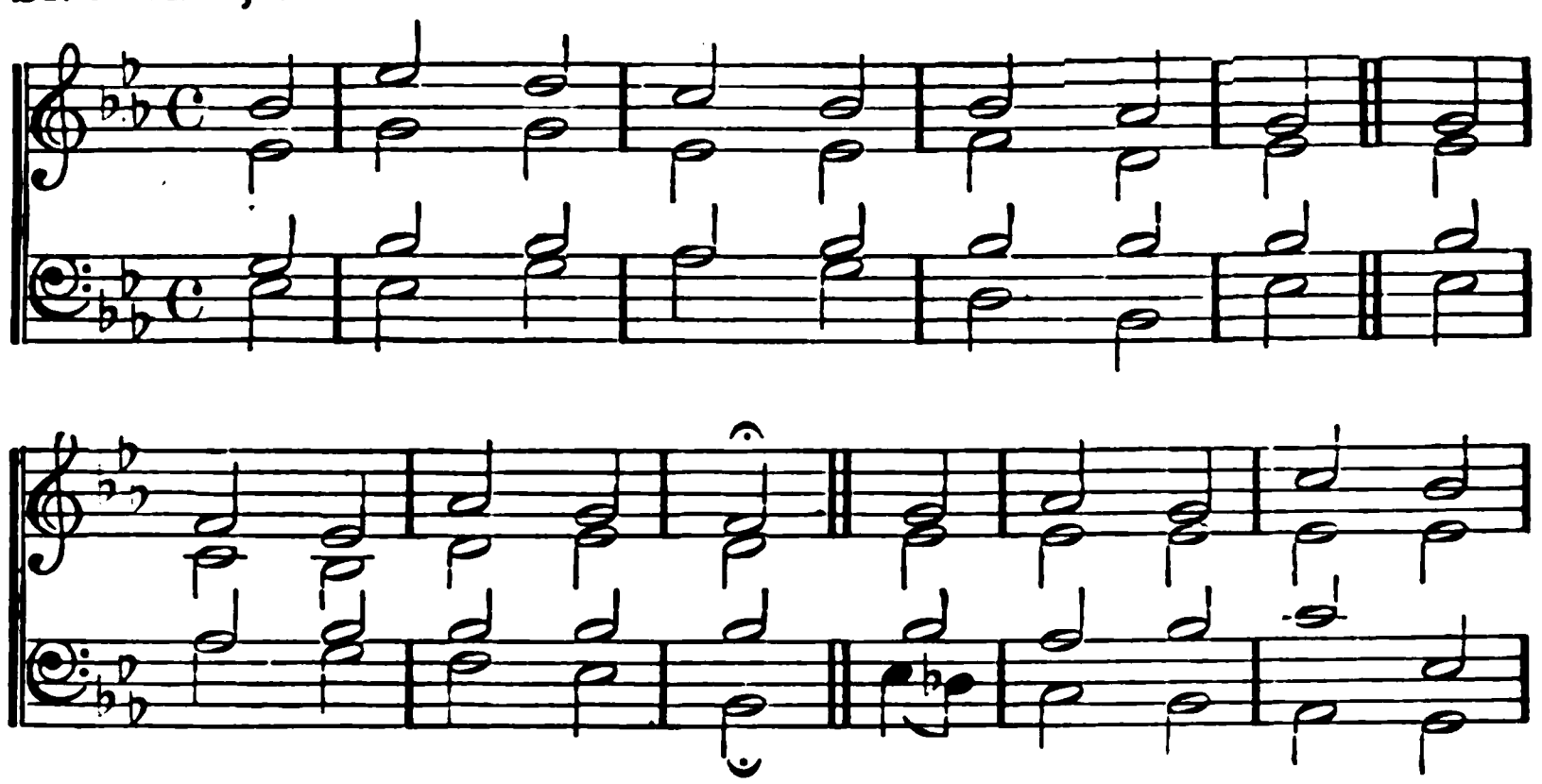
## 296.

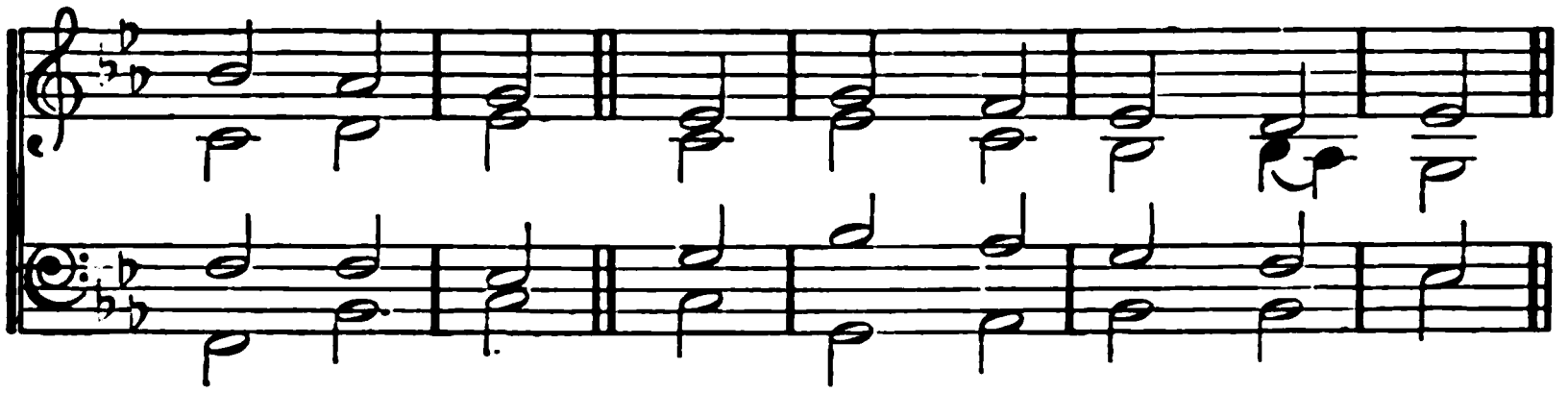
THOU plenteous Source of light and love, from whom all grace proceeds,
Chase from our souls the gloom of night, and make us hate its deeds;
In armour clad of heavenly proof we will not fear nor fly,
But bravely through opposing hosts press onwards to the sky.

If long and doubtful seem the strife, our pains and trials sore,
Such are the ills of mortal life, and such our Saviour bore;
Once humbled from His lofty throne, He dwelt in weakness here,
And His has been the struggling sigh, and His the falling tear.

When time has run its destined course, and all our years are fled,
He comes with monarch's pomp and power, to wake and judge the dead;
Then help us, Lord, while sinners' hearts shall sicken with dismay,
To lift our heads, and joyful hail Redemption's perfect day.

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE. 1826.





## 297.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they, from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes, which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphant palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With loud Hosannas ring.

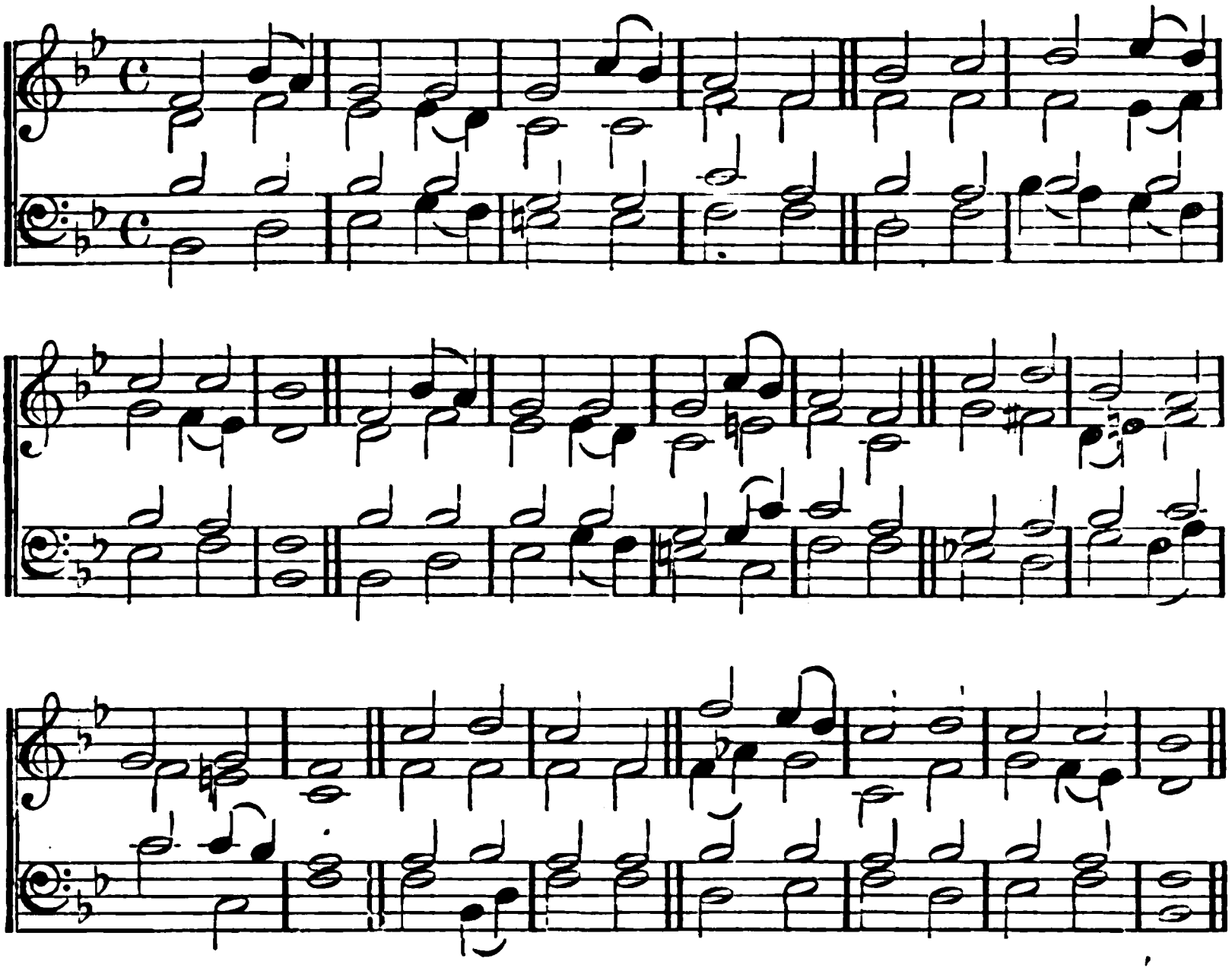
Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

ALLELUIA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. STÖRL. 1744.



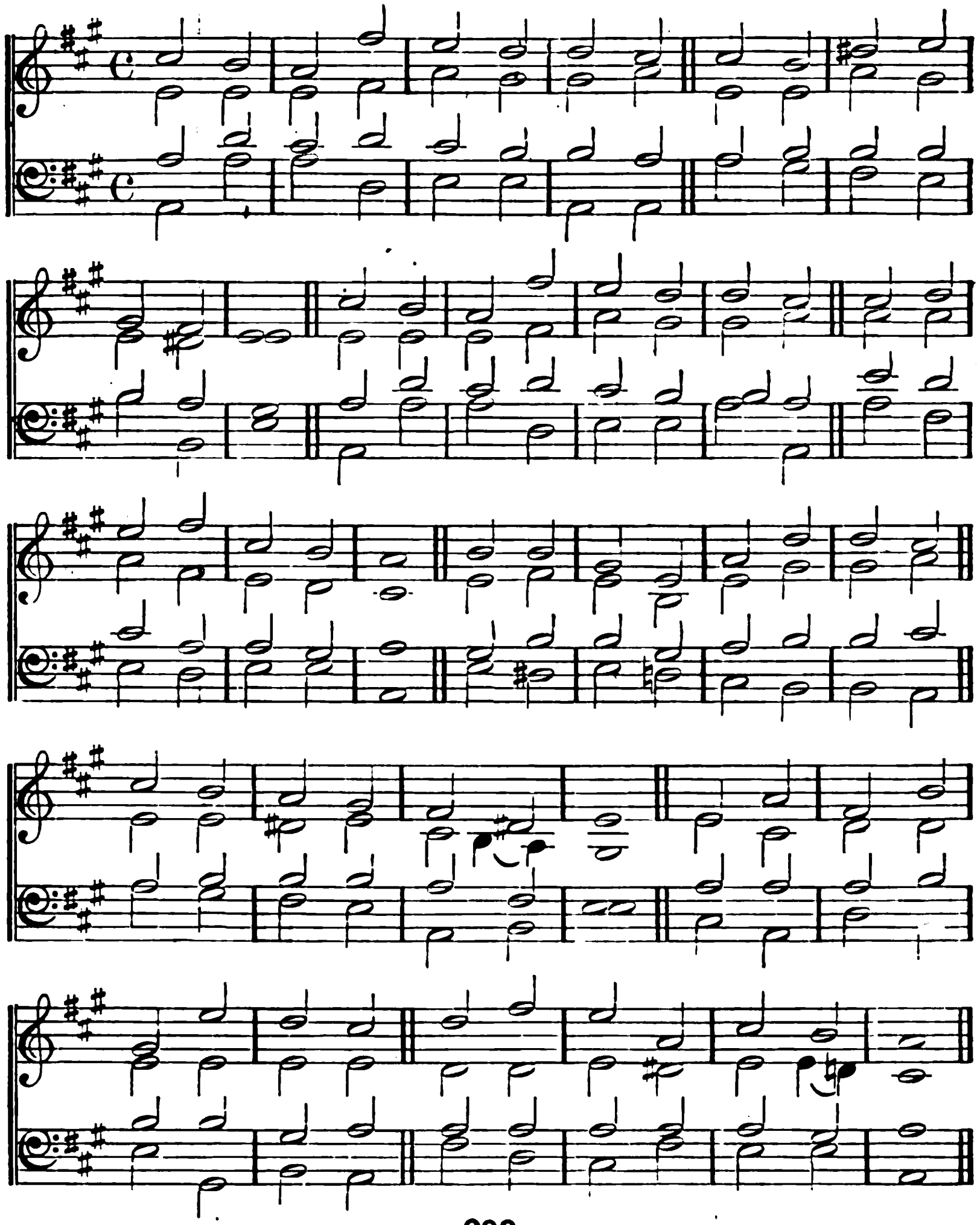
## 298.

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found

# GENERAL HYMNS.

MERTON COLLEGE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. A. R. REINAGLE. 1826.



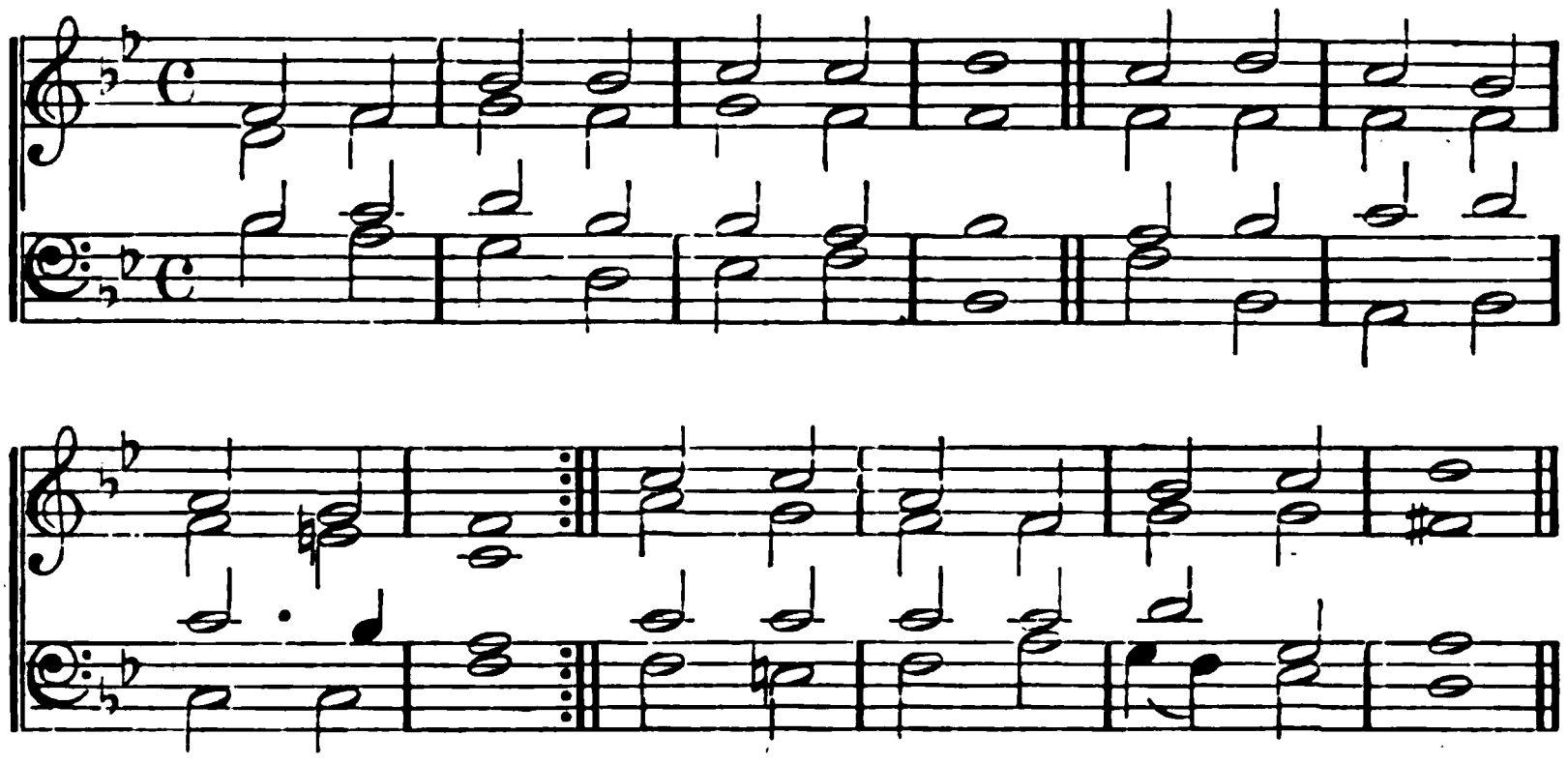
**299.**

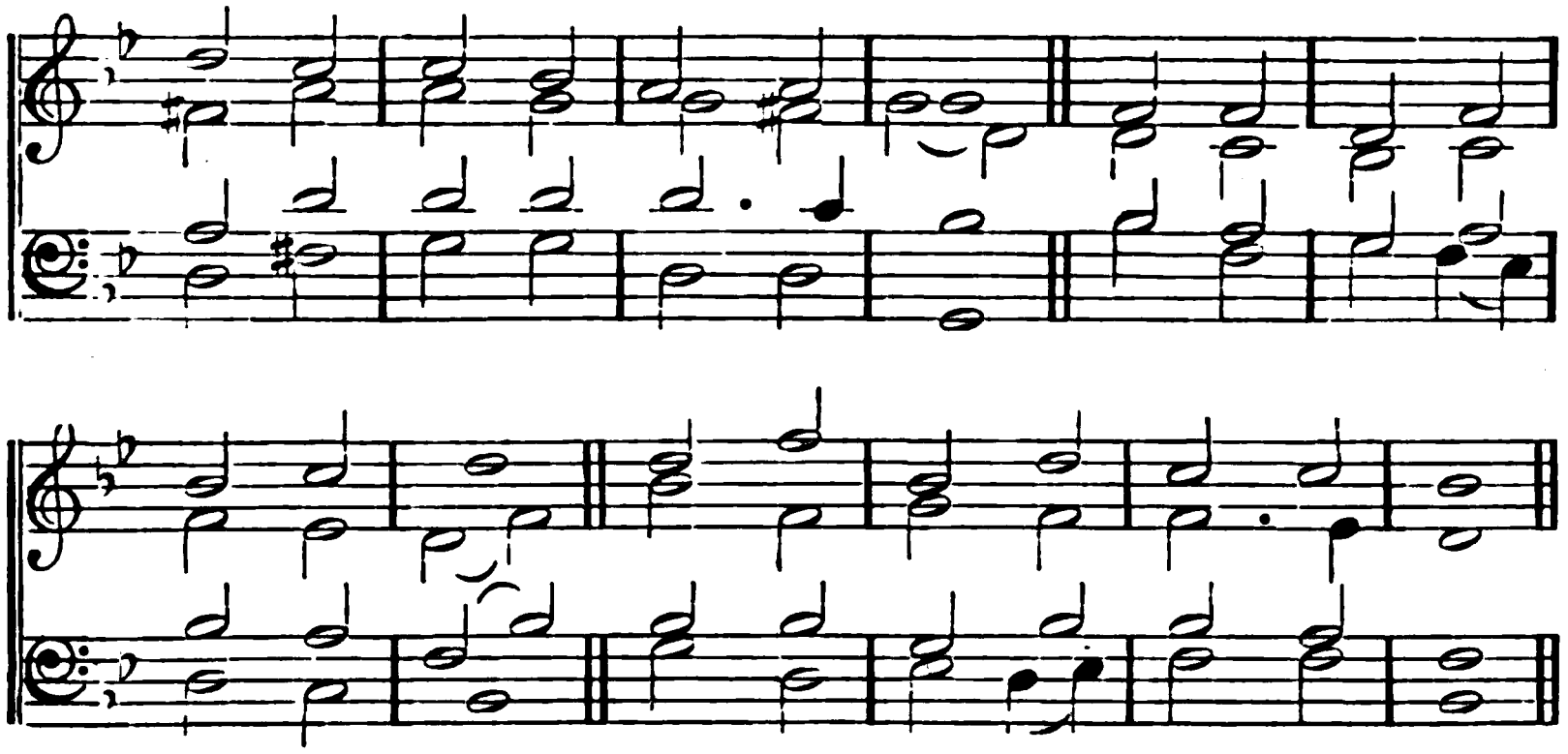
MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
*Rest upon us from* above!

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

# GENERAL HYMNS.

ZAGRAD. 7, 7, :‖ 7, 7, 7, 7. Melody by Dr. C. F. RICHTER of Halle, 1704.





## 300.

PART in peace! Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him;
Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

# DOXOLOGIES.

**1.** C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

**2.** C. M.

PRAISE to the Father, and the Son,
Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

**3.** C. M.

ALL glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

**4.** C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

**5.** L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**6.** L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

**7.** L. M.

ALL praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung:
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

**8.** L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

**9.** S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

**10.** S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.

**11.** S. M.

ALL glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

**12.** 7s.

HOLY Father, blessed Son,
Gracious Spirit, Three in One;
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

**13.** 7s.

GLORY to the heavenly King,
Glory, men and Angels sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And bless'd Spirit, Three in One.

**14.** 7s.

HONOUR, glory, might, and praise
Be through never-ending days
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

# DOXOLOGIES.

## 15. 7s.

GLORY to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As it was, is now, shall be ·
God to all eternity.

## 16. 7s.

GLORY to the God of heaven,—
To the Father, to the Son,
To the Holy Ghost,—be given,
One in Three, and Three in One.

## 17. 6 of 7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

## 18. 6 of 7.

PRAISE to God on high be given
Praise Him, all in earth and heaven;
Praise Him at the dawn of light,
Praise Him at returning night;
Saints below, and hosts above,
Praise, O praise the God of love.

## 19. 6 of 7.

TO the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

## 20. 6 of 7.

FATHER, glory be to Thee,
Glory to the blessed Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
Glory to the Three in One:
As it was, is now, shall be,
Filling all eternity.

## 21. 6 of 8.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## 22. 8. 7.

HONOUR, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

## 23 8. 8. 6.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

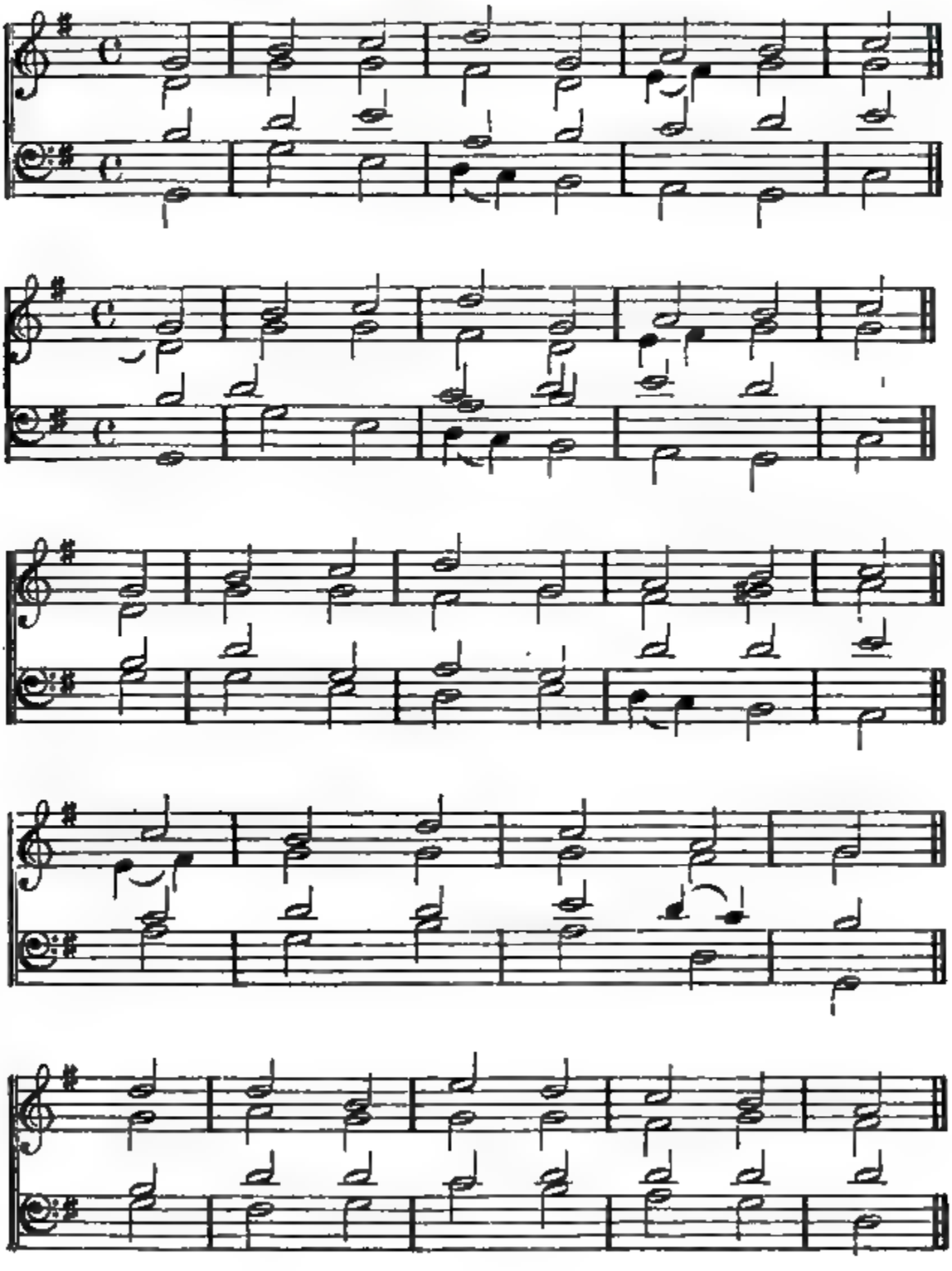
## 24. P. M.

BY Angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

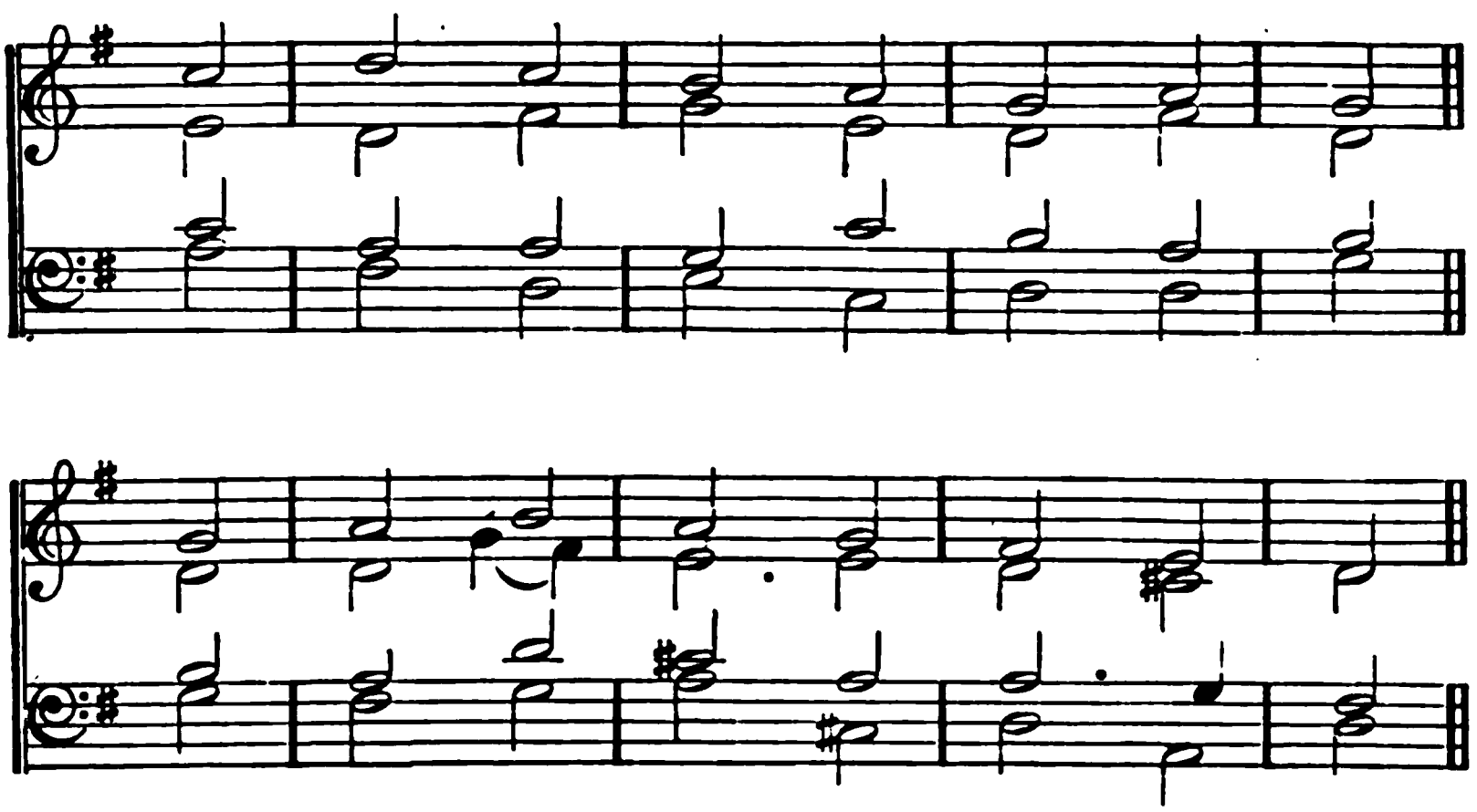
# DOXOLOGIES.

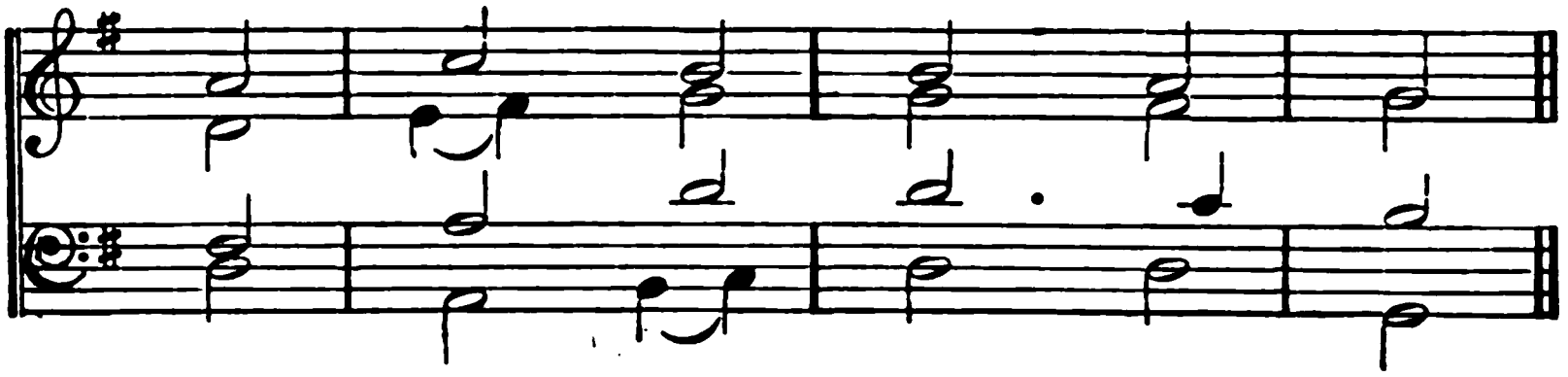
**Doxology.** 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Adapted from the 90th Psalm,
in Ulenberg's 'Psalms of David,' 1587.



# DOXOLOGIES.





## 25.

GLORY to God the Father be,
Glory, Eternal Son, to Thee,
And to the Spirit's Majesty,
Coequal Three in One:
As was of old, all worlds before,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
When time and change are spent and o'er,
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**Nos. 16 and 20. Small Pica.**

Father, to Thee my soul I lift,
On Thee my hope depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

**Nos. 15 and 19. Bourgeois.**

Spirit of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darken'd face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

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Come, magnify the Saviour's love;
Come, praise our great Redeemer's Name,
Who left the Father's throne above,
And stoop'd for us to death and shame

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When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

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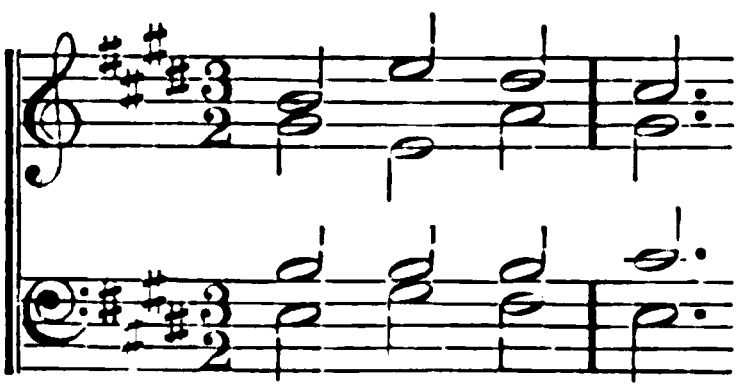

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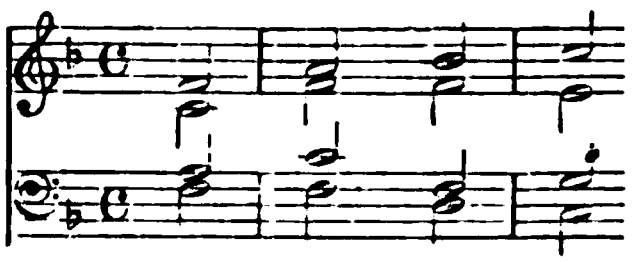

O SAVIOUR! whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

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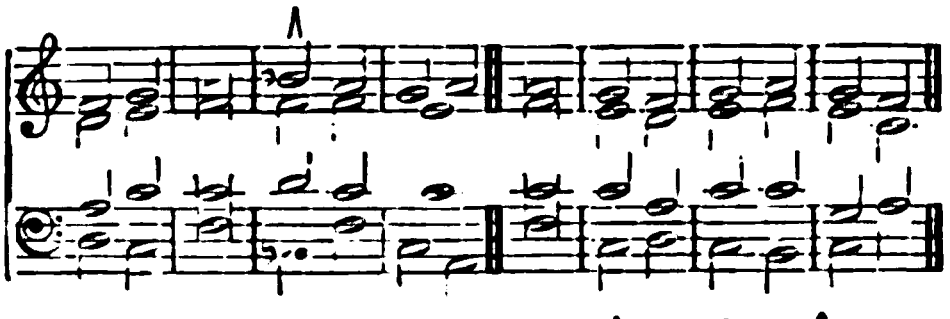

WHY do the heathen so fûriously ráge together: and why do the pêople imá-gine a vaïn thing?

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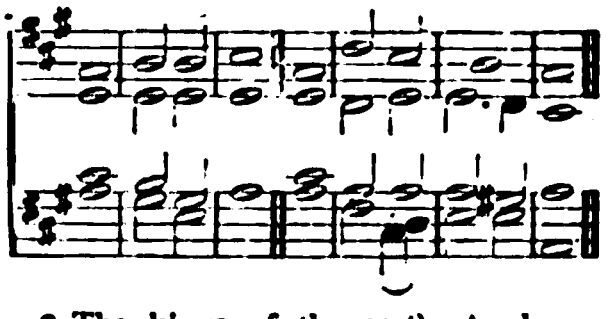

2 The kings of the earth stand up, and the rûlers take coúnsel-to-gether: against the Lôrd, and agaínst his Anoînt-ed.

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